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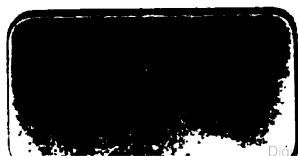
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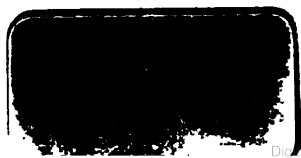
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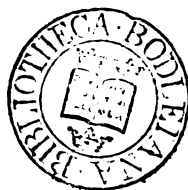






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MACPHAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

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PRINCIPAL LEE'S INAUGURAL ADDRESSES, IN THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.*

“A path,
Inviting you, distinct with foot-prints yet,
Of many a mighty spirit gone that way.”

THE Rev. Dr John Lee's connection with the University of Edinburgh, for almost twenty years, as Principal, gave him many opportunities of addressing the students at the commencement of each winter session. The publication of the present volume will gratify a large number of those who had the privilege of listening to these Inaugural Addresses from the venerable man who was recently laid at rest, full of honours and of years.† Many persons, also, who quitted the University before Dr Lee was appointed Principal, in 1840, will share this feeling of interest. Nor will others, whose academic training has been received in the sister universities, whether of Scotland or England, be inclined to lay down this unpretending but interesting little work without a feeling of reverential esteem for the author, and freshened curiosity as well as kindly wishes regarding the ancient and honoured seat of learning where he himself had received his early training, and for a score of years directed the studies of ingenuous youth.

It is mentioned that the practice of delivering an address, such as these now printed, had fallen into disuse, if it had ever been general,

* Inaugural Addresses in the University of Edinburgh. By the late John Lee, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the University: to which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author, by Lord Neaves. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1861. Pp. 122.

† He died May 2, 1869, in the 80th year of his age.

before the time of Principal Lee. He revived it, and maintained it to the end of his career, only once omitting the duty, and then only in consequence of a severe illness. Five of his Addresses are given, viz., those delivered at the beginning of November in the years 1840, 1841, 1842, 1846, and 1854. They furnish not only valuable practical directions to students, of all classes and in all places, but they likewise form the record of important incidents in the history of the Edinburgh University. When Principal Lee speaks of his own early days, and of the illustrious men who were cotemporary with him, and fellow-students, there is no deficiency of vigour, we may be sure, in the story of his recollections, even though it be little more than fragmentary notices. Readers will naturally desire to learn more of him, and will turn to the brief 'Memoir,' written by the Hon. Lord Neaves, and delivered in the opening address to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 5th December 1859. In the absence of a fuller account, this friendly tribute to Dr Lee is doubly valuable. We avail ourselves of it to present the simple story of a useful but not adventurous life.

"John Lee, late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, was one of the most remarkable and estimable men of his time. His intellectual qualities were of a high order; his attainments and acquisitions of knowledge were of the most varied and extensive kind. On almost all subjects he was admirably well-informed, and in some departments he was unquestionably the most learned man of his age and country. He was more than all this; he was a most pious Christian minister, and he was one of the most friendly and affectionate of men."—(*Memoir, by Lord Neaves, in this Volume, p. ix.*)

Born at Torwoodlee-Mains, in the parish of Stow, November 22, 1779, John Lee was sent, when ten years old, to Cadonlee School at Clovenford. At that time the schoolmaster, Mr James Paria, had as assistant Dr Leyden, of whom Sir Walter Scott well speaks as a "light untimely quenched." About five years later, John Lee went to the University of Edinburgh; this was in 1794. We find him afterwards indulging in recollections of the joyful feelings which possessed him at his first acquaintance with Alma Mater, and with generous enthusiasm mentioning the many distinguished men who with him had shared the benefits of college life.

For ten years he remained at the University, studying both theology and medicine. In 1801 he took his M.D. degree, and we are told that "his Graduation Thesis was much admired for its Ciceronian Latinity." In 1804 he was licensed as a probationer of the Established Church.

Shortly before this time it had nearly happened that his country lost the services of the young medical graduate. He was offered the chair of Moral Philosophy at the University of Wilna, in Russia. This offer he accepted, and it appeared probable that Thomas Campbell the Poet, and also Sir David Brewster, would accept appointments at the same University. Political events disturbed these arrangements, however, and for awhile it continued doubtful whether Dr Lee would pursue his career as a physician or as a clergyman—if, indeed, he did not accept

one of two offers made to him by his ward, Sir John Lowther Johnstone of Westerhall, either to bring him into Parliament or to procure for him a commission in the Guards. The young physician was not without many friends or eligible openings, but by 1807 he had decided on his course, and thenceforward became devoted to the Church. He commenced as minister of a Scotch Chapel in London, and within the twelvemonth was presented to the parish of Peebles, where he officiated till 1812, when he became Professor of Church History in St Mary's College, St Andrews. He remained there till 1821, having shortly before been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. In Edinburgh, the parish of Canongate became his charge in 1821; Lady Yester's Church and the Old Church parish being held by him afterwards. The list of his appointments is an extensive one. He was chosen in 1824 one of the Royal Commissioners whose duty it was to visit the Scottish Universities. In 1827 he became Principal Clerk of the General Assembly, and in 1837, Principal of the United College of St Andrews. He was elected Principal of the Edinburgh University in 1840, and the Professorship of Divinity was conferred on him in 1843. A Chaplaincy to the Queen, a Deanery of the Chapel Royal, and the Chaplaincy of the Royal Scottish Academy were among his other appointments. He was intimate with most of the distinguished men of his own time and country, and when we remember the venerable age to which he survived, and his close association with collegiate dignitaries, from his boyhood until the hour when he slept his last sleep, we may guess how interesting must have been the reminiscences of such a man—how valuable would be their record if skilfully treated. The able and rapid sketch given by Lord Neaves conveys little more than the chronicle of the Rev. Dr Lee's public appointments, together with a friendly estimate of his personal character and intellectual worth. But all who read the memoir will desire some fuller history of a man who was thought worthy by "Jupiter Carlyle," in 1805, to be appointed his literary executor; who, earlier, had assisted Professor Robison in editing Dr Black's "Lectures on Chemistry," and whose own lectures, delivered at St Andrews, on the "History of the Church of Scotland from the Reformation," have secured distinguished approbation when recently published. The following tribute to his worth from the pen of Lord Neaves, will not be deemed exaggeration by any who had opportunity of knowing the Principal as he deserved to be known:—

"I have ventured to say that he was one of the most learned men of his time, and in some departments of National and Church History, particularly in all that concerns the civil and ecclesiastical affairs, as well as the manners and habits of the people of Scotland, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, his knowledge was most minute and accurate. He was also at home in the cognate subject of the History of the Puritans during the same period. . . . The subject of Bibliography had been from his early years a favourite study; and his habits of assiduity and perseverance, as well as his capacious and retentive memory, enabled him to prosecute it with singular success. Nor was his intellectual power over-aid or paralysed by the immense mass of his acquired knowledge. His

opinions on all subjects, and particularly on those to which he had directed his special attention, were clear and comprehensive; while, at the same time they were marked by that candour and moderation, which I believe to be universally produced by the thorough and accurate study of any branch of knowledge or portion of history.

"As in the case of many men of learning and talent, his published works are but an imperfect indication of his actual powers. . . . His stores of learning also were always at the service of those who wished to make use of them; and his ready aid has been repeatedly acknowledged as having given additional value to some of the most important works of our time on ecclesiastical or antiquarian subjects."—(*Lord Neaves' 'Memoir,'* p. xvi.)

And again we read, after mentioning the energy with which Dr Lee employed himself in his favourite pursuits despite the delicacy of his constitution, and the painful results of early habits of excessive abstinence and midnight study:—

"No man could be more universally regretted; he had not an enemy or an ill-wisher in the world. The numerous appointments which he successively and simultaneously held are a proof of the esteem and respect with which he was regarded by all; but those only who knew him well can speak to his amiable disposition, to his cheerful and genial habits, and to the Charity and Christian kindness which he extended to all men of worth and merit, of whatever opinions or whatever persuasion. An account of Dr Lee, indeed, would be very inadequate if it did not prominently bring forward what I have thus alluded to—his highly amiable and affectionate character. In early life he earned on all sides the love as well as the respect of those who knew him. In his ministerial charge at Peebles, he was long remembered for his quiet and unostentatious, but most faithful discharge of his pastoral duties, for his ready and hearty sympathy with all who needed it, for his consolatory tenderness to the sick, and his great liberality to the poor. Nor were these qualities of the heart extinguished or impaired by the long life of labour and study which he afterwards led; on the contrary, they continued to the end. He was ever ready to relax into a playful cheerfulness and pleasantry in society; while his attention to such of his friends as from sorrow or suffering had more serious claims upon him, was unrelenting and invaluable.

"In consequence, perhaps, of some defect of manner, Dr Lee was not sought after as an attractive preacher. But his sermons were excellent, both in matter and in style. . . . In other respects he was all that a minister of the Gospel ought to be. Orthodox in doctrine, evangelical in sentiment, and blameless in conduct, he had a frankness and freedom from professional pedantry or clerical rigour which are rarely met with in men of his learning and condition. We shall not soon see his like again, if we ever do so in our day. Piety, zeal, eloquence, and assiduity, will not be wanting to the Church; but the combination of these with the learning, the wide range of information and sympathy, and the knowledge of the world which he possessed, will not readily be found again."—(*Ib.* p. xviii.)

The valuable Addresses given in this volume, have two chief subjects of interest. The primary one, as already expressed, is the importance of the studies about to be commenced and the obligations to be assumed, by those who prepare to enter on the learned professions. And on these matters the remarks are characterised by strong practical sagacity and earnestness. The tone of admonition is often as stern as could well be endured by an assemblage of youthful men; but we have to

remember that in Scotland the age in which the majority of students commence their attendance is much earlier than what is usual in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; moreover, that owing to the extra-mural residence of the collegians they are more removed from the influence of the University authorities in other than the hours of attendance at lectures, &c., consequently, there may be more necessity for reminding the students of the penalties attendant on infringement of the laws of the University.

The other subject to which attention is frequently directed, is the history of the University itself, the difficulties that beset it from the early days when the least creditable and last of the Scottish Kings, the mean-spirited James VI., pretended to make a gift of land for the benefit of the infant undertaking: nominally confirming a grant from his mother, Mary. But the real benefactors of the University have always been men of humbler station.

To this subject, a history of the Edinburgh University, the fourth address (November, 1846) is almost entirely devoted, but the other addresses also contain valuable information regarding the changes which occurred in the appearance of the building and in the means of its support and management.

Dr Lee thus speaks regarding

THE DANGER OF REMISSNESS IN STUDY.

"With whatever measure of previous acquisition any of you come to the University, let me most earnestly implore you to devote yourselves with intense application to the studies on which you are prepared to enter, without attempting prematurely to overtake in one year what, if you consult any sagacious and experienced friend, you will find to be more than is within your reach, unless your preliminary (or, as I may call it, your ante-academical) preparation has been more than common. Beware of relaxing your diligence one season, in the delusive expectation that you will be able, by increased efforts of attention, to make up afterwards what has been neglected in its proper place. The habit of negligence, if once indulged, is apt to grow rather than to fade; and it is a most unhappy mistake to suppose that any degree of diligence can enable any one, whatever be his talents, to carry on simultaneously to a successful result a plurality of studies, when one of them is an indispensable introduction to the other."
—(*Inaugural Address*, Nov. 1840, p. 16.)

And thus concerning

THE RIGHT EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

"Gentlemen, you cannot all be equally distinguished. But all may be insured of the possession of substantial benefits, if they will only exercise the diligence without which neither wisdom nor worth can be acquired. By hearty, strenuous, and persevering application, even moderate talents cannot fail to realise much more than the most shining abilities can gain by occasional starts of exertion not steadily carried on with a definite and consistent aim, but sometimes pressing forward with vehement and almost preternatural impetuosity, then slackening the pace or relapsing into voluptuous indolence. While the mind is not strengthened by such alternations of inordinate action and occasional listlessness, a main object of academical nurture is frustrated, if steadfast and well-directed habits of industry be not established.

"One of the primary and most essential maxims on which every student ought to act, is to keep a regular account of the employment of his time, and to take care that no portion of it shall be unprofitably squandered. I do not say that no intervals of relaxation are to be allowed. Quite otherwise. It is not only prudent, but indispensable, that for the sake of maintaining the mind in a healthy and vigorous tone, the most rational means of preserving the bodily health shall be reduced to practice; and to every student I recommend prudent attention to health, both bodily and mental. Very many young men are in this respect inconsiderate. I remember to my great regret, that when I was about seventeen years old, a student in the advanced classes, of which I attended more than was prudent simultaneously, I formed the habit of sitting up almost constantly till three or four o'clock in the morning (a habit which clung to me very long, if indeed I can venture to say that it is even now in any reasonable measure discontinued); and be assured that this is not a salutary practice. Experience, indeed, enables me to testify that the injudicious practice of making the night the chief season of application to mental labour, not only tells severely on the bodily vigour at the time, but ultimately tends to produce a degree of constitutional lassitude inconsistent equally with activity and comfort; while it terminates in an utter incapacity of enjoying rest during the hours which the Author of nature has destined for refreshing the wearied faculties so as to render seasonable labour a constituent of pleasure. Some time should also be devoted to exercise; but on such admonitions as this I cannot dwell minutely; only this I think it right to say, that I have in former years had occasion to know, that, by inattention to this matter, some most promising students have sacrificed lives, the preservation of which might have been invaluable to society, and the loss of which was an irreparable loss.

"That man, then, is not likely to be most successful in prosecuting any field of mental enterprise who, without intermission, strains his faculties to the uttermost. '*Nec semper tendit arcum Apollo.*' But there is a wide difference between seasonable and salutary remission of labour and the profuse waste of time in the pursuit of enervating amusements, which inevitably debilitates and dissolves the intellectual powers, as surely as it impairs the moral sensibilities. And if those habits of well-regulated intellectual activity, without which the soundness and strength of our spiritual constitution cannot be sustained, have proceeded so far as to induce us to keep a register of our progress, and of the unwelcome interruptions by which our movements are occasionally retarded, we will be more able to form a just estimate of the incalculable value of time; and the balance of profit and loss, when it is found to be unfavourable, will affect us the more deeply."—(*Address*, Nov. 1842, p. 53.)

He himself concedes that these observations are so trite that one is almost ashamed to repeat them, but he does well to urge home the neglected truisms, since of the many who might hear or read the *Address*, some few might be sufficiently aroused to profit by the timely caution. It is these world-known truths, which we all have intellectually accepted, that are most frequently neglected, to our own sorrow and impoverishment. He himself continues, regarding such observations,—

"It is only by frivolous minds, who practically disown their value, that they can be treated with derision. The great lights in the firmament of the heavens were not appointed for signs and for seasons, and for days and years, that man, more forgetful than the stork, and the turtle, and the

swallow, which observe with intuitive accuracy the periodical changes which summon them from one climate to another, should fail to mark the lapse of unproductive springs in which nothing good or profitable has been sown—of summer suns which have risen and gone down, while no noxious weeds have been rooted up, and no buds of virtuous praise have been watered and refreshed—of weeks of harvest, during which no precious fruits have been ripened or gathered: for all of which inexcusable neglects the bitter reflections which arise in the days of darkness and the years wherein there is no pleasure, will be like the flaming sword of the cherubim, which drove back fallen man from regaining the way to the tree of life.”—(*Ib.* p. 54.)

Nor does he neglect to impress on his hearers the importance of conducting their studies with regularity, so that each branch of learning may prepare their minds for the next; especially that by soundness of foundation the after-structure may be ensured in stability. The danger of “attempting either to omit or pass hastily over what appears to be merely elementary” is not exaggerated:—

CLASSICAL STUDY.

“At the commencement of every literary or scientific curriculum, it is indispensable that many particulars shall be patiently learned, the utility of which, or their subserviency to the ultimate object of pursuit, cannot be discovered at the first, or even till the journey is far advanced. Everything ought to be acquired in its proper place. Among the preliminary studies which many are too apt to disparage and neglect, the cultivation of the ancient languages of Greece and Rome, must not be overlooked. If in former days a profound knowledge of grammatical and philological niceties (particularly in Greek and Latin) may have been overrated, there certainly are too few in the present age who sufficiently appreciate the advantage which proficiency in the dead languages is calculated to impart to all who devote themselves to the liberal professions—not merely as exhibiting the finest specimens of every variety of style, and the most exquisite models of didactic and persuasive eloquence, but as being directly instrumental in training the mind to habits of accurate thinking, and to the facility of expounding truth effectively, by the skilful arrangement of the successive steps of an argument. Among those who most successfully wield the powers of polished speech, it is easy to perceive how much of their art is derived from the capacity of extracting allusions, examples, and illustrations from the stores of classical learning. It is a vulgar fallacy to suppose that the elevated accomplishments of a scholar extend no further than to the knowledge of words, the artifices of grammar, and the refined subtleties of etymological conjecture. These studies, when pursued with correct judgment, go far to the formation of the philosophical character; and they furnish the very basis of logical distinctions. Neglect these studies, or grudge the time and labour without which they cannot be mastered, and you forego advantages, the lack of which, though not discoverable by yourselves, will easily be detected by those whose strenuous and well-disciplined minds have gained additional prowess and pre-eminence in the highest excellencies of speech, from their free and frequent access to the copious resources of ancient erudition.”—(*Ib.* p. 56.)

We may not permit ourselves to diverge into the purely historical division of the remarks, though the story of the growth of the University from its very small beginnings is full of interest, and might well demand a separate notice.

All these memorials are interesting to a high degree, even to those who have had little personal connection with Edinburgh, but much more to those who look back affectionately to Sir Walter Scott's "own romantic town" for many happy and perhaps not unprofitable years of study. The very circumstances which have combined to prevent the growth of an intense regard for the Edinburgh University in the minds of her *alumni*, as compared to the attachment life-long cherished for their own *Alma Mater* by Oxonians and Cantabs, have partially compensated by increasing the number of personal interests or sympathies felt by the general public. The College is intimately connected with the town. The student in Edinburgh has no *home* associations with his College. In the arrangements of private life he is scarcely in any thing different from the clerks at banking-houses, warehousemen or shop-keepers, who may be lodging in the next rooms to him. It is chance, quite as often as design, that regulates his intimacies with other men; who may be, or may not be, in any way connected with scholastic and scientific pursuits. The broad freedom of warm-hearted fellowship, such as characterises the association of young men at our chief colleges in England, is entirely absent in the Edinburgh University. There are some few bands of fellowship noticeable, such as the Dialectic Society, which affords a slight connection for the students, beyond the weak alliance recognisable from meeting for lectures within the same walls. But there is nothing to be compared to the frank intercourse and generous rivalry that we find in the communication of boating-clubs on the Cam or Isis; the knowledge of all the manly qualities of one another, both in the same and in different colleges, which is obtained by those who strain their muscles to support the reputation of (for instance) the "Lady Margaret," and put her boats at the head of the river, despite the exertions of Third or First Trinity and all the other competitors. The class of students, it is true, is to a considerable extent different; a far larger proportion of those in Edinburgh being so straitened in means as to experience difficulties in meeting the inevitable expenses of the season, while only a few of those in the south are other than independent of pecuniary anxieties, except when these may be the results of their own youthful prodigality. The residence in College, it cannot be disproved, is on the whole beneficial, subject as it is to a certain supervision, to guard against any gross infraction of useful rules. The experience of life and character of his fellow-students gained during the years that a man "remains up," is seldom otherwise than valuable to him in after life: perhaps in most cases it is by far the most valuable of his acquisitions. Many of the College intimacies become perpetuated as life-long friendships. It is not merely the power of dogged resolution, or easy courtesy, and solid learning, which has been displayed to him by those who strove alongside of himself. The days which intervene between docile boyhood and the comparative isolation of manhood, we generally find to be the most interesting period of human life. It is then that the principles which are to regulate the conduct have begun to show themselves, powerful to con-

troul, or enfeebled and inconstant. Soon is observed wherever there is a willingness to sacrifice personal comfort or luxuriousness at the call, not only of stern duty, but also at that of friendly courtesy, and class-interests. A selfish, stubborn, irresolute or slothful disposition cannot be hidden in the bright daylight of college recreations. It is not merely strength of body or massiveness of learning that wins the meed of admiration among those daring spirits who strive in the Olympian games of an English University. It is "pluck"—the indomitable endurance of anything disagreeable sooner than being faithless to the claims that are recognised as binding; it is the cheerfulness of spirit that voluntarily encounters any amount of toil, bodily or mental, for the supposed good of others, even though this good be limited to the low stage of amusement. The athletic contests reveal which are the men who seek and struggle merely for their own gratification, or to share the benefits among others. No single deficiency of the talents which are necessary to win scholastic distinction is found to be a bar to the friendly intercourse with those who may be in some one point superior. The sure passport to favourable reception is soon found to be the presence of such qualities as promote happiness in social intercourse. Not wealth, not ponderous learning, not hereditary rank or numerous introductions, (though all these have their effect in opening up a path to some of the more exclusive circles), but the presence of generous unselfishness, courage, easy self-possession, cheerful sympathy in the aims and successes of companions, these, with modest self-reliance and willingness to look on the best side of things, are qualities that young men speedily recognise the presence of, or absence of, in their fellow-students, and regulate their association accordingly. The University is a world itself, better in most respects than the outer-world, which is hereafter to be encountered, and which may often cause a sorrowful contrast to be instituted, and a remembrance that the old world of books and friendship with alternations of boating and secluded study, was the more wholesome life, the happiest and most useful, after all.

But the college student in Edinburgh has nothing of this. He may have a few intimacies among college men, but not many, and even these are mostly limited to converse on subjects of work. He is thrown much more in contact with the townspeople; not only to an extent which is serviceable as a relaxation for the mind when wearied with study, but to excess of assimilation. He not easily escapes the taint of town frivolity and mercantile greed or servility, and ostentatious respectability. If he has less temptation to wastefulness of money and time among wealthy companions than the dweller on the banks of Cherwell or Cam, he is beset with evils by no means less injurious. He sees too much the working, and hears too many of the maxims of selfishness. It is an atmosphere of worldly vanities, slimy intrigues, base mammon-worship and hypocrisies, that students are almost compelled to breathe. It is the very world in which they are hereafter to labour, now already exerting its poisonous influence upon them, to pollute their young imagination, to degrade

their generous ambition, to teach them the policy of a cringing and truth-repellant conventionality. From such, it is true, a student who is worthy of the name, will try to escape into the pure regions of contemplation, whither he is beckoned by the great high-priests of thought that have left their works as a bequest of love and wisdom for all ages. Into that exalted shrine of study, where the individual sinks from view, and the eternal truth alone remains apparent, he may endeavour to climb—there to “unsphere the spirit of Plato,” and to pursue those holy meditations which are awakened by the Book of books—so that before him may open the prospect of a life that shall know neither sorrow nor degradation, but where before the great White Throne, the spirits of just men made perfect may assemble for spiritual converse in adoration of The Almighty Three in One; and where he himself, the worn and solitary student, his robes washed clear in the blood of the Redeemer, may be permitted to stand, absolved and accepted, a child of God and an inheritor of His Kingdom.

To such a man as this it matters little what ills are surrounding him in the city where he is but a pilgrim, sojourning a brief space, and making preparations for labouring on His Father's business, until the hour comes when he may go wholly hence and be no more seen.

We venture not to judge the comparative advantages of these two stations of a dwelling place for those who purpose entering on the ministry of the gospel. Personally, we too well love the conventual seclusion and the bracing influence of college friendships at Granta and Cambridge, to make us desire an exchange. In Edinburgh is the disadvantage of non-collegiate residence. Yet we cannot conceal the fact that the very contact with the ordinary world of men and women, which we regard as in some degree injurious to the Edinburgh student, must often be immensely advantageous to him, if he be of sufficient strength to preserve his independence of mind and character. The world around him, grimy and humiliating though it be, is, as already said, the same world in which the student will hereafter have to labour professionally. The ways of men seen now will be their ways still, when the theological or medical student has become the clergyman or physician. The diseases of soul and body are, from the first, presented to him with unmistakeable urgency. Even for the few years of his probation at the University, he is not allowed to dwell apart from sharing by closest fellowship the common cares of humanity. He is, by necessity of education (and often also by humble station of birth) a man of the people. When he is fitted to minister to others, as he is being ministered to even now, he will not be as one of a privileged class, removed far by secular education and confirmed habits from community of joys and sorrows with the crowd. His knowledge of men is not other than what was obtainable by every one with whom he came in contact. He will less feel a separation from his parishioners when he has been ordained, than do most of our English clergymen, who are frequently more lonely among their flocks, and incapacitated to comprehend their wants, because wholly ignorant of their habits of thought and of living, their affections, their joys and sorrows. The

results of the course of scholastic training are greatly modified by the nature of the student's mode of private life, in England and in Scotland. The Scottish clergy, both in their advantages and their deficiencies, show the effects of the different manner in which their extra-collegiate residence has effected them. We need not disparage either class for the laudation of the other. Both are gainers and losers in some respects, and it remains for the individual man, on either side of the Border, to let his efforts be so directed as to conquer the disadvantages, and to gain a substitute for the denied benefits, inherent to his position.

These considerations of "residence," within the College walls, do not meet us often in Principal Lee's Addresses. The following is almost the only occasion on which the subject appears; it occurs in the historical sketch of the gradual development of the College from its small commencement. After mentioning the arrangements by which the students were to be accommodated and taken charge of throughout their residence, by a succession of "Regents," corresponding to a certain extent with the present system of "College Tutors" in England, the Rev. Principal observes:—

"The stinted finances of the College, or rather the entire want of any certain endowment, prevented the fulfilment of one part of the original design, which was that all the masters and students, without exception, should here, as in other colleges at that period, live day and night within the walls, and that the pupils were never to go beyond the precincts for rural recreation, or any other purposes, without being accompanied by one of the Regents, appointed in weekly succession to take this charge. Means were adopted at first, on a limited scale, to provide rooms for the students; and it was regulated that the rent of a chamber to a stranger should be 4 pounds Scots in the year (6s 8d sterling), for which sum every room was to be furnished with a table, a bed, shelves for books and other purposes, and sufficient seating. The sons of burgesses were to pay no rent; but they were to furnish the rooms at their own expense, and this could scarcely be done on a more economical scale.

"This part of the plan may seem strange to us, and I must confess that I was at one time impressed with what appeared to be an intuitive perception of its inutility. But many wise men, possessing the advantage of long experience, have deliberately entertained an opposite opinion. If, first of all, it is considered how limited, in those times, was the accommodation of almost every family below the rank of the nobility, and how perpetual was the noise and bustle in the humbler habitations of industrious burgesses, who rarely could afford more than two, or, at the utmost three apartments, for domestic purposes, as well as for business—very few indeed being able to surrender a separate chamber, of the smallest dimensions, for the quiet prosecution of study and the preparation of literary tasks, especially in the evening, the only period of absence from the college—and, if, with these and other obvious disadvantages familiar to those who now have access to observe the internal economy of the dwellings of many of the working classes, especially in times of sickness, and when struggling with difficulties, we contrast the situation of those youths who, under the eye, and having the benefit of the counsel, of an intelligent, faithful, and kind-hearted regent, ever ready to commend the diligent, to cheer the dejected, and restrain or overawe the disorderly and slothful, we may be struck with many reflections on the probable benefit arising from good discipline and good

example, in promoting habits of order and assiduous application, and, at least, securing a relief from the vulgarity, the clamour, and the pernicious and provoking interruptions to be encountered in not a few of these houses.

"It appears from the universal and emphatic concurrence of many of our countrymen who, having been educated under this system during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have left written memorials of their own lives, that they ascribed the most salutary efficacy to the oversight and care of the regents who superintended their conduct in the College rooms. It is most touching to read those testimonies to the vigilance, assiduity, and tenderness manifested in the daily communications of the teachers with the taught; for instance, the bland and paternal counsels and encouragements addressed to the orphan Andrew Melville, by the venerable head of his college, 'My poor fatherless and motherless child, who knows for what good and gracious purposes Providence is reserving you' . . . Many other distinguished men, educated in different colleges, have borne testimony in favour of a system which, even after the middle of last century, such a man as Dr Reid not only approved, but insisted on maintaining in all its primitive efficiency; though it must be acknowledged that, after the Professors themselves ceased to reside within the walls, the original purpose could no longer be secured."—(*Address*, Nov. 1846, p. 86.)

Remembering how much younger, as a rule, are the students when they come to matriculate at Edinburgh than those at Oxford and Cambridge, who have to remain fewer years before ordination, we cannot but regard the institution of the regent system as formerly advantageous. The habits of society in Edinburgh are changed, and in the present day the increasing "liberality of opinion" (save the mark!) is such that no attempts to revive or re-organise the regency office would be likely to attain success. Nor could it avail for any good purpose if pushed into private life; it could only resemble the hateful and insulting species of *espionage* and petty tyranny which is exerted by the Proctors of the two great Universities, furnishing opportunities for unscrupulous private malevolence, and inevitably encouraging the growth of hypocrisy, falsehood, and secret vices, among the students who remain under inefficient but unconfiding surveillance. There can be no doubt that the Proctorial system, with its open and concealed scandals, is one of the worst blunders of southern Universities.

But, as already mentioned, the "Regents" stood more *in loco parentis*, even as the English College Tutors. We cannot part from this interesting volume without extracting a story connected with the regent system and the Scottish bar:—

QUID PRO QUO.

"This system [of appointing 'regents'] had long been approved, and continued to be followed in one University of Scotland till within the last fifty years [*i. e.* written 1846.] . . . I may here mention that the regents were very generally young men, who afterwards were appointed to the ministry in the Church. It was not always so: some became lawyers, and others physicians. . . . A similar instance to that of Sir James Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Stair, occurred in Edinburgh about sixty years afterwards: Mr Charles Erskine, a near relative of the Earl of Mar, ventured, when twenty years old, to engage in a comparative trial with several able candidates, and succeeded in being appointed one of the four Regents in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1700, and was a very popular

teacher. He afterwards studied law, and became Lord Justice-Clerk. He was better known by his territorial titles, first as Lord Tinwald, and afterwards Lord Alva. His scholastic habits did not unfit him for sustaining with great firmness the dignified position of a judge. On one occasion it is said that a young lawyer, not an adept in classic lore, thought fit to indulge in a sneer at the early employment of this judge as a teacher of youth (the teaching being conducted in the Latin tongue). The stripling advocate, during a pleading at Lord Tinwald's bar, referred to a Dutch writer on the Roman Law, and concluded his quotation thus:—'My lord, this is the judgment of a learned author, whose name is mentioned with great respect in the *'Icōnes illustrium Batavorum.'* His Lordship, with a benignant smile, but who could not speak without lisping, on hearing the false quantity, said, 'Icōneth, if you pleath, thir.' The young barrister bowed and said, 'I thank you, my Lord; you have the advantage of *me*, for *I* never happened to be a schoolmaster.' The judge calmly replied, 'nor a thcholar neither, I pertheive.'—(P. 82.)

In the course of the Addresses occur some obituary notices of the men with whom Dr Lee had been intimate. These are tenderly and gracefully executed—especially of Sir Charles Bell, and Lord Cockburn. All who remember the genial manners and solid goodness of the latter, whose "Memorials of his own Times" have increased the number of his admirers, will turn with interest to the page which contains Principal Lee's passing reference to

LORD COCKBURN.

"He entered the University a year before me; but having afterwards attended a number of classes along with him, I had opportunity of knowing how fond and fervent was the attachment of all who had the best access to witness the opening beauties of his amiable and engaging character. I need not tell you how benignant was his aspect; how genial and blithe his disposition; how winning his conversation; how overpowering the magic of his glowing eloquence; how lofty and consistent his principles of action, harmonizing beautifully with the unpretending simplicity of his demeanour; and not only in the exercise of his judicial functions, but in every action of his life, how gracefully blended was the love of justice with the love of mercy. . . . It is not unlikely that some may ascribe the resistless fascination of the pleadings of this great orator to native genius alone, unaided by learned industry. It is a great mistake. Lord Cockburn, indeed, did not affect to be a profound scholar, but he was a diligent and discerning reader, and without any pride or ostentation, he accumulated a great store of such solid knowledge as he perceived to be most subservient to practical use. His choice of books was peculiarly discriminating; and he was in reality a much more assiduous student than many who have obtained general credit for deep and persevering research."—(*Address*, 1854, p. 121.)

Some rash and insulting expressions employed by Niebuhr, the historian of Rome, in regard to the men who taught and studied at the Edinburgh University in 1798-9, are replied to with honest indignation by Principal Lee in the 1854 Address. The private letters of Niebuhr had then been recently published, and Dr Lee having himself been a student, and connected with Professor Robison, at the time of Niebuhr's visit to Scotland, gives a statement of facts which amply disprove the allegations of the German writer, regarding the Professors, clergy, and students of the period in question. Niebuhr

"talks of the few young men here who 'pretended to be metaphysicians, a class consisting exclusively of mere empty praters, whose self-complacency was contemptible, and the result of their speculations detestable.' I see [continues Dr Lee] two or three of his fellow-students near me—Dr Trail, Professors Pillans, More, and others—who were kept in countenance by such men as Dr Thomas Brown, Francis Horner, Henry Brougham, Henry Cockburn, the Rev. Sidney Smith, Anthony Todd Thomson, John Leyden, George Birkbeck, John William Ward (afterwards Earl Dudley, a Cabinet Minister of the highest capacity), Lord Webb Seymour (a most ardent and successful votary of science), William Temple, Henry Petty (the present Lord Lansdowne), Lord Brooke (now Earl Brooke and Warwick), Peter Roget, the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Noel, David Brewster, Thomas Chalmers. This is a small specimen of 'the empty praters of that day,' of whom he formed so despicable an estimate."—(P. 110.)

Elsewhere (p. 44) he refers to others of his fellow-students—Henry Temple (now Viscount Palmerston), the Earl of Haddington, Lord Minto, Thomas McCrie, James Abercromby, Sir Walter Scott, and (not long afterwards) Lord John Russell, &c., and says :—

"One who has studied at the same time, and in the same school, with such men as these, may venture to conclude that there is something, if not in the genius of the place, at least in the principles and character of the institution, calculated to animate and foster the operation of the human faculties, and to lead to great results. . . .

"Let the consideration that the brief day of life is rapidly passing away, and that the long night of the tomb is at hand,—that wisdom and worth are not in themselves a defence against the shocks of adversity and shafts of the last enemy, and that no distinctions are truly valuable but those which shall survive the period of our temporal being,—stir us up to give all diligence so to pass the time of our pilgrimage on the earth in the faithful occupation of our talents, that we may through the grace of the Divine Redeemer, be admitted to the honours and felicities of the everlasting kingdom. And while we are solicitous for our individual happiness, let us not be forgetful of the debt which we owe to our brethren, in so cultivating the seeds of knowledge, whose field is the wide world of rational beings, that we may be instrumental in the establishment of purity and universal peace, overflowing all nature as a mighty stream : a consummation which we may hope will be fully realised, when, in the evening time of the world, 'light shall be sown' in a soil so propitious, that, out of the earth, enriched by the accumulated wisdom and experience of ages, and by the progressive influences of divine discovery, truth shall spring up, as a plant,—fair, fruitful, and every where indigenous ; and from the skies above shall drop down, in the perfection of beauty, the best of all the heavenly gifts,—righteousness blended with mercy,—to renew the face of the moral creation, and to gladden and bless the abodes of men, with the revelation of the mysteries hidden from many generations, and with the anticipated brightness of the glory which encircles the throne of 'the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy.'"—(*Address, 1842, p. 65.*)

We here part from the venerable figure of the late Principal, whom we remember with sincere respect, and once more commend to all Scottish students this volume, which is ably and unostentatiously edited by his son, the Rev. William Lee.

ST JOHN'S, Cambridge, January, 1862.

J. W. E.

MEMORABLE WOMEN OF THE PURITAN TIMES.*

FIRST NOTICE.

WE have here a theme worthy of the Rev. James Anderson's patient labours, and he has produced two volumes that well repay perusal. His deservedly high reputation will be increased by this new and extensive undertaking, to which we thus early direct our readers.

A fulness of detail is, at the outset, one of the chief features in these interesting biographies. They are not, as might be expected, slight sketches adapted for popularity, but possess a minute circumstantiality which fits them for the instruction of those already learned in historical literature. Complaint of crudeness, rather than of artificiality in the arrangement of the material, may be deemed admissible, if we are compelled to listen to objections, but on the whole, the task has been honestly done, and the result is too valuable to justify captious disparagement. The two massive volumes now before us are far from exhausting the subject however, though in the case of each individual memoir justice may have been done. There are many other "Memorable Women" who flourished in the Puritan Times,—counting these times to extend from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration of Charles II.,—and we should be glad to see in an additional volume, hereafter, some of the biographies which have not been included in the present work. There could be no reasonable objection, for instance, to bringing forward a few of the most notable of the females who laboured energetically on the Cavalier side:—Queen Henrietta Maria, who schemed and journeyed to aid her husband in resistance of the Parliament, the Countess of Derby, who heroically defended Latham House against the rebels, and others, who are quite as closely connected with history as are the wife and daughters of Oliver Cromwell, memoirs of whom are given in the two volumes. There were noble qualities distinguishing the wives and daughters of many who fought for Charles I., heroic virtues and tender affections, that deserve recognition by persons of all shades of political attachment. But this is a matter that may be safely left to the discretion of the author.

Even as it is, we find considerable variety in the portraits here collected. Amongst them are some whose husbands moved in situations of trust and dignity, others who held a lowlier station, and suffered many stings of poverty and persecution. Foremost, we see the stately Lady Vere—that Mary Tracey who married Sir Horatio Vere, a general in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and mother-in-law of Lord Fairfax, afterwards commander of the Parliamentary forces.

* *Memorable Women of the Puritan Times.* By the Rev. James Anderson, author of "*Ladies of the Reformation*," "*Ladies of the Covenant*," &c. In two volumes, crown 8vo. London: Blackie & Son, Paternoster Row; Glasgow and Edinburgh. 1862. Pp. 816.

Next follows Brilliana Conway, Sir Robert Harley's wife, who for six weeks successfully defended her castle of Brampton against the siege of a Royalist army. It is unfortunate, that amidst the letters sent by her to her husband, and to her son Edward (extracts from which are copiously given in these pages), we have only one brief communication preserved relative to the actual siege. Otherwise the record given of her connection with the stormy troubles of that day is far from being meagre in details. The next four lives lead our thoughts to America, among the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts Bay, and Boston: they are of married women whose individuality of character is strongly pronounced, viz., Margaret Tindal, the wife of John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony; Anne Dudley, the Puritan Poetess, wife of Simon Bradstreet; Anne Marbury, wife of William Hutchison; and Mary Dyer, wife of William Dyer, member of the Society of Friends. Concerning her we intend speaking more hereafter. Also in the first volume are memoirs of Mary Love, Anne Vere, Lady Fairfax; her daughter Mary, who married Dryden's Duke of Buckingham; Elizabeth Stewart, mother of Oliver Cromwell, and Elizabeth Bourchier, his wife; with his daughters, Bridget, wife of General Ireton, and afterwards of Fleetwood, and Elizabeth, who married Lord Claypole.* We find also a useful historical sketch, as Introduction to the Memoirs.

Delaying for awhile a close examination of those who belonged to the family of Oliver Cromwell, and who participated in the stirring adventures of the civil war, let us turn our attention to the infant colony which had settled on the American shores, after having been driven from England to a seven years' exile in Holland, by the persecution which assailed the Nonconformists in the reign of James I. Men of all shades of religious opinion are now willing to acknowledge that the proceedings against the Puritans were impolitic as well as ungenerous. That a large body of enthusiastic and pious ministers were driven to extremities by the tyrannical enactments of such persons as

* The second volume contains thirteen memoirs. Earliest come two more daughters of Oliver Cromwell, Mary, Countess Fauconberg, and Frances, Mrs Rich, afterwards wife of Sir John Russell. Next follows the historian of the siege of Nottingham Castle, and biographer of Colonel Hutchinson, his wife Lucy. Then Katherine Boyle, Viscountess Ranelagh; Margaret Charlton, wife of Richard Baxter; Elizabeth, the second wife of John Bunyan; and Agnes Beaumont, Bunyan's much-persecuted friend; also Katherine Matthews, wife of Philip Henry. We are led to an examination of an important trial in English history by the next memoir, which is of Lady Rachel Russel, wife of Lord William Russell, who was executed July 21, 1688. It will be perused with interest equal to that of any other biography in this series of "Memorable Women." Next we are led to Alice Lisle, a lady who suffered death for sheltering two fugitive Nonconformists, a minister and his servant, who had been engaged amongst the insurgents during Monmouth's rebellion; and Elizabeth Gaunt, who resembled her both in the charitable deed, and in the suffering which followed as a judicial punishment. The two memoirs which conclude the collection are of Hannah Hewling, wife of Major Richard Cromwell, and Bridget Ireton (daughter of the sometime Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and Oliver Cromwell's daughter Bridget), wife of Bendish. As the last mentioned lady died in 1729, at the age of eighty, this leads us down to days tolerably far removed from the time of the Puritans.

Archbishop Whitgift in 1582, and that the already over-goaded multitude were maddened into rebellion by the unrelenting exactions of Laud, is at this time generally conceded even by the most devoted sons of the Church. Fairly weighed, time has brought reparation to the Puritan cause, which has received its sufficient laudation, after having been for some generations undervalued and exposed to much coarse ridicule. Perhaps, indeed, the current of popular favour has set for awhile too strongly towards the Puritans, and made people forget that there were many and grievous faults amongst those who held themselves in opposition to the State and the Church in the first half of the 17th century, and earlier. There are plenty of Nonconformists of the present day, who are bigoted enough to deny the possession of any good qualities to the men and women on the Cavalier side during the Great Rebellion. The great talents and solid virtues exhibited by the chief of the Puritans, divines, warriors, and private citizens, must not blind us, however, to the fact of there having been also a numerous assemblage of nominal Puritans whose piety was assumed as a cloak, and in whose base natures lurked every kind of meanness. Cruel and persecuting in their turn, whenever the opportunity came for wreaking vengeance on those who had earlier persecuted them; narrow-minded and hypocritical, without the faintest comprehension of the principles of Christian charity and social toleration, they pursued their sordid careers through the slimy paths of political intrigue, and disgraced the cause of civil and religious freedom by perverting its power to an engine of destruction for their own selfish ends. We must be just to all. It was the fault of the hypocrites and knaves who had associated themselves in the company of the noble men and women truly deserving the name of "Puritans," that caused at length that name itself, and the cause which it represented, "to stink in the nostrils" of the English nation, and prepared the way for all the loathsome excesses which distinguished the days of the Restoration. Let this not be forgotten; for whilst we give all honour due to those, on either side, we must beware lest we commit the error of including in one general laudation, or in one verdict of censure, the entire party of Puritans or Cavaliers to which the individual notabilities belonged.

We shall not find that even the "Pilgrim Fathers" pass the ordeal of examination unscathed. The first brave little band, that crossed the Atlantic in the "May-flower," in 1620, was, indeed, a noble exception to the selfishness or spiritual arrogance of which we complain. We have nothing but affection, and reverent gratitude to pay to *them*. But the later parties of Pilgrim Puritans deserve less respect; those for instance, who settled at Massachusetts Bay, and who yielded to intestine jealousies, and carried their persecuting intolerance to as deadly a termination as ever "Bloody Mary," Elizabeth, and their father Henry VIII., had done.

Beautiful, indeed, is the tale of the early Pilgrim Fathers, who had removed from England to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to Leyden, and then, unaccompanied by the less sea-worthy Speedwell, crossed

the Atlantic in the *May-flower* to their new home, on the uncultivated shores of America, where they found little token of human fellowship, save the graves of the Indians. The West has no holier ground to us than the spot where those brave and pious men, the Pilgrim Fathers, landed in the cheerless winter of 1620, at Plymouth in New England, and raised their psalm of thanksgiving to Him who had guided them to a land where they were exposed to hardships, it is true,—to dangers and privations of no ordinary severity, but where they were, at least, free to worship in truth, and to sustain one another with affectionate sympathy—labouring together in one common cause, and undismayed by all the sad experiences which came on them thereafter.

“Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

“Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!”

Never was a nobler and more united family of emigrants, from whom to date the birth of a community that should have been distinguished through all ages by purity and fervour, by moral conduct as blameless, a faith as earnest, a courage as enduring, and a brotherhood in Christian truth; even as these, the forefathers themselves, had been distinguished.

“There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that Pilgrim band,
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

“There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

“What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

“Ay, call it holy ground,
The land where first trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.”*

Not at this time do we need to repeat the history of the Plymouth Pilgrims. It is of the later settlers, the Massachusetts Bay Company (a very differently constituted party), of whom we find memorials in the Rev. James Anderson's volume. He has little concern with the interesting record of the “Forefathers or Old Comers,”—not only those who first arrived in the *May-flower*, but also the other exiles

* Mrs Hemans.

who soon joined them, voyaging in the ship Anne, and the Little James, and some of those who had earlier landed from the Fortune. But we are glad to receive so ample a biography as he gives of the "Memorable Women," connected with the Massachusetts Bay Pilgrims.*

Of these, the wife of Governor Winthrop is the first in order, and no one can peruse the numerous letters which passed between them, without admiring the affection and unanimity which they reveal. Not often, we may sadly confess,—not often is marriage so true as it was in this case. The stately figures of the old time become reanimate. Winthrop and his gentle resolute wife are alike in their dignity, their pious confidence in the care of Providence, and in their unwavering love for each other. We are led to appreciate the intensity of their anxieties while separate from each other, both during Winthrop's numerous absences from home, which were necessitated by legal business, often connected with the emigration scheme, and also when he had with her sons preceded his wife in arrival at the new colony, and despatched to her letters which tenderly conceal, or only half reveal, the perils and privations to which time was gradually to inure the family. Her conduct throughout is exemplary. She was a true helpmeet for him, aiding him in every work by her acquiescence, and when he required it, her counsel. Often to both of them was given the choice of two paths, the rough and dangerous experiment which might prove advantageous to others, or the more shielded and luxurious course by which the social pleasures might be preserved, by maintain-

* David Wilson thus speaks of both parties:—"The history of the settlement of Massachusetts by the Puritan Pilgrims of Charles I. reign, is scarcely less interesting than that of their predecessors in Plymouth Bay. Both were of the same class. Both had been driven forth from their native country by the intolerable burdens of enforced conformity, and both sought, in the colonial possessions of England, to enjoy liberty of conscience without the sense of exile and punishment, which even prosperity cannot efface from the forced resident in a foreign land. It is not to be wondered at that the same degree of harmony and mutual agreement on all the thorny questions of polemic controversy which prevailed in the little settlement of Plymouth, was not always found among the Puritan settlers that occupied the broad lands of Massachusetts. The exiles who escaped from England to Holland, were immured and sifted again and again, ere the passengers of the Mayflower effected a landing in the New World. At Amsterdam some were left behind, more tarried at Leyden, and even of those who proceeded to England in the Speedwell, the faint-hearted and faithless abandoned the enterprise when successive disappointments had allowed their early hope and enthusiasm to give way at the chill touch of experience. It was very different, however, with those who fled from the systematic persecutions of Laud, and the intolerant High Commission Court and Star Chamber of Charles I. There was no time for sifting them, happily for them too, less need of it [?] than before. The Pilgrim Fathers had led the way. The wilderness had been proved to be a safe and sure refuge for the persecuted sufferers for conscience sake, and now hundreds crowded from their shores, without waiting for the personal experience of the wrongs they saw inflicted on their brethren, longing to breathe the free air of these distant wilds, where no bigot king, or merciless zealot, strove to constrain the soul within the straitened bonds of established formulas. All wanted liberty for themselves, but unhappily all were not prepared to exercise toleration, or extend the same liberty to others. Even at the first difficulties arose from this source."—(*The Pilgrim Fathers*, by Daniel Wilson, F.S.A. Scot.)

ing the routine of reputable observances, suitable to their rank and wealth on their English estate at Groton.

Margaret Tindal was four years younger than her husband John Winthrop, who was born January 12, 1587-8, and who married her, his third wife, in 1618, when she was about twenty-eight years of age. It was not until 1629, that his connection became intimate with the London Company of the Massachusetts Bay, when the third emigration was contemplated, and desired to be on a scale more extended than either of those which had preceded. He wrote often to Margaret while maturing the design of the directors themselves removing to America, and thereby retaining in the colony the means of self-government; a proceeding little contemplated by the English court when the patent was first granted to the Company, but which was defended as legal when assailed. Winthrop departed with many comrades for the New England shores in March 1629-30. Many detentions occurred on the voyage, and it was not until the 12th of June that he arrived in the *Arbella* at Salem, "where shortly before, Endicott had laid the foundations of the first town in Massachusetts." When the *May-flower* Pilgrims had landed, with much difficulty, in Plymouth Bay, they had the winter to add its own inclemency to the desert solitude. But the Massachusetts party found companions ready to welcome them, and the wild strawberries growing profusely there encouraged their hopes, seeming to promise a fertile region.

But the prospects were soon found to be less fair than what first appeared. Throughout the preceding winter disease had preyed on the ill-clad and worse-provisioned band of emigrants, and eighty of them had died;—more than a fourth part of their whole number. Those who survived were in a miserable condition with sickness, and had scarcely a fortnight's supply of food remaining. Persons charged with the dispatch of the vessels had, as usual, so mismanaged the stores that no fresh supplies of provisions were conveyed by the little fleet of vessels accompanying the *Arbella*. They brought with them scurvy and an infectious fever, but the large quantities of food, prepared by the Company for exportation, had been left behind. So nothing could be done except to dismiss from service the 180 persons who had been hired to wait on the families, and next, to search for a suitable place for the residence of the new colony, Salem not offering them fitting accommodation. They fixed on Charlestown and the vicinity. After a while, Winthrop and others removed to the south side of the mouth of the river Charles, to a place called by the Indians Shawmut, but now celebrated as Boston.

The new settlement offered several advantages, especially in the supplies of good water; the pasturage and harbourage were also better fitted to the wants of the colonists. But death continued to thin their ranks, many of the most earnest promoters of the enterprise dying amid these troubles, owing to the rain and cold from which there was as yet no shelter. Almost a hundred, who lost heart, took passage home again to England when the vessels returned, but the mortality continued amongst the remainder, two hundred dying in the eighth

following months. The intelligence communicated to Mrs Winthrop by the returned adventurers, and by her husband's letters, was enough to sadden and affright.* But she was not a woman to yield to terror or unavailing grief, nor was he unfitted to inspire confidence amongst those who had committed their fortunes and their lives to his guidance. It is in such difficulties as were encountered by the Puritan settlers that the native energy of such a man is best proved. Calm, resolute indefatigable, he laboured to communicate his spirit to others, and by his single influence must have been of incalculable service to the success of the undertaking. He seems never to have quailed, or doubted the ultimate victory over difficulties. Far from entertaining any idea of abandoning the enterprise (and be it remembered, he was in no personal danger from the Government of England, in case he returned to his native land), he looked forward to the speedy arrival of his wife, and made every prudent arrangement for her safety and comfort, as far as these could be ensured.†

Nor was she less anxious to join him and share in his labours. "Her whole soul was set upon going out to America, where she already was in spirit, and she was only waiting the opportunity to get her person transported thither." She had alone been prevented from accompanying him, when he departed, by the near prospect of her confinement and the extreme delicacy of her health, reasons which were sufficient to determine Winthrop to delay her voyage until the period of danger was past and a home provided for her reception. At this time, and always, she found much comfort in the affection of her step-son, John Winthrop, who afterwards became Governor of Connecticut, a man "who inherited his father's talents and virtues, with a superior share of human learning." He accompanied her when she sailed for America, in August 1631. Her own four children were likewise with her, baby Anne being one. This infant died on the voyage, which lasted ten weeks.

On the 3d November, 1631, the vessel being off Long Island, husband and wife were reunited, Winthrop having come on board, and

* "From her high estimate of the energy, wisdom, and talents of her husband, she believed that he was eminently qualified to lay these foundations [i.e. of a great empire] deep and broad, securing the present and the future prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, of the colony. Still, as we know from the whole tenor of the correspondence between her and her husband, she did not overlook the trials, discouragements, and difficulties of the course she was about to take. It was no golden dream of earthly happiness, superior to what she enjoyed or might enjoy in England, which lured her to embark in an undertaking surrounded with so many perils and uncertainties. She was now beyond the age of romance, when hope with its magic power gilds the future to the imagination with a brightness which will never be realized."—(*Memorable Women of the Puritan Times*, vol. 1, p. 183.)

† Winthrop's letter is "full of hope, anticipating not defeat, but victories and triumphs to the struggles of the colonists, for Winthrop was a man strong in faith, and not easily discouraged. Still, he did not expect great things in the world, and he would not have his wife to expect them. He laid his account with trials, and he would have her to do the same. But peaceably enjoying the pure preaching of the Word in America, and trusting in God as to the future, he did not repent that he had come to the New World, and he would not have her to repine that she was about to follow him."—(*Id.* p. 144.)

next day a hearty welcome was given to the Governor's wife, when she landed with him at Boston. It was the first great manifestation of joy and festivity, as a reception, which had ever been afforded on the shores of New England. The three artillery pieces, and a volley of shot from the companies in arms, were fired in honour of Mrs Winthrop. Almost everybody who could travel from the adjoining plantations, as well as those connected with Boston, came with acclamations and good wishes, nor were wanting numerous presents, "abundant stores of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, &c." It must have gladdened her husband's heart, after all his struggles:—"the like joy and manifestations of love had never been seen before in New England," he remarks. It is only on such rare occasions that affection can show itself towards those stern leaders who command respect and obedience, but who are seldom visibly moved by the common passions. This was a true, noble, loving man, however, and it is well said that "Worthy must that woman have been who could inspire all this affection in a man of such high intelligence, talent, and accomplishment as was John Winthrop."

The kindness and enthusiasm which greeted the arrival of the Governor's wife, were not followed by any violent exhibition of the fickleness generally attributable to popular feeling. During the sixteen years she lived in America, it does not appear that she ever experienced public insult, even when her husband had encountered calumnies, both regarding his conduct in antagonism to Mrs Hutchinson's alleged heresies in 1637, and, earlier, regarding the pretended mismanagement of the funds of the colony,—a base and unwarrantable imputation, of which the falsehood is said to have been amply displayed, when the fullest investigation of Winthrop's conduct was made, with more than necessary severity. In all these new and vexatious excitements which chequered the after course of her life, Mrs Winthrop maintained that modest privacy and unfaltering affection which had formerly distinguished her. She avoided all the noisy self-proclamation and uncharitable disagreements of the party champions and their adherents in the theological arena. She held unsullied for her husband's repose the one refuge that a man best prizes amid all the turmoil of political extravagance,—a happy home. Here was a heart devoted to him, let what would betide. Her household and family duties were never neglected, as they often were by other women, clamorous and presumptuous, but her faith was never the less strong, her sweet religious tenderness never the less fascinating, because she held herself aloof from the battle-field of dogmatic teaching,—the Aceldama of religious intolerance. She had her reward. She must have known how highly she was valued by her husband, and from the many whom in private she aided there were not wanting tokens of humble love and gratitude. When she died, of an epidemic in 1646, she was mourned by the whole colony. Her husband records the loss with words that show a manly sorrow, speaking of her as "a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honoured by all the country."* She was

* Winthrop's History of New England, Vol. II., p. 810.

buried where many of her friends and neighbours had preceded her, in a field at Boston, early chosen by the Puritan settlers. Her husband (though he married again, eighteen months later,—as we are sorry to find,) survived her not many months. If his manner became more reserved, his thoughts more constantly directed to that “better world” to which the woman he loved had already been borne, he at least continued to direct the affairs of the colony with discretion and moderation, and retains a foremost place in the history of his country as one of her least selfish and most able sons.*

Thus ends the record of this Margaret Winthrop, one whose life it is good to study and to emulate. A true wife, indeed, to whom her husband might have spoken in the words of another noble woman, lately lost to us :—

“The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.

What height we know not,—but the way we know
And how, by mounting aye, we must attain,
And so climb on. . . . The world is old ;
But the old world waits the hour to be renewed ;
Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men,—
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new oeconomies, new laws
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.”†

We must here pause awhile. In an after paper we hope to take another survey of the Puritans of New England, and the picture will be less pleasing, for we have to show, (in connection with Mary Dyer, the martyr), how they, who had met with intolerance, became in turn

* Daniel Wilson observes :—“The true father of Boston was Governor Winthrop. He was a man of more enlightened views, and juster ideas of the basis of true liberty, than were acceptable to the stern Puritan colonists of Massachusetts. He did much to temper the severity of their proceedings, when ecclesiastical discipline was converted into civil law. It is an enviable tribute which Roger Williams, the martyr-advocate of toleration, bears to the memory of the Governor of Massachusetts.” The historian of “the Settlement of Boston,” says :—“A more interesting character than Winthrop is scarcely to be found in American history. Some of my readers have often seen his portrait in the State-house. He was tall and well-formed, his visage long, a high forehead, with dark-blue eyes, and dark hair, worn in the form of a wig. His countenance beamed benevolence and wisdom. . . . He was not a democrat. ‘The best part of a community,’ said he, ‘is always the least, and of this least part the wisest is always the less.’ In private life he was frugal and temperate, hospitable, and exceedingly generous to the poor. His religion shone out through all his life, and gave a high lustre to his character. He was zealous for truth and righteousness. He died at the age of sixty, worn out with public cares and domestic afflictions.”

† Mrs Browning’s “Aurora Leigh.”

as intolerant as their early enemies. They had "suffered persecution," but unlike Sterne's negro girl,—they had not "learnt mercy."

Meanwhile, many will turn to these volumes of biography, which are far superior to the ordinary "Pious Memoirs" in vogue. There is material enough in these two volumes to powerfully strengthen the character of women, so richly varied in their capabilities. Great and beautiful natures will love to track the footprints of others who were good and lovely. To those who are on the border-land between girlhood and womanhood, and still more to those who have attained the serene midway of life, these memorials will come as an acceptable offering. They deserve and will obtain attention even from many whose bias towards the Puritans and Puritanism may not be strong, but whose interest in that great epoch of our history—the struggle between the regal power, and the Parliament—lends attraction to every detail of individual biography. Only by a diligent study of the details can the full prospect be comprehended; only by a remembrance of the broad page of history can those details sink into due subordination and connection.

NIRGENDS COLLEGE, 1862.

KARL.

CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

THE REV. P. H. WADDELL'S ARGUMENTS AND OUTLINES.*

This a remarkable pamphlet, remarkable in itself, the discourse possessing much eloquence, and remarkable also as being the prospectus or exposition of what may prove to be a very important movement in religious association.

We desire to give Mr Waddell every facility in making known his views, and are indisposed to prejudice his cause by dwelling on the objections which naturally offer themselves to us when examining the projected "Christian Union." We yield attention to this pamphlet, more for the sake of the powerful discourse by Mr Waddell, than from our entertaining any deep conviction that the proposed organisation was the crying want of the times. In as far as the "Christian Union" promises to become an aid in the extension of genuine piety and brotherly love it has our warmest wishes for its success. But we are little disposed to accept as conclusive the arguments which are advanced in disparagement of all existing communities of professing Christians, to the effect that these communities do not afford means of spiritual nourishment for all those who truly desire to draw nigh to God, and to worship in sincerity and humble faith. The fact is that

* Church of the Future: Arguments and Outlines. A Discourse, founded on Philip. iii. 7-16. Read in the City Hall, Glasgow, Sabbath, Dec. 8th, 1861. By Rev. P. Hatley Waddell. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail, St David Street. Glasgow: Murray & Son, and Hutcheson Campbell. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1861. Pp. 80.

human nature is so constituted as to make it impossible, in the present state of the world, for any very large assemblage of men to preserve perfect unanimity in religious belief, any more than in politics. The utmost that is attainable is this,—an adherence to some broad statement of the principles which are to guide the Church or civil society, and enable it to preserve itself from anarchy, such as would probably result either from indifference or from incessant turmoil of opinion, and personal tyranny. There can exist no real union without some code of laws or doctrine; at least, the world has never yet seen the faintest indication of an approach to the realizing of such a Utopia, as a Church or a State without definite regulations for the protection of those within, and the exclusion of those without the pale, from the participation in fellowship. We ungrudgingly concede that the existing churches, established and dissenting, are far from being what may be desired. We have no wish to assert that Christianity is taught by word, or embodied by lives of pure unselfish action, even by all the men who are nominally preachers of the gospel. Nor do we deny that the congregations, instead of presenting a body of holy-minded men and women, zealous of good works, and ready to sacrifice their individual vanities and comfort at the call of duty, are too often worldly-minded, contentious, and in every way open to apostolic rebuke; so that, whenever the epistles to the early churches are read aloud, it seems as though the sins and follies of old time had been perpetuated and increased. But, although this be true of many among the Christian communities of this nineteenth century, we are far from yielding assent to any declaration, that they are collectively so pestilential as to suffocate all true religion. The swathing-bands or shackles, as they appear to some, may be serving as strengthening supports to others, who acknowledge themselves cripples; and if the restrictions of any Church communion be carried so far as to become a tyranny, the door-way is always open for emergence into freedom. Only, be it urged, if the abandoned church be decried by the seceders, we demand that they clearly shew that it is true freedom, and not licentiousness or anarchy, that is desired to be won. And having thus far uttered a protest, we proceed to let the scheme unfold itself.

The Rev. P. Hately Waddell was not altogether unknown to the reading public before the present agitation commenced. He had not only secured large audiences to listen to his three lectures, on the genius of Shakspere, of Robert Burns, and of Sir Walter Scott—lectures distinguished by a wild fervour and brilliancy of illustration, as well as the presence of a startling originality of view—but these recent triumphs had been preceded by a strange and suggestive volume entitled "*The Sojourn of a Sceptic*."* The last named work did not,

* *The Sojourn of a Sceptic in the land of darkness and uncertainty, between the land of Original Impressions, and the City of Strongholds, in the kingdom of light; with an account of his journey thither, and of his safe arrival thereat: being the history of the rise and progress, or the first impressions and final development of divine truth in the unbelieving soul: delivered (after the manner of the Pilgrim's Progress) in the similitude of a DREAM.* By Peter Hately

at its first appearance attract the attention which it deserved. Quaint vivacity, directness of purpose, earnestness and vigour, are displayed throughout the "sojourn," and it is probable that ere long many will be turning its pages, and expressing surprise that the talents of the author were not immediately recognised. There has been some talk, moreover, of a Tragedy on the subject of King Saul by Mr Waddell, which he is stated to have read to a congregation in Scotland, but we have seen of this work nothing beyond an extract—a few bold lines, merely sufficient to awaken a desire to peruse the remainder, which had been so strangely published.

Mr Waddell is now recognised as the possessor of talents that may be turned to good account. He has great fluency of speech, and exerts an influence over his audience or congregation such as not many equal. Therefore it is not surprising to find him called to take charge of such an assemblage as the one mentioned in the preface to his discourse :—

"A number of persons connected with different denominations, recognising in the Rev. P. Hately Waddell a clergyman of eminent gifts as a preacher and expositor of the truths of the Gospel, were anxious that he should undertake the pastorate of a congregation in Glasgow, to be organised upon principles which, essentially evangelical, would, at the same time, afford a practical foundation to realize the aspirations of the great and good in every age, viz.,—Communion intercourse among Christians of different persuasions on a clear and simple basis. The position occupied by Mr Waddell, in relation to the various denominations, rendered him peculiarly adapted for such work. Connected with none—yet in his views of Christianity not necessarily antagonistic to any, it seemed as if under the divine blessing there was a possibility of doing effective service in the cause of Christian union through his instrumentality. The possibility of accomplishing, or even of assisting in such a noble cause, inspired the resolution to attempt it, in entire dependence on God's guidance and support.

"The Rev. gentleman was communicated with—mutual explanations followed, and the Christian cordiality and genial catholicity which marked these conferences augured well for the success of the enterprise. The result was, that Mr Waddell agreed to undertake the pastorate of a congregation in Glasgow, to be organised as indicated; and at the special request of friends interested in the scheme, agreed also to prepare an explanatory statement of the principles upon which it was proposed to act, while others were making all necessary arrangements for constituting the association expected to flow from these proceedings.

"When matters had reached a definite shape, a meeting was convened for the evening of Saturday, 7th December, which was attended by a number of individuals from different parts of the country, and others residing in Glasgow friendly to the scheme.

"Rev. P. Hately Waddell was called to the chair, and opened the proceedings with prayer.

"The object of the meeting having been briefly explained, the Reverend Chairman then read his explanatory statement, as a formal preliminary to its being re-read in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the forenoon of the following day; and which forms the bulk of this pamphlet."

Waddell, Minister of the Gospel at Girvan. Edinburgh: Nyles Macphail, St David Street. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1847.

Next follows an enunciation of the name, objects, basis of membership, organization, and funds of the new community—the Christian Union for Spiritual Progress, and Church of the Future.*

It would lead us into too lengthy discussion were we to criticise all the details of this scheme as far as yet promulgated. Fortunately the examination is not at present necessary, and readers can easily satisfy their curiosity by consulting the pamphlet. The spirit of kindness that is manifested in the "Objects," is unfortunately rare. May it be preserved and exercised in practice, as prominently as it is here announced in theory.

There is, indeed, much that is beautiful and loveable in the views presented to us concerning this "Church of the Future." In the season of youthful enthusiasm some such bright dreams of human brotherhood, irradiated by the light of divine truth, have come to other men, and cheered them on their way. We will not here linger gloomily, detailing how the sense of failure soon arrived to sadden and

* "The following constitution was then unanimously agreed to:—

I.—NAME.

The Organisation shall be designated "THE CHRISTIAN UNION."

II.—OBJECTS.

The Objects of this Association shall be to endeavour, under the guidance and blessing of God—

1. To manifest the unity which exists among the Disciples of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, irrespective of denominational distinctions, by communion on a basis clear and simple, which, while embodying all the essential elements for salvation, shall yet be broad enough to embrace in one all who love the LORD in sincerity and truth.

2. To promote the union of Christians of different persuasions, and to unite them for practical action in promoting the Universal Kingdom of God.

3. To maintain and propagate vital religion, with supreme regard to its influence for salvation.

4. To preserve to the utmost a pure Christ-like morality.

5. To inculcate and practise towards each other and mankind the broadest principles of charity and truth—carefully abstaining from entertaining or pronouncing any uncharitable judgment upon those who may differ from ourselves—avoiding all bitterness, wrath, clamour, and evil speaking, in differences with each other, and in all things striving to obey the SAVIOUR'S Commandment, "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

III.—BASIS OF MEMBERSHIP.

This being essentially a Christian organisation, such only can be Members who acquiesce in the following formula:—

WE BELIEVE in ONE GOD—rejoice in the Faith of ONE DIVINE REDEEMER—depend for illumination on ONE ETERNAL SPIRIT—appeal all to ONE INSPIRED RECORD OF TRUTH—look forward, in assured hope, to a glorious RESURRECTION and ETERNAL LIFE—and desire to Love THE LORD OUR GOD with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind, and our neighbour as ourselves.

WE RECOGNISE, as of Divine Institution and perpetual obligation, the Sacraments of BAPTISM and THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Whilst adopting this formula as the Communion basis, this Association at the same time earnestly desires, in its practical teaching, to give full testimony to the whole Revealed Truth of God, as contained in the Bible.

Recognising the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures, this Association repudiates the claim of any society whatever to prescribe the absolute sense, or limitation, in which any Christian has to understand the Divine Mysteries and Doctrines of Revelation."

to agonise. The dark experiences of the past do not necessarily force on us a conviction that the future may not offer a happier success. But, in general, men who have striven most earnestly well know that only step by step can a sure advance be made; rash leaps and visionary flights profit little in our world, so full of suffering and selfish vice. Mr Waddell says, "the communion I desire to inaugurate must be cosmopolitan and brotherly, not sectarian and exclusive—in which religious souls may rejoice without offence or danger." We scarcely see why the "religious souls" are unable to rejoice in some of the existing churches "without offence or danger." But they have a full right to be allowed to judge for themselves, and be permitted to become separatists, and then Christian Unionists, without molestation. They will in all probability be much safer under the guidance of Mr Waddell, and in the exercise of a genial brotherly spirit, than they would be under any denomination of our stricter dissenters, or under some who are even accounted orthodox and canonical among the "leaders in Israel."

We come now to the discourse in which Mr Waddell develops his idea of the Church of the Future: as far as space will permit, we will let him give this in his own words:—

"Apart from all mere accidents of ceremony or superstition, the three great developments of the religious principle have been in *Form*, in *Doctrine*, and in *Spirit*: and these have been successively adopted and retained, or passed through and superseded—the last and the highest being only yet approximated—by every nation to which religion itself has come. They seem to be all necessary in accommodation to the wants and aspirations of immortal men; and have all been liable to abuse in consequence of the infirmities of men. The abuse of the form is carnality, the abuse of the doctrine is bigotry, the abuse of the spirit, if it can be abused, is extravagance. Overlooking, for the present, all ancient forms so liable to abuse, the Roman Catholic Church, of all modern Christian communions, has been doubly unfortunate in these respects. Her affinities have been always for the grossest forms and the most deathlike rigidity of the letter; and the effects of her administration have been mortal to the finest intellects and the most glorious destinies of Europe. The arts themselves, once patronised, have been strangled by her, and the most vigorous nationalities in the world have shrunk into decrepitude at her touch. It is right to observe this, as the effect of dogmatic despotism—not in the spirit of recrimination, but of philosophy and fact. The Protestant churches, as a rule, and the Presbyterian in particular, seem to have affinities for doctrine,—to such an extent, that doctrine itself has become a second form, as liable to corruption and abuse as the grossest forms, and issuing inevitably in the increase of Pharisaism and intolerance. To this affinity for doctrine among Protestant communions, the Episcopal churches both in England and the Continent add a strong relish also for the pomps and ceremonies of the carnal age; but none of them at all, at least in this country, the liberating, life-giving essence of the Spirit. The countrymen of Luther alone in the 19th century, however widely they may err in some things, seem to have any aspirations for it; and the strongest proof how utterly the Protestant churches of this country, of all denominations, are deficient in that spirit, is that the men who are conscientiously labouring to restore it, and to reanimate our dead doctrines and senseless

matters of fact with the breath of life, are publicly and uncharitably stigmatised as lax, latitudinarian, or perhaps infidel. And who, or what are we, to pronounce sentence on our fellow men after that fashion—as if the noise of an occasional revival among ourselves were more acceptable to God, than the quiet interlocations of the devoutest souls elsewhere? Alas, for the arrogance that seems to be inseparable from the domination of exclusive creeds! But the spiritual crisis must come, through all mistakes and errors, and through all convulsions, and through all impotent endeavours to prevent it—as sure as Christ himself came; and the Church of the Future must be spiritual like him—*transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord*—if there is to be a Church of the Future at all. It does not necessarily follow that every crude speculation on Christianity shall be eternal, or that every vague idea shall be embodied like a faith; but that something higher than mere doctrinal definitions, and more valuable to human souls than unproductive dogmas, must come and be accepted—is as certain as that the future itself will come,—as certain as that doctrines have already come, and superseded inarticulate external forms.”

Strictly speaking the title of “Church of the Future,” introduces a misapprehension. In our present avowed difficulties we need to employ the ministrations of the Church of to-day—and may venture to leave the morrow to take care of itself—certain that if we now are earnest and holy, we shall in the after-time be favoured with guidance how best to be dutiful to any new manifestation of the divine will. However, we need not disagree about terms. We may see very plainly the tendencies of the present—the natural consequences which would result if the existing combinations were permitted to remain unmodified by the introduction of some entirely new element. But we have no title to suppose that affairs will proceed in such methodical regularity. Disturbing agencies are ever and anon admitted, not only to modify but almost to reverse the direction of the forces that for awhile appeared subject to exact calculation of power. If we have learnt anything from the history of recent years, it is this—the folly of relying on any empiricism of theologians, politicians, or speculative philanthropists, who would resolve the progress of humanity into the monotony of a barrel-organ: a certain number of stops, changes of key, with pre-arranged recurrence of sharps, flats, and naturals, and some unsympathising motive-power to turn the handle, making the music sound and the puppets dance.

The most observant know very little of the present or of the past, and beyond the general prospects of the next few years (and not even thus far with certainty) it is impossible to see. We can merely guess that in many respects the future will be different from any bygone experiences of earth, for enormous is the extension of what we call civilization, with its powerful organisations for good and for ill, its great achievements and its damning crimes. Fairly balanced, the evidence of noxious things that should arouse fear, arrayed against the evidence of beneficent agencies that restore a hopeful faith, there is not enough yet seen distinctly of the future’s prospects to make it worth our while to dwell often in expectancy. There is quite as much revealed to sadden as to cheer.

But, perhaps, in our distrust of the Future, we are yielding too easily to the besetting tendencies of a world immersed in the toils, the cares, and the sordid pleasures of the present. True it is that in every age the ingenuous and the unworldly have loved to lift themselves and their neighbours from the serfdom of acquiescence in long established evil-doing, and have yearned for a purer and more godlike state of existence which they hoped was about to dawn on the world. And they were right to hope and struggle as they did, for there was life in what that dream gave them, whereas to abide in a corrupt vassalage under what they knew to be falsehood and wrong, would have brought on them the worst kind of spiritual death.

Without attempting, at this early stage in the experiment, to pronounce in favour of, or in condemnation of the new association of "Christian Union," we quote Mr Waddell's words concerning the Church of the Future. He has observed that

"to predict with dogmatic precision what the future will be, would be presumptuous, yet the wise will never cease to think of and to imagine it; to consider what it will require—how it should be provided for and welcomed; how the loins should be girt, and how the lamps should be trimmed and burned; how the souls of men should meet it, *for edification and not for destruction*; how the church that will embody its yearnings, and realise its necessities, and ratify its demands, is to be composed and governed; how, rather, in the first place, it is to be collected, instructed, organised! For a Church of the Future there must be." . . .

And he proceeds to show how, in his judgment, such a Church is not to be looked for within any of the ecclesiastical circles that have hitherto offered themselves to man:—

"A Church of the Future there must be, like the future itself—or why should the future come? '*A Church of the Future?*' Undoubtedly! Things cannot remain eternally as they are, even if you desired it. Then in what respect? you again inquire:—In almost all respects—in character and capacity; in privilege and provision for human souls—in contradistinction to all others which are merely hereditary, and foreclosed by the entail of creeds to the introduction of all new ideas. But is such an organization required? Is it necessary or possible? or has not the church hereditary already attained the maximum of intelligence and perfection, so that there is no futurity of enlargement or of beauty needed for her? Are not men so entirely satisfied with the House of God as it is—with its partitions of iron, and its narrow lights of 300 years, that they will not so much as suffer them to be removed or cleaned? With an orthodoxy built upon quotations, destitute of life? with a communion illiberal, sectarian, and exclusive? and with a table of the Lord fenced with certificates? with a creed limited by dogmas, and entailed upon the conscience like a barren estate? with a conscience itself corroded by bigotry? with the stereotyped and unexpansive Protestantism of fixed traditions? with a faith founded on terrorism, on moral or intellectual coercion—growing out of the Schoolmaster's rod, enjoined at every examination, and prescribed to the whole community in printed forms? with religion that relies for authority on Acts of Parliament, or Assembly? That bears no fruit, that propagates no idea? With a morality corrupt? With a name to live, whilst we are practically, positively dead?"

And we find soon after in continuation of the same protest, rejecting the existing forms of Church Government and communion :—

"But why of the *Future*? Will no existing organisation of the Past or Present, enlarged and purified, suffice? Expansion, purification, elevation, in their highest sense, imply futurity; and there is no provision made in existing forms of church communion by which these may be attained. In their original construction, even the most recent, no such possibility was contemplated, which is in fact the most distressing feature of the whole case. Doctrines, precepts, discipline, and traditions have been provided for, but not the human soul; salvation but not progress, orthodoxy but not revelation, communion of the schools, but not of the third heavens. In our whole ecclesiastical horoscope of rules and regulations, the eternal is omitted. What we now are, we should always be; or if any change can be permitted, it must be after the fashion of some fossil type. We have been all rounded or squared off in anticipation, by authorities who knew far better about us than we do ourselves, into fixed and perpetual isolation; and every man who joins a church must be round or square—nay, almost of a given dimension, dropped through the ecclesiastical shot sieve like senseless lead, or the primitive forms of quartz and crystals: and round or square, according to the appointed type, he must remain for ever, moulded or congealed into some unchangeable form. Plastic relationship with the infinite—*following on to know the Lord*—after that, if it be possible at all, is a profane and dreaded possibility. Alas! if his soul grows at all, or dares to grow—as it sometimes will and must—into any other than the specified form, he grows out of communion—out of respect, he grows into heresy and freedom; is marked by his denomination as dangerous or damnable—to the loss of the church and the scandal of Christ, who being the Son of God, and elect representative of the highest intellect, should inherit all things! Is it not absolutely necessary, in the interests of Christianity itself and of human souls, that some change should be effected here? or some protest attempted, to inform the church of her own miscalculations? some association of relief for the conscience? some pale of refuge for those who are orthodox indeed, not after the traditions of men, of synods or assemblies—but the infallible truth of God?"

And later, having spoken eloquently regarding the spiritual sacrifices, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and also on doctrines and dogmas (in reprehension of contentions so general concerning these) he again answers the question which may have been asked by many who shrink from the ever-recurring invocation to become separatists :—

"Is it not possible, however, let us finally inquire, to accomplish all this by some other more legitimate means than new organisation? By what other means? Have not all means been exhausted? or do any yet remain? By more energetic religious action, by more special services, by more prayers, by more visitations, by more conferences; by more pastoral letters and addresses, by more revival movements, by more home missionary labours, by more tracts, by more street preachings, by more united brotherly co-operation of the orthodox sects—is it not possible by these, or by other similar methods, to renew the faith, and restore the church to healthful prosperity and vigour? It is *not* possible, O friend. . . . The truth is, religion has been stifled by us in its own forms—killed in the nursing—choked and strangled in its very body clothes. We, the physicians, have done it; and all our present methods of revival are but abortive tricks to restore a mismanaged patient that is at last collapsing on our hand. The

patient, so excited, is not restored; but sinks at every stage into deeper inanition—and will continue to sink, until the conscience of the country itself shall have become fatally debilitated or diseased: a calamity to be averted surely, if God will!"

He thus comments, further, on the consequences of the bitter controversies on doctrinal teaching, as continued to our own time:—

"Thanks to the old exclusive system of doctrine and of discipline, certain differences of faith have indeed become diametrical—embittered to the very antipodes of rejection by mutual fear and hatred—denunciations on the one hand, and scorn on the other, being the chief or only arguments. How sentiments of aversion, obliterating all charity, and distorting the very lineaments of Christ, can be conducive to His glory or for the good of His church, their authors and abettors must be left to explain. Where such feelings, however, do unhappily exist, it may not indeed be now possible; perhaps not even desirable, to precipitate communion. The man who dogmatically affirms everything, with insults to your reason; and the man who arrogantly or scornfully denies everything, with insults to your faith, are equally incapable of fellowship in Christ Jesus, and must be left for a season to themselves, till they learn how to tolerate and believe. They are types of antagonistic error—intellectual and scholastic—that must gradually disappear and die."

In demonstrating how the prosperous denominations increase in wealth and influence, as children are born and baptised into them, and are thus prepared to become subject to their rule,—he rises into a higher strain, while he shows how in the poverty and scorn which may assail those who worship in humble piety without the pale, there may be the most glorious attestation thereby given to the truth of the gospel narrative itself, which furnishes to man a history of the meek and suffering Jesus. With this passage we close our extracts:—

"Subjects so prepared are ready for annexation, and the dominant sects enlarge and multiply as children are baptized or born. Advantages and preferments follow in the natural order of things; and so every communion becomes a consolidated fund, not of truth and freedom, but of religious reputation and social credit. Honours, emoluments, and power for the men who believe most; scorn and suspicion, if not absolute loss, for all others—perhaps the best and bravest—who believe what they can, but who cannot believe all; who dare for one hour, in the brief probationary term of their existence in this world of error, to differ or to doubt, and to ask for more light or truth at the very fountain of illumination! Truly, if God did not sometimes provide witnesses of His own, in the church or in the world, who, for Christ's sake, will endure all things, men would cease to believe in Christ altogether, and the sublimest facts in Gospel history—Christ's own poverty and exclusion—would read like incredible fables. How should He for truth's sake alone, suffer and die, or accept as His portion shame and spitting, if nobody else, to the end of time, could follow Him? Let us be satisfied! May not this very eliminating function of the church, in selfishness and error, from the days of the crucifixion to the present hour, be an ordained part of some divine process for perpetuating acts of martyrdom, which more than all other arguments in the world establish the credibility of the gospel? It may be so."

We have endeavoured temperately and unprejudicedly to introduce

the subject on which Mr Waddell discourses. The public will doubtless desire to learn more of the scheme in which he is embarked, and this information will be forthcoming. We observe that a volume of his Discourses is announced. It will be welcomed and perused attentively when it appears. In all that is honest and for the gain of man, with the extension of true religious feeling, the author may rely on winning esteem and assistance.

January, 1862.

BEDOUIN.

"NIL DURPAN."

SECOND ACT.

FIRST SCENE.—*The go-down of Begonbari Factory.*

TORAPA and four other ryots, sitting :

Torapa.—Why do they not kill me at once? I can never shew myself ungrateful. That eldest Babu, who has preserved my caste; he through whose influence I am living here; he who, by preserving my plough and the cows, is preserving my life—shall I, by giving false evidence, throw the father of that Babu into prison? I can never do that; I would rather give my life.

First Ryot.—*Before sticks there can be no words;* the stroke of shamchand as a very powerful authority. Have we a film in our eyes; did we not serve our eldest Babu? But then, what can we do? If we do not give evidence, they will never keep us as we are. Wood Saheb stood upon my breast, and blood began to fall drop by drop. And the feet of the horse were, as it were, the hoofs of an ox.

Second Ryot.—Thrusting in the nails; don't you know the nails which are struck under the shoes worn by the saheb?

Torapa.—(*Grinding his teeth with anger.*) Why do you speak of the nails? My heart is bursting with having seen this blood. What do I say? If I once get him in the Vataramai field, with one slap I can raise him in the air; and at once put a stop to all his "gad dams," and other words of chastisement.

Third Ryot.—I am only a hireling, and keep men under me. When I heard about the plan which our master formed, I immediately refused to take any indigo business on my hand, saying, I shall never work for that. Why was I then confined in the go-down? I thought that serving under him at that time, I should be able to make a good collection, and I should be able to attend to my friend; but I am rotting here in this place for five days, and again I am to go to Anderabad.

Second Ryot.—I went to that Anderabad once or twice; as also to that factory of Bhabnapore, every one speaks good of the saheb of that place; that saheb once sent me to the Court, then I saw many things pleasant in that place.

Torapa.—Did he find any fault with you? The Saheb of Bhabnapore, never raises a false disturbance. "*By speaking the truth we shall*

ride on horseback." Had all sahebs been of the same character with him, then none would have spoken ill of the sahebs.

Second Ryot.—My heart overflows with joy! Now his torturing is all put a stop to. In his go-down there are now seven persons; one of them a child. The vile man has filled his house also with kine and calves! O what robbery is he carrying on!

Torapa.—As soon as they get the saheb, who is a good man, they want to destroy him. They are holding a meeting to bring off the magistrate.

Second Ryot.—I cannot understand whether they have ever found any fault with the magistrate of this or the other Zella?

Torapa.—He did not go to dine in the factory. They prepared a dinner for the magistrate in order to get him within their power, *but the magistrate concealed himself like a stolen cow*; he did not go to dinner. He is a person of a good family. Why should he go to the indigo planters? We have now understood, these planters are the low people of Peelit.*

First Ryot.—Then how did he let governor saheb go about all the indigo factories, being feasted like a bridegroom, just before the celebration of the marriage.† Did you not see that the planter saheb brought him to this factory well-adorned like a bridegroom?

Second Ryot.—I think he has some share in this indigo company.

Torapa.—No! can the governor take a share in indigo affairs? He came to increase his fame. If God preserve our present governor, then we shall be able to procure something for our subsistence; and the great burden of indigo shall no more hang on our shoulders.

Third Ryot.—(With fear.) I die. If the ghost of his burden once attack a person, is it true that it does not quit him soon? My wife said so.

Torapa.—Why have you brought this, my brother, here? For fear of the sahebs, people are leaving the village; and my uncle Bochurodeed has formed the following sentence:—

"The man with eyes like those of the cat, is an ignorant fool,

So the indigo of the indigo factory is an instrument of punishment." Bochurodeed is very expert in forming such sentences.

Second Ryot.—Did you hear another sentence which was composed by Nitá Atai?—

"Missionaries have destroyed the caste;

Factory monkeys have destroyed the rice."

Torapa.—Aola Nochen has composed "Destroyed the Caste." What is it?—

Second Ryot.—"Missionaries have destroyed the caste;

Factory monkeys have destroyed the rice."

Fourth Ryot.—Ho! I do not know what is taking place in my house; I am become the inhabitant of three villages at once. I come away to Svaropur, and through the advice of Bose, I threw

* Peelit means *England*.

† This refers to a certain practice in India, of a bridegroom going to the houses of relatives amid great feasting, before the celebration of the marriage.

away the advance which was offered me. When my young child was sick, I came to Bose to get from him a little sugar-candy. Ah! how very kind he was; how agreeable and good-looking in countenance I find him; and sitting as solemn as an elephant.

Torapa.—How many bigahs have they given this year.

Fourth Ryot.—Last year I prepared ten bigahs; but as to the price of that they raised great confusion. This year again they have given advances for fifteen bigahs, and I am doing exactly as they are ordering me; still they leave not off insulting me.

First Ryot.—I am labouring with my plough for these two years, and I have cultivated a little piece of ground. That piece of ground which I prepared this year, I kept for Sesamum, but one day our young saheb, riding on his horse, came to the place, and waiting there himself, took possession of the whole piece. How can the ryots live if this is to continue?

Torapa.—This is only the intrigue of the wicked Amin. Does the saheb know every thing about land? This fool goes about like a revengeful dog; when he sees any good piece of land, he immediately gives notice of it to the saheb. The saheb has no want of money, and he has no need for borrowing money on credit. Then why is it that the fool does so; if he have to cultivate indigo, let him do so; let him buy oxen; let him prepare ploughs; if he would guide the plough himself let him keep men under him. What want have you of lands? If you can, cultivate the whole village; and we do not refuse to give a village. In that case the land can overflow with indigo in two years. But he will not do it. (*Aside*, ho! ho! ho! ma! ma!) Gazi Saheb! Gazi Saheb! Durgah! Durgah!* call your Rama. Within this there are ghosts. Be silent, be silent.

(*Aside*, O indigo! you came to this land for our utter ruin. Aha! I cannot any more suffer this torture. I cannot say how many other factories there are of this concern. Within this one month and a half, I have already drunk the water of fourteen factories; and I do not know in what factory I am now; and how can I know that, while I am taken in the night from one factory to another, with my eyes entirely shut. Oh! my mother where art thou now?)

Third Ryot.—Rama! Rama! Rama! Kali! Kali! Durgah! Ganeshi! Ashrai!

Torapa.—Silence, silence.

(*Aside*, Ah! I can make myself free from this hell, if I take the advance for five bigahs of land. Oh! my uncle, it is now proper to take the advance. Now I see no means of giving the notice; my life is on the point of leaving the body. I have no more any power to speak. Oh! my mother, where art thou now? I have not seen thy holy feet for a month and a half.)

Third Ryot.—I shall speak of this to my wife; did you hear now? Although these are become ghosts after death, still have they not been able to extricate themselves from the indigo advances.

* These are all words used by Mahommedans in times of great alarm; and here it is used to express the fear of ghosts.

First Ryot.—Art thou so very ignorant?

Torapa.—A person of a good family; I have understood that by the words. My uncle Pranáh, can you once take me upon your shoulders, then I can ask him where his residence is?

First Ryot.—Thou art a Musselman.

Torapa.—Then you had better rise on my shoulders and see—*(sits down)* rise up—*(sits on the shoulders)* take hold of the wall; bring your face before the window—*(seeing Gopi Churn at a distance)* come down, come down, my uncle, Gopi is coming—*(First Ryot falls down)*.

Enter Gopi CHURN and MR ROSE with his Ramkanta in his hand.*

Third Ryot.—Dewan, there is a ghost in this room. Now it was crying aloud.

Gopi.—If you don't say as I teach you, you must become a ghost of the very same kind. *(Aside to Mr Rose.)* These persons have known about Mojumdar's confinement. We must no more keep him in this factory. It was not proper to keep him in that room.

Rose.—I shall hear of that afterwards. What ryot has refused; what rascal is so very wicked? *(Stamps his feet.)*

Gopi.—These are all well prepared. Then the Musselman is very wicked; he says, I can never show myself ungrateful *(nimcok har-ami)*.

Torapa.—*(Aside.)* O my father! How very terrible the stick is! now I must agree with them; as to future considerations I shall see what I can do afterwards. *(Openly.)* Pardon, my saheb! I also am become the same with you.

Planter.—Be silent, thou child of the sow! This ramkant is very sweet. *(Strikes with ramkant and also kicks him.)*

Torapa.—Oh! oh! my mother, I am now dead! My uncle Pranáh, give me a little water; I die for water. My father, father!

Rose.—Shall not filth be discharged into your mouth? *(Strikes him with his shoes.)*

Torapa.—Whatever shalt thou say, I shall do. Before God, I ask pardon of thee, my lord.

Rose.—Now the villain has left his wickedness. To-night all must be sent. Just write to the attorney, that as long as the evidence is not given, not one of these shall be let out. The agent shall go with thee. *(To the third ryot.)* Why art thou crying? *(Gives him a kick.)*

Third Ryot.—Bou, where art thou? These are murdering me. O my mother! Bou my mother! I am killed, I am killed. *(Falls upside down on the ground.)*

Rose.—Thou stupid, art thou become bonra (mad). *[Exit Mr Rose.]*

Gopi.—Now, Torapa, have you got your full of the onion and the shoe?

Torapa.—Oh, dewanji, preserve me by giving a little water. I am on the point of death.

Gopi.—The indigo warehouse and the steam-engine-room, these

* It is very like Shamchand.

are places where the sweat shoots forth and water is drunk. Now all of you come with me, that you may at once drink water. [*Exit all.*]

SECOND ACT.

SECOND SCENE.—*The bedroom of Bindhu Madhab.*

SARALOTA, *sitting with a letter in her hand.*

Saralota.—Now, my dear love with an honest tongue is not coming, and an elephant, as it were, is treading on the lotus-like heart. I have become hopeless amid very great hope. In expectation of the coming of the lord of my life, I was waiting with greater disquietude of mind, than the chaták does when waiting on the drops of rain at the approaching rainy season. The way in which I was counting the days exactly corresponded with what my sister said, that each day appeared as it were a year, (*deep sigh*). The expectation as to the coming of my husband is now of no effect. The course of this life itself will prove successful, if the great action in which he is now engaged can prove so. Oh, lord of my life! we are born women, and cannot even go out or walk in the garden; we are unable to walk out in the city; can by no means form clubs for general good; we have no colleges, nor courts, nor Brahma Samajs of our own; we have nothing of our own, to compose the mind, when it is once disturbed; and, moreover, we can never blame the woman when she feels any disquietude. O, my lord, we have only one to depend upon,—the husband, object of the wife's thought, of her understanding, her study, her acquisition, her meeting, her society; in short, this jewel—the husband—is all to a virtuous woman. O thou letter! Thou art come from the hand of the dear object of my heart, I shall kiss thee (*kisses it*). In thee is the name of my lord; I shall hold thee on my burnt heart, (*keeps it on her breast*). Ah! how sweet are the words of my lord; as often as I read it my mind is more and more charmed, (*reads*). "My dear Sarala,—In my letter I cannot express what anxiety my mind feels, to see your sweet face. O what inexpressible pleasure do I feel when I place your beautiful (*moon-like*) face on my breast! I thought that that moment of happiness is come; but pain immediately overtook pleasure. The college is closed, but a great misfortune has come upon me; through the grace of God, if I be not able to extricate myself from it, I shall never be able any more to shew my face to thee. The indigo planters have secretly brought an accusation against my father in the court: their main design being, in some way or other, to throw him into jail. I have sent letters, one after another, to my brother, giving him this information; and I myself am remaining here with the greatest care possible. Never disturb yourself with vain thoughts. The merciful Father must certainly make us successful. My dear, I have not forgotten the Bengali translation of 'Shakespeare'; it cannot be got now in the shops; but one of my friends, Bunkima by name, has given me one copy. When I come home I shall bring it with me. My dear, what a great source of pleasure is the acquisition of learning! I am conversing with you, although at such a great distance, here!

What great happiness would my mind have enjoyed, if my mother did not forbid you to send letters to me.—I am, yours, BINDU MADHAB." As to myself—I have a full confidence as to that. If there be any fault in *your* character, then who should be an example of good conduct? Because I am fickle; cannot sit for some time quietly in one place, my mother-in-law calls me the daughter of a mad woman. But where is my fickleness now. In the place where I have opened the letter of my dear lord, I have spent nearly the fourth part of the day. The fickleness of the exterior part is now gone unto the heart. As, on the boiling of the rice, the froth rises up, it makes the surface quiet, but the rice within is agitated: and so am I now. I have not that smiling face now. A sweet smile has the wife of happiness; and so soon as happiness dies, the sweet smile goes along with it. My lord, when thou shalt prove successful, everything shall be preserved; if I am to see your face disquieted, all sights will be dark unto me. O my restless mind, wilt thou not be quieted? If you remain unquiet, that can be suffered. As to your weeping, none can see it, nor can hear it; but my eyes! you shall throw me into shame, (*rubs her eyes,*) for ye are not pacified, I shall not be able to go out of doors.

Enter ADURI.

Aduri.—What are you doing here? The elder Haldarni* is not able to go to the tank-side. All whom I see are of a disturbed countenance.

Saralota.—(*A deep sigh.*) Let us then go.

Aduri.—I see you have not yet touched the oil, your hairs are yet dusty, and you have not yet left the letter. Does your young Haldar write my name in the letter?

Saralota.—Has the Para Dakur (*the eldest brother of the husband*) finished his bathing.

Aduri.—The eldest haldar is gone to the village. A law-suit is being carried on. Was that not written in your letter? Our master was weeping.

Saralota.—(*Aside.*) Truly, my lord. Thou shalt not be able to shew thy face if thou canst not prove successful. (*Openly.*) Let us now rub ourselves with oil in the cook-room. [*Exit both.*]

SECOND ACT.

THIRD SCENE.—*Road pointing three ways.*

Enter PODI MOYRANI.

Podi.—It is the degenerate Amin who is ruining the country. Is it through my own choice that I am levelling the axe at my own feet,† by giving the young woman to the Saheb? As to the preparation which Ray made, had it not been caught‡ by Sadhu, she would have been provided with food and clothing. Ah, it bursts my heart when

* Referring to Soirindri, the wife of Nobin Madhab.

† This expression "striking the axe on my feet," signifies ruining myself.

‡ That is, had the intrigue used by Ray not been detected, it would have proved very advantageous.

I see the face of Khetromani. Have I no feelings of compassion, because I have made a paramour my companion? Whenever she sees me still, she comes to me, calling me aunt! aunt! Can the mother, with a firm heart give such a *golden deer unto the grasp of the tiger*? How detestable is this, that for the sake of money, I have given up my caste and my life; and also am obliged to touch the bed of a Buno (rude tribe.) That libertine, the elder saheb, has made it a practice to beat me wherever he finds me, and has also said, he will cut off my nose and ears;—that vile man has come to an old age, can keep women in confinement, and can kick them; such a vile man, I have not seen in the present day. Let me go to the black-mouthed Amin, and tell him that shall not be effected by me. Have I any power to go out in the town? Whenever the nasty fellows of the neighbourhood see me, they follow me as the Phinga (a kind of bird) does the crow. (*Aside.*) Whenever I sat down to reap the rice in the field, his eyes would come before my sight.

Enter a Cow-herd.

Cowherd.—Saheb, have not insects attacked thine indigo twigs?

Podi.—Let them attack thy mother and sister, thou degenerate fool. Leave off thy mother's breast, go to the house of death; go to Colmighata, to the grave.*

Cowherd.—I have also sent orders to prepare a pair of weeding-knives. [*Enter Latyal or club-man.*

Oh! a latyal of the indigo factory.

The Cowherd flies off swiftly.

Latyal.—Thou, oh lotus-faced, hast made the tooth-powder very dear.

Podi.—(*Seeing the silver chain round the waist of the latyal.*) Your chain is very grand.

Club-man.—Don't you know, my dear, the clothing of the bailiff and the dress of the tangair?

Podi.—I wanted a black calf from you a long while ago, and yet you did not give it me. My mother, I shall not ask from thee any more.

Club-man.—Dear lotus-faced, don't be angry with me; to-morrow we shall go to plunder the place called Shamanagara, and if I can get a black calf, I shall immediately keep that in your cow-house. When I shall return with my fish, I shall pass by your house.

[*Exit the Club-man.*

Podi.—The planter sahebs do nothing but rob. If the ryots be loaded in less degree with exactions, they can preserve their lives; and you† can get your indigo. The Munshies of Shamanagara entreated most earnestly to keep ten portions of land free. "*The thief never hears the instructions of religion.*" The wretched elder saheb remained quiet, having burnt his wretched tongue.

[*Enter four boys of a native Patshala.*

* All this signifies, that let death come upon thee.

† The word "you" refers to the indigo planters.

Four Boys.—(Keeping down their mats, and expressing great mirth with the clapping of their hands.)

My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

Podi.—My child Kesopi, I am your aunt. Never use such words to me.

Four Boys.—(Dance together.) My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

Podi.—My dear Ambika, I am your sister; don't use me in this manner.

Four Boys.—(Dance around Podi.)

My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

My dear Moyrani, where is your indigo?

Enter NOBIN MADHAB.

Podi.—What a shame is this, that I expose my face to the elder babu.

[*Exit Podi, covering herself with a veil.*]

Nobin.—Wicked and profligate woman. (To the children.) You are playing on the road still; it is now too late, go home now. (*Exit four boys.*) Ah! I can within five days establish a school for these boys, if only the tyranny of the indigo be once stopt. The inspector of this part of the country is a very good man. How very good the man becomes if only learning be acquired. He is young, but in his conversation he has the experience of years. He has a great desire that a school be established in this country. I am also not unwilling to give money for this purpose; the large bungalow which I have, can be a good place for a school, moreover, what is more happy than to have the boys of one's own country to read and write, and study in his own house, this is the true success of wealth and of labour. Bindu Madhab brought the inspector with him, and it is his desire that all with one mind try to establish the school. But observing the unfortunate state of the country, he is obliged to keep his desire to himself; how very mild, quiet, good-natured, and wise, is he become now! Wisdom in younger years is as beautiful as the fruits in a small plant. In reading of the sorrow which my brother has expressed in his letter, even the heart of stone is melted, and the heart of the indigo planter would become soft. I cannot now rise up to come home, I do not see any means; I was not able to bring one of the five* to my side, and I cannot find where they are taken away. I think Torapa will never speak a lie. It shall be a great loss to us, if the other four give evidence; especially as I was not able to make the least preparation; and again the magistrate is a great friend of Mr Wood.

Enter, a Ryot, two Peadas, or Bailiffs of Police, and a Taidgir of the Indigo Factory.

Ryot.—My elder babu, preserve my two children, there is no one

* This number, five, here referred to, are persons whom he was trying to bring on his side for the law-suit.

else to feed them. Last year I gave eight carts load of indigo, and I did not get a single piece for that, and also I am bound as with cords, for the remainder. Again they will take me to Anderabad.

Guard.—The advance-money of the indigo, and the marking nut of the washerwoman, as soon as they come in contact, become mostly joined. You villain come; you must first go to the Dewanji; your elder babu also shall come to this.

Ryot.—Come, I don't fear this. I would rather have my body rot in the jail than any more prepare the indigo of that white man. My God! my God! none looks on the poor, (*weeps*). My elder babu, give my children food; they brought me to the field; and I was not able to see them once.

[*Exit all, except Nobin Madhab.*]

Nobin.—What injustice! These two children will die without food, in the same way as the field-born young of the hare suffer, when the hare is in the hands of the savage hunters.

Enter RAY CHURN.

Ray.—Had not my brother got hold of us, I would have put a stop to her breath. I would have killed her; then, at the utmost, I had been hanged within six months.* That villain.

Nobin.—Ray Churn, where art thou going?

Ray.—Our mistress ordered me to call Putakur. The stupid body told me that the Bailiff will bring the summons to-morrow.

[*Exit Ray Churn.*]

Nobin.—Oh! oh! oh! That which never took place in this family, has now come to pass. My father is very peaceful, honest, and of a sincere mind; knows not what disputes and enmities are; never goes out of the village, trembles with fear at the name of Court affairs, and even shed tears when he read the letter. If he is to go to Indra-bad, he will turn mad; and if to the gaol, he will throw himself into the stream. Ah, such are the misfortunes that are to fall on him, while I, his son, am living! My mother is not so much afraid as my father is; she does not lose hope at once; with a firm mind, she is now invoking God. My deer-eyed, is become, as it were, the deer in my volcano;† she is become mad with fear and anxiety. Her father died in an indigo factory; and her fear, now, is lest the same happen to her husband. How many sides am I to keep quiet? Is it proper to fly off with the whole family; or, is it not right that to do good unto others is the highest virtue? I shall not turn aside hastily. I see, I am not able to do any good to Shamanagra; still, what work is there which is beyond the power of exertion? Let me see what I can do.

Enter two Pundits.

First Pundit.—My child, is the house of Goluk Chunder Bose in this quarter? I heard from my uncle, that person is very honest—the grandeur of the Bose family.

* This expression "been hanged for six months," is only used sarcastically.

† That is, as the deer feels disquieted when exposed to the volcano, so is my mate troubled by the many anxieties in my mind.

Nobin.—(*Bowing before him.*) Sir, I am his eldest son.

First Pundit.—Yes! yes! very honest! to have such a son is not the result of a little virtue.

Second Pundit.—We had been invited by Babu Arabindu, of Songandha. To-day, we remain in the house of Goluk Chunder; and shall do good unto you.

Nobin.—This is my great fortune. Sirs, come by this way.

[*Exit all.*]

THIRD ACT.

FIRST SCENE.—*Before the Factory in Begunbari.*

Enter GOPI CHURN and a native gaoler.

Gopi.—As long as your share is not less, don't bring any thing to my notice.

Tailor.—Can that filth be digested by one person eating the whole? I told him, if you eat, give a part to the dewanji; and he says what power has your dewanji? He is not so much the son of a Keat (shoemaker caste) that he shall direct the saheb like unto one leading a monkey.

Gopi.—Very well, now go; I shall shew that kaot (*what a club*) how strong he is. (*Exit Khālāsi.*) The fellow has got so much power through the authority of the younger saheb. I shall also say it is a very easy thing for one to carry on this work, if his master be the husband of his sister, the elder saheb becomes very angry at this word. But the fellow is very angry with me; at every word, he shews me the shamchand. That day he kicked me with his stockings on. These few days, I see that his temper is getting somewhat mild towards me; since Goluk Bose is summoned, he has expressed a little kindness. A person is considered very expert by the saheb, if he can bring about the ruin of many. "*One becomes a good physician by the death of one hundred patients.*" (*Seeing Mr Wood.*) Here he is coming; let me first soften his mind by giving him some information about the Boses. (*Enter Mr Wood.*) Saheb, tears have now come out of the eyes of Nobin Bose. Never was he punished more severely. His garden is taken away from him; the small pieces of land he had are all included among the land which are given to Gada, Poda (*low castes*); his cultivation is nearly put a stop to; his magazines are all become empty, and he was sent into Court twice; in the midst of so many troubles, he still stood firm; but now he has fallen bound.

Planter.—That rascal was not able to do anything in Shamanagara.

Gopi.—Saheb, the Munabies came to him, and he told them, my mind is not at rest now, "my limbs have become powerless through weeping for my father, and I am as it were become mad." On observing the wretched condition of Nobin, about seven or eight ryots of Shamanagara have all given up, and all are doing exactly as your honour is ordering them.

Planter.—You are a very good dewan, and you have formed a very good plan.

Gopi.—I knew Goluk Bose to be a coward, and that if he were obliged to go into court, he would turn mad. As Nobin has a good affection for his father, he will of course be punished; and it was for this reason that I gave the advice to make the old man the defendant. Also, the plan which your honour formed was the less good. Our indigo cultivation has been newly made on the sides of his tank, thus laying the snake's eggs in his heart.

Planter.—*With one stone two birds have been killed*; ten bigas of land are cultivated with indigo, and also that fellow is punished. He shed much tears, saying that if indigo be planted near the tank we shall be obliged to leave our habitation; but I said, to cultivate indigo in one's habitation is to the best advantage.

Gopi.—And the fool brought an action in the court, on hearing that reply.

Planter.—That will be of no effect; that magistrate is a very good man. If the case turns into a civil one it will never be concluded in less than five years. The magistrate is a great friend of mine. Just see, by the new Act, the four rascals were thrown into prison only by making your evidence strong. *This Act is become the brother of the sword.*

Gopi.—Saheb, in order that those four ryots might not suffer loss in their cultivation, Nobin Bose has given his own plough, kine, and harrow for the ploughing of their lands; he is trying his utmost that their families might not suffer great trouble.

Planter.—When he is required to plough this land, for which advances are allowed, he says, my ploughs and kine are less in number. He is very wicked; and now he is very well punished. Dewan, now you have done very well, and now I see work may be carried on by you, without loss.

Gopi.—Saheb, it is your own favour. My desire is, that advances should be increased every year. But that cannot be done by me alone; some confident Amin and Kalasis are necessary. Can the indigo cultivation be improved by those who, for the sake of two rupees, occasioned the loss of the produce of three bigas of land?

Planter.—I have understood it, the rascal the Amin occasioned this confusion.

Gopi.—Saheb, the new habitation, and the taking of advances of Chunder Golader, are not allowed here. The Amin once, according to regular custom, threw one rupee on his ground as an advance. That person in order to be allowed to return that rupee even shed tears and came along with the Amin as far as Ruthtollah, begging him earnestly to take it back. There he met with Nilkanta Babu, who has chosen the profession of an attorney immediately after leaving the college.

Planter.—I know that rascal; he, it is, who writes everything concerning law in the newspapers.

Gopi.—Their papers can never stand before yours, can by no means bear a comparison; and moreover, they are as *the earthen bottles for cooling water compared to the jars of Decca*. But, to bring the news-

papers within your influence, great expense has been incurred. That takes place according to time; as is said,

"According to circumstances, the friend becomes an enemy,
The lame has his soul at the price of the horse."

Planter.—What did Nilkanta do?

Gopi.—He sharply rebuked the Amin; and the Amin with no little shame brought back that one rupee, with two rupees more, from Goladar's house. Chunder Goladar would have been able very easily to supply the indigo for three or four bigas. Is this the work of a servant? If I can conduct the dewanji and the business of the Amin; then this kind of ingratitude can be stopt.

Planter.—Great wickedness this is; evident ingratitude.

Gopi.—Saheb, grant pardon for this bad conduct; the Amin brought his own sister to our younger saheb's room.

Planter.—Yes! Yes! I know; that rascal and Podi corrupted our young saheb. I must give that wicked fool some instruction very soon. Send him to my sitting room. (*Exit Mr Wood.*)

Gopi.—Just so, *in whose hand the monkey plays pays. The kait is one rogue and the crow another.* "Now have you fallen under the stroke of the Khait; where even the grandfather of the sister's husband loses the game."

THIRD ACT.

SECOND SCENE.—*The Bedroom of Nobin Madhab.*

NOBIN MADHAB and SOIRINDRI sitting:

Soirindri.—Lord of my soul, what is preferable, whether the ornaments or my father-in-law? That, for which thou art wandering about day and night; that, for which thou hast left thy food and sleep; that, for which thou art shedding tears incessantly; that, for which thy pleasant face has been depressed; and that, which has occasioned thy headache; my dear lord, can I not for that give away my trifling ornaments.

Nobin.—My dear, you can, with ease, give; but with what face shall I take it? What great troubles a husband has to undergo in order to dress his wife; he has to swim in the rapid stream, to throw himself into the deep ocean, engage in battles, to climb mountains, to live in the wilderness, and to go before the mouth of the tiger. The husband adorns his wife with so much trouble; am I so very foolish as to take away the ornaments from the very same wife. O my lotus-eyed, wait a little. Let me see this day, and if, finally I cannot procure it, then I shall take your ornaments afterwards.

Soirindri.—O my heart's love! we are very unfortunate now; and who is there that shall give you, on loan the sum of Co's Rs. 500, at such a time. I am entreating you again, take my ornaments and those of our youngest Bou, and try to borrow money from a banker. Observing your troubles the lotus-eyed young Bou has become sad.

Nobin.—Ah! my sweet faced, the cruel words which you used struck my heart like arrows of fire. Our youngest Bou, she is a girl, good clothes and beautiful ornaments are objects of pleasure to her.

What understanding has she now? What does she know of family business. As our young Bipin cries when his necklace is taken from him in play, so our youngest Bou weeps when her ornaments are taken away. Oh, oh! am I formed so mean-spirited a man? Am I to be so cruel a robber? Shall I deceive a young girl? This can never be, as long as life exists. The worthless indigo planters even cannot commit such a crime. My dear, never use such a word before me.

Soirindri.—Beloved of my soul, that pain with which I told these words is only known to me and the omniscient God. What doubt is there, that they are fiery arrows? They have pierced my heart and burnt my tongue, and then having divided the lips, have entered your heart. It is with great pain that I told you to take the ornaments of the youngest Bou. Can there be any pleasure in the mind, after having observed this your insane wandering, this weeping of my father-in-law, the deep sighs of my mother-in-law, the sad face of the youngest Bou, the dejected countenance of relatives and friends, and the sorrowful mournings of the ryots? If by any means we can restore safety, then all shall be safe. My lord, I do feel the same pain in giving the ornaments of our youngest Bou, as if I had to give those of Bipin; but if I give away the ornaments of Bipin, before giving those of the youngest Bou, that proves an act of cruelty to her; since, she might think that my sister looks to me as a strangeress. Can I give pain to her honest heart by doing this? Is this the work of the elder sister who is like a mother?

Nobin.—My dear love! Your heart is very sincere. There is not a second to you, in sincerity in the female race. Is this my family reduced to this state! What was I, and what am I now become! The sum of my profits are seven hundred rupees. I had fifteen warehouses of corn, sixteen bigas of garden land, twenty ploughs, and fifty harrows. What great feasts had I at the time of the Paja; the house filled with men, feasting and Brahmins, gifts to the poor, the feasting of friends and relations. The musical entertainments of the voishnabas, also pleasant theatrical representations. I have expended such large sums, and even given as donations one hundred rupees. Being so rich, now I am obliged to take away the ornaments of my wife, and the wife of my young brother. What affliction? God, thou didst give this, and thou hast taken them again, then, what sorrow?

Soirindri.—My dear, when I see you weep, my life itself weeps. (*Tears in her eyes.*) Was there so much pain in my fate; am I thus destined to see such distress in my lord? Do not pervert me any more. (*Takes out the amulet.*)

Nobin.—My heart bursts when I see your tears, (*rubbing the tears*). Stop, my dear of the moon-like face, stop (*taking a hold of her hand*) keep this; one day more, let me see.

Soirindri.—My dear, what further resource is left? Do, as I tell you now. If it be so destined, there shall be many ornaments afterwards (*aside, sneezing*); true, true. Aduri is coming. (*Enter Aduri with two letters.*)

Aduri.—I cannot say whence the letters came; but my mistress told me to give them to you. (*Exit Aduri, after giving the letters.*)

Nobin.—It shall be known by these letters whether your ornaments are to be taken or not. (*Opens the first letter.*)

Soirindri.—Read it aloud.

Nobin.—(*Reads aloud.*)—"Dear sir, this is to make it known to you, that to give the sum of money to you at present is only to make a return of favours. My mother has taken leave of this world yesterday; and the day of her first funeral obsequies is very near. This have I written yesterday. The tobacco is not yet sold. I am, yours,

GHONOSYAM MUKERJI."

What misfortune is this! Is this my assistance of the funeral obsequies of the mother of the honourable Mukerji? Let me see what deadly weapon hast thou brought. (*Opens the letter.*)

Soirindri.—My dear, it is very miserable to fall into despair after entertaining high hopes. Let the letter remain as it is.

Nobin.—(*Reads the letter.*)—"Honoured sir, I received your last letter, and was much pleased with reading of your good fortune. I have already collected a sum of three hundred rupees, and shall take that along with me to you to-morrow. As to the remaining one hundred, I shall clear that on the coming month. The great benefit which you have bestowed on me, excites me to give some interest. I am your most obedient servant,

GOLUK KRISHNA PALITA."

Soirindri.—I think God has returned his face towards us; now let me go, and give this information to our youngest Bou.

(*Exit Soirindri.*)

Nobin.—(*Aside*) my life, as it were, the idol of sincerity; it is a piece of straw in the rapid stream. Let me take my father now to Inderabad, depending on this; as to the future, it shall be according to fate. With me I have one hundred and fifty rupees. As to the tobacco, if I had kept it for a month more, I would have sold that for the sum of five hundred rupees; but what can I do? I am obliged to give it for three hundred and fifty rupees, since I have to pay much for the officers of the court; and also heavy expenses for going to and returning from the place. If on account of this false case, there be a delay, then I am certain that the destruction of this land is very near. What a brutal Act is passed? But, what is the fault of the Act; or of those who passed the Act? What misery can the country suffer if those who are to carry out the Act, do it [not] with impartiality? Ah, by this Act how many persons are suffering in prisons without fault! It bursts the heart to see the miseries of their wives and children; the pots have boiling rice, and the hearths are remaining as they are; the several kind of grass in their yards are being dried up; the kine in the rooms are all remaining bound in their places; the cultivation of the fields is not fully carried out, the seeds are not sown, and the wild grass in the rice-fields is not cut off. What further prospects are there in the present year? All are crying aloud, with the exclamation, where is the Lord? Where is my father? Some magistrates are dispensing justice with proper consideration; in their hands, this

Act is not become a rod of death. Ah! had all the magistrates been as just as the magistrate of Amaranagara is, then could the harrow fall on the right grain, and the locusts destroy the fields? Had that been the case, would I ever have been thrown into so many dangers? O, thou Lieutenant-Governor! hadst thou engaged men of the same good character as thou hadst enacted laws, then the country would never have been miserable. O thou Governor of the land! hadst thou made such a regulation, that every plaintiff, when his case is proved false, shall be put in prison, then the gaol of Amaranagara would have been crowded with indigo planters; and they would never have been so very powerful. Our magistrate is transferred, but our case is to continue here to the end; and that will occasion our ruin.

(Enter Sabitri.)

Sabitri.—If you are to give up all the ploughs, is it even then you are take the advance money? Sell all your ploughs, and kine, and engage in trade; we shall enjoy ourselves with the profits that shall accrue from that. We can no longer endure this.

Nobin.—Mother, I also have the same desire. Only I wait till Bindu is engaged in some service. If we leave off ploughing the land, it will be impossible for us to maintain the family; and it is for this reason, that I have still with so much trouble kept those ploughs.

Sabitri.—How shalt thou go with this headache? Oh, oh! was such indigo produced in this land! (Places her hand on Nobin's head.) Enter Reboti.

Reboti.—My mother, where shall I go? What shall I do? They have done what! Why is it that through ill fortune I brought her? Having brought one of a strange caste, I am become unable to preserve property. My eldest Babu! Preserve me; my life is on the point of bursting out. Bring me Khetromani; bring me my puppet of gold.

Sabitri.—These destroyers can do all things: Ye are taking by force the pieces of ground of men, their grain, their kine, and calves. By the force of clubs, ye are cultivating indigo, and the people are doing your work with cries and sobbings.

Reboti.—My mother! I am preparing the indigo, taking only half the food. Those bigas which they had marked, on them I worked. When Ray works he weeps with deep sighs; if he hear of this my work, he would become, as it were, insane.

Nobin.—Where is Sadhu now?

Reboti.—He is sitting outside, and is weeping.

Nobin.—To a woman of good family, constancy in faithfulness to her husband is, as it were, the loadstone; and how very beautiful does she appear (cramaniki ramaniyá) when she is decorated with that ornament. Is a woman of a good family carried off, when the Bhima-like Svaropur of my father is still in existence? At this very moment shall I go, I shall see what manner of injustice this is. The indigo frog can never sit on the white water-lily-like constancy of a woman.

(Exit Nobin Madhab.)

Sabitri.—Chastity is the store of gold which is given by providence; it is

so valuable that it makes the beggar woman a queen. If you can rescue this jewel before it is soiled, from the hands of the indigo monkey, then shall I say that you have actually answered the purpose of my being your mother. Such injustice I never heard of. Now, Glose Bon, let us go outside.

THIRD ACT.

THIRD SCENE.—*Mr Rose's Chamber.*

MR ROSE *sitting.* Enter PODI MOYRANI and KHETROMANI.

Khetra.—My aunt, don't speak of such things to me; I can give up my life, but my chastity never; cut me in pieces, burn me in the fire, throw me into the water, and bury me under ground; but as to touching another man, that can I never do. What will my husband think?

Podi.—Where is your husband now; and where are you? This shall no one know. Within this night, I shall bring you back with me to your mother.

Khetra.—Very well, the husband may not know it,—but God above will know it, and I shall never be able to throw dust in His eyes. Like the fire of the brick-kiln it will still burn within my breast, and the more my husband shall love me for my constancy, the more my soul shall be tortured. Openly or secretly, I never can take the paramour.

Podi.—My child, come to the saheb. Whatever you have to say, say to him. To speak to me is like crying in the wilderness.

Planter Rose.—*To speak to me is throwing pearls at the hog's feet.* Ha, ha, ha, we indigo planters, are become the companions of death; can our factories remain, if we have pity? By nature we are not bad; our evil disposition has increased by indigo cultivation. Before, we felt sorrow in beating one man; now, we can beat ten persons with the ramkant (leather strap) making them senseless; and immediately after, we can, with greater laughter, take our dinner or supper.

Torap.—I will swim over the stream to my house, this night. What more shalt thou hear of my fate; I broke down the window of the attorney's stable, and immediately ran off to the Zemintari of Babu Bosonto, and then, the night came to my wife and children. This planter has stopt everything; has he left any means for men to live by ploughing? How very terrible are the thrusts of the indigo? Again, the advice is given to serve for it. Now, sir, where are your kicks with your shoes on, and your beating of the head? (*Thrusts him with his knees.*)

Nobin.—Torap, what is the use of beating him? We ought not to be cruel, because they are so; I am going.

[*Exit Nobin with Khetromani.*]

Torap.—Do you want to show such ill-usage and bad conduct? Speak to your old father, and carry on your business by mutual consent; how long shall your force of hand continue? Is she not to

be able to do anything, when I shall fly. There is no abuse more horrid than to say, die! When your destiny shall decide, you shall have to enter the factory of the tomb. Just settle my eldest Babu's account of the last year; and take what he consents to sow of indigo in the present year. It is owing to you that they have fallen into a state of confusion. It is not merely to load one with advances, but cultivation is necessary. Good evening, our young saheb. Now I go. (*Throws him about, lying on his back, and flies off.*)

THIRD ACT.

FOURTH SCENE.—*The Hall in the house of Goluk Bose.*

Enter SABITRI.

Sabitri.—(*With a deep sigh.*) O thou cruel magistrate! Why didst thou also give me a summons? I would have gone to the Zillah with my husband and my child; that would have been far better than remaining in this desert. Ah! my husband always remains in the house, never goes out to any village even on invitations. Is he destined to suffer so much? The peadahs taking him away, and he himself to go to gaol. Bhagavati, my mother! was there so much in thy mind? Ah! he says that he can never sleep, but in a room very long and broad; he eats only the boiled Atapa rice.* He takes the food prepared by no other hand but that of his eldest bou. Ah! he brought out blood out of his breast by severe slaps; he made his eyes swollen by tears; and at the same time, he took his leave, he said this is my going to the side of the Ganges,† (*weeps*). Nobin, he says, mother call on Bhagavati. I must return home, having gained my object, and bring him home also. Ah! the face of my son, like unto that of gold, is blackened; what great troubles for the collection of money! Wandering without rest, his brain is become like a whirlpool. Lest I give away the ornaments of the bous, my son encourages me, saying, my mother, what want of money? What large sum will be necessary for this case? How shall my child grieve, if my ornaments be given in mortgage for our suit in small portions of land! He says, as soon as I get a small sum of money, I shall immediately bring back the ornaments. My son has courage in his tongue and tears in his eyes. Ah! he started with tears in his eyes. My dear Nobin, in this heat of the sun, went to Indrabad; and I, a great sinner, remained confined in my room. Is this the life thy mother spends!

Enter SOIRINDRI.

Soirindri.—Madam, it is now too late. Now bathe it is our unfortunate destiny; else, why shall such an occurrence come to pass?

Sabitri.—(*With tears.*) No, my daughter, as long as my Nobin does not return, I shall never give rice and water to my body. Who shall give food to my son?

* When the rice is cleansed from its husks by being placed in the sun, instead of being boiled, it is called Atapa rice.

† That is, this is his last leave.

Soirindri.—His brother has a lodging house there, and they have a Brahmin; there will be no disturbance. You had better come and bathe. (*Enter Saralota with a cup of oil.*) Young Bou, you had better rub the oil on her body, and make her bathe, bring her to the cook-room. Let me go to prepare the place. [*Exit Soirindri.*]

(*Saralota rubs the oil on her mother-in-law's body.*)

Sabitri.—My parrot* is become silent; my daughter has no more words in her mouth; she has faded like a stale flower. Ah! ah! for how long have I seen Bindu Madhab? I am waiting in expectation that the college will be closed, and my son will come home. But this danger is come, (*applying her hand to Saralota's chin.*) Ah! the mouth of my dear one is dry. I think you have not yet taken any food. While I have fallen into this danger, when shall I examine whether any have taken their food or not. Let me bathe you, go and take some food. I am also going. [*Exit both.*]

FOURTH ACT.

FIRST SCENE.—*The Criminal Court of Indrabad.*

Enter, Mr Wood, Mr Rose, Magistrate and an Officer sitting. Goluk Chunder, Nobin Madhab, Bindu Madhab, the Attorneys of the Plaintiff and the Defendant, the Agent, Nazir, a Bailiff, servants, ryots, &c., standing.

Defender's Attorney.—May the prayer of this application be granted. (*Gives the application to the Sheristadar.*)

Magistrate.—Very well; read it. (*Speaks with Mr Wood and laughs.*)

Sheristadar.—(*To the Defender's Attorney.*) You have written here what equals the length of the Ramayan. Can the petition be read without its being an abstract? (*Turns to another page of the application.*)

Magistrate.—(*Having spoken to Mr Wood, and concealing his laughter.*) Read clearly.

Sheristadar.—In the absence of the defender and his attorneys, the evidence is already taken from the witnesses of the plaintiff. We pray that the witnesses of the plaintiff be called.

Plaintiff's Attorney.—My lord, it is true that attorneys are given up to lying, deceiving, and forgery; they easily forge and tell lies, and are necessarily in immoral actions. They lead astray married women; and then they themselves enjoy their houses and everything else. Zemindars hate the attorneys; but for the effecting their special purposes, they call them, and give them a seat on their couch. My lord, the very profession of the attorney is a cheating one. But the attorneys of the indigo planters can never deceive. The indigo planters are Christians; falsehood is accounted a great sin in the Christian religion. Stealing, licentiousness, murder, and other actions of that

* The word "parrot" here refers to Saralota. As the parrot is generally a term of fondness to persons, so Saralota was called parrot, because she was much loved by her mother-in-law.

nature are also looked upon as hateful in that religion. Not taking evil actions into consideration, even forming evil designs in the mind, dooms a man to burn in the fire of hell. The main aim of the Christian religion is to shew kindness, to forgive, to be mild, and do good unto others; so, it is by no means probable that the indigo planters, who follow such a true and pure religion, ever give false evidence. My lord, we do serve such indigo planters; we have reformed our character according to theirs, and even if we desire, we can by no means teach the witness anything false, since if the sahebs, the lovers of truth, find the least fault in their servants, they punish them according to the rules of justice. The Amin of the factory, the witness of the defendant, is an example of that. Because he deprived the ryot of his advances, the kind saheb drove him from his office; and being angry on account of the cries of the poor ryot, he also beat him severely.

Wood the Planter.—(To the Magistrate.) Extreme provocation! extreme provocation!

Plaintiff's Attorney.—My lord, many questions were put to my witnesses; had they been witnesses who were prepared ones (perjured) they would have been caught by those very questions. The lawyers have said, "the judge is as the advocate of the defendant," consequently the questions to be put by the defendant, are already asked by your honour. Therefore there is no probability of any advantage to the defendant, if the witnesses be brought here again; but on the other hand, it will prove very disadvantageous to them. Honoured sir, the witnesses are poor people who live by holding the plough. By the plough they maintain their wives and children; their fields become ruined if they do not remain there for the whole day; so much so that because it proves a loss to them if they come home, their wives bring boiled rice and refreshments bound in handkerchiefs to them in the fields and make them eat that; it proves an entire loss to the ryots to come away from the fields for one day; and at such a time, if they be brought to such a distant part of the Zillah by summons, then the labours of the whole year will go for nothing. Honoured sir, honoured sir, do as you think just.

Magistrate.—I don't see any reason for that. (As advised by Mr Wood.) There seems no necessity for that.

Defendant's Attorney.—My lord, the ryots of no village take the advances of the indigo planters with their full consent. Indigo planters, accompanied by the Amins and servants, or his Dewan, goes on horseback to the field, marks off the best pieces of land, and orders the preparation of the indigo. Then the owner of the land brings the ryots to the factory, and having made known to them the particulars of the matter, takes their signatures for the advances. The ryots, taking the money in advance, come home with tears in their eyes; and the day on which any of them comes home with the money, his house becomes filled, as it were, with the tears of persons weeping for the death of a relation or friend. On the payment of the indigo to the indigo planters, even if the latter have something still to pay to the

farmers above the sum of the advances as the price of that article, yet they keep it in their account-books that the farmers have still something to pay. The ryots, when they have once taken the advance, will suffer pain for not less than seven generations. The sorrow which the ryots endure in the preparation of the indigo is known only to themselves and the great God, the preserver of the poor. Whenever some sit together, they converse about the advances and inform each other of their respective sums; and also try how to save themselves. They have no necessity for forming plans and mutually taking advice of each other. Of themselves they are become as mad as a dog who received a blow on the head. The witnesses gave evidence that the ryots were willing to prepare the indigo; but that the person who has engaged me had, by advice or intimidation, stopped their engaging in the preparation of indigo. This is a very striking and an evident forgery. Honoured sir, once more bring them before the bench, and thy servant will by two questions disclose the falsity of their evidence. I do acknowledge, that Nobin Madhab Bose, the son of Goluk Chunder Bose, who engaged me, tried his utmost to extricate the helpless ryots from the hand of the giant-like indigo planters. I do acknowledge this. He also proved himself successful in stopping the tyranny of Mr Wood; which is known fully by the case which was brought here for the burning of the village of Polaspoor. But Goluk Chunder Bose is of a very peaceful character; he fears the indigo planters more than a tigress, never engages in any quarrels, at no time injures another, and even is not courageous enough to save another from danger. My saheb, that Goluk Chunder Bose is a man of a good character, is known to all persons in the Zillah, and can be known even by enquiring of the Amlas of the Court.

Goluk.—Honoured sir, the whole sum due for my indigo of last year was not paid; still only through fear of coming into Court, I consented to take the advance of 60 bigas of land. My eldest son said, "Father, we have other ways of living; the loss of the indigo for one year or two might stop feasting and religious ceremonies, but will not produce want of food. But those who entirely depend on their ploughs; what means have they? Losing this case, if we be obliged again to engage in the indigo cultivation, all will be obliged to do the same afterwards." He said this a wise man; and consequently I told him to make the saheb, by entreaties and supplications, to agree to 50 bigas. The saheb said nothing, neither yes nor no; and simply made preparations to bring me, in my old age, to gaol. I know that the only way to get happiness is to keep the sahebs contented; the country is the sahebs, the judges are their brothers and friends; and is it proper to do anything against them? Extricate me, and I make this promise, that if I cannot prepare the indigo from want of ploughs and kine, I will annually give the saheb Co.'s rs. 100 in the place of that. Am I a person to tutor the ryots? Do I meet them?

Defendant's Attorney.—Honoured sir, of the four ryots who came as witnesses, one is of the Tikiri caste; he has no knowledge of what a plough is; he has no lands and no rents to pay; has no kine and no

cow-house; and this can be best known by proper examination. Kanai Torofdar is a ryot of a different village; and as to our Babu he has no acquaintance with him. For these reasons we do pray that this man be brought again. The legislators have said, before the decision, the defendant ought to be supplied with all proper means. Sahab, if this my prayer be granted, I shall have no more reasons for complaint.

Plaintiff's Attorney.—Sahab.

Magistrate.—(*Writes a letter.*) Speak, speak, I am not writing from hearsay.

Plaintiff's Attorney.—Sahab, if at this time, the ryots be brought here they will suffer great loss; else, I, also, would have prayed for their being brought here again, since the offences of the defendant, which are already proved, may receive stronger confirmation. Sir, the bad character of Goluk Chunder Bose, is known throughout the country; he who benefits him, in return, receives injuries. The indigo planters, crossing the immeasurable ocean, have come to this land, and have brought out its secret wealth; have done great benefit to the country, have increased the royal treasures, and have profited themselves. What place, besides the prison, can best befit a person who thus opposes the great actions of this man.

Magistrate.—(*Writes the letters.*) Chaprasi!

Chaprasi.—Sir, (*comes to the saheb*).

Magistrate.—(*Advises with Mr Wood.*) Give this to Mrs Wood. Tell the khansamah, the saheb, who is come here, will not go to-day.

Sheristadar.—Sir, what orders are to be written?

Magistrate.—Let it remain within the *Nathi* or Court documents.

Sheristadar.—(*Writes.*) "It is ordered that it remains within the *Nathi*. (*Signed by Magistrate.*) Sahab, thou hast not yet made signature on the orders of the reply of the defendant.

Magistrate.—Read it.

Sheristadar.—It is ordered that the defender is to give Co.'s rs. 200, or two persons as security, and that the subpoenas be sent to the truthful witnesses. (*The Magistrate gives the signature.*)

Magistrate.—Bring the case of the robbery in Mirghan to the Court to-morrow.

[*Exit Magistrate, Mr Wood, Mr Rose, Chaprasi, and bearers.*]

Sheristadar.—Nazir, take the security-bond from the defendant properly.

[*Exit Sheristadar, Agent, Plaintiff's Attorney, and ryots.*]

Nazir.—(*To the Defendant's Attorney.*) How can we write now; while it is the evening; moreover, I am somewhat busy now.

Defendant's Attorney.—The name is great, but any property there is none, (*speaks with the Nazir*). This money they will give by selling the ornaments.

Nazir.—I have no estates, have no trade, nor lands for cultivation. This is my whole stock. It is for your sake only that I have agreed to take Co.'s rs. 100. Let us go to our lodging. Be careful that the dewan does not hear this. If not, they got something as their own.

[*Exit all.*]

TRANSLATION OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.*

IS "WAW" CONVERSIVE.

THE labours of Mr Robert Young have already done much to extend a knowledge of the Shemitic languages, and hopes may well be entertained that the careful study of the Holy Scriptures in the ancient and original tongues will be prosecuted more generally by all earnest theologians, since much has been done to assist the learner in acquiring this important knowledge. The increase of light which has lately been thrown on questions hitherto involved in obscurity, is truly great. Antiquarian research, in exploring the existing architectural monuments in 'lands classical and sacred,' is gradually establishing a powerful auxiliary evidence of the historical truth of the record which has come to us with so much solemn significance. Not a year passes that does not add, by the patient investigations of travellers and philologists, to our knowledge of those ages which have extinguished so many lives, so many dynasties, and even changed the aspect of the globe itself; but the human records, being subject originally to fraudulent interpolation or fallibility of judgment, require to be collated diligently, and interpreted meekly, without arrogant dogmatism, inasmuch as they often contradict each other, or, at least, seem to do so in the present very imperfect state of our acquaintance with them. Layard, Rawlinson, Keith, and many other worthy men have published the story of their examinations, and we are on the eve, doubtless, of innumerable discoveries, even more startling, and fraught with important results. Meanwhile, courtesy and caution would be better for the large tribe of enlightened free-thinkers—the stay-at-home pseudo-philosophers, who are generally impatient to sound a note of triumph over every assertion made by the sceptics of Germany in disparagement of Biblical veracity.

We are far from asserting that there have not been many errors maintained by theologians and the historical students of Scripture. A large number of hasty assumptions concerning the authorship and chronology of various books of the Old Testament, have remained for a few years uncontroverted, until at length an impression has become general, that each of these old assertions is a fundamental article of belief; that we must not surrender at the demand of clearest evidence, our faith in the dicta of some well-intentioned, but imperfectly informed schoolmen of former times. It might easily be shown how a few "happy guesses," when perplexed amid the difficulties of interpretation, have been caught up, and elaborated into theories, and incorporated into systems; and without themselves having ever been

* The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, literally and idiomatically translated out of the Original Languages. By Robert Young, author of several works in Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Gujarati, &c. Edinburgh and London: A. Fullarton & Co. 1862. In twenty fortnightly parts. II., III., and IV.

subjected to processes of exhaustive analysis, other systems or theories have been denounced and demolished, simply because of their refusing to harmonise with what had become a popular expression of opinion. One good result of the present agitation is this, however; a search into the grounds of historical evidence is being maintained by earnest scholars, of every variety of temperament and habit, and we need have no fear that every truth will have justice done to it in the judicial enquiry that is being undertaken by so many able workmen.

Relinquishing consideration, at present, of the other interesting problems, we desire, in as few words as possible, to direct attention to a matter of philological research,—viz., the answer which is being given by Mr Robert Young, to a question often raised by Hebraists,—a question which meets every student in the attempt to interpret the Old Testament narrative in the ancient languages. This question may be best stated in Mr Young's own words:—

“IS ‘WAW CONVERSIVE’ A FACT OR A FICTION?”

“The doctrine of ‘Waw Conversive,’ according to the common Hebrew Grammar, is:—

“‘The *past* tense, with the prefix *Waw*, expresses *future* time when preceded by a verb in the *future* or by an *imperative*.’ And again:—

“‘The *future* tense, with the prefix *Waw*, and Dagesh in the following letter, is used to express the *past*.’

“*The objections to this doctrine may be summed up in four particulars:—*

“I. It is insufficient to explain the many thousands of passages in the Hebrew Bible where a *past* tense is preceded neither by a *future* nor by an *imperative*, yet where it is ‘converted’ in the Common English Bible, and with as much propriety as in any of those instances which are supposed to be indisputable: *e. g.*—

“Gen. 9. 12, ‘This (*is*) the token of the covenant which I am making between Me and you . . . my bow *I have set* in the cloud, and it *hath become* the token of the covenant . . . and it *hath come to pass* . . . that it *hath been seen* . . . and I *have remembered* . . . and the waters do no more,’ &c.

“Gen. 17. 4, ‘Lo, My covenant (*is*) with thee, and *thou hast become* the father of a multitude of nations.’

“The true solution of the principle involved in these passages is: That the Hebrews were in the habit of expressing the *certainty of an action taking place* by putting it in the *past* tense (see particularly Gen. 23. 11, ‘*I have given* . . . *I have given* . . . *I have given*,’ also in verse 13, ‘*I have given*’), taking its fulfilment for granted.

“II. It leads to results rather startling: viz., that most, if not all, of the Hebrew particles are conversive. Grammarians have already been driven to admit, or rather assert, that *az*, then, and *terem*, not yet, are conversive as well as *waw*.

“But the list might be enlarged with such as the following:—

- 1 Kings 10. 22—*ahath*, once . . . ‘once in three years *cometh*.’
- Num. 3. 23—*ahari*, behind . . . ‘behind they *do encamp* westward.’
- Gen. 6. 4—*asher*, when . . . ‘when they *come in*.’
- Deut. 12. 30—*aicah*, how? . . . ‘how *do they serve*?’
- Eze. 21. 32—*gam*, also . . . ‘this also *hath not been*.’
- 1 Sam. 21. 14—*hinneh*, lo . . . ‘lo, *you see* the man is mad.’
- Gen. 32. 26—*ki im*, except . . . ‘except *thou hast blessed* me.’

1 Sam. 21. 14—*lamah*, why?.....' why do ye bring him unto me?'

19. 24—*al-ken*, therefore.....' therefore they say.'

Gen. 21. 7—*mi*, who?.....' who hath said.'

This is only a small specimen of what might be adduced. It is not too much to say that the above *ten* particles might be doubled, if not tripled, in number.

"III. It requires us to admit that the form *yiktol* is essentially a *future* tense, while, from the analogy of the Modern and Ancient Arabic, as well as from its use in the following passages (which might easily be multiplied), it is evidently an *indefinite present*, expressive of habitual action, which may very naturally be viewed as being or continuing in operation at some period afterwards as well as at present.

Gen. 2. 10—*yipparēd*, it is parted.

19—*yikra*, he calleth.

6. 4—*yavou*, they come in.

10. 9—*yeamar*, it is said.

31. 39—*ahattenah*, I repay it.

" —*tevakshenah*, thou dost seek it.

1 Sam. 13. 17—*yiphneh*, turneth.

14. 47—*yiphneh*, he turneth; *yarshia*, he vexeth.

21. 14—*taviu*, do ye bring; *tiru*, you see.

Isa. 1. 11—*yomar*, he saith.

Job 3. 11—*amuth*, do I die.

3—*ivalel*, I am born.

None of these passages can with any propriety be regarded as expressive of future action; and there seems no rational way of solving the problem but by regarding the tense as is done above.

"IV. It is not found in any other language; and, in particular, it is unknown in all the cognate Shemitic languages, viz., the Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic. Attempts have been made to find something like it in the use of the Arabic particle *pha*, but, as Professor Samuel Lee has well remarked (in his Hebrew Grammar and Lexicon), the same thing might be alleged of most other Arabic particles, such as *la*, no, *lam*, not, *lam-ma*, why, *summa*, then, &c., which no one has ever as yet thought of doing.

"The Arabs, in order to lessen the occasional ambiguity arising from the same form of the verb being used indifferently for the *present* and the *future*, sometimes prefix to it the particle *sa* (a contraction of *soufa*, at last, hereafter), which makes it strictly *future*, and sometimes the word *ammal* (an agent), which makes it strictly *present*."

This clear enunciation of principles is worthy of meditation. It offers a clue to the labyrinth wherein many grammarians have lost themselves. It is probable that we shall receive a full exposition of Mr Robert Young's views of this controversy in the course of time; but the present is sufficient for the purpose of opening up the prospect to all who have felt interest and curiosity in the enquiry.

One practical result of the solution which is now being gained is continually presenting itself in the "New Translation of the Holy Bible," which we referred to last month in this *Ecclesiastical Journal*. If our readers will turn back to page 375-61, (vol. xxxii.) they will find the 1st chapter of Genesis given as an extract. Even that portion shows the differences of tenses which it is sought by Mr Young to bring out more fully than was attempted by the persons employed to make the Authorised Translation, now in use. But the cases in which 'waw,' conversive or not conversive, enters, are but a few compared with the

multitude of differences as on other grounds, between the Authorised and Mr Robert Young's Translation. Many of these will be more amply illustrated in the Commentary which, it is expected, will immediately follow the completion of the present publication. The accompanying index gives a key by which to estimate the number of the principal emendations:—

GENESIS.	
i. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, 30.	xxvi. 4, 10, 12, 14, 25, 35.
ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 18, 20, 22, 23.	xxvii. 3, 5, 20, 29, 30, 36, 46.
iii. 1, 4, 7, 8, 12, 13, 15, 20, 22.	xxviii. 4, 11, 20, 21, 22.
iv. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16, 20, 23, 26.	xxix. 1, 7, 9, 14, 15, 17, 26, 27, 32, 35.
v. 1, 2, 22, 24.	xxx. 1, 3, 6, 8, 13, 14, 16, 23.
vi. 3, 4, 7, 9, 14, 15, 16.	xxxi. 19, 20, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 36, 38, 39, 48.
vii. 4, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22.	xxxii. 1, 2, 10, 15, 22, 24, 26.
viii. 2, 7, 8, 9, 17, 21.	xxxiii. 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 19, 20.
ix. 5, 11, 13, 14, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27.	xxxiv. 2, 3, 7, 14, 25.
x. 1, 8, 9, 11, 13, 18.	xxxv. 2, 4, 7, 16, 29.
xi. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 28.	xxxvi. 1, 7, 9, 15, 20, 24.
xii. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12, 19, 20.	xxxvii. 1, 2, 3, 14, 19, 23, 27, 35, 36.
xiii. 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18.	xxxviii. 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 29.
xiv. 1, 9, 14, 17, 18.	xxxix. 6, 7, 14, 17, 20, 21.
xv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 11.	xl. 2, 14, 16.
xvi. 2, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13.	xli. 2, 8, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 24, 32, 40, 56.
xvii. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11.	xlii. 4, 15, 23, 27, 28, 38.
xviii. 1, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 14, 17, 19, 27, 28.	xliii. 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, 30, 34.
xix. 1, 4, 7, 9, 13, 17, 26.	xliv. 1, 4, 5, 15, 17, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34.
xx. 7, 9, 11, 16.	xlv. 8, 9, 21, 26.
xxi. 6, 14, 15, 17, 23, 25, 33.	xlvi. 3, 15, 18, 22, 25, 26, 28, 32, 34.
xxii. 1, 2, 5, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18.	xlvii. 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 17, 26, 28.
xxiii. 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 16, 18.	xlviii. 4, 7, 16, 19, 20.
xxiv. 1, 2, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 22, 28, 29, 32, 44, 50, 52, 55, 60.	xliv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 14, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 33.
xxv. 8, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 30, 32.	l. 3, 4, 5, 9, 16, 21.

As the comment on the word "Framing" is important, and was omitted in our former notice, we add it here. On the narrative of Creation, as a whole, we have not opportunity to linger at this time. Mr Young, it will be remembered, instead of the word "creating," in the 1st chapter of Genesis, employs the word "framing," (v. 1), and "formeth," (v. 21, 27). He says in the prospectus sheets of the "Pocket Commentary:—

"This word, '*Framing*,' is preferable to '*creating*,' which is now so closely connected with the idea of production *from nothing*, that it is much too strong for the real significance of the Hebrew word, which is applied in Gen. i. 21, to the formation of sea monsters; in v. 27, to the formation of man; in Exod. xxxiv. 10, to performing marvels; in Ps. li. 10, to the formation or creation of a new heart; in lxxxix. 12, to the appointment of the north and the south; in cii. 18, to the formation of a people; in Isa. iv. 5, to the production of a cloud and smoke; in xlv. 7, to the producing or bringing to pass of darkness and evil; in lvii. 19, to the producing of the fruit

of the lips; in lxxv. 18, to making or appointing Jerusalem a rejoicing; in xlvi. 7, to the production or bringing forth of hidden things; in Jer. xxxi. 22, to producing or bringing to pass a new thing; in Eze. xxi. 30, to the formation of a nation; in xxviii. 13, to a person being born or being appointed king; in Amos iv. 13, to producing the wind. Compare also Eze. xxiii. 47, Jos. 17, xvii. To limit it to creation *from nothing*, *meanyin* would require to be added to the verb."

The work has now proceeded as far as the Book of Deuteronomy. Noteworthy are the peculiarities of changing rhythm, in the prophecies of Balaam, for instance—marking that the distinction from the ordinary course of narrative. We shall continue to watch with interest the progress of this "New Translation."

The Principal Songs of Robert Burns. Translated into Mediæval Latin Verse, with the Scottish Version collated, by ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, author of "Curious Storied Traditions of Scottish Life," "The Court of Cacus," &c.

MR LEIGHTON possesses faculties which are seldom combined in one author. He is a master of stirring narrative, pathetic description, and personal portraiture; while he is no ordinary proficient in metaphysical analysis and moral speculation. His "Curious Storied Traditions of Scottish Life," and his "Court of Cacus," or story of "Burke and Hare," have already taken rank among our fireside classics, and will probably outlive many of our contemporary epics and romances, whether in verse or prose.

His latest adventure is a daring one, but laudable alike in the literary courage which it shows, and in the result which that courage has achieved. Father Prout (Mahony) had rendered many of Moore's melodies into Latin measures as exquisite as their originals. It has been reserved for Mr Leighton to exhibit the bard of Coila as a Latin minstrel of the middle ages, by translating thirty of Burns' best songs into the rhyming Latin of monks both in their merry and mournful moods. The homely humour and rough music of the song "I am a son of Mars," in the "Jolly Beggars," are admirably echoed in Mr Leighton's counterpart. We shall therefore present the "Son of Mars" to our readers, alike in his modern and in his mediæval uniform:—

"I AM A SON OF MARS.

"I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

"My prentiship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

"I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witnesses an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

"And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.

"What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the windy shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home;
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tall,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum."

"ENYALII FILIUS IN MULTIS FUI PROELIIS.

"Enyalii filius in multis fui proeliis,
Ostendo mea vulnera quocunque veniam
Hoc fero pro ancilla, et illud ex fossula,
Cum Gallos gratularer—ad tonans tympanum.

"Duxi tirocinium cum ductor meus obiit
Et jactæ essent alæ per colles de Abram,
Ejus agmina sequebar cum ludus luderetur
Et Moro sterneretur—ad tonans tympanum.

"Ultimo cum Curti, inter nantia pugnacula,
Reliqui qua pro testibus et crus et brachium;
Si oporteat armare, et sub Elliot pugnare,
Super truncos strepitabo—ad tonans tympanum.

"Licet me mendicare cum tibia lignari',
Pendentibus panniculis super dorsum;
Beatus crumenella et utre et puella,
Ut solet in coccineo sectari tympanum.

"Etiamsi sit mi ferre procellas super terra
Per scopulos et sylvas tanquam domum;
Cum vendum meum sacculum et alterum utriculum,
Diabolis obstarem—ad tonans tympanum."

From comedy we turn to sentiment and passion, and subjoin the immortal lines on "Highland Mary," along with the Latin version of them by Mr Leighton:—

"HIGHLAND MARY.

"Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie.
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they longest tarry:
For there I took the last fareweel
Of my dear Highland Mary.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom;

The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

"Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender,
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flow'r so early ;
 Now green's the sod, and could's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft hae kissed so fondly !
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now, in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary."

"RIVI FLUVII CIRCITER.

"Rivi fluvii circiter
 Castellum Montis Gomeri,
 Sylvæ montes floresque,
 Aquæ nunquam turbidæ.
 Evolvat vestes ibi ver,
 Cunctetur et longissime,
 Nam ibi dixi valeas !
 Caræ neæ Mariæ.

"Quam odorata betula !
 Quam comptæ flores spinæ !
 Dum sub eorum umbra
 Compressi illam pectori.
 Horæ fugerunt aureæ
 Sciente me nec cara mi,
 Nam cara mi ut lumen est
 Dulcis erat Maria.

"Cum votis et amplexibus
 Nos separamur tenerè,
 Et convenire iterum
 Voventes nos abiimus ;
 Heu ! mortis gelu subito
 Avulsit meum florem,
 Et cespites et lutum nunc
 Involvunt meam Mariam.

"Nunc pallida hæc labia
 Quæ osculare sueveram,
 Occlusi sunt hi oculi
 Qui placidè mi riserant.
 Resolvitur in pulverem
 Cor quod amavit intimè ;
 Sed semper meo pectore
 Manebit mea Maria."

The foregoing citations afford fair specimens of the style in which Mr Leighton has executed his task, while, from a careful study of the entire series, we can assure our readers that although the Latinity was not designed to abide the tests of a stringent scholarship, the work is stamped on every page with an imprint of unfailing cleverness, of genial humour, and of tender hearted humanity.

Theodore and Maria, or Failure upon Failure; being a Scoto-Australian and domestic comedy, made out of the Western Bank Failure of 1857-58. By THEODORE ST BO.'

THIS little drama is a perfect photograph of Edinburgh life in some of its darker phases. Dr Garlic, the swindling physician, Mr Buggins, the time serving clergyman, Maria, the sinister shrew, Dame Durden, the sympathising mother-in-law, and poor Theodore, the hood-winked husband—are they not always with us, meeting us in private society, in public thoroughfare, in market-place, and in Church? The author, Theodore St Bo', writes a direct, pithy, clear, and business-like English style, in many passages, not unworthy of Defoe. The moral sentiment of the play is manly and uncompromising; the exposure of professional treachery and domestic intrigue is withering; while the stern austerity of the author's manner sometimes melts into uproarious festivity, as in the song of Caller Ou, or Scotia's Oyster Lassie, and in other gay lyrics, with which the text is interspersed.

The following may be presented as an example of our dramatist's graver and more impassioned strain:—

“ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Theodore's house,—Maria reclining on a sofa,—Theodore.*

Enter Dr Garlic.

“*Dr G.* How do to-day, and how is your good wife?
Let me feel your pulse and put out your tongue.
I'm pleased to find you're getting slowly round.
What a dear, sweet, amiable creature
For a wife you've got, Mr Theodore.

Theo. [*Staring wildly, first at one and then at the other alternately, but speaks not.*]

Mar. Doctor, you surely are an Irishman
Or travelled much in the Green Isle, and licked
Perchance the Blarney-Stone of Erin.

Dr G.

Oh! no.

Oh! no, I'm such a man to speak my mind,
I never say but what I really think.
I would impress upon your mind this fact,
That, ever since we've been acquainted, impressed
Have I become with your most amiable
Disposition and tenderness of heart;
And sure am I no wife could you excel

In all the virtues and the graces of
The milder sex.

Theo. A truce then to this stuff.
How's my wife, Sir, that's the point at issue.

Dr G. Well, Sir, I have just stated, she's getting
Gradually better. By to-morrow
Or the day after, we'll see the effect
Of the pills, the mixture, and the blister.
And confident I feel that a few days
Will find her quite restored or convalescent—
I'll call again this very afternoon. [Exit.]

Theo. Whatever does this fellow mean by all
This puffing, praising, oiliness of tongue?
'What a dear, sweet, amiable creature
For a wife you've got, Mr Theodore.'
There's something 'more than meets the ear,' methinks:
I can't exactly fathom him—he's deep—
Or shallow—yet he's not a fool—a rogue
He may be—and if a rogue, a deep one.—
Damnation seize the rascally old cur,—
A meddling whelp of discord and of strife.
For what else can he mean by meddling thus
In family affairs, which lie beyond
His reach. But I will prove a match for him,
I swear by all the powers that reign within me.

Mar. Now, Theodore, why go on raging thus?
You would persuade one you were not yourself.
Pray, then, be calm, and see there is no need
For venting thy ill-natured spleen on him,
Now that his back is turned. I know you deem
Me neither sweet nor amiable, for
You have told me so repeatedly, and,
At all events, it cannot be my blame
That people either think or call me so—
People will think, people will judge, people
Will speak, and what of that? are tongues not given
To speak? Then bottle up your wrath, or vent
It not on me—I'll none of it.

Theo. You damned,
Provoking good-for-nothing wretch, is that
The tone you use to me? Think not I'm blind.
If he got no encouragement to meddle
In people's private matters and affairs,
D'ye think he'd venture on such tender ground?
If that be Therapeutics, then I know
Naught of Therapeutics—I leave the room.

[Putting on his hat. Exit.]

Mar. And I will go about my household matters.
[Smelling.] The gas escapes—quick—haste then to the meter,
A word just now and then makes life the sweeter."

From the passage just quoted it may be safely inferred that Theodore St Bo' is not only a successful author, but a practical man of great insight, strong will, and noble aspirations.

Poems Serious and Comic. Printed only for Private Circulation
among friends. By MRS CARNEGIE RITCHIE.

WE have used the privilege of friendship in recommending this book to a wider circle of readers than that for which it was originally intended. The volume contains in all thirty-three poems, many of which exhibit fancy, taste, delicacy of feeling, and command of language which raise the authoress far above the rank of an ordinary drawing-room versifier.

The "Lines on Lady Jane Grey asleep the night before her execution," and the song of "Amy Robsart to Leicester" are worthy of Mrs Hemans. We extract the latter for the gratification of our readers:—

"AMY ROBSART TO LEICESTER.

A SONG.

I.

"Is it for thee I've decked my fairest bower,
And spread it o'er with every lovely flower?
And yet thou stayest only one short day,
Leaving me sad, to mourn that thou'rt away.
I know thou goest to a gayer scene,
Thou goest to attend fair England's Queen,
Midst gallant lords and beauteous ladies bright,
And pomp and splendour dazzling to the sight.

II.

"But thou hast promised I too should be there,
And said thou knew'st not any half so fair
As thine own Amy in that courtly place,
Whose halls are filled with loveliness and grace.
Yes! thou hast often said this, yet I'm left,
Of every earthly hope and joy bereft
With none to soothe or to allay my grief,
None to my burdened heart to bring relief.

III.

"Alas! why did I leave my own sweet home,
Where, loving and beloved, I used to roam;
With friends and parents, to my heart so dear,
I knew no fonder love till thou wert near.
Ah! when I think of those sweet, happy hours,
So calmly spent amidst my native bowers,
How sad appears my present lonely life,
How sad my fate—a fond but widowed wife!

IV.

"But I will try my sorrow to restrain,
For though we part, and ne'er may meet again,

My weary, saddened days will soon be o'er,
 And in yon brighter world I'll weep no more.
 Adieu, then, Leicester ! May success attend
 Thy onward path ; may purest bliss descend
 Upon thy head ; yet still remember one
 Who lived and died for thy dear self alone !"

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Hugh Fraser to the church and parish of Berriedale, in the Presbytery and county of Caithness, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. Gilbert M'Millan to the church and parish of Loth, in the Presbytery of Dornoch.

Cupar Presbytery—Presentation.—A special meeting of Cupar Presbytery took place, when the Rev. James Cochrane, Moderator, laid on the table the presentation by the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Melville Cartwright, with the consent of her husband, Thomas Robert Brook Cartwright, Esq., of Melville, in favour of the Rev. Alexander M'Laren, present minister of Leslie, to the parish and congregation of Monimail, which was rendered vacant by Dr Leitch accepting of the Principalship of Queen's College, Canada. On the motion of Mr Lawson, of Crieich, seconded by Mr Watson, of Logie, both of whom spoke in high terms of the presentee, it was unanimously agreed to sustain the presentation and relative documents. The Presbytery then appointed Mr M'Laren to preach at Monimail on the 26th instant and 2d February ; and instructed Mr Lawson to intimate to the congregation that the Court would meet at Monimail on 13th February to moderate in a call.

Presbytery of Edinburgh.—The Presbytery met in St Luke's Church, and inducted the Rev. Randal Macpherson, late of Swallow Street Church, London, as minister of St Luke's Church and parish. The Rev. Mr Lockhart, of Colinton, presided, and delivered appropriate addresses to minister and people.—The Presbytery met at Portobello on Thursday, and, according to appointment, moderated in a call to Mr John Wallace, preacher of the gospel, to be minister there. The call was numerously signed. The Rev. Dr Veitch preached and presided.

Glasgow—Introduction of the Organ into Public Worship.—For some time past special services have been held in the Queen's Rooms, in behalf of the re-building of St Mark's Church, and on Sunday the Rev. Mr Burns of Houston, the Rev. Dr Caird of Park Church, and the Rev. Mr M'Gregor of High Church, Paisley, preached. It has been usual to have the organ accompanying the evening diet of worship ; but on Sunday, for the first time, the organ was used in the forenoon and afternoon services. The attendance was numerous at all the diets.

MACPHAIL'S

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PATTERSON'S "ESSAYS IN HISTORY AND ART."*

NOTHING is more surprising than the progress of literature in the 19th and the latter half of the 18th century. Before that period, some mental Colossus, like Shakespeare or Bacon, towered like a huge rock above the dead level of human intelligence, and enriched the world with the emanations of his genius, but literature was an *omne ignotum mare* to the great mass of society. The number of literateurs were few. Their names could be readily counted, and their works enumerated. They generally resided in the capital, and basked under the sunshine of some patrician Croesus. Their leisure time was mostly spent in inns and coffee-houses, where in the society of genial companions, they drank sack and coffee, smoked tobacco, and discussed every known subject in literature, moot points being referred to the chairman, who sat in state at the head of the table, and whose verdict as the aristarch of the club, none ventured to controvert. Thus Dryden presided at Wills, and a pinch from his snuff-box was deemed an honour. Addison, even after his marriage with Lady Warwick, spent many hours every day at his club with Tickell and other friends. Pope had his own coterie at Twickenham. Johnson growled forth apothegms at the Turk's Head, Soho, embalmed for the edification of posterity by the sedulous toady Boswell, and every one has heard of Horry Walpole's Strawberry Hill, where the son of the great minister followed the trade of an amateur printer, throwing off love sonnets addressed to his mistresses, writing and answering innumerable letters replete with gossip and scandal, and light criticism, and frequently entertaining *tres distingue* visitors. Now-a-days the number of literary societies, from the Garrick down to the artisans in the rural hamlet or

* Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh. 1862.

manufacturing town, where shoemaker Dobson is ready to discuss the Reform Bill, or the philosophy of the infinite with tailor Johnstone, can hardly be enumerated. As to literateurs, their name is legion, and there are scores of men who can wield the gray goose quill with a master hand, living in comparative obscurity. The number of books that issue from the crater of the press is perfectly surprising, and the book market is stocked *usque ad nauseam*. Without referring to poetry or other branches of literature, take that of history. Hume, Gibbon and Robertson, were the triumvirate who alone disputed the palm of pre-eminence, but now, not to mention innumerable minor worshippers of the muse Clio, we have the names of Thirlwall, Mure, Grote and Bulwer, (why has his admirably written work "Athens, its Rise and Fall," never been finished?) Arnold and Merri- vale, Alison, Macaulay, Hallam, Froude and Motley, and to these we hope soon to be able to add the already well known name of Thackeray, who we understand is engaged upon an historic work on the reign of Queen Anne. The belauded essays of the Spectator and Tatler are eclipsed by those of Hazlit, Lamb, and Dickens, and the letters of the great unknown—Junius, which created so great a sensation that heralds were sent with bills through the towns to announce the arrival of the post with the Advertiser in which they appeared, and shopkeepers rushed bare-headed from behind their counter into the streets to purchase copies of it;—are now equalled and surpassed by the articles that appear daily, not to say in the "The Thunderer" but even in the penny and periodical newspapers. To what, it may be asked, is this increasing thirst for knowledge, taste for literature and consequent multiplication of books, newspapers, and periodicals, to be attributed? Many answers might be given to this question were the subject discussed at length and followed into all its ramifications. There are, however, a few leading ideas that readily suggest themselves when we turn our attention to it. In the first place, we must bear in mind the altered circumstances of the country. Macaulay tells us that when James the II. reigned, England had less than one-third of her present population, and less than three times the population which is now collected in London. Now, as only a few are endowed by our Maker with superior faculties, where the population is thin the number of men of talent and genius will be small and *vice versa*. Again, the rich endowments of the clergy, and the vast increase in the number of schools throughout the country, are important facts to be considered. At one time the clergy were so poor that many of them kept beershops or worked at trades, and were utterly destitute of learning, and schools existed only in our large towns. Further, the facilities for social and commercial intercourse now offered to the people, inevitably generate a fellow-feeling of interest in each others lot, and a consequent desire for information, whereas formerly the inhabitant of the southern district of England, knew far less of his countrymen in the north as he now does of our transatlantic cousins, and continental neighbours. But the principal cause to which the progress of literature must be ascribed is the cheapening of publications of all sorts, and the en-

couragements afforded to men of talent to give their works to the public. In former days printing was so expensive and literature so dear, that all that a yeoman could afford to purchase was a copy of the Bible and perhaps Fox's "*Book of the Martyrs*," in addition, if he could not see this in the church, and such was the expense and risk of publication that few ventured upon it. One Scotch worthy of the name of Patterson is said to have sold a house each time he published a book, (by the way we trust that he was not a progenitor of his name-sake the author of the book under review. If so we can only offer the latter our condolence for the loss of the inheritance which might have descended to him, and express the hope that by his pen he may be able to realize the reverse of the story,) little imagining that this act alone would perpetuate his memory, long after his books were consigned to a well merited oblivion. But few are so covetous of literary fame as to make such sacrifices in the attempt to attain it, and many elaborate and useful works in manuscript have rotted upon shelves and in trunks, and finally been consigned to the flames, simply because their authors hesitated to give them to the printer. But now for a few pence one can purchase a book that would have cost formerly as many shillings, or even pounds, and literary men, if their productions are meritorious, have the certainty of not only obtaining a publisher but also capital for them. The numerous reviews, magazines, and journals, now in circulation, afford abundant scope for literary talent, and the sums given by their proprietors for contributions are sometimes very high. In fact periodicals have done more to evoke literary effort and emulation than anything else, and of these, if we except the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, whose band of congenial lampooners long held the fate of authors completely at their mercy, *Blackwoods* is by far the most celebrated and influential. In 1817, when the first number of this magazine appeared under the editorship of Pringle,—"*the Lamb*" of the *Chaldean* manuscript, magazine literature was at its lowest ebb. The "*Scots Magazine*" dragged on a dreary existence, depending upon the eleemosynary contributions of literary and antiquarian aspirants, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*,—that "*old Parr of periodicals*," was in an equally sick and dependant condition. The *European*, with the Bible and crown upon its covers, did little in defence of either. *Phillips' Monthly Magazine*, in which Thomas Paine and Buonaparte were the chief subjects of adulation, presented its regular quantum of drivelling blasphemy and sedition, and Colburn's *New Monthly*, edited by a pedant of the Grub Street stamp, strove ineffectually to redeem the general imbecility. The first three volumes of *Blackwood* (published under the title of "*the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*") gave little satisfaction to its Tory publisher and proprietor. The cloven foot of whiggery was traceable in every page. In fact it was found that a great mistake had been committed by not making due inquiry into the political creed of the editor and his associates, and finding that he had unwittingly got into bad company, the publisher, resolved to get quit of them by announcing the discontinuance of the work. Pringle and his pack went over bag and baggage to Constable, who endeavoured to establish a magazine in the whig interest, but failed.

The 1st number of *Blackwood* under a new regime, fell like a bomb-shell upon the literary world. It contained the celebrated "Translation from an ancient Chaldee manuscript," which the mendacious and boasting Hogg claimed to have written. Presbyterian pietists took great umbrage at this effusion, and denounced it as a parody of the Bible, whereas in truth it was nothing more than a tolerably good imitation of an eastern epilogue; but notwithstanding the hubbub which it created it certainly had the effect of bringing the magazine into greater notice. The reputation for talent which it speedily acquired was sustained and enhanced by the literary treasures poured into it from the exuberant cornucopias of Wilson, Hogg, Maginn, Lockhart, and others, but it was not till after the accession of Lockhart to the editorship of the *Quarterly*, when it was purged of the atrabilious personalities of this writer and Maginn, that it attained to anything like its present renown and wide circulation. Though numerous periodicals have been started since *Maga* took the field, it still flourishes in undecaying youth and vigour. The old man eloquent, the renowned Christopher, no longer in its pages, "shoulders his crutch and shows how fields are won" in the literary arena, but his mantle has fallen upon others who have caught somewhat of his strength and inspiration. It is generally believed that his son-in-law, Professor Aytoun, succeeded him as editor of the magazine. But in truth *Maga* has never had an editor in the proper sense of the term. One of the publishing firm takes the special charge of the editorial department. The contributions of the regular staff can generally be relied on. When articles from unknown writers come in, they are read and returned if deemed unsuitable, and retained if approved. If doubt exists as to the acceptance of an article, it is sent to some one of the regular staff most competent to judge of its merits, and whose decision is generally final. As to Professor Aytoun, the geniality of his disposition, and the pleasing manner in which he reads his lectures and poetical effusions, have been largely instrumental in raising up for him a vast host of admirers, especially among the young. He has been canonized as a genius and a poet of the first order. Now we believe in nothing of the sort, and we have no hesitation in expressing our unbiased opinion in regard to his merits as a literateur. As a humourist, though scarcely equal to Hood or Father Prout, not to speak of a genius like Swift or Rabelais, he is entitled to high praise. In some of his tales recently republished, such as "The Glenmutchkin Railway," and "How I stood for the Dreepdaily Burghs," the fun throughout is "fast and furious," and laughter has to hold its sides. As a parodist he displays great versatility and cleverness. Some of his pieces in the *Bon Gaultier Ballads* are inimitable, and we have often laughed, as many others have, at "the massacre of the Macpherson," though we admit never to have had the felicity of hearing the jovial Professor sing it. But to the title of poet, in the proper sense of the term, Aytoun has no just claim. His "Lays" are admirable specimens of rhymed rhetoric, but that is the most that can be said of them. His imagery, though not at all striking, is seldom original, being chiefly culled from Scott and other ballad

writers. "Bothwell" opens with a spasmodic spurt of which Apollodorus himself would scarcely have been guilty, though we admit that skill is shown in guarding against the monotony almost unavoidable in such a lengthy monologue. His translations are not equal to those of Taylor, Gillies, Howitt, Bulwer, Bowring, Lockhart, and others. Take *e. g.* his well-known translation of "The Soehk of Sinæ from the German of Frielgrath." How inferior it is to James Clarence Mangin's,—that unfortunate Irish poet who died of starvation in a workhouse. Aytoun exhibits great taste and elegance in his style, but there is a total lack of vigour and originality, and we have always predicted that should he ever attempt a work of fiction it would prove a failure, and this has lately been verified in "Norman Sinclair," which a Saturday reviewer justly characterises as "prosy, rambling, and overloaded with twaddle." Irrespective of such names as Warren, De Quincey, and Alison, we submit that among the less known contributors to *Maga* there are several much abler literateurs than Aytoun. We may instance Smith,—the accomplished author of "Thorndale," a work replete with the richest thoughts, expressed in the most beautiful language, George Elliot, Andrew Wilson, Dallas, and last but not least the accomplished author of the work before us. A philosopher asserts that genius is the power of attention, producing originality. If this be so, none can have a fairer claim to its possession than Mr Patterson, as all his writings are marked by a most striking originality in thought and expression. In a former number we took occasion to notice a brochure from the pen of this author, entitled "The new Revolution, or the Napoleonic Policy in Europe," and we felt justified in speaking of it in terms of high commendation, though dissenting from some of the views enunciated. The success which has attended its publication, has induced Mr Patterson to publish a selection from the articles which he has from time to time contributed to Blackwood, and numerous first class periodicals. We consider the selection an admirable one. Though the subjects possess a universal interest, yet so far as we know, they have not been discussed by any previous essayist of mark. This renders Mr Patterson's work the more valuable, and every one who peruses it, must in candour admit that it is executed with great literary ability. The style is terse, vigorous, chaste, pictorial, and lively. Thoughts, original and suggestive, startle us in almost every page, and the matter is of the most solid kind, presenting a striking contrast to the alip-alop superficiality which characterises so many volumes of a similar description recently issued from the press, whose authors, for the sake of acquiring an ephemeral popularity, stoop to cater to the morbid appetites of those who prefer the exciting to the instructive, and the sentimental, and shallow, to the vigorous and profound. The essays are fourteen in number, and as the title page indicate, are chiefly subjects in History and Art. In the initial essay upon colour some novel views are broached regarding light, upon a correct theory of which Mr Patterson conceives the science of colour must be based. In opposition to the generally received opinion, that light travels all the way from the solar orb, it is argued that it proceeds from the ether

when in a state of vibration, occasioned by a magnetic flux and reflux of influence between the sun and our planet, which like all other planets is regarded as *luminous*. This vibrating motion does not terminate at night, though it is abated in a great degree. Hence there is no such thing as *absolute* darkness, which is merely a relative term originated by our limited faculties of visual discernment, as may be seen by the fact, that a large number of animals whose eyes are more susceptible to the ethereal vibrations than man's, ply their work as well at night as at day. Proceeding upon this theory, the spectrum is examined to see how the vibrating motion exhibits itself in the production of colour, which is defined as "a vibrating phenomenon of the ethereal rays,—intermediate between heat on the one hand, and actinism on the other, and attended by an over-lapping of electro-positive, and electro-negative rays, of which heat and actinism are the representatives." The various phenomena of colour are then examined, and directions given as to the laws to be attended to in the arranging of galleries of sculpture and painting, hanging of pictures in a room, draping of floors, covering of chairs, and the dress of soldiers, and the fair sex. From the opening of this essay we give the following quotation as to the divine care for human enjoyment manifested in the lovely mantle of colour in which he has robed the earth :—

"We stroll out of a morning, and lo! birds are singing, and waters murmuring, and the sun is rising with a cool brightness, that makes everything look young—dancing like dazzling silver on the wavelets of the brook and filling the skies with a joyous splendour, and the heart with an ethereal merriment. Enter the garden, and forthwith the eye is charmed with the sight of flowers,—the nostrils thrill with the scents floating on the morning air,—and peaches and all manner of fruit are there, pleasing both eye and palate far more than mere utility demands. The very hedge-rows, and woody dells of nature's own planting, are full of beauty,—bright and sweet with the hawthorn, the sweet briar or honeysuckle. . . . Like all things very common, we do not sufficiently prize this robe of beauty which Nature puts on for our gratification. It is in such complete harmony with our visual sense, that—like musical harmony also, when long continued—its sweetness fails to impress us if not broken at times by a discord. But suppose the case of a man born blind, and to whom the aspect of the outer world—nay, the very meaning of the word colour—has remained a mystery until he has reached the years of reflection. Fancy such a man's eye at length released from darkness, and endeavour to imagine his impressions. A thrill passes through him as the coloured beams first rush in, and awaken the emotions of a new sense. All around he beholds a tinted mass; earth and sky, land and water, are seen by him only as expanses of varied colour. Every thing is coloured, and the forms of nature are to him but tinted surfaces, whose outline consists of the bordering of one colour upon another. Below and around him is a far-reaching expanse of green,—above him, a mighty canopy of blue, and he feels that nothing could suit so well, for wide and permanent beholding, as this lively green of the earth, and the cool calm azure of the skies. But variegating these vast surfaces of blue and green he sees spots and shadings of all diverse hues, the purple of the heath clad mountains, the golden bloom of the furze upon their lower slopes, the rich mosaic of the autumnal woods, the grey rocks and ruins, or the yellow of the waving corn fields. Alone by night he sees the dark blue

expanse sparkling all over with the light of the stars, or decked with a silvery veil by the radiance of the moon; by day, he sees it checkered and sailed over by clouds, ever changing in aspect, and at length, bursting into the gorgeous magnificence of sunset, when cloud and sky are alike filled with richest colouring, with brilliant ever shifting hues which at once dazzle and mock the gaze. All this is new to him. He has walked the earth for years, tasted its fruit, felt and understood many of its forms,—he has known how useful it is, but not till now does he comprehend its beauty."

The Essay next in order upon "Real and Ideal Beauty," created a considerable sensation when it originally appeared in *Maga*, as the first effectual blow dealt at the association theory of Alison and Jeffrey. Jeffrey maintained that all objects are equally pleasing or unpleasing to the eye, except when their effect on us is altered by the influence of association, or, in other words, that mankind like or dislike particular things, simply according as these things are associated with something pleasant or unpleasant in the past experience, a doctrine so opposed to consciousness and experience, that it is surprising it was not immediately consigned to the limbo of vanities. We readily admit that mental associations do at times influence us in the æsthetic impressions formed of external objects. We prefer the beauty of one object to another, owing to some ideas associated with it, nay, we may sometimes invest with the attribute of beauty what has absolutely no beauty at all. Thus the mother sees a loveliness in her shrivelled and deformed child which no one else sees, and the lover is charmed with a piece of music listened to by others with pain and displeasure, simply because his lady fair sang or composed it. But to allege that mental association guides us in *every* case is as absurd as to reason that because murder is sometimes committed in a paroxysm of passion, it is always so committed, or because we sometimes act in opposition to the dictates of conscience, that we invariably do so. It is nothing to the purpose to point to the conflicting judgments formed of the beauty of objects by mankind, for the fact that we prefer one piece of music, or one style of architecture to another, does not imply that that other is devoid of all excellence in our eyes. Nay, the difference between the two things compared may be very trifling, and at the most it is only one of degree. Fairly to try whether beauty is the mere offspring of association, the experiment should be made, not between different styles of beauty, but between the beautiful and the ugly, and then the truth will become apparent. Present the child with two roses, one brown and the other pink, and it will instinctively choose the latter. Let a man who has never seen a horse before, see two, one a hack and the other a fine steed, will he not immediately discern the superiority of the latter? In these instances, habit or association in no way affects the judgment, so that it must be an instinctive one. The fact is, the Almighty has made some objects more or less beautiful, and others more or less ugly, and implanted within us an æsthetic faculty which, though it may be affected by association, passion, or habits of thought, generally leads mankind to pronounce the same judgment in regard to objects evoking a corresponding emotion; and as this faculty must have some standard of

comparison in judging, we are willing to call this *Perfection*. Thus, whatever approaches perfection in its kind, is beautiful, and absolute beauty is only another name for perfection. Thus far we coincide with Mr Patterson. We conceive, however, that he has not defined, with sufficient accuracy, the nature and operation of the æsthetic faculty of the soul, and eliminated the difference between the judgment it pronounces, and the emotion which succeeds. It is true he speaks of a law, an instinct, and a faculty, but he speaks more frequently of an emotion, as if he meant that *immediately* on the presentation of an object to the soul, an emotion of the beautiful or the ugly arises. This is similar to Brown's theory in regard to virtue, which Mr Patterson quotes and seems to approve of. Brown held that when a moral action is presented to the mind, an emotion of approbation or disapprobation *immediately* arises, and that only in complicated cases, the judgment comes into play before the emotion can be produced. But this admission we have always regarded as fatal to his theory. We maintain that in *all* cases there is a judgment of the moral faculty in regard to the action (be the standard of comparison what it may) before the emotion is excited. In some cases the emotion arises seemingly spontaneously, but this is owing to the fact that precisely similar cases have been presented to the moral faculty to judge of, so that the operation of judging does not require to be gone over again. The memory recalls the previous judgment, and hence the *apparent* spontaneity of the emotion. So we maintain in æsthetics that there must in every case be a judgment of the æsthetic faculty before the emotion of the beautiful arises. Mr Patterson, in considering the actual principles of beauty, like Sir W. Hamilton, maintains that the two grand elements in all Fine Art compositions, are unity and variety, and that unity in variety—or, in other words, symmetry,—is the first thing to be attended to in æsthetic science. In inquiring into the principles of symmetry in that kind of beauty styled Material, availing himself of the researches of Dr Macvicar and Mr Hay, he shows their dependence upon the primeval law of numerical proportion, and their analogy to the principles of music. The specimens of ancient sculpture, painting, and architecture, furnish illustrations of his views, especially the Parthenon of Athens, of which an engraving is given. In that peerless edifice it seems that the fundamental angle of each component part is a simple fraction of the right angle, and consequently that they bear to one another various proportions. The Greeks were a thinking people. Physics was their *pabulum*, and the early and remarkable success they attained in æsthetic sciences, is suggestive of important reflections. Passing over the Essay on "Sculpture," in which Mr Patterson expresses his dissent from the opinion of Guizot, as to the unqualified preservation of repose in statuary, and maintains that the true climax of the sculptor's art consists in being able to infuse into his figure as much of life and feeling as is compatible with the paramount claims of physical beauty,—that on "Ethnology of Europe," in which is discussed the extinction of primeval races, the peopling of Western Europe by different populations—the Iberian,

the Kelt, and the Cimmerian, and the accession of foreign elements which it has received subsequently to the Christian era—the Jew, the Hun and Magyar, the Gipsy and the Turk, and a paper of slighter cast, entitled "*Utopias*," we come to two on India and China. As these make up nearly a fourth of the volume, it is impossible, in a cursory review, to enter into anything like a detailed criticism of them. Let it suffice to say that they contain almost all that a general reader would wish to know in regard to these countries and their peoples. The facts can be thoroughly relied on, which is more than can be said of most works on Eastern empires, especially the Celestial. A man with a little money in his pocket, and an itch for scribbling, settles down to spend a summer in Hong Kong, comes home and writes a book upon China, whereas he knows as little about that vast empire, as one could know of the Crystal Palace were he admitted into one only of its compartments. These two elaborate articles are succeeded by three short ones, of a light and fanciful cast, entitled "*Battle of the Styles*," "*Genius and Liberty*," "*Youth and Summer*." From "*Genius and Liberty*," in which Mr Patterson endeavours to illustrate what might by some be deemed a fanciful paradox, but what can nevertheless claim the high authority of Tacitus,* viz., that liberty in a nation, the spirit of nationality—is essential to the development of genius; that genius never springs up but when there exists pride of country and the self-respect of the freeman, and that when existing, it never surmises their extinction,—we quote the following graphic picture of that divine excellence in art which has immortalized the country of Homer and Phidias:—

"Serene beneath a cloudless heaven, golden in the light of a mellow sunset, we behold Athens, radiant with temples and statues, smiling from the summit of her acropolis upon the glittering waters of the Bay of Salamis, and lifting into her calm bright skies a thousand shapes of dazzling marble. On that temple-crowned summit, within the noble walls of the Pantheon, Aspasia, and the great and high of Athens, are gazing in admiration on the matchless statue of Minerva, just placed on its pedestal; while hard by stand Phidias and Ictinus, surveying calmly, thoughtfully, their newly completed master-piece, the Temple of the Virgins, the world-renowned Parthenon. It is the golden age of Sculpture and Architecture. Yonder the lively impressible Athenians are pouring at mid-day from the open portals of the theatre, with heart and soul still vibrating to the wonderful tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*—the earliest which the world ever saw, and still unclipped in their stern colossal grandeur. As the crowd spread themselves over the public square, they are arrested by the ever welcome sight of a master-piece of *Xeuxis*. A picture of a boy with grapes is suspended there for public criticism. So admirable is the limner's skill,—so runs the legend—that the passing bird stoops to pick at the glowing fruit. But beside it hangs a rival effort of painting, and the citizens must decide to which the prize of merit is to be awarded. The crowd gaze curiously upon a drapery which seems to hide it from view. They wonder what loom could produce so soft a texture: colours of such glowing harmony. 'Withdraw now your curtain,' exclaims *Xeuxis*, proud of the tribute which the wanderers of the air have rendered to his genius, and no longer able to control his

* Speaking of the decadence of Roman eloquence, this great writer observes, "*Genius expired with public liberty.*"

curiosity. Parrhasius his rival, smiles triumphantly;—'Xeuxis deceives birds; I deceive Xeuxis!' 'That drapery was the picture.' 'It is the hey-day of painting. A crowd in the agora!' The varying robes bespeak the mingling of noble and artisan alike, and that assembly is awaying to and fro with tempestuous impulses—shouting for the supremacy of Athens, demanding the gauntlet of mortal combat to be flung in the teeth of all Greece, and longing as with the fiery vehemence of youth, to add the sword of Mars to the olive bough of presiding Athene. But lo, how that surging crowd is stilling! mark, how the clang of voices subsides! Pericles is mounting the rostrum. Beautiful in form, fiery and comprehensive in intellect,—ever self-possessed, as if the calm of the passionless gods were in his breast,—supreme in wielding the hearts of men to all lofty purposes, in that hour of a people's frenzy

'He called across the tumult,
And it fell!'

His audience said it thundered and lightened, as they listened to that rolling, flashing eloquence. It is the triumph of oratory.

"But the genius of Greece is rising in beauty everywhere on land and sea,—the blue *Ægean*, gemmed with the 'sparkling Cyclades' bearing, like floating flower-baskets, the Isles of Greece on its calm surface. On the lovely bay-indented shores of *Ionian*, where the vines are trailing in festoons from tree to tree, lighting the emerald woods with their purple clusters, sits merry *Anacreon*, singing of love and wine in undying strains. Light-hearted old man sing on! until, in luckless hour, the choking grape-stone end at once thy lays, thy loves, and thy life! The lofty strains of *Alcæus* and *Simonides*, make the *Ægean* shores to re-echo their undying hatred of tyrannic power, while on her *Lesbian Isle*, hapless *Sappho*, weary of a fame that cannot bring her love, leaps from the cliffs of *Lecus* into the sea, but lives for ever in her country's memory as the tenth muse."

The next Essay, entitled, "Records of the past: *Nineveh* and *Babylon*," contains the finest writing of any, and shows the adaptation of Mr Patterson's pen for historical composition. We are sorry we cannot quote the splendid description given in succession of the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Egyptian, the Persian, the Greek, and Roman, and that we have only room for the following regarding the Assyrian:—

"It was as a conquering and luxurious race that the Assyrians flashed forth over the old world of Asia. They had watered their steeds in the distant Indus; they had carried their arms to the Nile; they had planted colonies on the shores of the *Ægean*. They were the proud lords of Western Asia, levelling cities, firing tower and temple, and carrying away peoples as it pleased them. Hardy in the camp, they were luxurious at home. Heroism and effeminacy by turns claimed them. Commerce as well as warlike booty, enriched the state and brought all that a corrupt magnificence could desire within reach of the nobles. It is a vision of haughty voluptuous grandeur that gleams upon us, through the mists of time from the palaces of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*. It is a sound of revelry that breaks upon us from that long buried past. We see the hanging gardens, and stately palaces—and the lofty massive walls, behind whose impregnable circuit the inhabitants could 'eat, drink and be merry,' though the mightiest of hosts were encamped without. And within there was feasting—banquets which endured for months, with nobles and merchant princes seated in gardens, or in gorgeous halls, clothed in purple and fine linen,—with overflowing wine drunk immoderately out of golden cups, and female forms dancing before them in light attire, even high bred damsels, to whom revelry was dearer than modesty. While

in the country around, many a captive beside the Hebrews pined on the banks of the Chebar, or hung their harps on the willows by the waters of Babylon,—sighing in the anguish of their hearts, 'How long O Lord! how long!' But the day of reckoning came at last. They who had triumphed by the sword, perished by the sword. A race prouder and more potent even than themselves were at hand, and the Mede and the Persian swept down from their hills to work the divine will upon the luxurious corruptions of Chaldaea. Tower and wall, palace and temple, went down before them. First the northern capital, then the southern perished, and the cry of the Hebrew prophet was realised, 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of her god he hath broken unto the ground.' "

"India: its Castes and Creeds," though very long and unavoidably dry, is nevertheless a most valuable essay, inasmuch as the information which it gives cannot be obtained elsewhere. To the missionary in India or the candidate for the civil service, we would especially recommend it as well worthy of careful study. The sketch entitled, "Christopher North—In Memoriam," which concludes the volume, and which originally appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, though not entitled perhaps to rank in literary merit with Carlyle's Essay on Burns, or Jeffrey's and Thackeray's on Swift, is nevertheless much superior to the one upon the same subject, which appeared in *Maga* from the pen of Warren. The best critical dissertation upon the life and writings of Wilson which we have read, is one from the pen of Mr Cupples, and published in Edinburgh, but in a form and style that has been greatly instrumental in preventing its circulation, somewhat resembling a Parliamentary blue book, or rather one of these ponderous white scrolls, which in the merry month of May we sometimes see in Edinburgh, in the hands of some young country parson, in the full flush of his first return to the General Assembly as a member. We think it a pity that Professor Ferrier, in editing Wilson's Works, did not reprint it as a prefix. We are glad, however, to think that a life of the Professor, will soon be issued from the press by one of his daughters. Let us hope that every care will be bestowed upon its preparation, and that it will present us with a full and life-like portraiture of that one of Scotland's modern worthies, whom, next to Chalmers and Hamilton, she delights most to honour. If so, the *Athenæum*, that spit-fire of the English Press, and the great Saturday reviler, may seek to run it down, as they take a malicious delight in damning every thing Scotch, but from the hands of the impartial critic, it will receive a cordial welcome.

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.

WARDLAW'S LECTURES ON THE PROVERBS.*

WE had lately the pleasure of reviewing Dr. Wardlaw's *Lectures on the Romans*, so far as then published, when we expressed our commendation of the excellence of that work, as a most valuable contribution

* Lectures on the Book of Proverbs. By the Rev. R. Wardlaw, D.D. Fullarton & Co. 1862.

to the treasury of expository truth. We have now the same favourable opinion to pass on the volumes before us by the same author. There is here as before a clear and comprehensive exposition of doctrine, an uncompromising enforcement of precept, and a strong practical application of the whole for the right discharge of the duties and sustainment of the burdens of life. This latter characteristic is the most prominent feature in the author's expositions. He is eminently practical, and the present work, from its very nature, admits more of this kind of treatment than the other. How affectionate and fatherly are his counsels to the young man leaving the parental roof for the first time, and entering into the arena of the commercial city with its seductions on the right hand and on the left! How severely, yea to the very bone, does he scarify the canting hypocrite and the wily seducer! And how refreshingly does he open up the fountains of heavenly wisdom, and encourage the timid footsteps of guileless innocence attempting to walk in the way of life.

Among the most recent writers on the Book of Proverbs may be mentioned Bridges and Arnot, as occupying prominent places in the field of biblical exposition, each having excellencies of his own kind, and both ably sustaining the high name they have obtained, but it is no disparagement to either of these writers to say that the Lectures before us differ very considerably in their treatment from the others, and present characteristic attractions peculiar to themselves.

Teaching by proverbs was not peculiar to the Jews, but was common to other oriental nations—and while the two characteristics of all proverbs are brevity and elegance, those of the Bible have this additional feature, this higher excellence, that they are not the "mere recorded results of human wisdom, but the true sayings of God." Dr Wardlaw repudiates the idea that Solomon was the author of the proverbs attributed to him, only in the sense of being a collector of sayings in common use. Such a position would not be at all in harmony with the high character for wisdom which is ascribed to him, and, besides, "there are many, very many of the sententious maxims of the Book, that could not by possibility be proverbs in the currency of other oriental nations. They are such as could be found nowhere but among a people possessing the knowledge of the true God." The number of Solomon's proverbs was three thousand, which Josephus, writing in eastern hyperbole, has magnified into three thousand *books* of proverbs,—and it is worthy of remark, as showing that the Scriptures were designed to teach us not philosophy but religion, not science but salvation, that though his knowledge was of the most varied and extensive kind, though "he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes," yet he has left us no botanical information, or speculations on natural history, but, guided by the great wisdom with which he was endowed, he has left us instruction which it was essentially necessary for us to know, directions for walking in the path of holiness, the way to heaven. What an important lesson for all to learn! If we

desire science and philosophy let us go somewhere else to obtain the knowledge, and keep the Bible sacred, alone to teach us saving truth. Let us not wrest its all-important declarations into accordance with some new-fangled nostrum of philosophy falsely so called; and when they will not mould to our will and support our theory, turn round and attack them with all the vituperation we can muster and all the malignity we can conceive.

The Book of Proverbs appears to have been written about the same time as the Book of Ecclesiastes, which has been characteristically designated Solomon's Repentance—when, after having run the circle of the vices, he bethought himself like the prodigal in the parable, and returned to the Lord, declaring that he had found all to be “vanity and vexation of spirit.” Both of these books are written in the same tone of affectionate and earnest exhortation to youth to guard against the rocks on which he had dashed, to shun those sins which are most seductive in the early period of life, and which they will afterwards find are productive only of bitterness and sorrow. “His warnings are those of a man who had drank deeply of the cup, against whose intoxicating qualities and bitter and deadly effects he lifts his monitory voice,—the voice of faithful and earnest disuasion,” and in the illustration and enforcement of these warnings, the great and gifted author has an able coadjutor in Dr Wardlaw, as is everywhere evident in the volumes before us.

We have already said that these lectures are eminently practical. They deal with all the duties, and necessities, and obligations of every-day life. They direct in the management of business, in intercourse with the world, and in the private responsibilities of household and home. The author's observations on the verse, “Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands,”—are full of strong emphatic sense, and we readily quote a portion of them in the hope that in these pages they may catch some wandering eye which may not have an opportunity of perusing them in the volume. Female wisdom and female folly are here contrasted in that sphere in which they appear most conspicuous, namely in the management of the household. By “building the house,” we are to understand the “raising of the family,” and by “plucking it down” the “depressing of the family.” He corroborates the truth of the saying that “a fortune *in* a wife is better than a fortune *with* her,” and illustrates this by the conduct of many, who, bringing the fortune only *with* them, bring also their families from affluence and comfort to wretchedness and beggary—whereas those having it *in* them, “bring forward a family even from a condition of inferiority to respectability, independence, and honour, and of retrieving its affairs, which by previous *mismanagement* has been brought low.” While the husband and the wife must mutually co-operate for the welfare of the family, being one in principle and in aim, yet a very great deal, even the most, depends upon the economical, prudent, and thrifty management of the wife, and it is therefore to her especially the proverb refers. Let us hear then what Dr Wardlaw says upon the subject:—

"Let wives remember, that all the industry and toil of their husbands will be vain, unless, on their part it is seconded by management and economy. It is wonderful, in the families of the workman and the peasant, to see the difference of appearance and real substantial comfort, on the same means, between one where the wife is cleanly, active, orderly, thrifty, and cheerful, and another where she happens, unfortunately for her husband and her children, to be an idle, dirty, disorderly, peevish slattern. The latter character should never be seen, nor any approach to it, in 'women professing godliness.' Christian wives, emulate one another; and emulate those 'godly women' who are commended in Scripture, in sedulous attention to the tempers and duties that become you in your domestic relations. Let the family, next to the soul, be the first care. And beware of allowing even a professed concern for the interests of the soul unduly to interfere with, and jostle out of place, any of your incumbent domestic duties. Everything is beautiful in its place and time. I have no idea of that religion which allows a woman, under pretext of enjoying spiritual privileges, and making the most of time and means for the soul, to gad about, visiting, and calling, and talking, and hearing sermons, and attending committees, when her presence and active superintendence are wanted at home, and imperative domestic claims and duties are neglected. Wives must make their families their first care; and if, by regularity and diligence in the discharge of their respective trusts at home, they can redeem time for the more private or more public calls of general benevolence, or for hearing a sermon, or attending a meeting, or enjoying the benefit of a little Christian society, it is well. When the two are thus made compatible, 'her own works will praise her in the gates.' But if, by attending to other calls, her husband is left comfortless, and the food, and clothing, and education, of her children are neglected,—she may be 'building' elsewhere, but not where she should be; she is the 'foolish' woman whose hands 'pull down' her own house,—and who is, in the world, a discredit to the religion she professes, and in the Church a stumbling-block to fellow professors."

Pretty plain writing this, as also very practical—and though it contains nothing out of taste, or injudiciously applied, yet the author must have had a stout heart and a firm countenance when it was spoken from the pulpit, aware that there were doubtless some present, of whose character this was only too accurate a delineation. Still we think it questionable whether this kind of preaching, even when opportunity offers, and is in the best hands, is after all productive of much practical good. Such minute portraiture in the pulpit when reprobative, seldom tends to any beneficial effect, however sincere the intention and earnest the eloquence with which it is put forth. We fear that those who lay themselves open to the scourge which is here so unsparingly yet deservedly applied, are not likely to be driven so conspicuously to reformation of life. It was a saying of Sydney Smith that men would not be kicked and cuffed into Christianity, and we very much doubt if the gentle portion of creation would tacitly submit to the coercion without recalcitrating in their turn. The private conference—the hint dropped as it were at random—is more likely to gain the end in view than such pointed and public castigation. Sometimes too, the bow drawn at a venture does greater execution than the directest aim, and we doubt not that this very passage now read in secret, while its author is mouldering in the dust, will have a

wider and a stronger influence than when it was delivered from the living lips, even among those who originally heard it.

We have alluded to the affectionate and earnest disuasion with which Dr Wardlaw warns the young against the seductions of sin, and we give an example of this. What can be more judicious than the following :—

“Half-measures will not do. There must be no tampering with temptation—no compromise—no practical adoption of the practices of sinners, in the hope, or with the resolution, of stopping and retracing your steps when you have advanced a certain length. Would you swallow poison by degrees to try how much your constitution would bear,—how far you could go without actual suicide? No. You must not only *not comply*,—you must not *listen*. He who has listened, has half complied; and he who makes one step in compliance, wretchedly deludes himself, if he imagines he can recede at pleasure, or can tell confidently how far he is to go. O do not think of trying your own strength of principle and power of self-command. Rather, let the *first* exertion be to resist the *first* solicitations to evil; or if with these you have unhappily complied, to arrest your progress at the present point. To try your own strength is presumption; and God helps not the presumptuous. He ‘giveth grace unto the lowly.’ There is a natural and fearful progress in sin. Success in it is a curse; for it is an encouragement to go on. In the course of advancement the inclination onward gains strength, while the power of receding declines. Beware then, I pray you, of *first steps*. Smile not in self-confident scorn at the well-meant but needless warning. Many have scorned it before you, whose scorn has been turned into the bitterness of unavailing regret, when miserable experience has forced upon them the lesson of their folly. Deem nothing impossible for you that it is within the reach of human power to do in the form of evil, if you have once given way to the violation of principle. You may not only go lengths that will ruin yourselves, you may contribute to the shame and ruin of the companions and victims of your vices; you may ruin families and fortunes; you may break honest and sensitive hearts; you may bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb—the grey hairs of your own loving but disappointed and grief-stricken parents, or of the fathers and mothers of your associates in evil.”

There are certain portions of the book of Proverbs which do not admit of minute illustration from the pulpit, and these Dr Wardlaw has very judiciously treated in general terms, or passed over altogether. He meets the infidel's objection against the divine inspiration of the Bible, from its containing passages descriptive of the licentious depravity of the sinner's heart, by showing its thorough condemnation of all impurity, and the extreme danger of all sin, and that these passages which are adduced in support of the calumnious charge are “of a complexion totally different from that of voluptuous writing, with its sly inuendoes, its covert insinuations, its artfully studied refinements, its enticing and passion-stirring scenes.” And then again if the Bible is of such a character as is represented by the infidel, it must be in accordance with his own desires and inclinations, and consequently one must expect to find it his constant companion. But is it so? On the contrary, is it not the book above all books which he avoids, and hates, and condemns. And why? Because it testifies

against him, denounces his conduct, and consigns him to eternal perdition. "Were it not pure, the impure would like it. Were it not the uncompromising enemy of sin, it would not find an enemy as it does, in the sinner." Dr Wardlaw is justly very severe in his reprobation of the lenient manner in which the crime of seduction is treated by the laws of our country, which, as he says, is a disgrace to our jurisprudence:—

"The thief may be tried, convicted, imprisoned, transported; and till the recent happy improvements in our sanguinary criminal code, I might have said *executed*. And what is done to the wretch who has torn the hearts, ruined the reputation, and annihilated the peace, and comfort, and joy, of individuals and of families, in a way where to talk of reparation is only to add insult to injury! The wretch escapes with a pecuniary mulct under the execrable designation of *damages*! Can there anything be imagined more base and sordid?—anything more fitted to hold out temptations to worthless husbands to set a price on female honour; to encourage the wealthy profligate; and—by converting a crime of the most atrocious moral turpitude into a mere civil offence, for which compensation may be made in a certain amount of pounds, shillings, and pence—to pervert all the moral feelings of the community? Such a mode of viewing and treating the crime has, beyond question, contributed to diminish its turpitude, to augment its melancholy frequency among the higher classes of society, and in a great degree to obliterate its infamy: so that cases of this nature come to be read and spoken of, not with the feelings of indignant and unutterable loathing, as they ever ought to be, but with the coolness of commercial calculation, and the enquiry, What damages?—what laid, and what granted? It is disgusting and sickening to think of it!"

What is said of wisdom in the 8th chapter, has been usually interpreted as referring to Christ, and a particular part of that chapter has been adopted as proof of his pre-existence and eternity. Thus it is said, "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men. . . . The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth," &c. Dr Wardlaw dissents from this opinion. While he says he venerates the piety that seeks to find Christ everywhere, yet he holds to the principle that we should not be satisfied with any view of the word of God but that which there is good reason to believe the Spirit intended to express. The gist of Dr Wardlaw's arguments against the usual interpretation is, that as the passage is never so explained as of Christ in the New Testament, there is no necessity that it should be so explained now. Wisdom is all along spoken of as a *female* personage, and the Scriptures nowhere else make such a figurative representation of Christ, and the application therefore is exceedingly unnatural. That wisdom here is not intended for a personal designation, appears from the fact of its being associated with other terms of corresponding import, which would never have been the case had it been designed to apply to Christ. The whole is to be regarded

as a striking personification of the attribute of wisdom as subsisting in Deity, from its being associated with prudence as in the 13th verse, "I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions,"—and though many things in this chapter are strikingly applicable to the Messiah, yet this is not to be wondered at, and is no more than was to be expected or anticipated, as what is true of a divine attribute is susceptible of application to a divine person. Such is an outline of Dr Wardlaw's objections to the usual interpretation of the term, and he rightly remarks that "in settling the question, we must be determined by such considerations as have been mentioned, and by the general scope of the passage and style of the Book." This every candid interpreter must allow.

It is very desirable to have the opinion of such a man as Dr Wardlaw on subjects whose right observance and consideration conduce to the happiness of domestic life, the proper developement of the social affections, and the comfort of society at large. Here is an extract bearing upon one of these, in which there is a deserved denunciation of one of the greatest nuisances and scourges with which civilization has been afflicted. The author is speaking of the vital importance of home education to the rising youth, and the curse of Socialism immediately rises to his mind:—

"The education of the young, the early training of the rising hopes of society and of the Church, must begin at *home*, in the bosom of the family, under the parental roof and the parental eye, and the parental care and culture. In saying so, I cannot withhold my anathema from a system, which, if it has gained any ground at all, has gained all that more than enough;—a system which, under the specious and fascinating name of **SOCIALISM**, and holding out promises at which men are ever prone to catch, without giving mature thought, if any at all, to the means of their fulfilment, avows principles subversive of the first, most hallowed, most blessed, and most useful of all social ties;—a system which, independently of its atheistical dreariness and impiety, ought to be scouted and scowled out of existence by every man of virtue, and every woman of chastity, by every friend to the blessings and benefits of domestic life, and every lover of social order;—a system which, with an imbecility of argument that is only equalled by its unblushing effrontery, ventures, in the middle of the nineteenth century, amidst the advance of all descriptions of knowledge, to propose, as the sovereign panacea for all the disorder, crime, and misery of human life, a compound of which the worthily associated ingredients are—*no God, no marriage, and no property—universal atheism, universal prostitution, and the universal overthrow of the incentives to personal and domestic industry*; with the introduction of all the encouragements to idleness and plunder, by a state of things which, were it possible to bring it into being for an hour, could not beyond that hour be continued! My present plea is for **DOMESTIC LIFE**;—for all the sweets of connubial intercourse, and all the 'charities of father, son, and brother,' which such a system would, at one fell sweep of its loathsome principles annihilate. We must take things on a large scale. It will not do to argue from exceptions. If it must be called benevolence that does so, it is the benevolence of a diatempored brain. Every rightly thinking man will admit, as the result of all reason and of all experience, that if the sacred distinctions of *domestic society* were

once destroyed, the order and the benefits of *all* society would quickly perish with them."

The subject of abstinence from intoxicating drinks is one which has received various treatment at the hands of its advocates. Some have approached it with mere declamation alone, finding themselves unable to penetrate beneath the surface; and others again have taken it up with every argument, social, scriptural, and physiological, and have shown that it is the great panacea for all the ills of this sublunary scene, and for securing human happiness both here and hereafter. It is no exaggeration to say that in many instances it has received an attention, and been put on an eminence not second to the Bible itself. We have known cases where the mere fact of a man's being a teetotaler has gained him access to the Communion table, although it was well known that he never read his Bible, if he had one, went seldom to the church, and was a habitual profaner of God's name. We have heard of a candidate for the office of schoolmaster obtaining the situation, though unable to perform compound division in Gray, because he was known to have taken the pledge. The great abstinence fever seems to have periodical waxings and wanings, ever and anon passing over a community like some recurrent wave, and, having expended its fury, retiring till new strength has been re-collected. A perfect paroxysm of teetotalism passed over Glasgow, and indeed a great portion of the west and south of Scotland, when Dr Wardlaw felt it his duty not to remain silent, but to speak out to prevent the perversion of the truth. Some members of churches refused to take the communion except in one kind, namely, the bread, alleging that it was sinful to partake of wine. The streets of Glasgow were placarded in the most conspicuous letters accusing the British churches of being the "bulwarks of intemperance," because the clergy generally refused to adopt the new-fangled theory of reforming the world by Total Abstinence. Dr Wardlaw, roused by these malicious slanders, buckled on his armour, and resolved to enter the lists in the defence of truth. Never was warrior more powerful in mind, body, and spirit—never did warrior go forth more confident in the justness of his cause—and never warrior did greater execution. The frenzied Abstainers concentrated all their fury upon the fearless champion, "raving, reciting, and maddening round the land." Dr Wardlaw gave three lectures on *Temperance*, choosing as the ground-work of his discussion, Prov. xx. 1. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," and Prov. xxiii. 29-35. Never before had the whole matter been so thoroughly, logically, and philosophically investigated, and we think it is impossible to read these lectures as they are here given before us without being fully convinced that all the outcry which has been made on this subject, especially in its scriptural aspect, is a delusion and a snare. We are told that "these Lectures created considerable excitement at the time, especially among the advocates of the *Total Abstinence* cause, many of whom attended on the occasion. Notes were taken by some, and the Lectures printed and circulated in a very garbled form, accom-

panied by strictures more bitter than hurtful. The principles laid down on the question were those of mature thought, and possess equal interest and importance still." We cannot do more at present, however willing we are, than give a glance at a single feature in the discussion, which Dr Wardlaw has disposed of in a few clear and emphatic sentences. It has been somewhat triumphantly stated as incapable of refutation, that the wine made use of by the Saviour at the Last Supper was unfermented wine, the *natural juice* of the grape, because the evangelists in recording that solemnity, use the expression, "the fruit of the vine" and not *wine* as they would have done had that been used. In answer to this it may be said that if the literal meaning is to be regarded, then the fruit of the vine is the unexpressed grapes which neither side is willing to propose as the contents of the cup which the Saviour presented to his disciples as the blood of the New Testament shed for many. The literal meaning therefore cannot be adopted, and the expression must be held as an eastern figure for wine. Now the wine used on that occasion must have been one of three kinds—either it was *fresh must*, the juice newly pressed from grapes—or it was the *inspissated syrup of grape-juice* diluted with water—or it was the usual *fermented wine*. Now it could not be the first of these, as more than five months had passed since the last vintage of the preceding year, and fresh *must* could only be had in the vintage season, and not as many seem to imagine, at any moment. It could not be the second kind, because it cannot be called the natural juice of the grape, being an artificial manufacture. One other kind alone remains, which it must have been, namely, the usual fermented wine. Simple but effective refutation this. Let none for a moment think that Dr Wardlaw looks upon intemperance with a lenient eye. No! Let us hear his own words:—

"We are all of one mind as to the sinfulness and guilt of intemperance in itself:—we are all of one mind as to the vastness of the variety and amount of crime and misery to which this sin gives prolific and fatal birth;—the many streams of bitterness and pollution that flow from this foul and noxious spring;—we are all of one mind as to the extreme desirableness of having this enormous aggregate of crime and misery diminished, and as far as within the limits of possibility, removed. For an equally deep conviction and heartfelt sense of these things, we are all entitled to claim equal credit; and he who is disposed to question it in his neighbour, only shows that there is one virtue at least which his system has failed to teach him,—the precious virtue of *charity*. We contend, that it is possible to hold all such convictions, and cherish all such feelings, in the most perfect sincerity, without coming to the conclusion of its being a duty to have recourse to *total abstinence*. And the ground we take up in maintaining this is,—that although, in the word of God, the moral turpitude of the sin of intemperance is, in the very strongest terms, affirmed; although its sentence of condemnation is, in all its fearfulness, pronounced, and the denouncing admonitions of Heaven are everywhere pointed against it; although all the varieties of trespass and of woe to which it leads in time, and the 'worm that dieth not, and the fire that never shall be quenched,' in which its course must close, are fully known and estimated, in all their extent, by the God who has given us the Bible,—there is not, from the beginning to the end of

that Bible, any interdiction of the things themselves from the existence and abuse of which the evils arise,—any injunction whatever to *abstain* from them; but promises of them as benefits, and liberty to use them, provided the abuse of them were avoided.”

There is no one with a candid mind and an honest heart, but will say Amen to the charitable, christian, and scriptural sentiments which the above extract contains. We cordially recommend the careful perusal of these three lectures upon the Temperance question to those who are anxious to obtain a full knowledge of what the Bible teaches on the matter. They will find them replete with interesting and important information—information that in every instance may be readily and confidently received. Nothing can be juster than the sentiment of the judicious Medhurst expressed in the following terms:—“To set up a standard of morality which God has not set up, and to forbid that which God has not forbidden, is not the way to ensure the blessing of the Almighty, or the co-operation of his servants; and we shall best promote the interests of the temperance cause, by endeavouring to understand the Scripture argument on the subject, and by confining our requisitions and prohibitions within the limits of Bible morality.”

But we must reluctantly conclude. From the foregoing observations and extracts, our readers will be able to form some little idea of the characteristic excellencies of these valuable volumes. They will be highly prized by every one into whose hands they may fall as an admirable commentary upon a very interesting portion of the Sacred Record. They are replete with the soundest instruction brought home with singular forcibility and adaptation to the duties and exigencies of every-day life, and in laying them down we wish them a circulation as wide, and a success as eminent as their merits deserve.

J. NOEL PATON'S POEMS.*

For several months previous to the publication of this volume, there had been rumours of poems forthcoming, from the artist whose pictures of “Oberon and Titania,” “The Dead Lady,” “Home from the War,” “Hesperus,” and the “Pursuit of Pleasure,” had gained for him a large and enthusiastic circle of admirers. We had ourselves perused in MS. the tender “Idyll,” addressed to one of our most warmly-cherished painters, D. O. Hill, R.S.A., in whose company the poet had been travelling when the incident occurred that suggested the verses. We were prepared to expect the tokens of a refined taste, a patient mastery of the difficulties of versification, and an attention to the niceties of expression, with a choice of themes, varied indeed, but always in harmony with that love of the beautiful, and the pensive, which we

* Poems by a Painter. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1861. Pp. 159.

had found to be characteristic of Noel Paton in his pictorial efforts. These anticipations have not been disappointed.*

It need not be urged as an objection that there is little in this volume peculiarly illustrative of artist life: the ideas among which the author chose to dwell among when painting, have inspired his poems. Love of nature and of the old classic forms is visible throughout. He has much of the sensuousness which showed itself to excess in Keats. Combined with the plaintive cadences of Tennyson, singularly feminine in delicacy of feeling, we have occasionally some wilder bursts of melody that recal the fitful music of poor, ill-starred Edgar Allan Poe. But this Painter is not a plagiarist, such as are many of our popular versifiers; although on his ears have lingered some of the rhythmical tones of a few favourite authors, and he has yielded to the delight of singing the same themes which had inspired earlier poets. But he has generally woven his wreaths for himself, and not irreverently snatched them from other wearers. The title to his volume is perhaps the only thing to which he had not a legitimate claim; and that belonged to William Bell Scott, who in 1854, published his "Poems by a Painter,"—a work of far wider philosophic range, of far deeper poetic insight, and of more haunting witcheries of spiritual suggestiveness.† But there is a charm of elegance and delicate fancy in Noel Paton's poems, that fit them to please a larger number of readers. The burden of his thought is never greater than he can bear. He has no dark chasms of terrible significance, down which the eye glances momentarily in vain attempt to pierce the mystery of human life. He reveals sorrows, but they are only the sorrows of regret or disappointment, common to mankind, and they are spoken of with an ease of poetic diction, sufficiently indicative of the pain having scarcely amounted to anguish or agony. Aspirations after good and beautiful things are here shewn also; but they are chiefly the breathings of affection, such as a pure-minded and sensitive nature might yield utterance to, and believe to be the rapture of passion. Yet on the whole they are playful rather than impulsive, sometimes fantastic in their gloom;—his not being the storm of desire, but the dreams of a highly cultivated fancy. The poet is nowhere carried away by the divine ardour of imagination; he ventures on no daring flights into the highest heavens of song; but then, be it remembered, he makes none of those egregious failures which are so ruinous to fame. It is the world of Art into which he leads us, rather than of unrestrained nature. He shews us, in all his poems of early date, the luxuriance of adornment which is given to the fairest scenes by a mind stored with classical images. These are made known to be 'poems by a painter' by one circumstance especially; that it is the forms and groupings,—the combination of the colours, which have engaged his attention, more than any purely philosophic aim. He has a light hand for sweeping the lyre, not a powerful grasp on battle-axe or mallet. Therefore his "War Song" fails,—as do his Cassandra strains, such as "Circe."

* We are not at this time called on to speak of his paintings. In a former paper (*Macphail's* for October 1859) we dwelt on their manifold excellencies.

† Published by Smith, Elder, & Co. 1854.

Felicitous are his groupings, with loving attention granted to minute details, and never unaffecting to heart or ear of the listener are his truly musical Songs. The patient elaboration with which he has endeavoured to perfect his workmanship deserves full commendation. He is not one of those who insult the public by tossing carelessly before it, half in self-conceit and half in scorn, the crude imaginings of some idle hours. He is an artist,—a “Painter,” and not a mere sketcher.

Few poets have a truer ear than he has for all the varied harmonies of music. His songs are truly melodious. Take this one for instance, which sings itself and fixes its cadences on our memory:—

“SONG.

“With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
 She is coming, my beloved, o’er the sea!
 And I sit alone, and count the weary hours,
 Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
 And my heart will not be quiet,
 But, in a ‘purple riot,’
 Keeps ever madly beating
 At the thought of that sweet meeting,
 When she cometh with the summer o’er the sea;
 All the sweetness of the south
 On the roses of her mouth,
 All the fervour of its skies
 In her gentle northern eyes,
 As she cometh, my beloved, home to me!

“No more, o’ nights, the shivering north complains,
 But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
 No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,
 But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn;
 And at times a white cloud wingeth
 From the southland up, and bringeth
 A warm wind, odour-laden
 From the bowers of that fair Aden,
 Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea;
 And I turn my lips to meet
 Its kisses faint and sweet;
 For I know from hers they’ve brought
 The message, rapture-fraught:
 ‘I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee!’”

Or this tender little ballad, in which the world-weary heart of the poet yearns for the affection that a fair and innocent child can give. There is a plaintive sweetness in these stanzas that will win sympathy from many readers:—

“AGNELLINA.

“Come hither, little brown-eyed maid,
 And lean upon my breast,
 And lay thy soft young cheek to mine,
 That my spirit may have rest.

“For I am sick of woman’s love,
 So fickle, froward, wild,

And with strange yearning turn to thine,
Thou blameless little child !

" O, were it sooth the legend tells
Of that mysterious tree,
Which whoso tasteth straight returns
To blissful infancy,

" With pilgrim staff and sandal shoon
I'd search the wide world round,
Nor rest till, wheresoe'er it grew,
The magic fruit were found.

" Ah, hopeless dream ! Yet while I feel
Thy joyous bosom beat
Against my weary heart, and drink
Thy kisses calm and sweet,

" The fiery worm of memory sleeps,
My soul forgets her pain,
And in the smile of heaven I walk
With thee—a child again."

But to our mind still lovelier than either is this, entitled " Under the Western Star !" in reading which it is impossible to avoid a remembrance of Tennyson's exquisite Songs in the " Princess," or his nameless but widely-cherished lament,

" Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !"

What other, among modern minstrels, except Shelley, has sung so tenderly the vague and plaintive murmurings of a passionate heart, the sighings of impatient desire—the long wail of half-foreboding anguish—the intense thirsting of the eye and ear for the approach of a lover who is still delayed, with all the sights and sounds and odours of the time commingled into a bewilderment of beauty, too rapturous to be drawn into the soul without the glad relief of tears.

" UNDER THE WESTERN STAR.

" Under the western star,
Under the low gleams of the crescent moon,
I see his white sail gliding from afar,
In the warm wind of June.

" Blow, wind of summer, blow !
Nor linger in the gardens of the west :
Blow, blow ; thou bringest all too slow
The loved one to my breast.

" Too slow, my heart, too slow
For thy fond pulses, that tumultuous beat
As they would burst their bounds, and sea-ward flow
To clasp him ere we meet.

" Fades the sweet evening light
In purple splendours of the summer dark
But starlike in the glow of my delight
Glimmers his homeward bark.

"He comes! I hear his keel
Gride on the silver shingle of the shore;
Peace, foolish heart! nor all thy joy reveal
At meeting him once more!"

If there had been nothing in the volume except "Under the Western Star" and "Culloden" it would still have deserved a hearty welcome.

"CULLODEN.

"At last I stand upon thy fatal sod,
Drummossie Moor!—and if my eyes are wet,
'Tis not that here the star of Stuart set
To rise no more. The righteous hand of God
Was on the race, whom nor prosperity,
Nor sorrow's holier discipline, could school
To this first axiom of true royalty:
Who knows to serve, alone deserves to rule.
The world could not stand still, that they might play
The fool with empire; so they passed. My tears
Are not for them, but for the outnumbered Brave
Who bled beneath the hirelings' steel that day,
And now sleep, rank on rank, in this wide grave,
Swathed in the verdure of a hundred years."

In this sonnet, more than in any other page of the volume, we find a largeness of grasp, a majesty of tone: strength rooted in simplicity. In its stern rebuke, we recognise the moral of the lesson taught by that unhappy race of Stuart; around whom, as around the Atridæ of old, a melancholy and fatal interest lingers.

Of the descriptive power shewn by the Painter we furnish a specimen in his sonnet on the

"SUMMER WIND.

"Soul of blue summer! cool-winged Psyche! thou
Who, stealing through the roses, on my brow
Printest an odorous kiss, and thou art gone!
Would that unbodied I might fly with thee
Where'er thou fliest. Then what ecstasy
Were mine, in forests wandering, green and lone;
By woodland tarn; by willowy, winding stream,
Where lotus-buds lie, tranced in shadowy dream,
On their smooth fronds, the long voluptuous day;
Or haply, where at eve the hoary sea
Swims with broad bosom up some quiet bay,
Under the haunted crags of Sicily,
What time the white-limbed Nereids, hand in hand,
Dance to the Cyclops' piping o'er the dimpled sand!"

And also this, possessing much of the tearful earnestness of Thomas Hood's "Ode to the Moon." It is a part of a fragment entitled

"MOONLIGHT.

... "And watch the quiet coming of the moon.
And lo! she comes,
Enchantress queen of shadows, of pale dreams,

Of passionate yearnings—madness and despair ;
 Yet, see ! how tranquilly she smiles, adown
 The roseate summer dark ; her silvery veil
 Uplifting,—like the heaven-descended one
 Who stood revealed in virgin majesty
 To care-worn Dante by the mystic bourn,
 What time the quires angelic chanted ‘ Come,
 My Bride, from Lebanon,’ and angelic hands
 Rained lilies gathered at the feet of God !

“ How beautiful, how beautiful thou art !
 O pilgrim orb !—with fond imploring face
 Turned ever as thou journeyest, Clytie-like,
 Towards the golden shrine thou ne’er canst win :
 Bright with the light of everlasting love,
 Wan with the shadow of eternal woe !”

We are tempted to extract, also, an eminently poetic and pictorial fragment, “*In the Forest*,” and we yield to the temptation, although we have many other poems to lay before the reader. This may allure him to instal the “*Painter*,” among his favourite poets. It has evidently been written when sweet fancies, such as Spenser and Keats delighted in, were thronging the memory and inviting a luxurious repose.

“*IN THE FOREST.*

FRAGMENT.

“ Deep in the cedarn forest stands her bower,
 Where emerald glooms and golden lights for ever.
 Weave a gay morris-dance o’er grass and flower—
 As o’er the ripples of a wavy river,
 The arrowy sun-stars whirl and shoot and shiver ;
 Where the young Dryad, Odour, panting flees
 Through glade and grove the long midsummer day,
 Her music-pinioned paramour, the Breeze,
 Till, faint with lovesome play,
 They sink asleep, together lapt and folden,
 Amid the sleeping lilies of a brook,
 Or couched on mosses, purple, green, and golden,
 In some unfooted nook ;
 Where sits the nightingale on hawthorn spray,
 Witching the dark with lovelorn roundelay,
 That echoes far the bosky vistas through,
 With sweet reverberations ever new ;
 Where floats the white moth, from her tremulous wings
 Thrilling pale radiance, and the small gnat sings
 A drowsy requiem, ere he sinks to die
 Under the harebell’s drooping canopy ;
 Where in his blazoned mail, the beetle glides,
 Thrums the gaunt grasshopper his brazen sides,
 Through the lush grass the elfin glow-worm gleams,
 And aye unseen the shrewmouse flits and screams ;
 While like some bandit o’er his garnered heap,
 Hidden in mossy cavern, warm and deep,
 The weary wood-bee hums himself asleep,
 And overhead, throughout the silent night,
 The mouldering beech-root looms with weird phosphoric light.”

It tells of many quiet hours of solitude among the trees, with busy brush and loving watchfulness, touch by touch adding fresh grace to those exquisite studies of moss, and grass, and foliage, which we see in Noel Paton's paintings of "Hesperus" and "The Bloody Tryst." In earlier days the woodland scenes appear to have been closely associated in his musings with the graceful mythology of the Greeks; still earlier with the frolics of the Fairies, among whom many lovely images were seen in contact with elvish sprites and hideous goblins. But later than these has come the fascination of Romance, weaving its own tale of sorrow between the trees, and of dark rills of blood soddening the roots of flowers, and winding down to pollute the forest streamlet with its momentary record of guilt and suffering. Nature he has learnt to understand—that strange unearthly stillness of her fairest scenes, the beauty which remains unsympathising with man's stormy passion, and calmly awaiting the better hour of his remorse and humility, to gain from him a confession of his error in having deemed the brightness and the joy an insult, instead of a rebuke or consolation. So year by year, and in picture after picture, we have found fresh tokens of this Painter's love for all the riches of the woodlands; have seen him ever drawing nearer to the secret beauty that is lapped in moss or throned on rifted rock, hymned by the light voice of the brook beneath, and the innumerable chirps, and hums, and twitterings of birds and insects, and over-canopied by that blue vault through which light flakes of cloud are floating dreamily.

The high austere and tragic spirit of the Greeks never truly bound him captive, or, at least, it has never raised him into freedom. It is the pastoral illusions of Theocritus, not the grandeur of Clytemnestra and Oedipus, or the martial fire of The Seven, and the Homeric heroes, that enchanted him with the thoughts of Hellas. Rather, indeed, we may affirm that it was Roman transcripts of the Idylls and mythology to which he had unwittingly paid reverence. We see one token of this in his paraphrastic translation of Virgil's 'Song of Silenus,'—the sixth Eclogue. Widely different is the depth and passionate truth (though often seeming cold and rude) of the Hellenistic poems of Walter Savage Landor,* from the modern classicism of the "Endymion" type. A few of the small poems in this volume, "Narcissus," or the "Hymn to Aphrodite," with the Emersonianism of "Circe," cannot be regarded as true offsprings of the Greek imagination. But there is beauty of colouring and statuesque repose in some of the re-embodiments of Ariadne which we find here. Witness this,

FROM "ARIADNE :
Four Sketches from the Antique."

III.

"Still as a stone, and pallid as a flower
Left by sharp Eurus from Aurora's bower,
Under a marble cliff that guards the bay,
Her dark locks heavy with the midnight spray,
Alone the love-lorn Ariadne lay.

* *Vide Macphail's* for May 1860.

She sleeps!—but still her burning cheeks are wet,
For in her dreams she moans her Theseus yet;
Nor hears the blue-eyed daughters of the main
Weave their wild songs to soothe her deadly pain.

IV.

"Who in his purple chariot, panther-drawn,
Bursts through the revel, glorious as the dawn—
His dancing hair with tender vine-leaves crowned,
His rosy feet with golden sandals bound?
Athwart his ivory shoulders, backwards blown
By his own speed, a pard's light spoils are thrown;
In his soft hand the wreathed thyrsus gleams,
And from his dark, bold eye the godhood beams!
Io! evoè! ho!—'Tis he! 'tis he!
Bacchus, the white-armed son of Semele!

"Wake, Ariadne! On the billowy strand
He bends above thee, and with gentlest hand
Smooths thy dank hair and breathes o'er cheek and brow,
As breathes the spring o'er winter's waste of snow;
Breathes until once again the roses bud and blow!

"Wake, Ariadne! Night hath past away
With all thy sorrow. See! the joyous Day
Comes dancing o'er the eastern foam. Arise,
And shame him with the glory of thine eyes;
They were not made for tears, nor this white breast for sighs!

Wake, Ariadne! by thy slumbering side
Lyssus kneels, and woos thee for his bride;
With him to roam from sunny shore to shore,
A proud and peerless queen the wide world o'er:
Wake, Ariadne, wake!—be loved! and weep no more!"

Finely sustained, also melodious and full of pictures of all sylvan loveliness, is the poem called "*Syrinx*"—the longest and one of the most successful in the volume. Lightly, airily, he has told in separate verses the story of Pan pursuing the nymph, "down Ladon's leafy valley," till she is saved by Artemis transforming her into sedge, and in "*Syrinx*" he continues the narrative, from the point where Pan has awakened to a sense of grief and remorse for the loss which his own impetuous ardour has occasioned. "*Syrinx*, be kind!" he cries—

"Where hid'st thou, Sweet? It cannot, shall not be,
These shivering reeds are all that lives for thee!"

(*FROM SYRINX.*)

"He ceased. There was a sighing in the air,
A flowery perfume breathing everywhere,
A stirring as of pinions, and the beat
On the hushed ether of aerial feet;
While from the region of the western star
Came, softly falling, music lovelier far
Than aught of earth: a weird, mysterious strain,
That o'er his aching heart and burning brain
Stole with cool ravishment, like summer rain
On the parched woodland, or the far-heard roar

Of coming waves along a thirsty shore.
 Then softer, sweeter, in his tingling ears
 There was a honeyed whispering; and great tears
 Burst forth benignant. Solemnly and slow
 He bowed his shaggy front, and his fierce woe
 Was lifted from him, as the music wound
 In widening gyres of interwoven sound
 Up through the thrilling darkness, till it died
 Among the stars; and, wave on wave, the tide
 Of silence closed once more around him, fraught
 With gentlest soothing, and some new, sweet thought
 That on his haggard face, like sunshine, wrought
 A radiant transformation. Silently
 He raised his hands to heaven, and with a sigh,
 Slow-bending down, took a keen-edged stone
 And tenderly the reed-stems, one by one,
 Severed in sequent lengths, and side by side
 Together placed, and with smooth rushes tied.
 Then, breathless, hearkening for the muffled sound
 Of the brown wood-bee, working underground,
 Deftly a honey-weighted comb he found,—
 Close by a willow root, where the white bosses
 Of mushrooms glimmered, many-tinted mosses
 Swelled softly, silver-fretted lichens clung,
 And whirring night-moths in dim crannies hung
 Screened by dark ivy,—and the wax did knead
 In his hot palms, and stopt with cunning speed
 Flute after flute. And so his task of love
 At last was ended!"—(P. 6.)

Very charming is this picture of the wood-god fashioning the reeds into a Pandean-pipe. There are few lines of this poem which do not prove the artist's tenderness and cultured taste. The approach of remorse in Pan is thus indicated:—

“ But by him unheard
 Or fall of cataract or wail of bird;
 By him the silver preface of the morn
 Unseen; far-wandering in a dream forlorn
 Of lost delights, of joys that might have been,
 Of wild regrets! For, evermore, between
 His vision and the dead reeds lying there
 Within his listless hands, there came the hair—
 The odorous, golden hair—the warm, soft hair
 He grasped so vainly in that cruel chase;
 And, evermore, that pale and piteous face
 Grew up before him, with its bright young eyes,
 Through drowning tears of terror and surprise,
 Turned back imploring; and its lips agape
 With that long shriek of anguish, when escape
 Grew hopeless.

“ ‘Twas but yester eve! The wood
 Rang to her ringing laughter, as she stood
 Half in the dancing sunshine, half in shade,
 Her locks down-showering from their huntress' braid;
 While round her feet the sylvan creatures played,

Lovely and fearless. Lovely and fearless she
As Dian's self! And now! ah, woe is me!
Arcadia knows her not. The mountain side
Is bare of beauty; valley and forest wide
Vacant of joy for ever! And I—even I
Who loved her—have destroyed her! I—even I,
Who would have cast my old divinity
Beneath her feet, to save one tiniest curl
On her white neck, one little, dewy pearl
Of her sweet mouth from wrong!

“Once more he bowed
His head above the reeds, and wept aloud.
Not now for baffled passion was his plain;
But wild remorse, contrition wild and vain
For her so sad undoing.—Though a trace
Of the old madness on his pallid face
Yet lingered, and within his desolate breast
Yet heaved the purple tide in sick unrest.
Then—even as one with secret guilt beguiled,
May touch the pure lips of a sinless child
Who loves him, all unmeeting of his shame*—
Softly he breathed the vanished Oread's name
Along the flutes. As in the caves of sleep
Lost voices call us fondly, till we weep
In that strange ecstasy where joy and woe,
Merged in one aimless ache, together flow
Down to the sea of rest, the Oread's low
Mellifluous wail of yearning tenderness
Made liquid answer to his lips' caress,
As from the shores of Lethe, or the bound
Of far Elysium.”

The poem has beauty of high order. It more resembles the best of Tennyson's Greek Idylls than any others we know, and well bears comparison with “Tithonus,” if not with “CEnone.” We must not omit the conclusion:—

“At the wondrous sound,
So faint with love, so tremulous with regret,
Once more his cheeks with quiet tears were wet,
And his fierce heart was chastened; for he knew
Her soul was in the reeds, and gently drew
The poison from his wound, until the pain
By sympathy transformed, through every vein
Pulsed with a tender sadness that now seemed
Sweeter than all the rapture he had dreamed.
A low wind rippling up the river came.
He raised his head. The sky was all a-flame
With rosy fire: young Eos was abroad
Upon the mountains! Cliff and corrie glowed,
Far westward, with the palpitating blaze
Of topaz isled in tenderest chrysoprase.
And down the mighty gorges to the east—

* Let the reader note how sweetly this idea has been worked out in the little poem entitled “Agnellina,” already extracted. Also may be recalled Moore's episode in “Paradise and the Peri,” of the sinful man whose heart is softened by witnessing the child praying.

Wine-dark or flusht with lucent amethyst—
 Sloped the broad shafts of Phoebus. While the mist,
 As from a thousand altars, upward curled
 From tarn and cataract, and ghost-like whirled
 And flitted round the pines, and died away
 In the sweet radiance of the new-born day.
 Still all the narrow vales lay dewy-dark ;
 And not a bird was stirring, save one lark
 That high o'erhead, the blinding light up-winged,
 Woke the clear echoes with enchanted singing :
 A joyous descant, beautiful and strange,
 For ever changing—sweeter every change !
 He rose. The joy and glory of the hour
 Were on his spirit. And the wondrous power,
 Unfelt till now, of Utterance—born of love
 And sorrow !—in his heart began to move.
 Breathing into the reeds impassioned breath,
 The conscious reeds made answer, and beneath
 His glowing lips and fingers glowed. That day
 There was a new song in Arcadia !
 A new song and a marvel !

“ From the spurs
 Of old Lycaios, muffled in dark firs,
 It seemed to moan. Now from the sunward height
 It warbled, tremulous with its own delight.
 Now from some mossy dingle, with the sound
 Of rushing water blent, it floated round
 In liquid wailing. Now, far up the hill,
 About the breezy crags, like laughter shrill
 It rang, reverberant. Wide-wondering eyes
 Stared from lone places with a bright surprise,
 And wept for very joy—if joy it were
 That thrilled the heart so strangely—as the air
 Throbbled with the music. Wonder sweet and new
 Fell on all woodland creatures, till they grew
 Gentle as by enchantment. In the blue
 The lark hung rapt in silence. Every noise
 Of wind or water, every living voice,
 Was softened, and an awful whisper ran
 Throughout the listening valleys : IT IS PAN ! ”

Five sonnets, with which the volumes closes, give partial record of a visit to Italy a year ago. They scarcely shew the enthusiasm that we might have expected, remembering what Italy is to a painter, both in her own beauty, and in the treasures of art contained. The lines connected with St Peter's are particularly distasteful to us ; they show a morbidness and scorn which could bring forth no wholesome fruit. They were surely written in an hour of extreme irritability and bad health. Nor is much to be said in favour of even the “ Confession ” of antagonism to Michael Angelo. He, we are told, “ says nothing to the soul ” of this one painter ; whose mind refuses to be subdued by the “ thor-hammer ” of Buonarroti. There is objection made to all his “ play of ponderous science with Titanic thew and spastic [?] tendon.”

And "*Majestic Raphael*" is likewise contemned; and, while acknowledged great, styled "*a Pagan*." The only one who is to be accepted, it appears—is *Fra Angelico* :—

"Heart, mind and soul, with reverent love, confess,
The Christian Painter ! sent to purify and bless."

We have reverent love for *Angelico*, whose purity, piety, and earnestness are attested by all his beautiful works in Italy. But we should be very unwilling to pay compliments to him by neglecting or disparaging the diverse styles of masters no less excellent in their own way. There is a warmer glow of artistic enthusiasm revealed in the sonnet to the *Apollo* of the Vatican. Not early, perhaps, could he who writes it quite sympathise with the more majestic repose of the *Iliussa*, the *Theseus*, and other glories of the *Parthenon*, or the serene beauty of that loveliest of statues, the *Venus* of the *Louvre*—the *Melos*. For the noblest homage to these we must return to *W. B. Scott*. But to the "*lord of the unerring bow*," *Noel Paton's* tribute is scarcely less laudatory than was that of *Byron* :—

"THE APOLLO OF THE VATICAN.

"God of the golden locks and beamy brow !
Embodied splendour ! *Phœbus-Apollo* ! Thou,
Time-born, but heir of immortality !
Still stand'st thou radiant—like a mighty star,
Darting supernal effluence afar
O'er the slow stream of change, that rolling by,
Hath swept from earth Religions, Peoples, Crowns—
Like vapour down into the silent sea
Of grey Oblivion—leaving uninjured Thee,
Its marble conqueror ! Still that proud lip frowns
In scornful triumph o'er thy prostrate foe,
The earth-spawned Python, Mutability !
Still from that stern, indomitable eye
The arrowy lightnings flash that laid the reptile low."

(*ROME* 1861.)

One more of these Italian sonnets we append, and we prefer it to
"*At Verona, St Peters*."

"AT FLORENCE.

"From *Bellosguardo* as the sun went down
I gazed on queenly Florence where she lay
Smiling among her olives, silvery grey ;
Like topaz gleamed her many towered crown ;
And like some golden river of the blest,
Swept Arno by her marble palaces,—
Through plains more fair than musing Fancy sees
In sunset heavens,—towards the golden west.
But not her loveliness, nor that which claims
A wider bondage from a subject world—
Her proud aureola of deathless names !
Made my heart glow :—I saw a flag unfurled
In the clear air : the Flag of Italy !
That told of Tyrants crushed and a Great People Free !"

1861.

There is also an indignant protest against the recent wanton injuries to Roslin Chapel, which deserves attention.

One poem that deals more directly with the personal feelings of the student, we quote almost entire. He has instituted the contrast between the sordid strife for wealth among the worldly, and the purer aspirations of the artist and the scholar. The stanzas have a sweetness and dignity, that commend them to all who know and love the writer:—

(FROM "THE STUDENT TO HIS WIFE.")

... "A truer, nobler wealth is ours:
Wealth in immortal books that lies;
In memories of exalting hours
Of converse with the good and wise;

"In wants and sympathies that draw
Our nature heavenward—as the flower,
Obedient to the eternal law,
Is sunward bent in shine and shower;

"In faith that turns the carking care—
The weakness, weariness, and pain
Of common life—to praise and prayer,
Till Eden blooms for us again!

"And scarcely should we start to see
An angel meet us in our walk,
Or hear celestial melody
Blend with our quiet evening talk.

"Such are the riches, gentle wife,
That showered upon us from on high,
Have shed a sweetness round our life,
Their barren millions could not buy;

"And still will shed—whate'er betide—
While unpolluted by the stain
Of worldly avarice or pride
The garments of our souls remain.

"Then let us strive to keep them pure,
And, hand in hand, with single heart—
Rich in God's love, and only poor
In what we scorn—so do our part,

"That Here the good may call us friend—
And, when the parting hour hath come,
The spirits of the blest may blend
From Heaven, to give us welcome Home!"

We have great pleasure in welcoming this volume of poems, and already prize them highly. They prove a refined taste and great proficiency in the faculty of verse. Many of them will secure a place in literature, and be always remembered with loving thoughts, scarcely less warmly than the paintings which have brought distinction on the name of Joseph Noel Paton.

ST JOHN'S COLL., Cambridge, 1862.

J. W. E.

THE BIBLE—ITS PRINTERS AND READERS.

THERE arise from time to time indications of a movement for obtaining a revised Edition of the authorized text of the Bible. We sympathize with those who, while admitting that the present text is not quite what it should be, yet object to the proposed revisal, at present, inasmuch as it would afford an occasion for endless sectarian disputes; and the result be greatly less satisfactory than the state of things complained of. There is, however, one simple change that might be made in the printing of the Bible, that would do infinitely more good than the proposed emendation of the text—which would compromise no doctrine and offend the prejudices of none; but be like the removing of a veil from the pages of the Sacred Volume, as well as from the eyes of its readers. What we mean, is to make this simple change—*print the Bible like other books.*

It has long been our conviction that the division of the Sacred text into verses, printed as separate sentences as at present, was a great mistake. A more effectual method could not have been devised for obscuring the sense, rendering the reading of it repulsive and uninteresting, and giving such a direction and character to Bible teaching, both in church and school, as to render it comparatively trifling and ineffectual. We said that such a change would offend the prejudices of none. We may be wrong, in that assertion. The very fact of the printing of the Bible remaining as it is, with the broad light of the middle of the nineteenth century shining on it, affords sufficient proof that the prejudice in its favour is very strong indeed, and that it would be mightily offended by the change proposed. Like many other important changes, the one we advocate is simple; and that it has not been made long before now, must be mainly due to the blinding power of habit, and the want of reflection, which it ever induces.

There appears to have been no divisions or breaks originally in the text of the Sacred Books, not even into words; so that each Book was in fact one continued word. Many ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts so written are still extant. Passing over various sorts of divisions of the Scriptures made by ancient Jews, and for various purposes, we come to the comparatively modern division into chapters. It has been attributed to several individuals, but the real author of it is said to have been Cardinal Hugo de Sancto Caro, who flourished about the middle of the 13th century, and wrote a celebrated commentary on the Scriptures. To serve the purposes of a concordance of the Scriptures which he had projected, he subdivided both Testaments into chapters, the same as those we still have, and these he subdivided into smaller sections, distinguishing them by the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, placed in the margin at equal distances from each other, according to the length of the chapters. The facility of reference afforded by this artifice

became known to a celebrated Jewish Teacher in the fifteenth century, called Rabbi Mordicai Nathan, who, instead of adopting the marginal letters of Hugo, marked every fifth verse with a Hebrew numeral, retaining however the cardinal's division into chapters. The introduction of verses into the Bible, was made by Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, in his edition of the Bible first printed in 1661. He marked every verse with the figures in common use except those previously marked by Nathan with Hebrew letters, in the way they still appear in Hebrew Bibles. By rejecting these Hebrew numerals and substituting for them the corresponding figures, all the copies of the Bible in other languages have since been marked. That was the Old Testament. The verses into which the New Testament is now divided are much more modern, and are in imitation of those already described. They were said to have been invented and introduced by Robert Stephens, an eminent printer, into his Edition of the New Testament, published in the year 1551. He made this division when on a journey from Lyons to Paris, and his son says he made it *inter equitandum*—riding on horseback, though Michaelis, who relates the story, says the phrase may rather mean, that when the learned printer was wearied of riding he amused himself with this work at his inn. In our opinion it was a work or amusement he had better let alone. It is said if the devil finds a man idle he soon sets him to work, and we cannot help being strongly impressed with the idea that the great enemy had a hand in suggesting such a form of pastime for Robert Stephens. The figures on the margin were in themselves a most useful invention as affording facility of reference; but the division into verses, each as a distinct paragraph, to which Stephens' travelling amusement led, and which was first exhibited in the Geneva English Bible printed about the year 1560, was quite a different thing, and has been the cause of a great amount of evil. Horne, from whose Introduction to the Scriptures we have drawn most of our information as to these matters, and to which work we refer the reader for additional information, thus remarks in reference to the divisions of the Scriptures. "As however these modern divisions and subdivisions are not always made with the strictest regard to the connection of parts, it is greatly to be wished that all future editions of the Scriptures should be printed after the judicious manner adopted by Mr Reeves, in which the numbers of the verses and chapters are thrown into the margin, and the metrical parts of Scripture are distinguished from the rest, by being printed in verses in the usual manner." With reference to this point we quote a passage from the preface to an edition of the Bible, published by the London Religious Tract Society, which deserves all praise for the re-attempts it has made and is still making to promote the object towards which this paper is a humble contribution. The preface says:—

"An attempt to free the English Bible from these disadvantages, was made about 40 years ago by John Reeves, Esq., one of the patentees of the office of King's Printers, who published some editions of the Bible, divided into paragraphs, with the numbers of the chapters, and verses, placed in

the margin, according to the original plan. These Bibles were highly approved, but were far too costly for general use; and though reprinted a few years since by the University of Oxford in a cheaper form, yet, not having been adopted by the societies, through which far the largest number of English Bibles are now circulated, the advantages of this form of division into paragraphs are not yet sufficiently known or duly appreciated. The attention of the Rev. Dr Coit, Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, N. America, was directed to this subject, and, in 1834 he printed an edition of the English Bible, divided into paragraphs, with the poetical portions in parallelisms. In the former he improved upon Reeves' divisions, and in the latter he had reference to the original, yet retaining the exact rendering of the authorized versions."

This Edition by Dr Coit is the one reprinted by the Religious Tract Society, to which we have alluded, and from the preface of which we have made this extract. It was printed about 13 years ago, or in 1845. The Society have issued this Bible in different forms. The one we have spoken of has only the text without note, comment, or reference—except the marginal readings of the authorized version; but a very handsome pocket edition, has references notes and preface to the books, maps, &c; and a most beautiful edition with all these was lately completed by the same Society. As we remarked before the Religious Tract Society deserves great credit for their persevering endeavour to promote the change which we are advocating.* No doubt it is easier for them, with the ample means now at their disposal, to print what appears still to be an unpopular form of the Bible,—while ordinary publishers, with their usual caution and prudence, as a matter of trade only print the Scriptures in the form which is most suitable. What a pity for example that the publishers in Edinburgh and Glasgow who have been of late publishing editions of the Bible in all sizes, had not seen the advantage it would have been to readers to print them in the paragraph forms; or if they did see it, have not had the courage to run the risk. What a pity that Bible Societies should not print the Bible in this form, and some Andrew Thomson arise to turn the tide of public opinion in its favour. Simple as the change appears, and most reasonable and proper as it seems to us at least, yet, so strong is prejudice and long established habit, that there is no saying how many years may yet pass ere the change be effected; for we do not doubt but that good sense will at length prevail, and people wonder at the absurdity to which their forefathers clung so long.

We have seen people after looking into a paragraph Bible, shut it with seeming disgust, saying, "I don't understand that Bible; I like it best the old way." Now think of that, and tell us candidly whether prejudice having gone thus far had any farther to go? They do not understand it in that way! Let them rather say they don't want to understand. For how can we better understand a book, than by having it printed in the way we have been taught to read, and have been accustomed to see all other books? If we had a book printed so as to read from right to left like the Hebrew, or say printed in

* See note at the end.

vertical lines, to be read from top to bottom or from bottom to top—would we understand it better in any of these ways? or would it not confuse and darken, and deprive us of our usual intelligence in reading books printed in the way we have been accustomed to see them? But if the Bible must be printed differently from other books, then any arbitrary plan, such as some of those we have mentioned, might answer the purpose as well as the present method. But then the questions still recur, Why have it different at all? What good purpose does it serve? Common sense answers to the first, that it cannot tell—sees no good reason for it and never heard any alleged. To the second query, replies that it knows of no good purpose served by it, but knows of many evil ones. This again throws us back to our former point, and to the question, Why then continue to print the Bible different from other books? To this there is no reasonable answer that we know of—and the case being so, the sensible conclusion just is, that it ought at once to be given up.

It was a mistake in our Translators and those entrusted with the publication of the present authorized version, to send it forth in this shape, because they had found the Geneva Bible so printed. But that is no reason for our continuing to perpetuate their blunder; and we are not aware that printing the Bible in paragraphs, has ever been held as in any degree a contravention of Royal authority in this matter. The whole then resolves itself into an instance of stubborn prejudice in favor of what has long existed. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say, that habit and prejudice have so blinded people, that they have never thought of the matter at all. The anomaly was in existence when they were born—they were brought up with it—they ceased to see, or rather never saw it as an anomaly, and so never had a single thought on the subject.

All this might be held as excusable, and might be allowed to pass unnoticed, if it could also be held as a matter of indifference, and were productive of no bad results. But if it be a matter, as we humbly think, materially affecting the proper reading, and understanding, and teaching of the Scriptures, then it is no matter of indifference; but one deserving of very serious consideration, and to which public attention should be turned. Archbishop Whately in one of his sermons published many years ago says:—

“Universally in your ordinary private reading of the Bible to yourselves and your families, I recommend you to disregard, or rather carefully avoid the divisions of the several books into those portions called *chapters*; and to prefer beginning and ending, if possible, at the beginning and end of some narrative or discourse; or at any rate, at some other place oftener than the beginning or end of a chapter. The divisions into chapters and verses, which were introduced merely for convenience of reference many hundred years after the Sacred Books were written, are by some persons ignorantly supposed to be like the chapters in modern books, the work of the authors themselves. And even those who do not fall into this mistake are yet led by their habit of attending to these divisions, unconsciously to separate in their minds passages which in sense are clearly connected, and thus to

break up as it were the Sacred Book into disjointed fragments, so as to obscure and often pervert the meaning of the writers."

Archbishop Whately has been accused of uttering oddities in his sermons, but we are persuaded he spoke sound sense in the passage we have just quoted. We only wonder that a man of such powerful mind and influence has not during the many years since this was written, gone farther and endeavoured to bring about the alteration for which we are now contending.

We shall now advert to some of the evils resulting from the present method of printing the Bible. In the first place we do not hesitate to make the broad general assertion, that no small portion of the theological and doctrinal disputes that have prevailed both among clergymen and laymen, have resulted from the circumstance of the Bible being printed as it is. We acknowledge that educated men with whom we have conversed on this subject tell us, that in reading the Bible they do not regard the divisions. Now, we might very fairly ask them, why they have such divisions since they must be disregarded when seeking the true sense of the Bible, and are of no advantage in the way of reference? It must cost even an educated man, with his well trained mind, a very considerable effort to disregard the divisions in reading the Scriptures, since there must be a continued struggle between what his eye sees and his mind is thinking. If this be the case with the learned, what must it be with the unlearned and simple-minded, who are little accustomed to logical reasoning, and have little need of such impediments as those in question, either to discover or remove, in order duly to understand the word of God? But even learned men do not always escape the evil; for when there is any particular doctrine to support, the temptation is strong, when seeking confirmation from the Bible, to take the single verse or verses without due attention to their true connection with the context. We may again add the observation, that if learned men allow themselves to proceed thus, it will be no wonder if from the same misleading cause the unlearned are betrayed into the same path of error. But taking a wider view, we affirm that the circumstance of the Bible being printed as it is, has affected and given form and direction to the whole method of reading and teaching the Bible both in Church and school—a method, in our opinion, anything but advantageous. Time out of mind, the practice has been when perusing the Bible in the school and in the family, for the individuals concerned to read verse about. We may be reminded that this is practised, at least in the school, with other books by reading them in single sentences; we do not forget this—but are inclined to think that the practice in this case is a result of the other, and that it is worthy of consideration whether reading in this peice-meal way is a proper one at all, in any such cases.

Observe again the method pursued in Sabbath Schools. You find that the whole process of Bible teaching is on the single verse system—in the homœopathic style—an administering of small doses—a system of communication which has anything but an enlarging and

strengthening effect, either on the intellect or on the moral feelings. The whole Bible exercises, generally speaking, of Sabbath schools, are managed after this method. If a doctrine is to be proved, it is done by quotations of a series of single and detached verses, each of which contains, or is supposed to contain, an assertion of the doctrine. If the enforcement of some duty is the matter in hand, passages bearing on it are collected in the same way. Sometimes a few consecutive, or it may be a number of detached verses, are to be got by heart and repeated to the teacher. Then there are cards and books past into the hands of sabbath scholars, containing series of lessons all constructed on the same objectionable plan. Beyond the sphere of the sabbath school again, we still find the same system extending and ramifying in innumerable ways. How many books have we, for example, "Daily Bread," Children's Crumbs," &c., made up of nothing but detached verses from the Bible, and almanacs having a verse cited and set opposite each day of the year in the calendar. Let us not be misunderstood. We have, as we ought to have, the most profound reverence and respect for the Bible as the word of God, and freely acknowledge that it may, in whatever form presented, be made in the hands of its great Author the "power of God and the wisdom of God to salvation" and spiritual benefit, but we appeal nevertheless to the reader's common sense to say, whether it is better to be for ever presenting the contents of the Sacred Scriptures to the minds of young and old, in this peice-meal and communicated way, than to send them at once to *The Book* itself in its own peculiar and august entirety. If, from our earliest youth upwards, we are for ever presented and plied with Scripture apart from itself as it were, in a state of entire disintegration, how in the name of wonder can it be supposed that we are to understand the Bible thoroughly, or appreciate or love it as a whole, standing, as it does, like the other works of its author—

"Majestic in its own simplicity."

This is not the way in which we peruse other books, when we wish to be master of their contents, and to reap from them all the advantages we expect, whether in the way of knowledge, improvement, guidance, or comfort. Are we to say or make it be supposed there is no system in the contents of the Sacred Books? Divines tell us there is—that they form a noble edifice, as becometh work of God to be—of most fair proportions, and having all its parts in harmony and consistency. Why then overlook this in the reading of the Scriptures? Why did Paul construct his strong, stately, and well-planned arguments in his communications to the churches, if his reasonings were not intended to be read as such, followed out and fully comprehended? We are quite aware, as respects elementary instruction, children are not competent to all this, and are not expected to be able to comprehend or appreciate fully the grandeur, the unity, and sublime purpose of the Bible; but is this a reason for saying nothing at all to them on the subject? Are we to let them grow up, even amid our instructions, with no idea that the Bible contains a system,

grand, complete, and infinitely important, for no better reason than that they cannot understand and appreciate it *fully*. And are we still to allow the idea to go uncorrected (an idea which we are convinced prevails far beyond the limits of childhood, and to a much greater extent than is suspected) that the Bible is only a great collection of verses, having little or no connection, or only occasionally forming a little bit of interesting narrative, as in the History of Joseph, finding of Moses, conversion of St Paul, and the like? Whether we reckon this right or not it is evidently the result of our teaching the Bible after such a manner.

Then what do we find in the pulpit as another result from the same cause? The prevailing practice there is the delivering of mere textual sermons or theological essays, some verse of the Bible being taken as a motto or suggestive hint of the subject or bearing of the discourse. We are very doubtful, from any existing models we have, whether the apostles or other primitive Christians preached in any such way. We fear the verse-division of the Bible has had a good deal to do, in introducing and perpetuating this textual or motto method. We do not wish to be held as deprecating a proper amount of theological exposition in the pulpit on the present plan. It is most important; but when it is too exclusively employed, people are so apt to get the idea that theology and piety are the same thing, and that provided a minister has preached, and they have heard and understood a clear, sound theological exposition of some Christian doctrine, all is right—the minister is an excellent preacher, and they are highly privileged in having such to hear. So they are. But the danger is, they are inclined to rest here—to be content with the mere theology of the matter—with intellectual exercise and gratification—laying, we allow, an excellent foundation, but raising no superstructure thereon. Something more is required than mere abstract statement of doctrine, and we are not saying that something more is not practised to a greater or less extent in pulpit teaching, but we don't think there is enough of Scripture reading and exposition, by which is meant showing what is really contained in any book of the Bible, giving a connected and intelligent view of its contents, as well as enlarged views of the contents of the Bible generally. We need not say that it is not the manner of the Bible itself to teach by abstract propositions, but by examples and incidental remarks, arising out of the narrative or of the circumstances of the parties described or addressed. Now, to be continually dissociating from their connection a few words containing or supposed to contain some scriptural doctrine, and setting it forth in a formal, logical, and abstract manner, is something like a contravention of the rule "What God has joined, let no man put asunder," and too apt to foster the theorizing and unpractical spirit already alluded to.

The late Mr Douglas of Cavers, in a recent work, speaking of Devotional Writers, says:—

"If we ask what most characterizes the Scriptures? *It is thought*. As the Bible is the Book of Books, so its contents are the thought of thoughts,

demanding, provoking, supplying thought without end. Such we might well suppose to be its character considering its author. God is a Spirit; and thought is the action of Spirit and the purest produce of mind. But thought is a high exercise, painful to our low and earthly faculties, and readily dispensed with where not absolutely necessary. And hence men favour classes who think for them, both with respect to their temporal and spiritual affairs. And hence Religious Writings are more read than the Scriptures themselves, because here the effort has been surmounted by others; the thoughts are already expanded and the feelings educed, which the meditations upon passages of Scripture were suited to inspire."

We subscribe to all this as a fact; but Mr Douglas appears not to observe any harm in the fact of religious works being more read than the Scriptures themselves, while it appears to us that this is quite a wrong state of things. We think there are far too many books on or about the Bible. So numerous are they that they superlie the Bible itself, and withdraw it from view altogether. In fact people have not time to read the Bible,—so many religious tracts, pamphlets, newspapers, and neatly got up books of a religious character press for attention and perusal. We have had for years a strong conviction that this is a great evil, and that in consequence of it the great mass of the people and their children, notwithstanding the extraordinary multiplication of Bibles and books about them, are gradually growing more and more ignorant of the contents of the Bible, and that greater than usual difficulty is experienced when attempts are made to impart this information. We shall not venture to say what might be the best corrective of this evil, but we are persuaded that a considerable contribution towards it would be to print the Bible like other books; for assuredly its not being so, forms no small part of the reason of that repugnance to reading it which many feel from not understanding it, and thus giving rise to the well-meant though false corrective just alluded to,—an overwhelming tide of religious publications.

A practice has come into fashion lately, of giving public "Readings" from printed works. The idea is a good one, and we think it might be used with good effect for religious purposes in *Bible Readings*. The Bible is in general very badly read, even in the pulpit. But we may easily conceive, that if a Gospel or one of St Paul's Epistles were read, as it ought to be and might be read, to an audience, that the mere reading would form the best commentary on its statements. The listeners would feel that there was a beauty and significancy in the contents, of which their former reading from verse Bibles left them ignorant. The same effect would be produced in more than half this amount, by any one reading for himself from a Bible printed like other books.

We do not know whether or not we have succeeded in representing this subject in the light in which we have long looked at it, and as one of very great importance. If so, we ask the reader to give it farther thought and consideration, convinced that however simple the change recommended may at first sight appear, it will soon seem worthy of his endeavour to bring it about, as a change that would be

productive of many advantages to the cause of religion. We urge consideration of the subject, as all that is needful to produce conviction of its importance; and we press it all the more earnestly that we have almost invariably found, when speaking of it to others, that it was a matter they had never thought about at all, though they were soon brought to acknowledge that after all there was much more in it than at first appeared.

NOTE.—We have chiefly mentioned the London Tract Society, because of their prominent and praise-worthy efforts to introduce a change in the printing of the Bible; there are, however, many others who have followed in the same direction. Bagster and Sons, for instance, have published a very elegant large-print Paragraph Bible. In this edition they have also ventured upon another improvement, having published it in separate books, that is, each book is bound separately and has a short introduction, a map, and an index of the subject or contents.

There seems no good reason why the Bible should always be printed in a single volume. This has led to various artifices to compress the Bible into as little space as possible in order to make it portable—small type and double columns being principally employed for this purpose, both of which are great hindrances to the intelligent reading of the Scriptures. But independently of this, we are inclined to think that Mr Bagster's plan of binding in separate books, is both more convenient for their perusal and better fitted for arresting the attention of the reader and confining it for the time to the particular book he is reading, as being complete in itself and requiring to be fully understood as such. A great evil in the perusal of the Bible is that general discursive and eclectic way in which it is so often done; but which we think the plan of separate books would tend to correct.

We beg to mention another example of a Paragraph Bible—that called “The English Bible,” edited by Mr Robert B. Blackader, and published by William Allan, London. “The main idea,” says the Editor, “is that of a paragraph Bible of convenient size and legible type, with an increased number of marginal notes.” It is a pity, we think, that Mr Blackader did not discard the double columns throughout: where he has done so it is a very evident improvement. This Bible is well worth the attention of ministers and others, as an excellent help to the critical examination of the Scriptures.

Mr Blackader, in a communication to the writer of this article, says in reference to this subject:—“My impression is, that paragraph Bibles will never be popular until the historical character of the Scriptures is more prominently brought forward. They are really historical throughout. Guy Mannering is mainly told in letters, and so the history of the first announcement that Jesus was the Christ, and who he was and what he came to be, is partly told in letters. When they come to be looked on as letters and as primarily applicable to the men of that generation, and no more directly applicable

to us than are the prophecies and denunciations of Isaiah and Jeremiah—then, and not till then, will the chapters, and especially the verses, be considered a 'sore let and hindrance' to the proper understanding of the Scriptures of the New Testament; but as long as each particular verse is considered as one little bit of thought, capable not only of being itself used for edification, but also every thing that logically can be drawn from it, it is in vain to hope for a due appreciation of paragraphs.

"There is greater probability that paragraph Bibles will be adopted in Scotland, where expository preaching is the rule, and text preaching the exception; while in England the opposite is the case. Paragraph Bibles, as will be seen in scores of instances in my Epistles, [referring to his arrangement of the New Testament Epistles,] introduce new aspects of truth, disturbing old-established interpretations and bewildering hundreds of excellent but narrow-minded persons, who will feel precisely as the Brahmin did, who destroyed the microscope that destroyed his faith in the traditions in which he had been brought up, and, if not for their own sakes, will, for the fancied benefit of others, endeavour to cover over the real truth, that the modern, popular, personal application of Epistles addressed to the people living in A.D. 33 and 67 at Ephesus, Corinth, and Rome, cannot legitimately be applied *directly* to Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Russians. This notion has obscured our understanding of the Epistles; verses favour it, paragraphs tend to dispel it. I firmly hold their indirect application; for the whole volume is a gift from heaven to men: the Old Testament making us acquainted with a fall, and the New with a recovery from the effects of that fall (1 Cor. xv. 20.); unless God had been pleased to make these two great facts known to us in the Book, man's reason would never have discovered them."

"NIL DURPAN."

FOURTH ACT.

SECOND SCENE.—*Inderabad, the dwelling of Bindu Madhab.*

NOBIN MADHAB, BINDU MADHAB, and SADHU sitting.

Nobin.—I am now obliged to go home. My mother will die as soon as she hears of this. What more shall I do now for you? See that our father does not suffer great sorrow. I have now determined on leaving our habitation. I shall sell off everything, and send the money. Whoever wants any sum, I will give him that.

Bindu.—The Darogah does not want money; only for fear of the magistrate, he does not allow the cooking Brahmin to be taken there.

Nobin.—Give him money and also entreat him. Ah! his* body is old; he has been without food for three days! I explained to him,

* This pronoun refers to the father of Nobin.

and entreated him greatly. He says, "Nobin, let three days pass, and then shall I think, whether I shall take food or not ; within three days, I shall not take anything.

Bindu.—I do not find any means how I can be able to make my father take some boiled rice. The hand which he has placed on his eyes from the time when the Magistrate, the slave of the indigo-planters, ordered him to be kept in the prison, that hand has not yet removed. The hand is filled with the tears ; and the place where he was made to sit down at first, is still that where he now is. Being entirely silent, and remaining weak in bed and without power to move, he is become like a dead pigeon in this cage-like prison. This day is the fourth, and to-day I must make him take food. You had better go home, and I shall sent a letter every day.

Nobin.—O God, what great sorrow art thou giving to our father ! If they do allow you, my dear Bindu, to remain day and night in the prison ; then can I quietly go to our house.

Sadhu.—Let me steal, and you bring me from the court as a thief. I will make a confession ; they will put me in prison ; then I will be best able to serve my master.

Nobin.—O Sadhu, thou art the actual Sadhu (an honest man.) Ah ! you are now very sorry on learning the deadly sorrow of Khetromani ; and the sooner I can take you home the better.

Sadhu.—(Deep sigh.) My eldest Babu ! Shall I see my daughter on my return. I have none other.

Bindu.—If you make her take that draught which I gave you, she must be cured by that. The doctor heard every particular of her disease, and has given that medicine.

(Enter the Deputy Inspector.)

Deputy Inspector.—Bindu, Mr Commissioner has written very urgently about releasing your father.

Bindu.—There is no doubt the Lieutenant-Governor will grant him release.

Nobin.—After what time can the notice of the release come ?

Bindu.—It will be more than fifteen days.

Deputy Inspector.—The deputy magistrate of Amaranagara gave the order of imprisonment for six months to a certain Mooktyar according to this law, but he had to remain for sixteen days in the jail.

Nobin.—Shall such a time ever come, that the Governor, becoming friendly, destroy the evil desires of the unfriendly magistrate ?

Bindu.—There is a God, the lord of the universe ; and he must do it. Sir, you had better start, for there is a long way to go.

[Exit. Nobin, Bindu, and Sadhu.]

Deputy Inspector.—Alas, the two brothers, turned up by these anxieties, have, as it were, become dead, still living. The order of release from the Lieutenant-Governor will be as restoration to life to them. Babu Nobin Ohunder is of a noble spirit, does good to others. Is very munificent, a great improver of learning, and also of a patriotic mind ; but the mist of the cruel indigo planters withered all his good qualities in the bud. (Enter, the Pundit of the College.) Welcome sir !

Pundit.—My body is naturally somewhat of a warm nature. I cannot bear the sunshine. The heat of the sun makes me, as it were, mad in the months of March, April, and May. I had a very severe headache for a few days; and was not able to attend Bindu Madhab at all.

Deputy Inspector.—The vishnu toila, (*a kind of oil*), can do you some good. The oil is prepared for Babu Vishnu, and to-morrow I shall send some to your house.

Pundit.—I am much obliged to you for that. A man of a healthy constitution becomes mad by teaching children; such a man am I.

Deputy Inspector.—Why don't we see our elder Babu any more?

Pundit.—He is now trying some means to leave this doggish service. While his good son is making some acquisition of property, the family will be maintained like that of a king. It does not seem good for him now to go to and come from College looking, with his books under his arm, like a bull bound for the cart. He is now of age.

Re-enter BINDU MADHAB.

Bindu.—The Pundit is come.

Pundit.—Did the sinful creature shew so much injustice? You did not hear it; at Christmas he spent ten days continually in that factory. The ryot is to have justice from him! *Can the Hindu celebrate his religious services before Gasi.* (*The Mahometan judge.*)

Bindu.—The decree of Providence.

Pundit.—Whom did you appoint as Mugdyar? It would have been better if you had engaged some other person. "All Gods are equal. To make separation from the wicked, the village becomes empty."*

Bindu.—The commissioner has made a report to the government recommending the release of my father.

Pundit.—*One is ashes and so is the other*; as is the magistrate such is the commissioner.

Bindu.—Sir, you know not the commissioner; and, therefore you spoke thus of him. The commissioner is very impartial, and is always desirous of the improvement of the natives.

Pundit.—Whatever that be; now if, through the blessing of God, your father be released, then all shall be well. In what condition is he in the gaol?

Bindu.—He is shedding tears day and night, and for the last three days has taken no food. Just now I shall go to the gaol, and shall make him happy by giving him this good news. (*Enter a Chaprasi.*) Art thou a chaprasi of the gaol?

Chaprasi.—Sir, come quickly to the gaol. The Darogah has called you.

Bindu.—Have you seen my father this day?

Chaprasi.—Come sir, I cannot say anything.

Bindu.—Come, sir, (*to the Pundit.*) I don't suppose all good. I go. [*Exit Bindu Madhab and Chaprasi.*]

Pundit.—Yes, let us all go. I fear some bad accident has taken place. [*Exit both*]

* This is a proverb, signifying, you cannot separate the tares from the wheat.

FOURTH ACT.

THIRD SCENE.—*The Prison-house of Inderabad.*

The dead body of Goluk Chunder swinging, bound by his outer garment twisted like a rope; the Darogah of the gaol and the Jamadar sitting.

Darogah.—Who is gone to call Babu Bindu Madhab?

Jamadar.—Manirodi is gone there. Till the Doctor comes, we cannot bring it down.

Darogah.—Did not the magistrate say, he will come here this day?

Jamadar.—No sir, he has four days more to come. At Sachingunge on Saturday they have a party, and ladies dance. Mrs Wood can never dance with any other, but our saheb; and I saw that, when I was the bearer. Mrs Wood is very kind; through the influence of one letter, she got me the jamandari of the gaol.

Darogah.—Ah! the father of Babu Bindu Madhab, expressed great sorrow at his not getting food. When Babu Bindu sees this, he will quit life. (*Enter Bindu Madhab.*) All things are by the will of God.

Bindu.—What is this! What is this! Ah! ah! my father is dead while bound above ground with a rope! I was coming to try some means for his release. What sorrow! (*Places his own hand on the breast of the dead body, then clasps the corpse, and weeps.*) Oh father! Hast thou at once broken the ties of affection towards us? Shalt thou no more place Bindu before other men for his English education, calling Nobin Madhab by the name of "Bhima* of Svaropur," is that now beat at the end? You have now made a treaty with Bipin (*the son of Nobin*) with whom you always had a quarrel, saying to the eldest son, "My mother, my mother." Ah! as in the case of heron and its mate, with their young ones flying in the air, in search of food, if the heron be killed by the fowler, the mate with its young ones falls into great danger. So shall my mother be when she hears of your being put to death while hung above the ground by a rope.

Darogah.—(*Bringing Babu Bindu aside by taking hold of his hand.*) Bindu, do not be so impatient now. Get the permission of the doctor, and try to take the corpse soon to Amritaghata.

[*Enter Deputy-Inspector and Bindu.*]

Bindu.—Darogah, do not speak of anything to me. Whatever consultation you have to make, make that with the Pundit and the Deputy-Inspector. Through sorrow I have lost the power of speech; let me take my father's feet once more on my breast. (*Sits up taking the feet of Goluk on his breast.*)

Pundit.—(*To the Deputy-Inspector.*) Let me take Bindu Madhab on my lap; you had better unloose the rope. It is never proper to keep such a goodly body in this hell.

Darogah.—It will be necessary to wait for a short time.

Pundit.—Are you a chowkidar of hell, else why have you such a character.

Darogah.—Sir, you are wise, you are reproaching me.

[*Enter Doctor.*]

* Bhima or Brikadan was the second brother of Yudhistira and the second of Pandu.

Doctor.—Ho ! ho ! Bindu Madhab, God's will. The Pundit has come. Bindu must not leave the college.

Pundit.—It is not proper for Bindu to leave the college.

Bindu.—As to our estates and possessions, we have lost three things ; at last our father has left us beggars (*weeps*) ; how can studying be any more carried on.

Pundit.—The indigo planters have taken away the body of Bindu Madhab and his family.

Doctor.—I have heard of these planters through the missionaries, and also I have seen them myself. Once I was coming through a certain planter's factory at Matanagara,—while I was sitting in the village, two ryots of the place were passing by the side of my palan-keen ; one of them had some milk with him, which I wanted to buy. Immediately, one whispered to the other, "the indigo giant, the indigo giant." Then having left the milk they ran off. I asked another ryot, and he said, that these persons ran off for fear of being compelled to take advances for indigo ; and as I had the advances, what reason is there for going to his go-down. I understood, he took me for a planter ; I gave the milk into that ryot's hand, and went away from the place.

Dep. Inspector.—A certain missionary was passing through a village within the concern of M. Vally. As soon as the ryots saw him, they began to cry aloud, "the indigo ghost is come out—the indigo ghost is come out,"—and having left that path, flew unto their own houses. But as the ryots found by and bye, the bounty, mildness, and foregoing temper of these gentlemen, they began to wonder ; and as much as the missionaries shewed heartfelt sorrow for the tortures which the poor people suffered from the indigo-planters, so much the more they began to love them, and to have faith in them. Now the ryots say to each other, "all bamboos are of one tuft ; and of one is made the frame of the goddess Durga, and of another, the sweeper's basket."

Pundit.—Let us take away the dead body.

Doctor.—We must be sharp. You can bring it out. (*Bindhu Madhab and the Deputy Inspector loosening the rope bring out the corpse.*)
[*Exit all.*]

FIFTH ACT.

FIRST SCENE.—*Before the Office of the Baghunbari Factory.*

Enter GOPINATH DAS and Herdsman.

Gopi.—How did you get so much information ?

Cowherd.—We are their neighbours ; day and night, we go to their house. Whenever we are in want of anything, either a little salt or a little oil, we immediately go to them and bring it ; if the child cry, we bring a little molasses from them and give it ; we are getting our [rice] for nearly seven generations from the Bose family ; and can't we get information about them ?

Gopi.—Where was Bindhu Madhab married ?

Cowherd.—Oh, it is in a village to the west of Calcutta. In which

they wanted to have the Kaistas.* We are the poita. We cannot satisfy all the Brahmins now in existence in a great feast, and still they wanted to increase the power. The father-in-law of our young Babu is greatly respected. The judge or magistrate, when they come to him, take off their hats. Do such men give their daughters to men of these places? Observing the improvement in learning made by our young Babu, they did not care about the village belonging to ryots. People say that the women in cities are showie, and that there is no distinction between those who live within the house, and those who live in the bazaar, but we do not at all find a young woman of the mild temper as the Bou of the Bose family is. The mother of Goma goes to their house every day, still, although she has been married for nearly five years, she has never seen her face. We saw her only on that day when she came here. We thought that the Babus in the city kept company with the Europeans; therefore they have brought their families into public like English ladies.

Gopi.—But the Bou is always engaged in attending on her mother-in-law.

Cowherd.—Dewanji, what shall I say? The mother of Goma says, I heard a report that, had not the youngest Bou been in the house when the news of Nobin being bound by a rope, and thus killed, came, the mistress of the family would have died. We heard always that the women in the city dread their husbands as sheep, (slaves) and murder their parents by not giving them any support; but observing this bou, I now know that it is mere report.

Gopi.—I think the mother of Babu Nobin Chunder also loves *her*.

Cowherd.—I do not know any one in the world whom she does not love. Ah! she is an Annapurnah,‡ (full of rice.) But have you kept the rice that she should be full of it.¶ The vile planters have swallowed up the old man, and they are now on the point of swallowing up the old woman.

Gopi.—Thou braggart fool, if the saheb hear this, he will bring out your new moon.**

Cowherd.—What can I do? Is it my desire to sit in the factory and abuse the sahebs?

Gopi.—I am very sorry that I have destroyed this man of great honour by a false lawsuit. I have also felt great pain on hearing of Nobin's severe headache and the miserable condition of his mother.

Cowherd.—*It is the cold attacking a frog.*†† Dewanji, don't be angry with me, I am as a mad goat; shall I prepare the tobacco?

Gopi.—This stupid fellow of Nanda's family is very senseless.

* The writer class among the natives of this country.

† Signifying the distinction between the woman of the good, and that of a litigious character.

‡ This is one of the names of Durga, meaning the goddess of plenty.

¶ Signifying, have you not taken away her whole possessions? Then how can she shew pity by supporting the poor.

** That is, he will make every thing dark to you, as at the time of the new moon. In short, he will kill you.

†† That is, nothing; as the cold has no effect on the frog.

Cowherd.—The sahebs are doing all; *they themselves are blacksmiths, and at the same time the scimitar; where they make one fall, there they themselves also fall.* If ruin come upon these saheb's factories, then the people of the villages save themselves by bathing.*

Gopi.—You are very foolish. I don't want to hear any more. Go out, the saheb will come very soon.

Cowherd.—(Now going.) You must attend to my milk pail, and also give me one rupi to-morrow. We shall go to bathe in the Ganges. [Exit Cowherd.]

Gopi.—*I think a thunder-bolt will strike this head, which is aching.* No one will be able to stop the saheb in sowing the indigo seed on the sides of your tank. The sahebs did something improper. These persons engaged themselves to sow indigo on 50 bigas of land, although they did not get the full price last year. Yet the sahebs are not satisfied; these disputes arose only for certain pieces of ground, and it would have been good for Nobin Bose to have given them this,—*to keep the goddess Sitola† well pleased is the best.* Nobin will bite once more even without his teeth. (Seeing the saheb at a distance.) Here the white-bodied man with the blue dress is coming. I think I am to remain as a companion with the former dewan for some days.

Enter Mr WOOD.

Wood.—There will be a great quarrel at Matanagara; and all the latyals will be there. Let no one hear this? If this place make a collection of ten of the Podi caste of Surki, (black powder makers or sellers,) I, Mr Rose, and you are to go there. The fool, while he has taken his cacha,‡ will not be able to increase the row greatly. He is sick; then how can he go to bring assistance for the Daorga.

Gopi.—The extreme weakness to which these are reduced makes it unnecessary to bring any surkiwallá among Hindoos, for a person to die with the rope round his neck, especially within the prison is very disgraceful: so he is greatly punished by this occurrence.

Wood.—You do not understand this. The rascal is become very happy on the death of his father. He took the advances for a long time through fear of his father; now that fear is gone, and he will do as he likes. The rascal has given a bad name to my factory, and I will imprison him to-morrow, and keep him along with Mojumdar. If the magistrate be of the same character with him of Amaranagara, the wicked people will be able to do everything.

Gopi.—With respect to what they complained about the case of Mojumdar, I cannot say how very terrible it would have been, had not Nobin Bose fallen into this great danger. I cannot say what they still will do? Moreover, as to the magistrate who is coming, we have heard, is on the side of the ryots; and when he comes to the

* That is, purify themselves by bathing.

† Sitola is the goddess of the small-pox, and the meaning of the above is that if the goddess be kept satisfied, the disease of the small-pox cannot come, and if come, will pass away.

‡ This refers to Nobin Bose. The Cacha signifies the piece of cloth kept by the sons on the death of the parents for one month when the pinda or offering to the dead is made.

villages, he brings along with him his tent. Observing this, we may say, it might occasion great confusion, and also it is somewhat fearful.

Wood.—You are always puzzling me with speaking of fear; the indigo planters know nothing whatever of any fear. If you don't desire it, leave your business, thou great fool.

Gopi.—Sir, fear comes on good grounds. When the former dewan was put in prison, his son came to ask for the last six months' salary of his father. On which you told him to make an application. Then on his making the application, you again said, the salary cannot be given before the accounts are closed. Honoured sir, is this the judgment on a servant when he is put in prison?

Wood.—Did not I know this? Thou stupid ungrateful creature! What becomes of your salaries? If you did not devour the price of the indigo, would there be any deadly commission? Would the poor ryots have gone to the missionaries with tears in their eyes? You, rascal, have destroyed everything. If the indigo lessen in quantity, I shall sell your house and indemnify myself; thou arrant coward, hellish knave!

Gopi.—Sir, *we are like butchers' dogs; we fill our bellies with the intestines.* Had you, sir, taken the indigo from the ryots in the very same way as the Mahajin's factories take the corn from debtors, then the indigo factories would never have suffered such disgrace; there would have been no necessity for an overseer and a khalasis, and the people would never have reproached me, saying "cursed Gopi! cursed Gopi!"

Wood.—Thou art blind, thou hast no eyes. (*Enter an Umodar, an apprentice.*) I have seen with my own eyes, (*applying his hands to his own eyes*) the Mahajins go to the rice-field, and quarrel with the ryots, (their debtors), ask this person.

Apprentice.—Honoured sir, I can give many examples of that; the ryots say it is through the grace of the indigo planters only, that we are preserved from the hands of the Mahajins.

Gopi.—(*Aside, to the apprentice.*) My child, it is feigning flattery. No employment is vacant now. (*To Mr Wood.*) It is true that the Mahajins go to the rice fields to dispute with the ryots; but if your honour had been acquainted with the mysterious intention of the Mahajins in going to the fields and raising disputes, you would never have compared with the going of the Mahajins to the fields, the punishments of the poor schamchand, resembling the tortures which Lakhman, the son of Summatra, suffered by the sacti-sela,* while they are without food.

Wood.—Very well, explain it to me. There must be some reason why these fools stick to us of everything else; but of the Mahajins, they don't say a single word.

Gopi.—Honoured sir, these debtors, whatever sum of money they

* Lakhman was brother of Rama; when they were going to make war with Ravana of Limka, (Ceylon), in a certain battle Lakhman suffered very much by the sacti-sela (the name of a superior engine in battle.)

require for the whole year they take from the Mahajins, and that quantity of rice which is necessary for them, for that time, they also take from their creditors. At the end of the year, the debtors clear their debts either by selling the tobacco, sugar-cane, sesimund, and other things which they have, and then giving the sum collected to their creditors, with the interest of the sum for the time; or by giving those very articles according to the market price; and of the corn which grows, they send to the Mahajins' houses a part half-prepared. That which remains proves sufficient for the expenses of the family for three or four months. If through famine, or any improper expenses of the debtors, there fall any arrears in their supplies, the remainder of the debt is carried into the new account-book. Then, by and bye the remainder is filled up. The Mahajins never bring an action against their debtors; consequently the falling into arrears appears to them, as it were, a present loss. I suppose the Mahajins, for that reason, sometimes go to the fields, observe the preparation of the rice, and also enquire whether the extent of land for which the debtors have asked the revenue from them, is all cultivated with grain. Some inexperienced persons, taking, under false pretences, a larger sum than is necessary, and thus heavy-burdened with heavy debts, cause losses on the part of the Mahajins, and also themselves suffer great trouble. The Mahajins go to the fields for stopping this, and not like "indigo giants"—(*strikes his tongue.*)* Sir, the stupid, shameless Mahajins speak thus.

Wood.—I see Saturn† has come upon you to your destruction; else why art thou become so very inquisitive, and why so presumptuous, you stupid, incestuous brute?

Gopi.—Sir, we are made to swallow abuse, to submit to shoe-beating, and also we are now to go to the shrighur,‡ (the prison); should there be a dispensatory or school in the factory you get the credit; should there be murders, we are the men. When I came to you for advice, you, sir, became angry. That anxiety which I have felt for the law-suit of Mojindars is only known to the Lord of All.

Wood.—The fool is such, that whenever I tell him to do any action requiring courage, he brings to my ears the law-suit of Mojindars. I am always saying I always thought thou art an ignorant fool; why don't you become satisfied with sending Nobin Bose to the go-down of Sochigunge.

Gopi.—Thou sir, art the parent of this poor man; it would be good if for the benefit of thy poor servant, thou sendest him once to Nobin Bose to ask him about this case.

Wood.—Stop, thou upstart of a son. Shall I go to meet a dog for you? You coward son of a kaista.§ (*Throws him down with kicks.*) Were you sent as a witness to the commission, you would have ruined

* This is the sign of shame or fear.

† The planet Saturn is said to have a very bad influence; whenever it comes upon one, the utter ruin of that person is thought very near.

‡ Ironically, the house of prosperity.

§ Kaista is the caste of writers.

everything, you diabolical nigger (*two kicks more*;) with such a tongue you shall do your work like a Caot* you stupid Kaet. Were it not for your work on to-morrow, I would send you to the jail.

[*Exit Mr Wood with apprentice.*]

Gopi.—(*Rubbing his body all over and rising up.*) A prison becomes the dewan of an indigo planter after being born a vulture† seven hundred times; else how are numberless stockings digested.‡ Oh! what kickings! oh! the fool is, as it were, the wife of a student who is out of college.§ (*Aside.*) Dewan, dewan.

Gopi.—Your servant is present. Whose turn is it? "In the sea of love are many wives."
[*Exit Gopi.*]

FIFTH ACT.

SECOND SCENE.—*The Bedroom of Nobin Bose.*

ADURI *crying when preparing Nobin's bed.*

Aduri.—Ha! ha! ha! where shall I go; my heart is on the point of bursting. They have beaten him so severely that the pulse beats very slowly; our mistress will die as soon as she hears this. When Nobin was taken by force to the factory, they were tearing themselves and weeping under the shade of that tree; but when brought towards our house, they did not see that. (*Aside.*) I shall take him into the house.

Aduri.—Bring him into the house. None of them are here. (*Enter Sadhu and Torapa bearing the senseless Nobin on their shoulders.*)

Sadhu.—(*Making Nobin Madhab to lie on the bed.*) Madam, where art thou?

Aduri.—They began to see standing under the tree. When this person (*pointing to Torapa*) flew away with him, we thought he was taken to the factory. They began to tear themselves under the tree. I came to the house to call certain persons. Will our mistress remain alive when she sees this dead son? Do you stand here, let me call them here.

[*Exit Aduri.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest.—Oh God, hast thou killed such a man! Hast thou stopped the breath of so many men! We don't find any such symptoms that our eldest babu will sit up again.

Sadhu.—God's will. He can give life to a dead man.

Priest.—On the third day Bindu Babu according to the *shastras* celebrated the offering of the funeral cake (*pindadán*) on the banks of the Ganges; it is only through the entreaties of the brother that preparations are being made for the monthly ceremony (*shradh*.) It is determined that after the celebration of the ceremony, their dwelling place is to be removed, and I also heard that they will no more meet with that cruel saheb; then why did you go there to-day.

Sadhu.—Our eldest babu has no fault nor has he any want of judg-

* Caot is the name of a mean caste, and the word Kaet is only a common form of expression for the term Kaista.

† The vulture is taken for a detestable bird.

‡ Signifying, else how can he bear so many kickings.

§ This is said only in reference to his dress.

ment. Our madam and the eldest bou forbade him many times. They said, "during the days we are to remain here, we will bathe with the water of the well, or Aduri will bring the water from the tank; we shall have no trouble." The eldest babu said, "With a present of 50 rupees I shall fall at the saheb's feet, and thus stop the cultivation of the indigo on this side of the tank, and shall speak nothing of the dispute in such a dangerous time." With this intention our eldest babu took me and Torapa with him, and going there with tears in his eyes said to the saheb, "Saheb, I bring you a present of 50 rupees; only for this year, stop the cultivation of the indigo in this place, and if this be not granted, take the money, and delay that business only till the time when the ceremony is to be performed." There is sin even in repeating the answer which the wretch gave, and the hairs of our body stood on end. The rascal said, "Your father was lying in the jail of the Yabans* with thieves and robbers, therefore keep your money for the sacrifice of many bulls which are necessary for his ceremony." Then placing his shoe on one of the eldest babu's knees, he said, "This is the gift for your father's ceremony."

Priest.—Narayang! Narayang!† (*Placing his hand on his ears.*)

Sadhu.—Instantly the eyes of the eldest babu became red like blood, his whole body began to tremble, he bit his lips with his teeth, and then remaining silent for a short time gave the saheb a hard kick on the breast, so that he fell on the ground up-side-down like a bundle of bena, (a certain grass), Kes Dali, who is now the jamadar of the factory, and other ten surkiola immediately stood round him. The eldest babu had once saved these from the hand of robbers; so they felt a little ashamed to raise their hand against him. Mr Wood gave a blow to the jamadar, took the stick out of his hand, and smote with it the head of the eldest babu. The head was cracked, and he fell down senseless, to the ground; I tried much, but was not able to go into that crowd. Torapa was observing this from a distance; and as soon as the men stood round the eldest babu, he with violence rushed into this crowd like an obstinate buffalo, took him up, and flew off.

Torapa.—I was told "to stand at a distance, lest they take me away by force." The fools hurt me very much; do I hide myself when there is a tumult? If I had gone a little before, I would have brought the babu safe, and would have sacrificed to all those rascals in the durgah of Borkat Bibi, (the temple of benediction.) My whole blood is shrunk on observing the head of the babu, then, when shall I kill these? Oh! oh! the eldest babu saved me so many times, but I was not able to save him once. (*Beats his forehead and cries.*)

Priest.—I see the wound from the weapon on this breast.

Sadhu.—As soon as Torapa rushed into the crowd, the young saheb struck the babu with the sword. Torapa saved the babu by pressing his hand in front of his own, which was cut, and there was the sign of a slight bruise on the babu's breast.

* This term Yabans has reference to the Mahometans,—the Europeans.

† The name of Vishnu, God.

Priest.—(Deeply thinking for some time, reads.) "Man knows this for certain, that understanding and goodness are necessary in the friend, the wife, and in servants." I do not see a single person in this large house; but the person of a different caste and of another village, is weeping near the babu. Oh! the poor man is a day labourer, and his very hand is cut off. Why is his face all daubed over with blood?

Sadhu.—When the young saheb struck his hand with the sword, like an ichneumon making a noise when its tail is cut off, he in agony from the pain of his hand flew off after seizing with a bite the nose of the elder saheb.

Torapa.—That nose I have kept with me, and when the babu will rise up alive again I will shew him that (*shewing the nose cut off.*) Had the babu been able to fly off himself, I would have taken his ears; but I would not have killed him, as he is a creature of God.

Priest.—Justice is still alive. The gods were saved from the injustice of Ravana, when the nose of Surpanaka was cut off; shall not the people be saved from the tyranny of the indigo planters by the cutting off of the elder saheb's nose?

Torapa.—Let me now hide myself; I shall fly off in the night. That fool will overturn the whole village on account of his nose.

[Exit Torapa, bowing down on the earth near Nobin Madhab's bed.]

THE "STAR IN THE EAST:."

SERMONS FROM NEW TESTAMENT, BY THOMAS ADAMS.*

THESE Sermons are fitly designated the Practical works of Thomas Adams, for, howsoever fanciful may be his illustrations, or tinged with pedantry and quaintness may be his discourse, there is always apparent a definite aim, and such forcible and direct teaching as could scarcely fail to guide his hearers and readers into the path of holiness. In his own terse and epigrammatic style of writing he is a master, to whom we might usefully turn, and the present volume presents him to us, speaking with an earnestness that may not be slighted, and with learning that must not be despised. If we have not become wholly spoiled by listening to the weaker preaching of many modern pulpits, we shall be able to gain much by hearkening to the exhortations of this fine old divine:—a man whose writings have hitherto remained comparatively unknown, but for the establishment of whose reputation, with an extension of his usefulness, the present re-issue of his works will be found invaluable.

Twenty-two complete sermons are here given. The titles of some

* Nichol's Series of Standard Divines: Puritan Period. The Works of Thomas Adams: being the sum of his Sermons, Meditations, and other Divine and Moral Discourses. In three volumes. Vol. II., containing Sermons from texts in the New Testament. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. Dublin: W. Robertson. 1862. Pp. 578.

among these are odd, but the reasoning and artistic execution are generally of a superior order. Among these titles are as follows:—Christ's Star; the Way Home; the Good Politician directed; the Black Saint; Majesty and Misery; Lycanthropy, or the Wolf worrying the Lambs; the Cosmopolite, or World's-favourite; the Fire of Contention; the White Devil, or the Hypocrite Uncased; the three Divine Sisters, Faith, Hope, and Charity; Man's Seed-time and Harvest; Spiritual Eye-salve; Love's Copy; a Divine Herbal, or Garden of Graces; the End of Thorns, (Heb. vi. 8.) and the Happiness of the Church. Throughout we find the same fertile imagination displayed, the same piety and affectionate earnestness, combined with solemnity of rebuke and elaborate scholarship which impressed the reader in the preceding volume.

We snatch a few sentences from the sermon on Matth. ii. 11, concerning "Christ's Star, and the Wise Men's Oblation."

"CHRIST'S STAR.

.... "God's leading was by a star. They that delight to cast clouds upon the clear sun have here mooted many questions about this star.

"(1.) Whether this star were singular, or a heap of stars. Our Roman adversaries, to bring wilful trouble on themselves and us, have conjured a fiction from one Albumazar, a heathen, that the star is the zodiac, called the Virgin, is composed of so many stars as may aptly portray *virginem gestantem inter brachium filium*,—a virgin bearing an infant in her arms; and some of them have thought that to be this star.

"Let Albumazar be the father of this opinion; and for a little better authority, they have mothered it on a prophecy of Tiburtine Sibylla. When Augustus boasted his superhuman majesty, Sibylla showed him *virginem in cælo infanti-portam*,—a virgin in heaven bearing a young child in her arms; with these words, *Hic puer major te est, ipsum adora*,—Yonder infant is greater than thou art, O Cæsar; worship him.

"But because the father of this conceit was an ethnic, and the mother thought a sorceress, they have, as some think, spite of his teeth, brought in Chrysostom for a godfather to it; or to another opinion, if differing from it, yet also exceeding the truth of this history. Whether of himself, or on their teaching, he says thus:—'This star appeared to them descending upon that victorial mountain, having in it the form of a little child, and about him the similitude of a cross.' But I confess, (and lo, the great vaunts of their unity!) that many of them are of another mind.

"Howsoever, the text is plain against it; ver. 2, *sidus astrū vñ stellæ*,—*vidimus stellam ejus*. *Aster* and *astrum* differ, as *stella* and *sidus*. *Aster* and *stella* signify one star; *astrum* and *sidus* a knot of stars; as any sign in the heaven, coated and compounded of many stars. The evangelist here useth the singular word, 'We have seen his star,' not stars.

"(2.) They question whether this was a new star created for the purpose, or one of those coeval to the world. Chrysostom, Damascene, Fulgentius, with most others, are persuaded it was a new star. Houdemius, an Englishman, so sung of it—

'Nova cælum stella depingitur,
Dum sol novus in terris oritur;—

'Twas fit a new star should adorn the skies,
When a new Sun doth on the earth arise.'

These may be deemed questions of scholastic ingenuity misapplied

and illustrating what is complained of in the fine old poem of "the Soul's Errand," (variously attributed to Raleigh, Sylvester, and to Francis Davison):—

"Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness."

But even modern commentators display fully equal willingness to pursue elaborate researches into such mazes of controversy regarding particulars comparatively unimportant. The Rev. Dr Henry Alford, for instance, while assuming too hastily as indisputable that the Magi had been "devoted to astrology,"* and himself being ready to explain away everything that had seemed miraculous in the account of the star which had appeared to them "in the East," proceeds to adduce details of stellar phenomena which scarcely enrich the scriptural history. He attempts to give—displaying with something like scientific precision, an account of the astronomical observations made by the Magi.† But, even if the computations are acknowledged to be

* We find the following comment in Dr Alford's third Edition:—"ἀστρολογία:—This expression of the Magi, 'We have seen his star,' does not seem to point to any miraculous appearance, but to something observed in their course of their watching the heavens. We know the Magi to have been devoted to astrology! and on comparing the language of our text with this undoubted fact, I confess that it appears to me the most ingenuous way, fairly to take account of that fact in our exegesis, and not so shelter ourselves from an apparent difficulty by the convenient but forced hypothesis of a miracle. Whatever supernatural agency is asserted, or may be reasonably inferred, I shall ever be found foremost to insist on its recognition, and impugn every device of rationalism or semi-rationalism; but it does not therefore follow that I should consent to attempts, however well meant, to introduce one miraculous interference where it does not appear to be borne out by the narratives."—The Greek Testament. By Henry Alford, B.D., &c. Third Edition. 1856. Notes to Matth. ii. The italics are in the original, both in the present and in the following footnote.

† "We learn from astronomical calculations, that a remarkable conjunction of the planets of our system took place a short time before the birth of our Lord. In the year of Rome, 747, on the 20th of May, there was a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in the 20th degree of the constellation Pisces, close to the first point of Aries, which was the part of the heavens noted in astrological science as that in which the signs denoted the greatest and most noble events. On the 27th of October, in the same year, another conjunction of the same planets took place, in the 16th degree of Pisces: and on the 12th of November a third, in the 15th degree of the same sign. On these two last occasions the planets were so near, that an ordinary eye would regard them as one star of surpassing brightness." (Ideler. Handbuch der Chronologie, ii. 399 sqq., also Winer, Realwörterbuch, under 'Stern der Weissen,' which see.)

[Yes, but the eyes of those who had watched the stars, night after night, from the Chaldean plains, would not be so deceived. The gradual approximation of the stars towards conjunction could not have failed to have been perceived by the Magi, if they were, as asserted, "devoted to Astrology."]

"Supposing the Magi to have seen the first of these conjunctions, they saw it actually 'in the East'; for on the 20th of May it would rise shortly before the sun. If they then took their journey, and arrived at Jerusalem in a little more than five months (the journey from Babylon took Ezra four months, see Ezra vii. 9), if they performed the route from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in the evening, as is implied, the November conjunction, in 15° of Pisces, would be before them in the

correct, we scarcely think that much more additional light is thrown on the simple and beautiful narrative contained in St Matthew's 2nd chapter, than had been previously furnished by the scholastic trifling of the olden times.

Thomas Adams troubled himself not with an attempt to explain the star's appearing, by the computations of science. Always willing enough to listen to what had been said by any of the early Fathers, (as when he reminds us that St Augustine describes the star "*magnifica lingua celi*,—the glorious tongue of heaven,") he fails not to see in it the true light which guides us to Christ: not by sight as the Magi were guided, but by faith. "This star did prefigure the Gospel; and, indeed, for what other light directs us to Christ."

"The Gospel is this star, and blessed are they that follow it. It shall bring them to the babe Jesus. God hath fixed this star in our orb; but how few are so wise as these wise men to follow it! That star was sometime hidden; this shines perpetually. It is horror and shame to speak it,—we no more esteem it than if we were weary of the sun for continual shining."

"Be our sins never so many for number, never so heinous for nature, never so full for measure; yet the mercy of God may give us a star that shall bring us, not to the babe Jesus in a manger, but to Christ a king in his throne. Let no penitent soul despair of mercy."

And after discoursing eloquently concerning the faith and obedience of the Magi, and also on the various interpretations made of their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh,—of which the chief is that

direction of Bethlehem, coming to the meridian about 8 o'clock, P.M. These circumstances would seem to form a remarkable coincidence with the history in our text (*i.e.* Matthew, chap. ii.) They are in no way inconsistent with the word *heriga*, which cannot surely be pressed to its mere literal sense of one single star, but understood in its wider astrological meaning: nor is this explanation of the star directing them to Bethlehem at all repugnant to the plain words of vv. 9, 10, importing its motion from S.E. towards S.W., the direction of Bethlehem. We may further observe, that no part of the text respecting the star, asserts, or even implies, a miracle: and that the very slight apparent inconsistencies with the above explanation are no more than the report of the magi themselves, and the general belief of the age would render unavoidable. If this subservience of the superstitions of astrology to the Divine purposes be objected to, we may answer with Wetstein, 'Supereat igitur ut illos ex regulis artis suæ hoc habuisse existimemus: quæ licet certissime futillis, γυναι, atque fallax esset, casu tamen aliquando in verum incidere potuit. Admirabilis hinc elucet sapientia Dei, qui hominum erroribus et sceleribus usus Josephum per scelus fratrum in Ægyptum deduxit, regem Babelis per haruspicia et sortes Judæis immisit, (Ezech. xxi. 21, 22), et magos hic per astrologiam ad Christum direxit.' It may be remarked that Abarbanel the Jew, who knew nothing of this conjunction, relates it (Maa'jne haschnah, cited by Münster in Ebrard, Wissenssch. Kritik, p. 248) as a tradition, that no conjunction could be of mightier import than that of Jupiter and Saturn, which planets were in conjunction A.M. 2865, before the birth of Moses, in the sign of Pisces; and thence remarks that that sign was the most significant one for the Jews. From this consideration he concludes that the conjunction of these planets in that sign, in his own time (A.D. 1463), betokened the near approach of the birth of the Messiah. [So that, if his statement proves anything, it proves too much.] And as the Jews did not invent astrology, but learnt it from the Chaldeans, this idea, that a conjunction in Pisces betokened some great event in Judea, must have prevailed among Chaldean astrologers."—(*ibid.*)

"they did offer gold to Christ, as being king; frankincense, as being God; myrrh, as being man, to die for the redemption of the world"—he concludes his discourse with a denunciation of the sin of covetousness, which keep so many "from the grace of God and the gates of heaven":—

"How this sickness grovels! How it stoops him into earth, into hell! This disease lies in men's bones. I have read of a beggar that passed by a company of rich men, and earnestly besought their alms, complaining that he had a sore disease lying in his bones, that he could not earn his living. They in charity gave him somewhat, and let him go. One amongst the rest following him, would needs know of him what that secret disease should be, seeing that outwardly he seemed to ail nothing. Quoth the beggar, 'You cannot see it, for it lies in my bones, and some call it idleness.' You see many a rich man, whose cup of wealth runs over; you wonder to see him so miserable, both to himself and others. Why, there is a disease that lies in his bones, that keeps him from working the work of charity, from relieving his distressed brethren; you may call it Covetousness. They will part with anything, so they may keep their gold. But we must give our gold too with the rest. If we offer not all, Christ will accept none.

"I will end with a consolation; for who can shut up this story with a terror? The Lord will so graciously provide for his, that in their greatest extremity they shall not be destitute of comfort. Though Mary travail in her travel,—for she was delivered in Bethlehem, whither she came to be taxed, (Luke ii.) and likely wanted necessary provision for her infant and herself,—behold, God will relieve their poverty, and send them gold from the east: as he once in a dearth provided for Jacob's family in Canaan, by a store of bread in Egypt. Comfort shall come when and whence we least expect it. Rocks shall yield water, ravens shall bring meat rather than we perish; even our enemies shall sustain us.* 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' (Psalm xxxvii. 25.)

'By whom all things were made, and since have stood:

By him they all shall work unto our good.'

To whom be praise for ever! Amen."—(P. 12.)

These practical works of Thomas Adams are a mine of wealth to thoughtful readers. The next volume of this interesting series of Puritan Divines will contain a memoir of Adams by the Rev. Dr Joseph Angus. And we are glad to learn that the one other volume which was necessary to complete Adams' works, will be given, as an addition, in the course of next year: viz., "Adams' Commentary on the 2nd Epistle of Peter." There will also be published at the same time, as additional volumes, "Burrough's Commentary on Hosea," "Jenky'n's Commentary on the Epistle of Jude," and "Dailie's Commentary on the Epistles to the Phillipians and Colossians." We

* Much more agreeable to the hopes of man, and much more near the truth, is this "faithful saying" of Thomas Adams, than the contemptuous indifference and sceptical sneer of Ralph Waldo Emerson in his latest work, "The Conduct of Life," where he says:—"Now and then, an amiable parson like Jung Stilling, or Robert Huntingdon, believes in a pistareen-Providence, which, whenever the good man wants a dinner, makes that somebody shall knock at his door and leave a half-dollar. But nature is no sentimentalist,—does not caress or pamper us."—(Essay on "Fate.")

need only renew our expressions of high appreciation of the series. It has already secured a wide recognition. We believe the number of subscribers to be between five and six thousand. It is actually an impossibility for any single person to procure copies of every work that is to be given in this reprint. Even of those books which were hitherto attainable, the size was not uniform, the editing was inefficient, and there had been no attempt to issue them in one harmonious series, as is now being done. Moreover, the biographical Memoirs, and modernization of spelling, with the careful rectification of quotations, have materially increased the value of the writings of these Puritan Divines in their new issue. The success is, therefore, by no means surprising, and will, we doubt not, continue to increase as it deserves.

NIRGENDS COLLEGE, February 1862.

KARL.

History of Dr Boyd's Fourth High School Class, with Biographical Sketch of Dr Boyd. By JAMES COLSTON. Edinburgh: Printed for Private Circulation by Colston and Son. 1862.

AMONG the old familiar faces now "changed and sent away," there was none on which the eyes of Edinburgh High School boys rested with more loving reverence, than on that of Dr Boyd. He held his mastership in the High School of this city for 27 years, from 1829 to 1856. Throughout that period, his own pupils justly believed in him as their "decus et tutamen," their glory and defence; while the community esteemed him as the pillar and pride of the school. His talent and geniality, his erudition and his manliness, his intuitive perception of character, his wonderful skill in scholastic government and training, conspired to render him the counsellor of colleagues, the friend of parents, and the idol of their sons.

Mr Colston's "*History of Dr Boyd's Fourth High School Class, with Biographical Sketch of Dr Boyd*," is designed as a "tribute to the memory of a beloved master," and as "a testimony of affection to the members of his class club."

The plan and object of this work cannot be better described than in the following paragraphs of the "Introductory Chapter":—

"I have conceived the idea, that those who were members of the same class with me in the High School of Edinburgh, might desire to possess whatever interesting information could be procured respecting their Class-Fellows. Since the formation of our Club, upwards of eight years ago, I have endeavoured to preserve a progressive history of the Members of the Class in my Register, but I have found it considerably defective. Accordingly, it occurred to me, that by an extraordinary effort, with a definite object in view, I might be enabled to obtain some intelligence regarding those of whom I had lost all trace, and fuller information than I already possessed regarding others. The mere production of my Register, for a few hours, at the Annual Dinner, does not afford to the Members of the Club that satisfactory perusal which they might desire at quieter moments in their own

homes. Impressed with these views, I became persuaded, that I could not communicate the information I had succeeded in acquiring in a better form than that which it now assumes. Hence the appearance of this volume.

"With the view of rendering it *complete*, I have divided the History of the Class into three parts.

"In the *first* part, I have reproduced each year's Class List, alphabetically arranged, with Prize Lists, opinions of the press, &c.

"In the *second* part, I have supplied a History of our Class Club, and a short account of the first Dinner given by us to our late lamented Preceptor; I have recorded the days when our Annual Gatherings took place, and reprinted the Reports which have been circulated each year among the Members, &c.

"In the *third* part, I have furnished the Register of the Members of the Class, during the whole or any part of the four Sessions, alphabetically arranged, with their present vocation, address, and other interesting memoranda.

"To all this I have prefixed a Biographical Sketch of our late master, in which I have endeavoured to recall some reminiscences of High School days. These four separate records, with the beautiful engraving of the High School, and the striking and characteristic Portrait of Dr Boyd (the latter of which was engraved expressly for this work by our old Class-Fellow, Mr GEORGE AIKMAN, junr., from a photograph by Mr HENDERSON, taken several years ago), complete the volume.

"With the view of rendering the work as *authentic* as possible, I have requested detailed information from each of my Class-Fellows; and the prompt and hearty manner in which they have generally responded, affords me the full assurance that I have their approval of the little work which I have undertaken. In several cases, when unable to obtain information from the gentlemen themselves, I have been obliged to resort to the most authentic sources within my reach."

From the biography of Dr Boyd we extract the following passage as illustrative of the principal incidents both in his personal history, and in his professional career:—

"BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR BOYD.

"Dr James Boyd was born in Paisley, on the 24th December 1795. His father, who was a glover by trade, had eleven other children, all of whom predeceased Dr Boyd. The elements of his education he received in the town of his birth; but, as circumstances had caused his father to remove his family to Glasgow when his son James was in his eighth year, his future studies were prosecuted in that city. In due time he entered the University there, and by a sedulous cultivation of those talents which he possessed, he soon gained some of the highest honours in the Humanity, Greek, and Philosophical Classes. Among these honours may be specially mentioned the Blackstone Prize, which is awarded to the best Latin scholar of the year, and for which he was fortunate enough to be the successful competitor. After taking the degree of Master of Arts, he devoted himself for two years to the study of medicine, with the view of graduating in this particular branch of science; and during the time he attended the medical classes, he is said to have attained considerable proficiency. Eventually, however, he abandoned this pursuit, and entered the Divinity Hall of the University of Glasgow. Here he remained till he had completed the regular curriculum required by the Theological Faculty, and he was licensed to preach the Gospel, by the Presbytery of Dumbarton, during the month of May 1822. It may be mentioned that, at the early age of fourteen, and while passing

through a distinguished career at college, he was at the same time employed in training the young privately in the knowledge of the classics ; and many of these pupils, as well as the numerous host of their successors, exhibit, in the part which they now take in life, the results of his care and learning.

"Towards the close of 1822, Dr Boyd removed to Edinburgh, where, for the period of three years, he maintained himself by private tuition. In 1825, he became a candidate for the office of House-Governor in George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh—the patronage of which is vested in the Clergy and in the Magistrates and Town Council of that city.

"Regarding the admirable manner in which Dr Boyd performed the delicate and arduous duties of his important charge, I cannot do better than quote the words of the minute of the Governors, when, in accepting his resignation on 29th August 1829, they felt it to be their duty to record their strong sense of the value of his services to the Hospital. They bore 'their willing and grateful testimony to the intelligence and firmness with which he carried into execution the new plan of internal management introduced at the time of his election : to the union of kindness and energy which had secured for him the respect and affection of the boys ; and to the ability and zeal with which he had laboured in promoting the best interests of the Institution.'

"But the best testimony of all will be found in the recorded opinion of those who were educated within the walls of the Hospital, and who, in March 1839, thus wrote :—'Every one familiar with the affairs and state of the Hospital, at the period of Dr Boyd's connection with it, must recollect the singular renovation that was accomplished in its internal management from the time that he undertook its discipline. He made himself familiar with every detail ; by coming closely into contact with the boys, acquainted himself with their habits, talents, and dispositions ; improved their personal comforts ; and substituted moral training and motive for the indiscriminate use of the rod. The inmates of the institution were no longer kept at that chilling distance from their teachers, which turned into fear or dislike the sentiment with which they regarded their superiors ; but found their masters interesting themselves in their feelings, sharing often in their amusements, and cultivating their affections. While every department was regulated by the strictest discipline, it was without a tincture of severity. The moral habits of the boys were thoroughly corrected, and their religious training carefully and affectionately superintended.' As a further proof of the warm regard in which he was held by the pupils in the Hospital, they, at a later period, presented him with a portrait of himself, painted by the late Thomas Duncan, R.S.A., and engraved by William Douglas, both of whom were Old Heritors. The inscription on the gilt frame which surrounds it, is as follows :—

PRESENTED.

TO

JAMES BOYD, Esq., LL.D.

Late House-Governor of George Heriot's Hospital, by his
Pupils in that Institution, in testimony of their admiration of his
character as a Gentleman and a Scholar, and in grateful acknowledgement
of their obligations to him as the Instructor of their youth
and the Friend of their riper years.

Painted by Thomas Duncan, R.S.A.

1841.

"Dr Boyd held the office of House-Governor of the Hospital for nearly

four years, and before this period had expired, the University of Glasgow testified her sense of his merits by conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

"In the autumn of 1829, a vacancy occurred in the staff of Classical Masters in the High School of Edinburgh, in consequence of the resignation of the late Mr Irvine, and Dr Boyd became a candidate for the appointment. On the unanimous recommendation of the College Committee, the Magistrates and Town-Council, by a majority of twenty-eight to one, on the 19th day of August, elected him to the office."

On the subject of Dr Boyd's professional qualifications:—

"But on this subject, I shall adduce the testimony of one of his most distinguished pupils, the Rev. John Fowler, M.A., Cantab., at present Head-Master of the Grammar School of Lincoln. 'If,' says that distinguished scholar, 'to lay the foundation deep and sure—to bring out the latent talents of the young—to encourage them to aim at excellence, each in his own department—and to communicate a certain enthusiasm in literary pursuits be among the first recommendations of a teacher, these, all Dr Boyd's former pupils can testify, were possessed by him in a very high degree. His own enthusiasm in his profession—his able instructions, no less ably applied—his solicitude for the progress of *all* his pupils—and the unvarying kindness of his demeanour—they will ever remember with respect and gratitude. No teacher ever took a more lively interest in those placed under his care, and no one was more successful in securing their affectionate regard; as is sufficiently shown by the fact that there is no one to whom, in after years, they were so apt to turn for counsel and advice, and no one by whom it was more cheerfully communicated.'

"Of Dr Boyd's literary talents and acquirements it seems hardly requisite to speak. The success with which his extensive labours in the field of classical and general literature have been crowned, is the best attestation which can be produced. These labours were confined to the editing of books serviceable to the profession of which he was for so many years one of the brightest ornaments. In the performance of his editorial functions, the Doctor displayed great critical acumen, unusual variety and exactness of knowledge, and extreme refinement of taste. In 1834 he prepared for the press an improved edition of 'Adam's Roman Antiquities,' which he rendered much more intelligible—because more readable, and, at the same time, more easy of reference—by separating explanatory matter from what was purely textual, and appending the former to each page in the shape of foot-notes. In addition to all these improvements, he added 12,000 questions, which have greatly enhanced the utility of the work for school purposes; and which manifested not only high practical skill on the part of the editor, but an amount of labour which very few indeed would be prepared to face. The fact that, before his death, this work had been fifteen times reprinted, is the best testimony that can be recorded in its behalf. His other literary labours were, 'Potter's Grecian Antiquities;' 'Anthon's Sallust,' with additional notes and examination questions; 'Anthon's Select Orations of Cicero,' with additional notes; 'Anthon's Horace,' with additional notes; 'Jacob's Greek Reader,' with additional matter; and, last of all, 'Bishop Porteous's Summary of the Evidences of Christianity,' with definitions, synopses, and examination questions, supplied by the editor.

"The affectionate respect which all his pupils entertained towards Dr Boyd, is evinced by the fact of so many Clubs having been formed in his honour by his Classes. The columns of the *North British Advertiser* every

year contain announcements of the annual re-unions of several of these. In the Crimea itself, during the time of the Russian war, two 'Boyd Clubs' were formed by British officers, in acknowledgment of their common relation to him as their preceptor.

"Within two months after Dr Boyd's death, a meeting of his former Pupils in the High School was held, with the view of expressing their sincere sorrow at his removal by death, and of recording in some permanent form their deep sense of his unwearied devotion to the interests of his Scholars. At that meeting it was resolved, that the most fitting mode of accomplishing this object was by instituting a Medal to bear the name of the 'Boyd Medal,' and to be annually presented to the Dux of the Class in the High School, taught by Dr Boyd's successor."

From these citations, our readers will be enabled to form a vivid idea of the great teacher and exemplary man who stamped an indelible image of himself on the minds of all with whom he was officially or socially connected. Our readers, we are persuaded, will also concur with us in thinking that Mr Colston's volume, though "printed for private circulation," ought to become public property, not only as a noble tribute to the memory of a beloved master, and as a testimony of affection for fellow pupils, but as an enduring monument of its author's clear intellect, refined taste, warm heart, and well-directed industry.

Biographical Outlines of English Literature. By DAVID PRYDE, M.A., English Master in George Watson's, and in the Merchant Maiden Hospital, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute. 1862.

MR PRYDE'S volume is a school-book, and more than a school-book. For scholastic purposes it is admirably fitted, by its clear expression, its simple arrangement, its narrative form, and its apt selection of central facts. But the most matured student will read it with profit and delight, for the appreciative subtlety of its analysis, as well as for the poetic grace and unflagging animation of its style.

Mr Pryde divides the history of our literature into nine successive periods, each of which is marked out from the others by more or less definite characteristics, and is treated in a separate chapter.

The subjoined passages, relative to Shakespere, Tennyson, and Carlyle, furnish examples of the critical discernment, fine imagery, and precise diction which justify us in ranking Mr Pryde's "Outlines" with Professor Spalding's "History," and Dr Collier's "Biographical History of English Literature."

"The authors of this transition period may be likened to a company of travellers who, in their ascent from a narrow glen, have reached the summit of a spacious table-land. Behind them lay the gloomy valley of feudalism, with its frowning castles, its embattled armies, its jousts of chivalry, and its haunted forests, looming through the mist. Before them stretched the breezy upland of modern civilisation, illumined by the rising sun of Truth, adorned with fruitful farms and busy towns, and skirted by unexplored

fields of many a league in length. Some of them, like Spenser, fondly lingered over the romantic scenes which they had passed. Others, like Bacon, eagerly scanned the new prospect which had burst upon their gaze. And a few, like Shakespere, taking in both regions with one wide sweep of the eye, calmly viewed the one in the light of the other. At the same time, although they were all looking in different directions, they all felt an inspiration arising from their commanding position. Great thoughts and images crowded into their minds and filled their mouths with lofty and metaphorical language. So overwhelming was the throng that they had not time to select and arrange. Their creations were handed down to posterity, colossal, rugged, and unsymmetrical, like the unpremeditated visions of a prophet."

"It is scarcely possible to characterise the literary excellence of Shakespere. We cannot say of him, as we might say of any other author, that a certain one of his faculties towers above all the others. *All* his faculties are gigantic, and they are all *equally* gigantic. Searching discrimination of character, potent imagination, comprehensive judgment, profound meditation, ever-active sympathy, and a strong sense of the ludicrous, all act harmoniously together. The result is, that throughout his works there is a sustained power of description, and a harmonious blending of every possible excellence. The plots move onward with all the ease, dignity, and effect of real life. The characters appear, a large and motley throng, containing specimens from almost every class of men. At the same time, the stream of feeling is ever full and natural, changing most exquisitely with every change of circumstance. It would be possible to find in the pages of the great dramatist, an expression for almost every sentiment of the human heart.

"The mind of Shakespere, in fact, may be likened to a spacious highland lake, which all the influences of earth and air have combined to render peaceful and pellucid. Calmly and clearly it reflects within its bosom the forms of the overhanging universe, the ever-changing splendours of the moment, the variegated landscape of rock and wood and mountain, and the crowds of faces that are conveyed across its waters in the pursuit of pleasure or of business. Even the weird hags that celebrate their orgies on its lonely shores, and the moon-lit fairies that trip along its surface, shed down their strange figures into this wonderful mirror. So distinct and vivid is the entire representation, that as we gaze upon it, we cannot say in what respect it differs from the real tangible world around us."

"Like Wordsworth, Tennyson is averse to the jar and whirl of public life. On the salary of his Laureateship, and with an additional pension of two hundred pounds, he has retired to his villa, embowered amid the orchards of the Isle of Wight. There, as in a sort of poetical dream-land, he loiters about, with his soul attuned to catch the wandering breezes of inspiration. When any rare ideas come to him, he cherishes them fondly. They are not treated as mere passing guests, but continue the inmates of his imagination until they take a form and colour from their radiant dwelling-place. In course of time, their figures become so clearly and sharply defined that it is difficult to give them adequate expression. Second-hand poetical phraseology would merely hide their graceful and delicate forms. With nice art, he labours to drape them in a simple and transparent garb of Saxon words. When he succeeds, as in his descriptions of scenery, the effect is striking, exquisite and graphic beyond all precedent. When he fails, as in some of his metaphysical musings, it is because the ideas are shadowy, and not because the language is obscure."

"From his isolated position, Carlyle has few sympathies in common with the ordinary herd of worldlings. Whatever falls short of his high ideal, he treats with pitiless indignation. Not expediency, but absolute right is what he demands. Life is far too earnest and dreadful to be trifled away. Many favourite pursuits he brands as quakeries, and many favourite opinions he denounces as shams. There are a few pithy maxims which are constantly coming up in his writings. Silence, according to him, is more expressive than speech. Action is more dignified than thought. Duty is more imperative than happiness. The true government is a system of hero-worship, and the true precept of life is not 'Know thyself,' but 'Know what thou canst work at.'

"Carlyle treats a subject with the strong and ungainly energies of a giant. With a mighty grasp he seizes it, and brings all his faculties to bear upon it. His memory heaps it with allusions. His imagination plays around it with the fitful gleams of poetry. His humour leaps over it with boisterous and whimsical gambols. Whatever is good, his love embraces with tenderness; and whatever is false his satire spurns and buffets with stormy indignation. His language, meanwhile, is singularly abrupt and uncouth. Outlandish Germanisms are introduced without the slightest explanation or apology. To form a graphic phrase, two very dissimilar words are often joined together, and appear as if they had been welded by the heat of his imagination. Some sentences are inverted and twisted into the most grotesque shapes. Others are mere rude fragments, and lie sprawling without a single leg to rest upon. Not a few stand all on fire with the ardours of eloquence, like masses of lava thrown out from a volcano. Interspersed among these are spaces blooming with the flowers of fancy, and shedding a beauty and fragrance over the whole rugged field.

"Yet with this strange clumsy style, Carlyle has achieved the greatest results. His biographies represent the spirit of a man's life with a vigour and completeness which have never been equalled in the present age; his Histories contain the best descriptions that have ever been given of the mainsprings and inner movements of great events; and his *Miscellaneous Essays* are inexhaustible store-houses, from which needy authors furnish themselves with fresh ideas and opinions."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. John M'Calman to the Church and parish of Inch, in the Presbytery of Stranraer and shire of Wigton, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Ferguson.

The Rev. Dr Watson was on Sabbath morning introduced to the ministerial charge of the East Church and Parish, Dundee, by the Rev. Dr Caird of Park Church, Glasgow. The Church was densely filled. Dr Watson himself officiated in the afternoon to a full audience.

The congregation of the East Church, Aberdeen—one of the most numerous in the Church of Scotland—at a meeting, unanimously resolved to apply to the Town Council, the patrons, to present the Rev. Colin M'Culloch, of Montrose, to that church and parish, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Robert Flint to Kilconquhar.

Died, at 3 Henderson Row, Edinburgh, on the 27th inst., the Rev. Andrew Bell, D.D., minister of Linlithgow, in the 89th year of his ministry.

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PRINCIPAL TULLOCH'S NEW WORK:

"BEGINNING LIFE."*

THE value of this work is truly great, and we anticipate for it a celebrity both wide and permanent. Than the present volume, from the press has lately issued no book more admirably fitted to meet the wants of young men who are "beginning life" with earnestness. Those seeking guidance may here find it, and no less will be the aid to those who are scarcely conscious of their own danger and requirements. Principal Tulloch's book is immensely superior to the popular "Christian Father's Present" of the late Rev. Angell James; the mind revealed is finer and more richly cultivated. An intimate acquaintance with the questions of the day is shown; the strength of manly thought, scholarship, and generous affection, are incontestable. Instead of a narrow sectarianism, we behold the beauty of a genuine Christianity. It is eminently a seasonable book, being intended to resist some of the pernicious misbeliefs of the day: and yet, it possesses the qualities which will enable it to retain an honourable position among standard works of literature. It was fitting that a clear exposition of the main truths of Christian Faith and morals should be given, to neutralise the recent assaults that have attained an unhappy notoriety.

The diseases of the new times required new physicians. The old evils had returned, and had assumed fresh disguises. The old errors thrust themselves forward, and made a claim of novelty, disdaining

* *Beginning Life: Chapters for Young Men, on Religion, Study, and Business.* By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor, St Mary's College, St Andrews: Author of "The Leaders of the Reformation," &c. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1862. Pp. 288.

to listen to any former refutations, as though such were antiquated and not applicable to opinions of the present day. Insinuations and sneers, of which the folly had long ago been shown; rash assertions, that had been met calmly and victoriously by learned divines; impatient assumptions that had been disproved by evidence, and heresies that had been abandoned with contrition by those who for awhile had yielded to their deadly fallacies; these, with all the other unblest weapons of infidelity that could be drawn from the armoury of foreign or of native sceptic, have lately been brought back for service, by many who seek a mastery over the intellect of our time. It cannot be denied that dangers are imminent: Scepticism is walking boldly in the ways of men, and bidding multitudes throw aside their allegiance to Truth. The desecration of Faith is asserted to be a triumph of Liberal Opinion. We are told by many glib lecturers and periodical essayists, that Science and Religion contradict each other, and that as knowledge ripens, all the old beliefs of theologians must inevitably be destroyed; that they will be recognised as mere delusions, of which the highest use was the having served as playthings to occupy the world in its infancy. And as all these specious proclamations of infidelity have a tendency to flatter the intellectual pride of undisciplined men, who can yield but few hours to an investigation of the truth or falsehood of the allegations, it is not surprising as a result that assent is yielded to statements antagonistic to Scripture. Thousands are willing to believe the objections urged against Christianity, who are unable to search into the evidence which would establish its truth. Neither their faculties nor their leisure may be such as would permit their becoming investigators and judges. A very slight acquaintance with infidel publications suffices to furnish any person with plausible arguments, or a battery of captious sarcasms, and flippant objections. Nor do they need to depend on avowed "Free-thinkers." Two or three celebrated names are attainable, of men whose position gave weight to their acknowledgements of doubt. Their confessions of a weakness, have been perverted, and conjoined with the exaggerated announcements of supposed discoveries, on which might be founded some theories agreeable to their own idiosyncrasy,—these acknowledgements of partial dissent are eagerly laid hold of by subtle polemics, as though substantiating the charges made against the doctrines of Christianity. And the persons who most frequently quote this class of sayings, viz., the expressed doubts of Christians, as if they were conclusive, are the very same persons who continue to reject the authority of the Christians in every other particular. The momentary unbelief, or partial darkening of reason, in such men as Dr Arnold of Rugby, or John Foster, the essayist, are remembered and accepted by the new "leaders of liberal thought," instead of the better faith which more commonly found expression in their lives and writings! As unreasonably might we quote St Peter's reiterated denial of having been a follower of the Lord Jesus, instead of our drawing instruction from his course of life and teaching, after those few weak mo-

ments, when human frailty overcame the courage if not the faith of the apostle.

The chief part of the volume now before us is devoted to a consideration of certain principles of faith and aspects of Religion. In reading these first ten chapters we are frequently reminded of their being specially calculated to refute some of the erroneous statements in the "*Essays and Reviews*." Principal Tulloch, with many other learned and pious men, has felt keenly the perils arising from the erroneous teaching of the Essayists and Reviewers, who have sown their rash statements in the public mind. He knows that the young and impulsive are too apt to be misled by a book which comes forth avowedly representative of an advanced knowledge of the Scriptures, and which directly as well as indirectly is subversive of religious faith. We find him here speaking of these difficulties with no uncertainty of judgment. The clearness of his statements; the affectionate earnestness of his tone, and the soundness of the learning which he brings in substantiation of his views, combine to make this work an invaluable gift to those who might have been imperilled by the sophistries of the day. Not often is to be found a book like this, addressed to the general public, but displaying so much logical acuteness. The manly breadth is an especial charm. If the arguments fail to convince those who still halt betwixt two opinions, it is not the fault of the writer or of his cause. He abstains from rash assumptions and revilings, resolutely holding himself back from demanding belief in dogmas unauthorised by Scripture, or facts that are unsupported by trustworthy evidence. Yet he has no hesitation in walking by faith rather than depending on argumentation, whenever higher religious truths appeal to the soul. Where the historical antiquary or the sciolist would be insufficient guides, he is contented to trust the "still small voice."

He has a modest estimate of his own work, and always speaks with the affectionate directness of a friend. In the Introduction he observes :—

"Certainly there is a grave importance as well as a pleasant charm in the beginning of life. There is awe as well as excitement in it, when rightly viewed. The possibilities that lie in it of noble or ignoble work—of happy self-sacrifice or ruinous self-indulgence—the capacities in the right use of which it may rise to heights of beautiful virtue, in the abuse of which it may sink to depths of debasing vice—make the crisis one of fear as well as of hope, of sadness as well as of joy. It is wistful as well as pleasing to think of the young passing year by year into the world, and engaging with its duties, its interests, and temptations. Of the throng that struggle at the gates of entrance, how many reach their anticipated goal? Carry the mind forward a few years, and some have climbed the hills of difficulty and gained the eminence on which they wished to stand—some, although they may not have done this, have yet kept their truth unhurt, their integrity unspoiled; but others have turned back, or have perished by the way, or fallen in weakness of will, never to rise again.

"As we place ourselves with the young at the opening gates of life, and think of the end from the beginning, it is a deep concern more than anything else that fills us. Words of earnest argument and warning counsel,

rather than of congratulation, rise to our lips. The seriousness outweighs the pleasantness of the prospect. The following pages have sprung out of this feeling. They deal with religion, and especially with the difficulties of Christian faith at present; they venture to touch upon professional business and its responsibilities; they offer some counsels as to study and books. The interests and occupation of the writer have naturally led him to deal with the first of these topics at most length. Faith is the foundation of life; religion of duty; and it is impossible to discuss either without respect to the peculiar atmosphere of doubt in which we live, and in which many of the young live even more consciously than their elders. Yet there is nothing of elaborateness—of learning or the pretence of learning, in these discussions. They are designed as the free talk of a friend rather than the disquisitions of a theologian. . . . If to such as have some spirit of inquiry, they should prove at all 'Aids to Faith' their highest purpose would be served."

"The importance of Religion" forms the subject of the first chapter, and herein the author recognises the sense of the Supernatural which is felt by almost all, even by those who declare themselves to remain unaffected by religious belief:—*

"All experience proves that men cannot shut out the thought of the Unseen and the Supreme, although they may banish from their minds the faith of their childhood, and despise what they deem the superstition of their neighbours. The void thus created fills up with new materials of faith, often far less interesting and unspeakably less worthy than those which they superseded. Our age has been rife in examples of this; and men have wondered—if, indeed, any aberration of human intellect can well excite wonder—at the spectacle of those who have professed that they could not conceive of any notion of a Supreme Being without emotions of ridicule, exhibiting a faith in the supernatural, in comparison with which the superstitions of a past age are probable and dignified. So strangely does violated human nature take its revenge. The thought of the supernatural abides with man, do what he will. It visits the most callous, it interests the most sceptical."—(P. 10.)

In the second chapter on "the Object of Religion" we are led into consideration of the character of the Supreme Existence or Power. It is a masterly essay, in refutation of that positivist view which would fain destroy all personality of the Deity, and reduce the idea of a God, omniscient and omnipresent, to a abstraction of mere Law. Dr Tulloch thus shews the manner in which a denial of the personal-

* See the remarks on this subject in an article entitled the "Religious Heresies of the Working Classes," in No. XLI. (New Series) of the *Westminster Review*, by a writer who can certainly not be suspected of any bias to orthodoxy. We read in p. 89:—"It is a very significant fact that modern Spiritualism, both in England and America, has won the belief of large numbers who were formerly Secularists. In Bradford, Bingley, and other Yorkshire towns, there are people [hitherto] notorious for believing nothing, now equally notorious for believing everything. . . . Scepticism has always been rife among them. It is characteristic of these rude northerners to be afraid of no inquiry, and, out of a love of fair dealing, to be prone to welcome what others excommunicate." The writer goes on to relate what changes have taken place, the growth of credulity, and disturbance of old forms of infidelity, especially naming Keighley, as a locality, though the "smoke of the town is visible from the grey tower of Haworth Church, and Charlotte Brontë's mountain home is only three miles away," &c.

ity of Deity is almost certain to affect the character of the denier. After setting in opposition the estimate which takes nature as "a self-existent, ever-unfolding process, containing all its energies within itself," to that which recognises a power external to nature, and above nature—the divine mind, or Essence, "the directing power, of which nature is but the expression and symbol"—he continues:—

"Is there a life higher than any mere nature-life—a rational and moral Will, transcending and guiding all the processes of nature,—in nothing governed by, in everything governing them? This is the issue, more pertinently and urgently than ever, in the present crisis of speculative and religious inquiry.

"How deeply this question goes into the whole subject of religion and morality must be obvious to any reflection. If once the doubt insinuates itself, and begins to hold the mind, as to whether there is a higher Will than our own instructing and guiding us, to which we are responsible, and whose law should be our rule, it is plain that the very spring of Divine obedience must be slackened, if not destroyed. Men cannot habitually hold themselves free from a sense of duty and yet be dutiful—cannot deliberately cherish views at variance with all feeling of reverence for a higher Power and yet be pious. When the mind comes to dwell familiarly on the idea of nature rather than of God, on that of development rather than of responsibility, on that of harmony rather than of authority, there gradually follows a marked change in the point of view from which life, and all its relations and interests, are regarded. There springs up an insensible and subtle selfishness, all the more powerful that it proceeds not from the grosser impulses, but from a diffused reflective feeling that nothing, as it were, can be helped; that 'the great soul of the world is just': and that every man accordingly is to take the good provided for him, and make the most of it for his own happiness, unmindful of the happiness or the misery of others."—(P. 18.)

As this chapter is devoted to oppose Baden Powell in his enunciation of a theory of positivism, so the next chapter is concerned with answering his objections to miracles, and "the Supernatural." With simplicity of language and strength of reasoning, it does good service. It is impossible to peruse the pages without acknowledging the quiet dignity, which bespeaks the depth of conviction in the author.

The chapters designed to separately establish some fundamental truth or system of truth, proceed with a natural and intimate connection, forming a solid whole and not detailed reflections. The fourth chapter, on "Revelation," indicates the great purpose of redemption, which became comparatively evident when the Saviour had permitted himself to be offered up, a sinless sacrifice for Sin, but which had been fore-shown with ever increasing distinctness, epoch by epoch, even from the day of the Fall. This "remedial or redeeming purpose towards the fallen," we are told, "brightens on us as we descend the course of sacred tradition. Whatever is specially miraculous in Scripture gathers round it, and receives its highest meaning from it. To detach such events, and look at them as mere isolated manifestations of supernatural power at once destroys their moral significance, and increases their historical difficulty."—(P. 42.)

Recognising the "successive manifestations of an increasing purpose running through the ages—as special utterances of the great

thought and love of God for his creatures," he shows that "this promise of a higher Messianic kingdom and glory, more than anything else, binds together the supernatural texture of the Old Testament." Moreover that "its fulfilment in Jesus Christ is the life and substance of the New Testament." Great is the gain when this connection is seen,—the supernatural as "a living presence running through the ages—an unfolding power, witnessing to itself as type, and oracle, and prophecy, till it culminated in Christ, who gathers to himself all its meaning, who is its sum and explanation." He says, with truth, "when we have seized this idea, [of a higher order crossing a lower and fallen order that it might restore and purify it,] we see nothing incongruous in the special miracles of Scripture. They fall, we might say, naturally into their place. Especially the Christian miracles cluster around the person of Christ as an appropriate manifestation. They are only the expressions of the higher will which abode in Him, and which sought its native and direct action in the works of healing and life-giving blessing which it wrought."

"The Christian Evidences" are considered briefly but vigorously under three heads. 1. The indirect witness, 2. the direct witness, and 3. the internal witness. Under the first of these divisions is shown the insufficiency of all the attempts made by rationalists to explain away the divine origin of Christianity. "We can trace the rise of Socrates, and the rise of Mohammed," he remarks—" (to take two widely different illustrations,) in antecedent moral and social conditions, which did not indeed make them, but which explain them. All this historical connection fails us with Jesus of Nazareth. We see no hints of such a phenomenon in the antecedent tendencies of the Jewish mind."^{*}

In "The Direct Witness" we are led to a careful examination of (1st) the Genuineness of the Gospels, and (2ndly) the Worth of the Apostolic Testimony. It would not have been easy to have given within such limits of space, a more clear and vigorous summary of the subject than has here been produced by Dr Tulloch. "The Internal Witness" also has found a faithful expositor. The relation which Christianity bears to all the best aspirations of man, the strength and purity which he finds in it, and in it alone, and which satisfy those cravings of his nature that remove him to a height immeasurably above the other orders of created beings,—this is what is shewn in the eighth chapter. We read, and while we read, acknowledge the truth of his conclusion, that—

* He thus continues:—"The Christ of the Gospels stands alone. As a moral portrait, He is without prototype or parallel—coming out from the dimness of the past a sudden and perfect creation. We look around, and in all the gallery of history there is no likeness to Him. 'So meek, so mild, so pitiful, yet so sublime, so terrible in his perfect sanctity.' There are noble and magnanimous countenances—but none such as His. There are splendid characters—but they are pale beside the lustre of His purity and beneficence. The quaint rectitude of a Socrates, and the hardy virtue of a Confucius, are dim, and poor, and imperfect, beside the holy sympathy, the loving sacrifice, the magnanimous wisdom, that shone forth in Jesus of Nazareth. To suppose such a character to be a natural development of Judaism seems among the wildest of dreams."—(P. 68.)

"The awakened spiritual intelligence of man, in its highest and most developed forms, continues to find, as it has found in past ages, its truest satisfaction in the gospel. It finds here a revelation of God, and a revelation of itself such as it finds nowhere else—a witness of Perfection above coming down to meet imperfection on earth, and to raise it to its own blessed union and strength. It finds here a power to quicken and enlighten, to regenerate and sanctify—a power which brings the alienated soul back to God, and heals the anxieties, and kindles its torpor, and, from the darkness of sin, raises it to the light of heaven. It is impossible that a religion which thus leads us to God should not come from him—that our spiritual being should be quickened into life and righteousness by a falsehood. . . . It has the witness in itself—'the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, and which testifieth of the Son.'"—(P. 107.)

The remaining half of the volume has a value that will be more popularly appreciated than the excellent commencement. As regards *Business*, it dwells on "What to do" and "How to do it." Of *Study*, it advises "How to read," and what books are to be read. Moreover, rightly considering that "the young man must carry with him into his recreations not merely feelings of honour, but the feelings of justice, purity, truth, and tenderness that become the gospel," the author has not neglected to speak wisely and cheerfully, concerning *Recreation*, both "How to enjoy" and "What to enjoy." His remarks are more profitable than all the denunciations of pleasure that are uttered by Pharisees and soured Puritans. The mirthful spirit that is often seen animating the young, not only of our own race but of the lower animals, was assuredly not given for nought. It is impossible to wholly suppress the tendencies towards merriment, and if attempts to banish enjoyment were successful, the result would be fatal. No small quantity of the miseries and crimes that have afflicted mankind, have been the natural consequences of interference with, and suppression of, innocent pleasures. The reaction from undue strictness and asceticism has ever been calamitous, leading to vicious indulgences of the grossest kinds; the tyrannical exhibition of power speedily develops malignity, hypocrisy, and social disunion. We must never forget that the Saviour himself denounces the formalism and despotic rigour of those who would heap on humanity a heavier burden than it can bear.—(Math. xxiii. 4.) The "golden mean" is gently indicated by the work before us, wherein we read:—

"It is the spirit of the gospel to rejoice, and yet to do so with sobriety; to rejoice where God fills the heart with gladness—where opportunity and companionship invite to mirth and cheerfulness; and yet to be sober when we think how fleeting all joy is—how soon the clouds and darkness follow the glad sunshine—how many are dwelling in 'the house of mourning'—what a shadow of death and of judgment encompasses all human life. To be cheerful and yet to be sober-minded—to laugh when it is time for laughter—to have no gloom in our heart, and yet to have no wantonness in it—but to be 'pitiful and courteous' towards others' sorrow, should God spare ourselves from it,—this is the right spirit, truly Christian,—truly human, (the latter because it is the former). . . . It is by no means easy of reach, but by God's help it may in some measure be the portion of all who will humbly learn His truth and follow His will."—(P. 259.)

We have already given the remarks on the results, on human character, of a speculative atheism or Positivism, and we now select a passage, illustrative of the Christian Ideal, in comparison with all other ideals of life:—

"As time wears on, it grows in distinctness, and brightens into a lovelier hue, while the ideals of mere culture or worldly ambition grow dim and vanish. The progress of years, more than anything, brings out radical differences of character. In youth all are comparatively much alike. The most beautiful youth certainly may not appear the most religious—the captivity of gay spirits, and of healthful development, may carry off the palm; but afterwards, when there is a greater drain upon the springs of life, and circumstances bring out more thoroughly all that is in us, the attractions of the outward cease, and the true character shines forth. Then the life which has sought its strength in secret converse with the Highest, bears fruit in chastened affections and enduring virtues. It matures into beauty and fruitfulness under the very same process by which the merely natural life is impaired and worn out. As the vivid brightness and genial happiness which gave to the latter its youthful bloom fade away, there comes forth in the former a tempered strength of faith, and hope, and charity, which shall never fade, which has in it an incorruptible seed, springing up into everlasting life. It is like the contrast of the wine in the first miracle which our Lord did at Cana of Galilee. Worldly ideals set before us the best wine first, and 'afterwards, when men have well drunk, then that which is worse;' but in the Christian ideal, 'the best wine is ever kept till now!' The last is always the best. The character ripens as it is proved, until at length it passes into the perfect form of that life above, which is at once its consummation and its source. . . .

"Let not the Divine ideal, therefore, ever perish from your hearts. Quench it not by the darkness of sinful passion, or the neglect of hardening worldliness. Let it live brightly in your inner being, amid all the cares and sorrows, and doubts of time. Whatever may be doubtful, this cannot be so—this image of purity and peace and heaven. Does it not rise all the more vividly against the shadowy background of earth's confusion and miseries?"—(P. 140.)

It may be seen from the analysis here given, and by the extracts, that we regard this little book as being eminently praiseworthy and useful. It is, of course, not more than an introduction to the study of other works, which have treated the revived objections to Christianity in a more exhaustive manner: such, for instance, as the noble volume entitled "*Aids to Faith*,"* contributed by the Rev. Drs Thomson and Fitzgerald (Bishops of Gloucester and of Cork), Rev. Dr McCaul, Dean Ellicott, &c., and the able "*Replies to 'Essays and Reviews'*,"† regarding both of which we hope ere long to speak more fully. They de-

* *Aids to Faith: a Series of Theological Essays.* By Several Writers; viz., Professor Mansel, W. Fitzgerald, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, Dr McCaul, F. C. Cook, M.A., George Rawlinson, M.A., E. Harold Browne, B.D., William Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, *editor*, and C. J. Ellicott, B.D., Dean of Exeter. London: John Murray. 1862.

† *Replies to "Essays and Reviews."* By the Rev. D.D.s Goulburn, Heurtley, Irons, and Christopher Wordsworth; the Revs. H. J. Rose, B.D.; G. Rorison, M.A.; and A. W. Haddon, B.D. With Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and Letters from the Radcliffe Observer, and the Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1862.

serve earnest study, offering material for thought that may not be neglected without danger. The learning which is sanctified by holiness, has rarely had a better opportunity for extending to the public the safeguards which have been found in contemplating the Scriptural records, than in those important undertakings. They stand side by side, not rivals but allies to each other, having one common cause to be striven for, and one common reward, the enlightenment of those who were being misled by the rash assertions of Scepticism.

It is well said by one of the most learned divines of the present day, who has spoken in the controversy now drawing forward so many defenders of Christianity, that "we need the calm, comprehensive, scholarlike declaration of positive truth upon all the matters in dispute, by which the shallowness, and the passion, and the ignorance of the new system of unbelief may be thoroughly displayed."—(*Replies to Essays and Reviews*, p. xvi.) That these volumes "may, in some measure at least, fulfil these conditions," we venture to believe, and in this belief commend them warmly. Of the general result to religious faith we have no fear; and great is the gain when any soul is saved from the wilderness of infidelity and the pitfalls of vicious indulgence awaiting those who have lost sight of the guiding star,—the Redeemer. He is that true Light which shineth forth to lighten the world, and in that guidance alone is safety.

ST JOHN'S COLL., Cambridge, 1862.

J. W. E.

THE CHURCH OF THE MIDDLE AGE.*

THE reputation of the late Archdeacon Hardwick is deservedly high. In his "History of the Christian Church during the Reformation," and in his two volumes on the religions of antiquity—of China, America, and Oceanica,—of Egypt and Medo-Persia,—viz., "Christ and other Masters, an historical inquiry into some of the chief parallelisms and contrasts between Christianity and the Religious systems of the Ancient World,"—he had displayed that laborious and conscientious spirit which is so necessary to form an historian. With a resolute faith in the great truths of Christianity, he neither quailed nor stumbled when treading the labyrinth of Ecclesiastical History, and adventuring into the still more bewildering speculations connected with the rites and creeds of heathen nations. He was one of the few men, given to any age, who are able to arrive at certainty amid all the entanglement of discordant testimonies. He had an English soundness of core which enabled him to remain unscathed where the

* A History of the Christian Church. Middle Age. By Charles Hardwick, M.A., formerly Fellow of St Catherine's College, and Archdeacon of Ely. Second Edition. Edited by Francis Proctor, M.A., late Fellow of St Catherine's College, and Vicar of Wotton, Norfolk. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1861. Crown 8vo. Pp. 482.

Teutonic mind is prone to find bewilderment. Therefore, he is by no means an unsafe guide for theological students, who would fain avail themselves of the learning of the Germans without their besetting errors of scholastic captiousness and mistiness of faith.

The present work comes before the public greatly improved from the first edition. By personal exertions, the editor has striven to compensate for the loss of the author's latest revision, while the work was passing through the press. Fortunately, the late Archdeacon Hardwick had himself made preparations for a reissue, and the additional matter which he had accumulated is now incorporated. His own alterations have been followed. The editor has aided both by verifying the original references, and by adding others, (the *Chronicles* and *Memorials* of Great Britain, now in course of publication under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls, being especially found available), and the work is further enriched with four maps, executed by W. and A. K. Johnston of Edinburgh. These maps are illustrative of Europe at the opening of the ninth century, Asia at the middle of the tenth, —showing the localities of Mahomedanism—Europe at the middle of the eleventh, and a separate map of the British Isles. These illustrations are distinct and artistic, like those in Professor Cosmo Innes' "*Scotland in the Middle Ages*." A division into four periods has been employed by Archdeacon Hardwick, in considering the Ecclesiastical History. Of these, the first extends from the time of Gregory the Great to the death of Charlemagne, A.D. 590–814; the second, from the death of Charlemagne to Pope Gregory VII., A.D. 814–1073; the third, from Gregory VII. until the transfer of the Papal See to Avignon, A.D. 1073–1305; and the fourth, from that transfer until the Excommunication of Luther, A.D. 1305–1520; at which point the author's "*History of the Reformation*" takes up the narrative.

This is a wide field of operations, embracing the revolutions of almost a thousand years. It was no easy task to give, as has been given here, the story of all those vast changes, with the fierce elements of the north warring against the more subtile ingenuity of the southern races, and the few but beautiful manifestation of Christian spirits working unobtrusively amid all the turmoil and crime, whilst the Church itself was being made the spoil of barbarians or the cloak of personal ambition. The excellence of the book lies in this, that it is not a mere outline, a dry catalogue of events. We see not here a museum of skeletons, from which everything that had given character had been stripped away; but the warm blood is still beating in the veins, the passions are still expressed in the countenances, and something of the tone of each individual voice is still heard speaking to us, as the figures of the great leaders move before us in the long and interesting drama. Whilst affording a model of condensation, the book is far from being meagre in details, the notes are truly explanatory, and not burdensome, the style, moreover, is easy and graceful, with no lack of vigour.

Instead of dwelling on the political history of the times, we take the following passages from the account of "the state of intelli-

gence and piety" during the period A.D. 814–1078. And, first, as regards the—

MEANS OF GRACE AND KNOWLEDGE.

"In sketching the religious life of western Christendom at this period, a distinction must be drawn between the tenth century and the remaining portions of the ninth and the eleventh. The influence of the Carolingian schools, supported as they were by Louis-le-Débonnaire and Charles-le-Chauve,* was very widely felt; it ended only when domestic troubles, the partition of the empire, and the savage inroads of the Northmen checked all further growth. The same is, speaking generally, true of England; but the noble efforts of King Alfred to revive the ancient taste for learning rescued his dominions, in some way at least, from the barbaric darkness which continued to oppress the continent of Europe, till the dawn of the Hildebrandine reformation. Nearly all the intermediate time is desert, one expanse of moral barrenness and intellectual gloom.†

"As in the former period, the instruction of the masses was retarded by the multiplicity and breaking up of the languages, and most of all, by the adherence of the Western Church to Latin only as the vehicle of worship. It was now, in fact, disused‡ by nearly all excepting clerics. Many of the councils have, however, laid especial stress on the necessity of preaching in the native dialects.¶ They urge that opportunity should be afforded both in town and country parishes‡ of gaining a complete acquaintance with the precious Word of God. The doctrines of the Saviour's incarnation, death, and final triumph in behalf of man, the gift of the Holy Ghost, the value of the sacraments, the blessedness of joining in the act of public prayer, the need of pure and upright living, and the certainty of future judgment in accordance with men's works, are recommended as the leading topics for the expositions of the priest. But insufficient training, even when he was alive to his vocation, rendered him unable to imprint those verities effectually upon his semi-barbarous flock. As children they were taught, indeed, by him and by their sponsors, several elements of Christian faith (e.g., the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed): yet there is reason to infer that in the many, more especially of tribes which were now added to the Church, the roots of heathenism were still insuperably strong.

"How far the masses learned to read is not so easily determined. The amount of education must have differed with the circumstances of the country, diocese, or parish: still we are assured that efforts were continually made to organise both town and village schools.¶

* "In the former reign the literature was almost exclusively religious, owing to the predilections of the monarch, but the court and schools of Charles-le-Chauve displayed a stronger relish for more general learning. ('utriusque eruditionis Divinæ scilicet et humanæ,' is the language of the Council of Savonnières in 869): cf. Guizot, II., 871."

† "See, for instance, Mabillon, *Act. Sanct. Ord. Bened.*, sec. v. Præf. Other writers, (e.g. Hallam, *Lit. of Middle Ages*, pt. 1, ch. 1. § 10), consider the tenth an advance upon the seventh century, more particularly in France."

‡ "Bähr, *Geschichte der römisch. Lit. in Karol. Zeit.* p. 59."

¶ "e.g. The Council of Mayence, in 847, orders (c. 2) that bishops should not only be assiduous in preaching, but that they should be able to translate their homilies into *Romana rustica* or *Theotica* (Deutsch), 'quo facilius cuncti possint intelligere quæ dicuntur.' The practice of the English in this respect is illustrated by Ælfric and Wulfstan: and in Ælfric's *Canons*, c. 28, (Johnson I. 397), the priest is distinctly reminded of his duty to expound the Gospel in English every Sunday and mass-day."

§ "e.g. The Council of Valence (855,) c. 16." [For brevity we omit several footnote references, and valuable quotations from authorities.]

¶ "Ib. c. 18. . . . It seems, however, that there was a constant jealousy of

"The richest institutions of this class were the conventual seminaries of the French and German Benedictines; and although they often shared in the deterioration of the order, and were broken up by the invasions of the Magyars and Northmen, we must view them as the greatest boon to all succeeding ages; since in them especially the copies of the Sacred Volume, of the Fathers, and of other books were hoarded and transcribed.

"The reverence for the Holy Scriptures on the ground of their super-human character was universally retained. Too oft, however, the supply of Biblical as well as other manuscripts appears to have been extremely small; and very few even of the well-affected clergy had sufficient means to purchase more than two or three separate works* of the inspired Authors. Copies of the Psalms and Gospels were most frequently possessed.

"The laity, when they could read, had also opportunities of gathering crumbs of sacred knowledge, here and there at least, from versions now in circulation of some parts of holy Writ, from interlinear glosses of the Service-books, or from poetic paraphrases, harmonies, and hymns in the vernacular, — productions which indeed grow very numerous at this period."—(P. 209.)

In continuation, we have many striking examples of the "Corruptions and Abuses" which defaced the Church system in the same period, and afterwards. And, first, of the—

POPULARITY OF THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

"Still, as writers of the age itself complain, a careful study of the Bible was comparatively rare, especially throughout the tenth century; the clerics even giving a decided preference to some lower fields of thought, for instance, to the elements of logic and of grammar. The chief source of general reading was the swarming 'Lives of Saints,' which had retained the universal influence we have noticed on a former page. The Eastern Church was furnished with them even to satiety by Simeon Metaphrastes; and a number of his wildest Legends were transmitted to the West. The general craving for such kinds of food is well attested by the fact that Ælfric had himself translated two large volumes at the wish of the English people, and had subsequently been induced to undertake a third for the gratification of the monks."

After having noticed the diminution of attempts to counteract this growing worship of the Saints, and also after having spoken of the institution of the "*Hours or Office of St Mary*,"† and the worship of the Saints, with the general introduction of their images and supposed "relics," he thus continues:—

SAINTS' WORSHIP AND RELICS.

"The saints indeed were worshipped by the more enlightened on the ground that every act of veneration paid to them was ultimately paid to Christ Himself, and would redound to the glory of his grace; but in the many it was very different. Owing to their want of spiritual and intellectual culture,

the lay or secular schools on the part of the monks, who succeeded in getting several of them closed. Vidaillon, *Vie de Greg. VII.*, i. 290."

* "... If the clergy could not procure all the Old Testament, they were at least to have the Book of Genesis."

† "The story of her exaltation into heaven obtained a general credence, and as men were often vying with each other in attempts to elevate her far above the common sphere of humanity, they now devised a public service for this end,—the *Hours or Office of St Mary*. It was gradually accepted in the monasteries, where the custom of performing mass on Saturdays to the especial honour of the Virgin also took its rise."

a distinction of this kind was for the most part altogether unintelligible. They would naturally confound the courtiers and the king; in other words, the worship of the holy dead, as understood by them, was bordering close upon polytheism. The formal recognition (canonization) of a saint, not only in one single district but in every province of the Church (a usage dating from the present period) added greatly to the downward impulse. . . .

"A perpetual source of mischief and profaneness was the feverish passion to become possessed of relics of the saints. The gross credulity of some, and the unpardonable fraud of others, multiplied the number of these objects of research to a prodigious and most scandalous extent. They grew at length into a common article of traffic. Monasteries in particular, where many of them were enshrined from motives either of cupidity or superstition, reaped a harvest by exhibiting their treasures to the simple-hearted crowd. A few indeed of the disinterested or less credulous abbots interposed occasionally, and shut up some wonder-working relic from the gaze of the tumultuary assemblage, whom it had attracted to the spot. Too oft, however, 'the religious,' running with the stream of popular opinion, acquiesced in the circulation of the vilest cheats.* The masses were thus more and more confirmed in semi-pagan notions with respect to amulets and charms; believing everywhere, to some extent at least, in the protective and the therapeutic virtues of the relics."—(P. 213.)

He next speaks of the prevalence of the rite of unction, or, as it is called in the later ages of the Church, "extreme unction." And after mentioning the Solitaries—hermits who, "it would seem, abounded most in the tenth century," and who, being "disgusted with their former selves, or with the desperate state of morals and religion in the town, had hoped to find in solitude an interval of holy calm which they might dedicate to prayer and closer self-inspection,"—we find the following remarks on—

PILGRIMAGES.

"A more earthly spirit breathed in the prevailing rage for pilgrimages. Many, doubtless, undertook them with a mingled class of feelings, differing little, if at all, from those of modern tourists; while the rest would view such journeys, as the Church herself did for the most part, in relation to the penitential spirit of the age. As the more hopeful doctrines of the Cross had been forgotten or displaced, men felt that the Almighty could no longer be propitious to them while resorting to the common means of grace. Accordingly they acquiesced in the most rigid precepts of their spiritual director and the heaviest censures of the Church. The pilgrimage to Rome stood highest in their favour during all the earlier half of the present period; the extravagant ideas of papal grandeur, and the hope of finding a more copious absolution at the hands of the alleged successor of St Peter, operating very powerfully in all districts of the West. But subsequently the greater point of confluence was the Holy Sepulchre, which from the year 1030 seems to have attracted multitudes of every grade.

"It must, however, be remembered, that the better class of prelates, even where they yielded more or less to the externalizing spirit of the times, have never failed to censure all reliance on these works as grounds of human merit, or as relieving men from the necessity of inward transformation to

* "The number of these finally suggested the application of the fire ordeal to test the genuineness of relics. See Mabillon's *Vet. Analecta*, p. 568. Schröckh (*xiii.* 180, sq.) enumerates some of the most cherished of the relics now discovered or transmitted to the West; e.g., a Tear of Christ, Blood of Christ," &c.

the holy image of the Lord. A number, also, (it must be allowed,) of the ascetics, both in east and west, exhibited the genuine spirit of humility and self-renunciation. Yet, upon the other hand, it is apparent that the penitential discipline of the Church was undermining the foundations of the truth. The theory most commonly adopted was, that penances are satisfactions paid by the offender, with the hope of averting the displeasure of Almighty God. Its operation, therefore, would be two-fold, varying with the temperament or the convictions of the guilty. The more earnest felt that the effects of sin could only be removed by voluntary suffering, by an actual and incessant mortification of the flesh. Accordingly they had recourse to measures the most violent, for instance, to a series of extraordinary fasts and self-inflicted scourgings, not unlike the almost suicidal discipline which had for ages been adopted by the Yogis of the east. The other and the larger class who shrank from all ascetic practices, could find relief in commutations, or remissions, of the penances prescribed by canons of the ancient Church. A relaxation of this kind, now legalised in all the *Libri Penitentiales*, was entitled an 'indulgence.' It was possible for the more wealthy sinner to compress a seven years' fast, for instance, into one of three days, by summoning his numerous dependents, and enjoining them to fast with him and in his stead."—(P. 216.)

The subjects of Confession, Excommunication, Anathema, and Interdict are next touched upon. In the following passage, with which we must terminate our quotations from this interesting volume, the Venerable Charles Hardwick mentions the effects of the belief in Purgatory, and the general expectation of the Final Judgment:—

THE BELIEF IN PURGATORY.

"The morose and servile feelings which the penitential system of the Church engendered or expressed, were deepened by the further systematizing of her old presentiments respecting purgatory. The distinction, to be afterwards evolved, between the temporal and eternal consequences of sin, was still indeed unknown: but in defining that a numerous class of frailties, unforgiven in the present life, are nevertheless remissible hereafter, the dominion of the sacerdotal order and the efficacy of prayers and offerings on the part of the survivors, were infinitely extended to the regions of the dead. From this idea, when embodied ultimately in a startling legend, [*Vit. S. Odilonis*, c. 14; in Mabillon, &c.] sprang the 'Feast of All Souls,' (Nov. 2), which seems to have been instituted soon after 1024 at Clugny, and ere long accepted in the Western Church at large."

EXPECTATION OF THE FINAL JUDGMENT BEING NEAR.

"Perhaps the incident which of all others proved the aptest illustration of the spirit of the age, is found in a prevailing expectation that the winding-up of all things would occur at the close of the tenth century. At first arising, it may be, from misconceptions of the words of the Apocalypse (xi. 1-6), the notion was apparently confirmed by the terrific outbreak of the powers of evil; while a vivid consciousness of their demerit filled all orders of society with a foreboding that the Judge was standing at the door. As soon as the dreaded year 1000 had gone over, men appeared to breathe more freely on all sides. A burst of gratitude for their deliverance*

* "The excitement in connection with the year 1000 was renewed in 1033, at the beginning of the second thousand years after the Crucifixion. Many were then stimulated to set out for Palestine, where Christ was expected to appear."

found expression in rebuilding or in decorating sanctuaries of God and other spots connected with religion. To this circumstance we owe a number of the stateliest minsters and cathedrals which adorn the west of Europe.

"Much, however, as the terrors of the Lord had stimulated zeal and piety, it is too obvious that the many soon relapsed into their ancient unconcern. The genuine reformation of the Church 'in head and members,' though the want of it is not unfrequently confessed, was still to human eye impossible. She had to pass through further stages of probation and decline. The consciousness of *individual* fellowship with Christ long palsied or suppressed, could not, as it would seem, be stirred into a healthy action till the culture of the human intellect had been more generally advanced. Accordingly the dialectic studies of the schools, however mischievous in other ways, were needed for the training of those master-minds, who should at length illuminate the pagan customs and unchristian modes of thought which had been blended in the lapse of ages with the apostolic faith. It was required especially that Hildebrandine principles, which some had taken as the basis of a pseudo-reformation, should be pressed into their most offensive consequences, ere the local or provincial Churches could be roused to vindicate their freedom and cast off the papal yoke."—(P. 219.)

In considering each of the four periods whereinto he has found it convenient to divide this history, Archdeacon Hardwick has directed attention especially to the growth of the Church, its constitution and government, the state of religious doctrine and controversies, and the state of intelligence and piety. For convenience of extract, as showing the general features of a time, we have restricted ourselves to the last-mentioned topic, and the second period. A spirit of candour is observable throughout. He writes as an historian, not as a polemic, and while boldly avowing, at the outset, that he "always construes history with the specific prepossessions of an Englishman, and what is more, with those which of necessity belong to members of the English Church," there can be few among his readers who will not acknowledge the good foundation of his hope that, "although the judgment passed on facts, may, here and there, have been unconsciously discoloured, owing to the prejudices of the mind by which they have been observed, the facts themselves have never once been seriously distorted, garbled, or suppressed."

Throughout the book are no attempts to indulge in "fine writing,"—but everywhere is a healthy tone of practical sense. The quiet strength of religious faith is not absent, however, and in the course of the long and varied march through so many spirit-stirring events, there are passages which have a solemnity and earnestness that will not easily pass from memory. We may mention, for instance, the account of Mahomet's life and character, the efforts and doctrines of Wickliffe (in sympathy with whom Hardwick was disinclined to go so far as Dr Hanna), and the results of the superstitions of the dark ages. As an introduction to the history of the Reformation it is invaluable, for it traces, with an unfaltering hand, the growth or deterioration in matters of doctrine and of practice ;

and the citations incidentally given are always suitable. As a manual for theological students, it already ranks amongst the highest.

NIRGENDS COLLEGE, March 1862.

KARL.

PUBLIC HEALTH.*

DR W. T. Gairdner is a young physician of this city, who has risen into eminence by his labours in the cause of Public Health. This is all the more creditable to him, inasmuch as public healing, like patriotism or any other public virtue, is too often, in these degenerate days, a thankless and unprofitable profession. Had it been Dr W. T. Gairdner's lot to worship the goddess Hygeia in ancient Rome, he would doubtless have risen to great honour and emolument. Even in London in our day there are prizes going—such as medical officer to the Privy Council—which might satisfy his honourable ambition. But as he happens to be a citizen of the modern Athens—where the Calvinistic theology is more studied than the principles of sanitary economy—he can find no public employment worthy of his genius. He stands somewhat in the position of Epaminondas when he was forced to become a public scavenger in Thebes. In point of fact he is too good for the situation.

There is thus a *prima facie* case for a kind reception of Dr W. T. Gairdner's book. No character of the heroic ages to our taste is so deserving of sympathy as Sisyphus, who was condemned to the perpetual rolling of a huge stone up a hill. Dr W. T. Gairdner's labours in Edinburgh appear to have partaken of this character. He has therefore our most cordial and entire sympathy with his labours. The only question is, whether we can as cordially extend our sympathy to the manner in which these labours are performed? We are afraid that we can not. It may be indeed a reasonable question how far Dr W. T. Gairdner was justified in accepting this kind of labour. But having accepted it he has no right to shirk from it. Whatever is worth doing, says the old proverb, is worth doing well.

The present volume is composed of lectures, which Dr W. T. Gairdner delivered last year in the College of Surgeons, to an audience partly composed of students of medicine: and partly of persons otherwise interested in the subject. His object in delivering these lectures, he tells us was twofold. In the first place he wished to convey a knowledge of some of the elementary principles of modern sanitary science to those to whom he had taught the art of heal-

* Public Health in relation to Air and Water. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, Physician to the Royal Infirmary, and Lecturer on the Practice of Medicine. 8vo. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas. 1862.

ing; in the second place to establish, if he could, upon this matter, a cordial understanding between the medical profession and the public.

We question very much whether he will succeed to any great extent in either of those objects. His lectures we think are too popular to be of the slightest use to a medical student, at least to a student who has passed through the classes of chemistry, pathology, and the institutes of medicine, not to speak of the practice of physic. As for the cordial understanding he wishes to bring about between the medical profession and the public, we suspect that such an intimacy is not of the nature of things, and that even if it were, Dr W. T. Gairdner is not the proper negotiator. There is, in fact, a certain dogmatism and a certain egotism about his book which must render it eminently distasteful to all sensible and reflecting men—irrespective altogether of the circumstance of whether they belong to the medical profession or to the public. Indeed the lecturer's whole philosophy is too conspicuously manifested, and it appears to be this—There is one science, public health; there is one apostle of that science, Dr W. T. Gairdner.

There is, of course, nothing so noble as enthusiasm when properly directed. And we confess that we entertain a very high respect for Dr W. T. Gairdner's enthusiasm. But a plain man may not exactly take the same view who discovers that Dr W. T. Gairdner would be glad to look after the public health of a city like Edinburgh for a consideration of say £600 or £800 a-year. Yet such, we suppose, would be one result of the appointment of medical officers of health for Scotland, for which Dr W. T. Gairdner so zealously contends.

There is, moreover, certain symptoms of literary presumption about this book, which appear exceedingly out of place in the treatise of a physician. In his preface, Dr W. T. Gairdner is at pains to tell us that there are peculiarities in his oral delivery in the lecture-room; and that he had a short-hand writer in attendance. Dr W. T. Gairdner's peculiarities, as we shall presently see, are not confined to his oral delivery; and we must own that we are greatly at a loss to perceive the use of a short-hand writer to take down the long extracts from parliamentary papers and other documents, of which his lectures are chiefly made up.

Indeed, we suspect that the reporter has done Dr W. T. Gairdner some damage. For example, we find immediately on opening the volume (P. 3), a false quotation from Shakespeare. He talks of men in power "*armed with a little brief authority*." Now, this sort of work will never do. If Dr W. T. Gairdner must quote Shakespeare, he is bound to quote him correctly, upon the principle alone which we have already indicated, that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.* This is, indeed, a mistake which more authors

* We will take the liberty of quoting the whole passage for Dr W. T. Gairdner's benefit, since, in all probability, he will have frequent use for it in his public life:—

"*Isabella to Lucio*.———But man, proud man
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than Dr W. T. Gairdner habitually commit. But it is, to speak mildly, a slovenly mistake, and, in our opinion, quite as pernicious as that which an apothecary might commit, who should sell an ounce of laudanum for an ounce of the tincture of rhubarb.

Although these lectures are written for the most part in a terse, lively, and agreeable style, yet Dr W. T. Gairdner's language is sometimes too strong; so strong, indeed, as to render his sense obscure. For example, what can be the meaning of this expression, that in the memorable year 1839, "the outcast class, as it might well be called, was grovelling in anarchy, chartism, drunkenness, and degradation, worse than that of the brutes."—(P. 331). Again (at P. 98) we are puzzled to understand this passage about Liverpool: "human beings were living upon a space of less than 9 square yards to each human being, in other words, about 9 feet square for each man, woman, and child, taken singly, to live upon!"

This want of accuracy in Dr W. T. Gairdner is the more astonishing, since it appears that he was a pupil of the late eminent physician Dr Alison, whom he affectionately denominates his "dear old master" (P. 264). Had Dr Alison lived to read this work, he would not, we suspect, have been very proud of the compliment. Dr W. T. Gairdner seems to be fond of this colloquial language. He characterises Lord Palmerston's able and eloquent address on Houses for the Working Classes at the Romsey Agricultural Association, as "the pithy remarks of the Prime Minister."—(P. 271).

But we regret to say that Dr W. T. Gairdner has committed an error of another kind which deserves a much graver censure. Treating of air and water in relation to Public Health in the nineteenth century, he writes in the style and manner of Paracelsus or Raymond Lully, or, indeed, of any empiric of the middle ages taken at random. He treats his subject from a *quasi*-theological point of view. To use his own language, he speaks at once "as a preacher, an educator, a social reformer, and a physician." We must say he has acquired a marvellous dexterity in using the language of the pulpit. He makes very free, for one thing, with the name of the Almighty. Sometimes, indeed, it occurs, that he obscures his science by his theology; but that is nothing. What, for instance, does Dr W. T. Gairdner mean by the constant and untiring repetition of this phrase, "the air of heaven"? Does he use it in contradistinction to the air of earth, or what? We suppose him to mean the atmosphere of the world in which we live; but that is nowhere clearly indicated; for he tells us that "it is the gift of God," just as if the other materials of the boundless universe were not equally the gift of God! We must own that we have an intolerable dislike to this mixing up of religion and science. It came into fashion, in our day, with the Bridgewater

*Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.*—*Measure for Measure*, Act II. Scene 2.

treatises, in which men like Buckland, Owen, Faraday, and Prout, were condemned to perform works of great supererogation—to shew by scientific and abstruse researches in geology, in palæontology, in electricity, and in chemistry, “the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God!” Out of this corrupt philosophy, has, we suspect, been generated that incomprehensible hybrid of our modern schools—the Medical Missionary, for which profession Dr W. T. Gairdner seems to possess pre-eminent qualifications; but which not even the valuable services of Dr Livingston can redeem from its inherent tendency to putrefaction and decay. If our readers should think our language too severe on this point, we shall probably be excused when, on turning to the lectures, (P. 65) we find Dr W. T. Gairdner speaking of epidemics as “the awful facts of God’s providence”—“which God himself tells us is a violated law!” On the opposite page he relates to his astonished audience, that he will “endeavour to expound to them how air and water are purified on the large scale by the Almighty in the great theatre of the world!” Such language, we think, in a scientific treatise, if it be not ridiculous, is simply blasphemous.

And the truth is, we shall not attempt to conceal our opinion that it would have been well for Dr W. T. Gairdner’s reputation, had he addressed us more frequently as a physician than as a preacher. Why should he not go into detail into the chemical theory of oxidation, (by which we suppose him to mean the process of the Almighty,) (P. 75.) particularly after promising to do so. Why should he not explain to us what Ozone is—“that strange fruit of modern discovery which is believed to take part in the process.” How should it be that in a treatise of public health, extending to 360 pages, the word Zymosis occurs only once, and that zymotic diseases are never mentioned at all? An inquiring reader would naturally look in a work like this for some philosophical account of the nature of epidemic and endemic disease—of the origin of Asiatic Cholera, for example, or of Typhus Fever—what are the conditions of their existence and propagation—to what extent they are infectious—and to what degree they are preventible. But at Dr W. T. Gairdner he will enquire in vain. That singular subject of putrefaction is only cursorily mentioned and nowhere explained. But we get as a compensation the celebrated metaphor of Lavoisier, that “oxygen is the elixir of life.” We look for some description of the manner in which our great rivers are polluted by the sewerage of our large towns; but we find instead a poetical description “of the musical and bubbling flow of the running streams, of the rushing of the mighty river, and of the ceaseless agitation of the ocean.” We try to discover the secret principle by which those innumerable manufactories and chemical works contaminate and poison the atmosphere. Dr W. T. Gairdner gives us no assistance. We find him occupied with a third-form calculation of how much carbonic acid gas is evolved in the year from the animal bodies on the face of the earth; which calculation is based upon an original hypothesis that “the entire human family, and the

animal creation upon the globe, are equal to two thousand millions of full-grown men."! There is not a word of light as a sanitary agent in the whole treatise. There is not a word of heat. There is not a word of electricity. There is not a single allusion to climate. The great problem of reconciling public health with high farming is left untouched. The evils of overcrowding and of bad ventilation, indeed, are profusely illustrated, but only in the extracts which are made from the blue books.

Dr W. T. Gairdner's extracts have filled us with that degree of wonder and astonishment, which the wise men of Gotham must have felt, when they sat down, at seeing their legs appropriated by their nearest neighbours. These constitute at least one-third of the bulk of his book. He plunges his scissors into a pamphlet, a report, a parliamentary paper, or even a former publication of his own, and incorporates it with his text, with the easy *nonchalance* of a country newspaper editor, who quotes a leading article from the *Times*. The quotations are indeed excellent—the best things in the book; but still they are only quotations—familiar, as household words, to the merest tryo of the science. The health of towns commission, the metropolitan sanitary commission, the Registrar-general's annual reports, Mr Chadwick's report on the labouring population, Dr Greenhow's report, Mr Simon's report, and a variety of others, are so unmercifully pirated that we cannot help congratulating Dr W. T. Gairdner on the circumstance that the law of copyright does not extend to state papers. Judging from this exhibition of his genius we should at once pronounce Dr W. T. Gairdner to be the very beau-ideal of a sub-editor. But we venture with the utmost humility to ask the question, whether on the present occasion it was with propriety called into exercise?

We by no means wish it to be understood that Dr W. T. Gairdner is wanting in originality. He has contrived to perform the most original feat of any public writer of the present day. He has snubbed Miss Nightingale. All the world knows that this excellent lady has published a book upon nursing. We have not read it. But we suppose it will be characterised by all the noble qualities of Miss Nightingale's nature, that is unbounded benevolence, sacrifice, love, and devotion; along with what we must consider her chief defect, that is a want of scientific accuracy. We think we cannot give a better illustration of Dr W. T. Gairdner's method of writing, than to quote this little argument as it stands. At page 89 of his book there is a note to his second lecture as follows. It bears no relation whatever to the text, we may mention, and seems indeed to have been written for the occasion. But Dr W. T. Gairdner never stickles at an anachronism, if he can create a sensation.

POPULAR ERRORS IN REGARD TO THE ORIGIN OF MORBID POISONS.

"On this much disputed subject, both medical and non-medical authorities have been far too ready, in many instances, to assume *as fact* what is not only not proved, but what cannot, from the nature of the case, be proved, in respect to most of those diseases usually termed *specific*. Thus

it is maintained by one party that such diseases arise *necessarily* from poisons generated in connection with the bodies of the sick, and only from like cases to themselves, the poison being, as it were, transmitted by a direct hereditary succession of cases, and not otherwise; while, on the other side, it is asserted with equal positiveness that they arise in some instances *de novo*—i.e., without any previous case of illness to which they can be affiliated. I believe it will usually be found that extreme dogmatism on these points, whether in medical or non-medical persons, is usually very much in proportion to the lack of accurate knowledge of the facts, and of the possible fallacies that wait upon the facts. To assert, for instance, that small-pox never can arise, in any circumstances, *de novo*, is about as unphilosophical as to maintain, of a particular case of small-pox, that it could not possibly have arisen from any previous case. Yet, in the following passage from Miss Nightingale's admirable little tract on Nursing, I find these two opposite errors simply pitted against each other in their most unqualified form, without any attempt at conciliation.

'Is it not living in a continual mistake to look upon diseases, as we do now, as separate things, which must exist, like cats and dogs? instead of looking upon them as conditions, like a dirty and a clean condition, and just as much under our own control; or rather as the reactions of a kindly nature, against the conditions in which we have placed ourselves.

'I was brought up, both by scientific men and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself, in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as that there was a first dog (or first pair of dogs), and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin without there having been a parent dog.

'Since then I have seen with my eyes and smelt with my nose small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms or overcrowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been 'caught,' but must have begun.

'Nay, more, I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. Now, dogs do not pass into cats.

'I have seen, for instance, with a little overcrowding, continued fever grow up; and with a little more, typhoid fever; and with a little more, typhus, and all in the same ward or hut.

'Would it not be far better, truer, and more practical if we look upon disease in this light?

"No one can possibly respect more than I do the noble character and unique services of Miss Nightingale; but I wish she had deemed it expedient, before writing these sentences, to consider well whether the facts stated and the opinions expressed are consistent with the modesty and reticence of true science as regards the unknown. When a physician sees that, in case after case, to the number of hundreds or thousands, or even millions of cases, a well-known disease may be communicated by inoculation or vaccination, without becoming in the slightest degree changed in its nature (or changed only within certain known limits), he is compelled by the force of logic, and by all the laws of the human mind, to see in that disease something specifically distinct from other diseases. If he overstrains this evidence, or draws conclusions from it that it will not bear, he is justly open to criticism; but Miss Nightingale must not suppose that the doctrine of specific contagions is to be settled in the off-hand manner of the passage given above. Admitting that the doctrine in which she was 'brought up' was extreme and irrational, or at least devoid of evidence, I must equally withhold assent from her curiously vague statements in the latter part of this quotation. One may readily allow that Miss Nightingale has often seen



and smelt small-pox; but how can we possibly admit, on her simple assertion, that she saw and smelt a *first specimen, which could not possibly have been caught, but must have begun?* To reason in this way is simply to deprive reasoning of all its force and value in relation to medical experience. If the 'origin of species' in natural history is still a question for the learned, we may surely admit of some doubt and difficulty in settling the question of the origin of morbid poisons, without being thereby committed to the preposterous doctrine that they grow up indiscriminately out of mere dirt and overcrowding. I must say, too, that Miss Nightingale's experience of fevers is entirely opposed to mine. Assuredly the experience of the medical profession in general is to the effect that the *degree* of overcrowding has nothing to do with the *type* of fever produced; nor do these diseases 'begin grow up, and pass into one another' in the manner stated. But I must admit that my nostrils are not yet so highly educated as to be able to distinguish a case of small-pox growing up *de novo*, from one originating in a latent infection. After all, however, the practical conclusions urged by Miss Nightingale have my entire assent and belief; I only demur to her philosophy of disease, and I trust I shall not be supposed to do so from any desire, even the slightest, of depreciating the value of her labours. It is because they are so valuable, and so justly popular, that I feel it necessary thus to refer to them as the expressions of a too confident and, indeed, wholly untenable medical theory."

Dr W. T. Gairdner perhaps thinks this an excellent passage at arms. If he does, we are sorry that we cannot agree with him. We are rather inclined to regard it as a somewhat unmanly assault upon an antagonist who is not his equal. And observe how mercilessly he cuts into the flesh! He demonstrates, in the first place, that Miss Nightingale does not understand two opposite principles even when brought into juxtaposition by herself. Secondly, he proves to her entire satisfaction, that when she smells small pox her olfactory membranes are more delicate than his are. In the third place, he states that her experience of fevers differs in *toto* from his—ergo her experience is not to be relied upon. In the fourth place, he indignantly withholds his consent from her "curiously vague statements." Finally he thrusts into her teeth an old apothegm concerning modesty and reticence, which was all very well coming from Plato to Aristotle; but which comes with very bad grace from Dr W. T. Gairdner to Miss Nightingale. For the truth is, it is capable of a double construction. Had Miss Nightingale been a lady of extreme modesty and reticence, she never would have been in the camp. But under any construction, such language is unpardonable. If Dr W. T. Gairdner speaks as a physician, it is out of place; if, as an author, it is indelicate and unkind. How far he may be excused as a preacher, we will not pretend to determine. But this we will say, that he cannot gain much in the esteem of the world by attacking a lady in this severe fashion, particularly when that lady is Florence Nightingale.

We had something more to say about Dr W. T. Gairdner, but we have exhausted our space, and we half suspect our readers' patience. To show him there is such a principle as magnanimity in the world, we will conclude by stating that his book, notwithstanding its defects, is a good book. It would, indeed, be impossible for him to fail absol-

utely in a field so ample and so uncultivated. But Dr W. T. Gairdner has given strong indications of his high qualifications for success. His researches on the variations of Death Rate in Edinburgh—which we have more than once and elsewhere recognised—are, we must say, a valuable series of inductions. It is in this direction we apprehend that he must sink his main shaft; and if he does so, we can have no doubt but he will soon discover a rich vein of precious metal. His lectures on the scientific consideration of the death rate, he tells us have been withheld from publication for the present. We trust we shall see them soon. But we also trust when Dr W. T. Gairdner does publish again, that he will take more trouble with the systematic arrangement of his subject, that he will quote less from parliamentary papers, that he will dispense with the luxury of a short-hand writer, that he will be more of *le preux chevalier* to the gentle sex, and above all things that he will give us less of the *morale* and more of the *physique*.

PRIMEVAL SYMBOLS.*

THE value of analogy has been variously estimated by writers on religion. Some have exalted it as the master key for unlocking all difficulties, and others have decried it as of too plastic a nature to be of much importance in the development or discovery of truth. Nothing is clearer than that its easy accommodation may be extended too far, and it may thereby be as productive of harm, as when legitimately treated it is effective of good. We do not think that the cause of true religion will be much advanced by the publication of the present work, entitled *Primeval Symbols; or the Analogy of Creation and New-Creation*. It is speculative and ingenious, but at the same time glaringly unorthodox, as we shall have an opportunity of showing. The author is a Barrister-at-Law, as he informs us in the Title-page, which will account for certain legal references which the reader occasionally meets with in the volume. It is somewhat unusual in reading a treatise on spiritual life, to be referred to the decisions of the House of Lords as the standard of religious hermeneutics. Thus we find, in due forensic form, with legal chapter and verse, the following interrogation—"Why should not the rule of construction, laid down by the highest Court in our country, the House of Lords, in the case of *Grey v. Pearson*, reported in the sixth volume of the House of Lords cases, 61, be applied to this passage?" and this is followed by the assurance that "our divines would perhaps do well to apply this rule more extensively than they do in the interpretation of Scripture." Nothing like leather, said the shoemaker—nothing like legal decisions, says the barrister.

* *Primeval Symbols; or the Analogy of Creation and New-Creation*. By William Fetherston H., Barrister-at-Law, &c. Hodges, Smith, & Co. Dublin. 1862.

Mr H. was formerly scholar, gold medalist, mathematical and ethical moderator, and Hebrew prizeman, of Trinity College, Dublin, so that he is entitled to be listened to as one whose learning is no pretence, but of a high and varied character. We are not aware whether he has attained the same distinction in his profession as in his college studies, but he seems to us to have a mind fitted to raise him far above mediocrity in the world of letters. The present work is his first attempt at authorship, and was composed and written at irregular intervals during the remission of professional duties. He claims for it the same favourable indulgence usually granted to a maiden speech in Parliament, and from us at least it will receive that indulgence. We would advise him in any future works he may give to the world, somewhat to remodel the structure of his sentences, and not to make them so prodigiously long as to extend over *fifty-seven* lines! A sentence containing twelve semicolons, besides dashes and commas innumerable, might surely be more elegantly constructed by dividing it into periods of reasonable length. Long sentences to a reader are like long views of road to a traveller, wearisome in the extreme, and, therefore, taking a hint from the retail merchant's phrase, "small profits and quick returns," we advise, short views and plenty of them.

By Creation, Mr H. means "that wonderful process by which the Divine Architect formed, embellished, and replenished this magnificent world out of the dark and formless Chaos, as described from the time God said, 'Let there be light,' down to the creation of man"—and by New-Creation, "the series of acts and dealings of God with the soul from the moment of its new birth until the work of New-Creation is perfected, and the new man has arrived at the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." New-Creation is just another term for Christian experience, or the Christian Life, and this latter term, in our opinion, would have been more appropriate and expressive, and would have saved the compounding of that employed. He considers that the six days of natural or material creation are symbolical of the same number of progressive stages in the Christian life—the minutest details in the one having their counterpart in the other, each having its peculiar characteristics, and all so distinct from one another, that the Christian, by a careful consideration of his spiritual state, may tell what part of the week he has attained in his religious experience—may tell whether it is Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday, in his soul. This we must confess is a little too much for our credulity, and we do not find any evidence of such spiritual chronology in the Bible, but the reverse, for we there meet with men whose character would lead us to infer that they were nearing the close of the week, yet we find them mourning under depression and making complaints as to their spiritual state, and fearing that their progress heavenward was but little if any, and that God had forsaken them, or forgotten to be gracious. One principal feature in which the Analogy fails, and which will strike the reader at once is that to which we refer. There is a strong line of demarcation drawn between the successive days of

creation, expressed by the words, "the evening and the morning," were that day"—thus making a visible completion of every separate period or day, and for which we do not find any corresponding feature in the New-Creation, but there the one merges imperceptibly into the other, and is beautifully and truly compared in Scripture to the progressive encrease of the morning light,—“The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” It is also compared to the growth of human life from infancy to maturity, of which similitude the author avails himself throughout his work, as much as that of creation, which he professedly illustrates as symbolising the formation of spiritual life in the soul. This difficulty has not escaped his notice, and he has endeavoured to harmonize the two, but we are not satisfied that he has succeeded in his attempt.

The chapter on Chaos is a very interesting one, from the variety and character of the subjects which are introduced, and the treatment they have received. The author has taken it purposely to introduce matters which he could not logically do anywhere else in the volume. With him it is the formal motion in Parliament for an adjournment when a member wishes to bring before the House any subject that requires immediate attention, or on which he is desirous of making a speech, but for doing so the regulations afford him no other opportunity. There is a perfect luxuriating among strange doctrines and odd fancies which will astonish many a Bible reader, from the boldness with which they are set forth, and the arguments with which they are sought to be supported. We shall not, however, take up our own or the reader's time with them any farther than by merely stating what they are, and then pass on to the consideration of the analogy which the author has discovered, and which is the subject of his volume. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the rejection of the Gospel—some sins will be forgiven after death—salvation may be secured after death by certain parties who have not obtained it in life—the Gospel will be preached to every individual of the human race dead and alive before the day of judgment—and the heathen who have never had the opportunity of hearing it preached in this world, will have it preached to them after-death. Surely sufficient this for a single chapter, even on Chaos. The author has a high opinion of his theory of heathen salvation:—

“This theory of heathen salvation gives, I conceive, a universality, a simplicity and a glory to the work of redemption, which may not have been fully seen before. It exalts the Saviour, and makes him indeed the Saviour of the whole world—since not one soul will be lost who had not the offer of a free pardon purchased by His blood, and who did not treat that offer with contempt and neglect. It exalts also and shows out more clearly as well the mercy and love, as the justice and impartiality of God, to every individual of our fallen race. It is perfectly conformable to reason and analogy, and is, I think, fully warranted and established by Scripture. But if any man should still think that it exalts the character of God, or is more in conformity with the spirit or letter of His Holy word, to have all the heathen consigned to everlasting perdition, without ever having had the offer of mercy, I can say no more to convince such an one, nor would I say or write any-

thing uncharitable of him ; easy prejudices and pre-conceived notions get so strong a hold upon us all, that the clearest demonstration fails to shake them, and we find men almost invariably wrest the Scriptures to support their own pre-conceived notions and opinions. . . . But although some may be led by pre-conceived notions and prejudices to reject this theory of heathen salvation, I doubt not that many Christians will accept it as true; and, indeed, there appears to be about it a simplicity, a grandeur, a universality, and a conformity to the other acknowledged dealings of God, which, independently of the passages of Scripture I have quoted in support of it, will commend it to the understandings of most men. It is not a rationalist theory founded on the deductions of reason alone, for the germ and substance of it is contained in the page of revelation. It is not a theory which exalts the mercy of God, by the salvation of the heathen, at the expense of his justice and purity—such as all theories are, which represent the heathen as accepted by their works, or their walk according to the light which was given to them—nor does it take away the necessity of a Saviour—as all theories do, which represent the heathen as accepted without His merits and atonement—so neither, on the other hand, is it a theory which exalts the justice and purity of God, at the expense of His mercy, by offering up three-fourths of our fallen race a horrid holocaust to his implacable justice and spotless purity; but it harmonises all His attributes, and gives us fresh occasion to admire His wisdom."

Along with the seriatim productions of the six days of creation on which the author founds his analogy, he takes also the exhortation of Peter, "add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity"—the various clauses of which, he thinks, correspond with the characteristics of the several stages in the formation of the world. In all the successive parts of the process of creation, God is represented as *active* and *acting*. There is no such thing alluded to in Scripture as self-development in the earth, but ever obedience to the will of the great Creator. The work of the first day was the production of *Light*, concerning which we are asked to observe certain particulars of an important nature. The first effect of this faint light, for it was still faint, as it came "struggling through the dark thick mantle of cloud which still closely enveloped the infant earth," was to make the darkness visible, and show the surrounding desolation. This symbolizes in New-Creation the faith and the virtue which stand first in the Apostle's enumeration. And just as before, this change is of God and of him alone. *The light is not evolved from within, but comes from without*, as it is said in Scripture, "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The instrument by which this wonderful change is produced is also here, as before, God's Word, without which "in the heathen world, not one soul has ever been converted by the strivings of the Spirit of God"—and as God pronounced the light to be *good*, so the only thing which he finds to be good in the infant Christian, is the weak and doubting faith, which, however, enables him to look to the Saviour.

The work of the second day was the creation of a firmament to divide the waters below from those above—those of the ocean from

the watery vapours which rested on its surface. This was the formation of an atmosphere. There was no new element introduced on this day, but only an enlargement of the former, an extension of the field of view, representing in the Christian Experience the development of *knowledge* in spiritual things. But though there is an increase of intelligence and perception, there is as yet but little action and little practical usefulness. However, "the clouds are being lighted up from the face of the deep, and the low and carnal views of the young Christian are being gradually dissipated."

The third day of creation was marked by great progress—the waters were gathered together into one place and called seas—the dry land appeared and was called earth. Next there was the production of grass, herbs, and trees. The counterparts of these in New Creation, are, separation from the world—increasing fruitfulness—temperance and patience—this period commencing with strong faith, and resulting in Assurance of Salvation at its close. It will be observed that the latter portion of this day's productions rises in progressive order, first grass, then herbs, and lastly, trees. We feel strongly tempted to give the reader an extract from this chapter, on the connection between good works and salvation:—

"We see the manifest mistake of supposing that good works can be the procuring *cause* of salvation. As well might we suppose that the grass, herbs, and trees, and the fruitfulness of the earth—which had no existence until the third day of the natural creation—were the cause of the entrance of light on the first day; as well might we suppose that the fruits were the cause of the life of a tree. Indeed, so far is this from being the case, that the truth is *almost directly the reverse*; the admission of light at the commencement of the first day of the natural creation might, with much more propriety and accuracy, be assigned as the cause, or one of the causes of the fruitfulness of the earth on the third day; and the life of a tree is the cause, not the effect of its fruits. And exactly so it is in spiritual things, and accordingly it is much nearer the truth, to say that salvation is the cause of good works, than to lay down the converse proposition; for salvation comes first in the chain of causes and effects—even at the moment of new-birth—and as we have seen, good works, to any perceptible extent, do not even follow immediately upon that event; but, on the contrary, are not manifested until the third day of New Creation. But, perhaps, some one will quote, in opposition to this deduction, the text, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,'—Phil. ii. 12. To which objection we may reply, that this text, *when rightly understood*, is so far from proving that salvation is the effect of the Christian's good works, that it establishes directly the reverse. In fact, the apostle does not mean, in this passage, to call upon Christians to work out their salvation *as an effect of their works*; but he proposes to them a problem, or rather the great problem of practical Christianity, to be worked out; and salvation forms the data or premises, not the result of this problem, which may be stated thus:—'Given your salvation as the premises, work out these premises to their natural and legitimate conclusion'—exactly like the first problem in the first book of Euclid, with which most school-boys are familiar, namely—'Given the base of an equilateral triangle, construct it'—so this problem which the apostle proposes for our solution may be otherwise stated thus:—'Given your salvation, construct your walk in life'—or in other words, 'Will you, Christian, who are of the blood-royal of the Universe, who are a child of the Great Universal

Sovereign, the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, and an heir of all his boundless wealth and glory, will you whom God has so highly favoured, dishonour His Holy name, and degrade your own high position, by stooping to commit a mean or unworthy action, for the sake of a little yellow clay, or of any transient gratification? Will you follow low and grovelling pursuits, or debasing habits, or associate with low and unworthy companions? This is what the apostle means, when he calls upon Christians—for, remember, it is to Christians he is writing—to work out their salvation with fear and trembling; and he does not mean fear and trembling lest they should come short of Salvation, and be cast into Hell, but fear and trembling lest they should do anything dishonouring to their Father's Holy Name, anything unworthy of their glorious prospects, or anything, the recollection of which hereafter, would bring a blush to their cheeks or a sorrow to their hearts."

On the fourth day of creation God set two great lights in the firmament of heaven, the greater to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night, namely the sun and moon. For "*lights*" our author would read "*light-bearers*," and in support of this, he says that the word in the original here translated "*lights*" is used in another place in the singular to signify a "*candlestick*." He understands, also, that these *lights* were not created on this day, but previously, and that only now God made them to become visible from the surface of the earth. These two lights were prototypes of Christ and his Church, the former, which is the greater, shining by his own underived, inherent splendour, and the latter with an inferior glory, and wholly derived from the other. Referring to the various natural phenomena of the heavens reproduced in the spiritual world, we have the following interesting observations on eclipses:—

"When the earth comes between the sun and the moon, the natural phenomena ensues, which is called an eclipse of the moon; and precisely analogous to this, is the phenomenon exhibited in the spiritual world, when the Church suffers the world to come *between herself and the Saviour*, and to shut out His light from her view; immediately the glory of the Church is eclipsed, and her *dark body* is exposed to view. But when the Church places herself between the world and the Saviour—when she usurps His place, and shuts Him out from view—then casues the *far more alarming phenomenon* in the spiritual world, which corresponds with an eclipse of the sun in the natural world; the glory of the Saviour is eclipsed, and His brightness is shut out from view; while the dark body of the Church is exposed to view, in place of the brightness of His glory. Of this latter strange and alarming phenomenon in the spiritual world, a very remarkable example, on an extensive scale, and in an apparently permanent form, may be observed by all those of mankind, whom God has placed outside the circle of spiritual darkness produced by the eclipse; which is the *converse* of what takes place in the natural world, for there, those within the circle of darkness see the eclipse, while those outside it do not."

The great physical feature of this day was the *vastly increased amount of solar heat which penetrated to the earth's surface*, but there was still the absence of animal life. The corresponding feature in the New Creation is love to God, or godliness, according to the Apostle's enumeration of the Christian graces, showing little manifestation to the world, but perceived by God, and by the soul in which it is produced;

and at the close of this day the author places what is called *Second Conversion*, which is "the direct spiritual manifestation of the Saviour to the soul."

We come now to the fifth day of Creation, not without some curiosity as to what is symbolized by the "great whales," which were part of the productions of this day. The great characteristic here is the introduction of Animal life, for which the earth was now fully prepared, having attained maturity, or its period of manhood. The author introduces this chapter with a graphic description of the appearance which the earth presented at this stage of its existence, from which we cull a part as a specimen of his pictorial powers:—

"The plains of earth were already clothed with a green carpet of verdure, and the landscapes adorned and diversified by all the beautiful varieties of colour in the flowers, and in the foliage of the forests, and woods, and trees, which—scattered here and there over the boundless plains of earth—waved their shady branches in the evening breeze—sole witnesses of the setting sun, as they alone behold his rising; for the whole earth was as yet one vast solitude; no feathered songsters' carol to welcome the returning orb of day, broke the death-like stillness which reigned far and wide over the earth; the voice of nature alone was heard, now whispering in the rustling leaves and rippling waves, scarce moved by the gentle breeze; now resounding loudly in the tones of the thunder, or of the tempest lashed forest, or the raging ocean. Hitherto the giant monarchs of the forest, had long ruled with undisputed sway upon the earth; but the great era of vegetable life had now drawn to a close, and the vegetable kingdom was now about to be superseded by a higher order of being, and a new element was about to be introduced into the scene, and that element was Animal Life."

The productions of the fifth day of creation consisted of three kinds of animal life, ascending in progressive order, namely, reptiles, birds, and great whales. The first of these forms the lowest step in the scale of air-breathing animals, and are capable of living in an atmosphere which, from its impurity, could not sustain any higher order of animal life. The second kind, the birds, require a purer atmosphere to live in; and lastly, the great whales, "which are not fishes," but warm-blooded animals, occupy a higher rank than birds among air-breathing creatures. It is noticed as remarkable that all these were produced from the waters, and that the reptiles and birds, the birds especially, were not generated from the earth. But this is accounted for from the circumstance that on the eve of the first day of creation it is said, "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and we never afterwards read of its removal thence. This period of the earth's formation is "characterized by active usefulness to our fellow-men, and also by those *living works* whereby the earth is replenished, and the ravages made by death are repaired." It was on this day that life first made its appearance. Now, turning to the same period in New-Creation, we find analagous phenomena, namely, the developing evidences of second conversion in the Christian's heart—the fruit of these being "an ardent missionary spirit, or a strong desire and continued effort to communicate the blessings of spiritual life to others," these being the counter-part of animal life in the natural creation.

This new principle, which is termed brotherly-kindness, from its having special reference to others, constitutes what the author calls *second conversion*, whereas the other fruits of the Spirit were peculiar to the individual himself, and were the result of first conversion or new birth. The intense desire to impart spiritual life to others is not to be expected to show itself prominently before this fifth period, or before the Christian has attained spiritual manhood; and the author very dogmatically asserts that "it is not true, as he has sometimes heard it laid down from the pulpit, that in conversion, or new birth, there is an immediate distinctive impulse to communicate the truth to others." He allows that this was so in the case of Paul, but he thinks that the only case, and that the Apostle's second conversion was simultaneous with the first, or rather, the first four days of New-Creation were in his case, altogether omitted. We fear he has overlooked the experience of Andrew, and Philip, and the Samaritan woman at the well of Sychar, who all manifested the most lively missionary spirit on their first knowledge of the Messiah, which may be considered the date of their spiritual birth. As the earliest specimens of animal life sprung from the waters and not from the dry land, so the first specimens of this new principle, this desire to communicate spiritual life to others, sprung from the common people and not from the aristocracy, for the term "*waters*" is a symbol of the common class of men. "The Spirit of God passes over the moral man, the honest and honourable man, and the man of good character, and leaves them *without spiritual life*; while he imparts it to the outcast of society, to the degraded, to the polluted, and to the notorious and hardened sinner." This is certainly a most sweeping conclusion, and one, we fear, which will be strongly objected to—one which will not universally hold good:—

"And even the apostles themselves were illustrations of the same truth: for they were chosen, not from the wise and learned, but from the unlearned and ignorant, and many of them, with almost literal exactness, might be said to have been produced *from the waters*, as they were taken from being fishermen upon the waters of the sea of Galilee, and made fishers of men. And the same truth holds good at the present time; for, I venture to assert, that there will hardly be found one Christian minister of experience in modern times, who would not be able to bear testimony from his personal experience, that the same thing holds good at the present day. Christian ministers of all evangelical denominations, will all unite in testifying, that it is not the upright well-educated man of good character, who appears regularly in his pew every Sunday at Church, who conforms to all the external observances of religion, who is guilty of no open or notorious vices or sins, that is most easily or soonest quickened into spiritual life; but—strange to say, and quite contrary to what we should have expected—this is precisely the class of persons, whom it is *most* difficult to awaken out of the sleep of spiritual death. And thus we see, that at the present day it is true, as it was of old, and alike in the spiritual, as it was in the natural world, that the *first* specimens of the living works of the fifth day are produced *from the waters on whose face the Spirit of God has moved*."

But notwithstanding this general character of Divine Providence with regard to the subject of conversion being taken from the lowest

orders of men, Mr H. is an Aristocrat, in principle at least, and almost impugns the wisdom of the course which the Governor of the universe pursues, for he says :—

“ When God *does* take a man from among the wise, the learned, the great, and the noble of the earth, or from among the upper, and more respectable, and better educated classes of society, and communicates spiritual life to such a one ; we may expect to find a higher order of existence, a more perfect development of spiritual life, and a more extended sphere of usefulness. And, indeed, this same truth may be seen practically instanced, at the present day, among our aristocracy, and in the ranks of our faithful and active clergy, who have been taken, for the most part, from the higher and better educated classes of society, and not from the waters. And this is as it should be, for the opposite course would be an imitation of the sin of Jeroboam.”

The *sixth* day of creation is a continuation and completion of the preceding one, and without any abrupt transition as in the former periods ; for though the great crowning masterpiece of the whole was to be added at the close of this day, yet there were certain furnishings to be supplied before the earth was completely prepared for *man*. And accordingly the command was given, “ Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind.” The seemingly anomalous *retrogression* here, in the order of creation, from cattle to creeping things of the earth, instead of the *progression* formerly met with as in—grass, herbs, trees—reptiles, birds, great whales—is accounted for by the author on the ground that the creation of these was *simultaneous* and not successive, and his argument for this opinion is, that the language used by the Creator was on this occasion different from what had been employed before. The command was, “ the living creature after his kind,” which is explained by the three sub-divisions particularized immediately after, and thus the harmony of creation is preserved, or, at all events, not interrupted. The great characteristic of this day was the creation of man “ after the image of God,” and the dominion which was assigned him over all which had been made. These two are intimately allied together, for, “ *dominion is a natural, necessary, and inalienable incident to the image of God.*” If the dominion which has been lost is to be regained by man, there must first be a restoration of the image of God in his heart.

The corresponding feature of the sixth day of New-Creation is the completion of the image of God in the soul, which is the development of PERFECT LOVE, for, “ God is love.” It is then the Christian attains his spiritual manhood—then he attains the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. The elucidation of this is dwelt on at considerable length, and with great beauty and forcibility, as well as with liberal application to the treasury of Scripture truth. We cannot resist quoting the concluding paragraph of this chapter, with regard to the pre-eminence which our country enjoys :—

“ And the same truth is exemplified, at the present day, in the exalted position which our country occupies among the nations of the earth. This is

the true cause why she surprises all other nations in her wealth, in her domestic freedom, in her national prosperity, in the permanence and stability of her institutions, and in the extent and durability of her dominion. It is because the image of God—however imperfectly—is, still, more fully developed in her, as a nation, than in any of the other nations of the earth. Therefore she has a larger share of dominion, which can never be taken from her, until the first loses her pre-eminence in the development of the image of God in the features of her national character. If, then, even in the present mixed dispensation of good and evil, we find this *necessary connection* between dominion and the image of God, verified and exemplified in the history of nations and individuals—although the image of God is so faintly and imperfectly developed, even in the most advanced Christian, or in the most Christian nation—it may serve to give us some idea of how much more fully and perfectly the same great truth will be practically exemplified hereafter, when the sixth day of New-Creation shall have drawn to a close, and God—seeing his own image reflected in His work, and pronouncing the whole work of New-Creation to be very good—shall add the sixth day blessing of New-Creation, authoritatively recognising and declaring the Christian's title to *have dominion* and to *inherit the kingdom* prepared for him from the foundation of the world."

The seventh day of Creation is characterized by Perfection, Rest, Blessing, Sanctification, and Eternal Duration, all of which have their reproduction in the seventh day of New-Creation. Many valuable observations are given on these respective features in the completion of the Christian life, but at the same time much of their importance is deteriorated by occasional sallies of levity almost approaching to jocularly, in a place and on a subject which no true-hearted Christian would be otherwise than serious and solemn. Among the negative blessings which shall contribute to the happiness of the redeemed in heaven, Mr H. assigns a principal place to the statement—"And I saw no temple therein." He has an extreme horror at an hour or two's confinement in church or chapel, long services, and dull prosy preachers—and with a flippant irreverence he says,—“If this be a sample of the enjoyments of Heaven, I would prefer Hell itself, *if I could only find some corner beyond the reach of the fires*,”—then drawing a free breath, having got his fears thus satisfactorily disposed of, he exultingly exclaims,—“*There will be no sermons in heaven!*” The preaching quashed, with regard to the praise we are told that the “only employment or enjoyment of the Redeemed, will not be that of singing psalms and hymns of praise to God, all day long; shut up, as it were, in a great temple, like canary birds in a golden cage.” What then are we to expect! We shall not be idle. Of the positive blessing to be enjoyed there, our author assures us that SCIENCE will occupy the highest position. Every one, more or less, will then be a votary of Science. The following account of the occupations then to be engaged in, will amuse, if not interest the reader:—

“What wonderful discoveries will then be made of the secret properties and relations of material bodies, of the laws which regulate the Universe, and of the manifold wisdom of the Creator in heaven and on earth! Let us imagine, if we can, what heights and depths of scientific discovery would be reached in a thousand years by such a mind as Sir Isaac Newton, or our

own Professor M'Cullagh—that gifted man, whose vast and capacious intellect overbore its frail earthly tenement, and snatched him prematurely from our midst. How many doubtful questions in Science will then be decided! How many difficulties resolved! And might we not suppose, that the classical scholar, too, might have his peculiar enjoyments? How many doubtful readings will then be set right! How many obscure passages in ancient authors, and even in the Scriptures themselves—which have caused volumes of learned criticism to be written, in the, too often, vain attempt to ascertain the exact meaning or reading of the original text—will then be restored to their original state, or explained by the authors themselves, or by some of their contemporaries! The student of History, too, and the man of antiquarian research, will have their peculiar enjoyments. How many a blank in the records of our world will then be filled up! How many an unwritten page of History will then be brought forth? How many a lost one restored! The records and history of the antediluvian world—of which we know little or nothing—will then be brought to light; and all the difficulties in ancient history—including the historical portion of the Scriptures—will then be explained. For, surely, we can all understand, that five minutes conversation with our first parents, would throw more light on the state of things in Paradise, and on that momentous scene in the Garden of Eden which led to the downfall of our race, than all the learned criticisms and disquisitions which have been written respecting it taken together. And, in like manner, a short personal interview with the patriarch Noah, would do more to solve the doubts and difficulties connected with the Deluge, and to convey an accurate idea of the actual state of things before, and during, and after that tremendous visitation, than all the ingenious reasonings, conjectures, and suggestions of the wisest men.”

We are informed that the most interesting and exciting scene on this sublunary sphere is that of “Judicial proceedings,” and the Last Judgment is picturesquely portrayed under this character. Certain parties who are friends of the Judge, are “to have a seat on the Bench,” and to be spectators, without fear, of that interesting scene, for it is said “the saints shall judge the world.” Such irreverent freedom and phraseology on such a subject ought not to be allowed to pass without censure. Why substitute the legal term *Bench* for the Scripture one *Throne*? Why not say, as the Saviour said, “they shall sit on thrones?” The only reason we can imagine is the author’s unbounded admiration of his own profession. Again, nothing like law. The Day of Judgment we observe is not to be a natural day of twenty-four hours, but will perhaps comprehend a “millennial day, comprising a thousand years.” But we here stop.

Whoever is willing to overlook, if he cannot adopt, the peculiar doctrines propounded by the author and to which we adverted in the beginning of our notice, will find the analogy of Creation and New-Creation an interesting theory, ingeniously reasoned and elaborately developed. At the same time we cannot but state that it appears to us a piece of pedantic display, to represent, as he has done, the Christian life by a mathematical diagram, treating the reader with a description of a spiritual equilateral hyperbola with ascending and descending asymptotes, and then branching off into an exposition of spiritual parallaxes, refractions, spherical and chromatic aberrations. How many humble enquiring Christians, who may read his book, does

he think will profit by such illustrations? Such a display of scholastic acquirement may astonish or amuse, but it will not instruct, and reminds one of the Scripture caution which warns against the knowledge that puffeth up. Nevertheless the book is very cleverly written, and we shall be glad to meet with the author again. We have derived both pleasure and profit from his analogy, and so bid him for the present a kind adieu.

THE WORDS OF THE ANGELS.*

As was to be expected, from what is already known of Dr Rudolf Stier's character as a theological writer, the present is a delightful volume, and cannot fail soon to become popular. The title is attractive, the subject is interesting, and its exposition instructive. The author has faithfully performed the self-allotted task which he undertook, and he now submits it to the candour of the reading public, and especially for the benefit of those who take a pleasure in studying the Sacred Oracles. That task was "to bring to light the deep meaning which he believes the simplest angelic sayings to contain, the treasures that lie beneath the seeming common-place surface." In doing this he has occasionally "rectified" the common version of the sacred text, where a deeper signification seemed to warrant the liberty taken. Now though we are generally averse to any interference with the received translation, yet the emendations met with here are not injudicious or hypercritical, and enable the author to descend deeper into the subject he is considering than he might otherwise have it in his power to do.

The idea of such a work as that before us is entirely original, we are told, as the author has never met with one of a similar nature either in ancient or modern literature. Treatises and dissertations have not been wanting, mostly of a philosophic or speculative character, but there has been no exhaustive book on the subject of angelic intercourse with men as recorded in the Scriptures. He even finds among orthodox believers "an actual ignoring, as it were, of angelic agency." This, however, is incompatible with a belief in the Sacred Scriptures, for there we have frequent mention made of angelic intervention by our Lord himself; and to say that as light has broken in upon the minds of men, a belief in angelic intercourse with the world has vanished, is not consistent with fact; for it is seen that it is "on the occasion of the full revelation of God in Christ, that the angels appear with increased distinctness." Nitzsch, writing on this subject, has the following remark:—"If we consider the origin of the Old Testament representation of angels, we shall certainly not be able to hold the opinion that the angels were nothing more than the gods of Polytheism, subordinated by the growth of Monotheism to this inferior

* *The Words of the Angels: or, their Visits to the Earth, and the Messages they delivered.* By Rudolf Stier, D.D. Alexander Strachan & Co., Edinburgh. 1862.

position. For if this were so, we should find the angelic world most prominent at the time of transition from the polytheistic to the monotheistic creed; whereas it is at a later period, just when Polytheism is completely overcome, that we find the existence of angels reduced to a dogma by the Jews, and their appearance most frequently recorded." We are not aware that among orthodox Christians in this country any such depreciating idea of the reality or intervention of angels has been entertained, that is, so far as recorded in the Scriptures, though as to their interposition now in directing or managing human affairs, different opinions may be held by many. As to *spirit* rappings and similar cantrips of professed *spiritualists*, no sane mind can listen to them for a moment.

Some would amend the poet's description of angelic visitations as "*few and far between*," by reading "*short and far between*"—but both readings may be nevertheless adopted. Few as we know these visitations were, they came not rapidly in close succession, but extended over lengthened periods of time. Short also we know they were, for sometimes ere the wondering spectator had regained his or her self-possession, the heavenly visitant was gone on some other mission of mercy and love to another member of the human family. If their visitations were short, their words were also few, and very little is recorded either of their sentiments or of their employment. Once only are we told of their rejoicing over a sinner's repentance, in the Saviour's parable of the lost piece of silver. Once only are we told that guardian angels are appointed to watch the destinies of men, in Christ's teaching to his disciples. Once only do we read of their interposition to receive the prayers of the saints in the case of Daniel. Once only are we told of their being the soul-bearer at the death of the righteous, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus—and four times only do we read of their being the executioners of the divine judgments, namely, in the case of Herod—the Assyrian host—the plagues of Egypt—and the pestilence in Israel. There are some hints in the Psalms and elsewhere of the guardianship of angels, and of the interest they have ever taken in human welfare, but the emphatic assurances of such are extremely limited, and very concisely expressed. Is there not a purpose and a meaning in this? Doubtless there is. As our author says:—

"What a reticence, what a paucity in Holy Scripture of what scepticism would ascribe merely to human imagination. Had the angels indeed been mere myths, forms originating in poetry and preserved by tradition, why was there not in the Bible the same prominence given to them that we find in apocryphal literature; for example, in the book of Tobit and the fourth book of Ezra. The book of Tobit is full of beauty and significance, but the episode of the angel who makes journeys here and there, and utters lengthy discourses, at once proves its apocryphal origin. In our own days, when fictitious *spirits* are so singularly garrulous, we cannot lay too much stress upon biblical reserve."

In a succinct introduction the author briefly alludes to the creation of the angels, their employment, number, orders, nature, appearance, and speech, in their intercourse with men; but as these points are

foreign to the present object he has in view, namely, the consideration of their *words*, he dwells no longer upon them than is necessary to introduce the subject. His volume is divided into two parts, the historical books of the New Testament, and the Revelation of St John, in which he finds opportunity for no fewer than thirty-two discourses. He confines himself wholly to the New Testament, and there finds abundant matter for about two hundred and sixty pages of interesting, graphic, and sound instruction for the Christian reader. Perhaps the most interesting angelic visitation recorded in Scripture is that which took place on the plains of Bethlehem when announcing the birth of Christ. The anthem then sung was the most delightful which ever sounded in mortal ear, and the most joyous to human heart:—

“ ‘ *Glory (be now) in the height to God, and on earth peace, to men (a) good will.* ’—This is the proper construction of the passage. There is indeed a different reading, authorised by the Catholic Church, which gives us, *to men of good will*, but there are positive and well-founded objections to it. Neither the critical investigation of ancient MSS., nor customary idiom, still less the general meaning of the passage, authorizes such a limitation of this full gospel and comprehensive song of praise, such an allusion to the co-operating good-will of men. Luther, indeed, while still fettered by the traditional interpretation, understands the passage, *good-will of men*, i.e., their praise and thanksgiving to God, and their entire resignation of themselves to his will. But *we*, for our parts, unbiassed by human authority however high, determine with the angel only to give glory to God, and to proclaim and celebrate *his* good-will to man, and that only.

“ From the nature of the three clauses, we may infer that two choruses answered each other, alternately speaking of heaven and earth, then joined in one common song to express the ground of the union of heaven with earth, of God with men. The very words, indeed, are rightly called, not so much a song, as an ascription of *praise to God*, as the evangelist says in verse 13, for the first clause is the main one, which the others only confirm and complete. The best and clearest illustration of its meaning as a whole is given by Nitzsch, when he says: ‘ This song rises to the glory of God, comes down again to proffer peace to earth, rests with good-will on men; ’ and proceeds to paraphrase its contents: ‘ How is the glory of God manifested in the making earth peaceful, by mercy and good-will shown to sinful man; ’ to which we may add Beck’s beautiful thought, ‘ the angels’ song soars to heaven, then stoops to earth, and concludes with men, as though it would for ever echo in the human heart. ’ . . . Well might we be content to sing after the example of the angels, ‘ *Glory be to God in the highest*, ’ but we must not forget that the words imply not merely an aspiration, but, at the same time, an *announcement* of what actually is; *how*, because the Saviour is born, there does, indeed, arise new glory to God. For a prophecy and assurance that this glory will be given to him more and more, is contained in the fact itself. God’s glory, the foundation and aim of all things—what is it than (according to the closely resembling Greek and Hebrew words) the image of the divine glory in the creature? But the full glory of his love stooping to the last, now first appears in all its completeness in Christ. In creation, indeed, he has prominently displayed his omnipotence, wisdom, and love; but here he has made known his *mercy*, his everlasting mercy; in this transaction he has opened out to the hosts of heaven, a new infinity of his perfections! Accordingly the Church sings; to God in the highest, alone be praise, and thanks to his grace!

"But the position of the words is not quite correctly given. According to the order of the original, the words, *in the height*, or *the highest*, belong not to God, but to the glory to be given; for even in heaven itself sin had troubled and disturbed the glory of God (Col. i. 20), which was now to be restored by Christ. Thus there was now a new honour, a new praise to God, that broke out in heaven from the angels, just as there are a new peace on earth among men. Thus it is not here meant (although this also is true) that God dwells and reigns in a highest height to which the angels can only look up. It is not this that is alluded to, but the heavens generally, spoken of in a plural form, and in opposition to the earth. That we men should once more be able rightly to honour God, is the subject taken up by the second chorus, after the first chorus has sung the praise of God from the height; the angels giving him glory for his omnipotence, truth, faithfulness, justice, but, above all, and in all, for his mercy.

"And *peace on earth*! That sounds more intelligible than the somewhat obscure cry of the people, 'Peace in heaven' (Luke xix. 38). In heaven there has never been discord, but the ungodly on earth have no peace, no well being. The earth is the abyss to which the peace bringing grace descends from above. In the original, it is true, and especially in the Old Testament, the word *peace*, in its primitive meaning, stands for salvation, restoration, though it also expresses that which we call peace. But here it is more than peace between man and man that is meant; the great Reconciler of our strifes, puts an end to our divisions by first of all reconciling us to God. Both go together; the cause is seen and glorified in the effect. This peace on earth sounds like a far reaching prophecy; certainly its fulfilment is still distant, and advances slowly, but it will grow and increase more and more. The angels themselves have made the first beginning of that great peace-preaching of the peace-bringer, prophesied in Isa. lvii. 19, and referred to in Eph. ii. 17. The angels see, in the new-born child, the Prince of Peace, at whose birth events being so over-ruled and rendered typical and prophetic by God's providence, the Roman empire had peace under Cæsar Augustus. And now, throughout Christendom, and in missions to the heathen, progress is being made, glory is given to God by increasing peacefulness, till the whole perfect good-will of God shall be fulfilled towards us and in us!

"And so, gazing onward to this ultimate goal, the holy angels sing at the birth of him in whom alone we are well pleasing and acceptable. *To men a good will*. Thus we see the three clauses are closely connected. Wherefore is this glory and praise to God? For the peace-making on earth. But whence this peace? Through the child born, in whom and for whose sake God's good-will, good-pleasure, is towards men (Eph. i. 5, 6; Luke iii. 22). This is not, indeed, actually said, because it is self-evident when we turn back to the first clause: *His*, or *God's* good-will, as well as the restoration of *men*, once lost through their sins; all this is comprehended in the many-sided whole. Thus, 'the angels' lips blend together God and the highest with men and earth in one song of praise, as though they were all one whole, one holy family' (Beck). Or, to be more precise still, both that which is in heaven and on earth, really *is* and *will be* gathered together in Christ (Eph. i. 10)."

On the subject of the flight into Egypt by Joseph, Mary, and the infant Jesus, the author has the following interesting observations:—

"And not only flee from the neighbourhood of Jerusalem into Judea or Galilee, but flee to Egypt. That had been once before a land of refuge to Israel, and was now the most convenient place for the holy family in their banishment. Herod's jurisdiction did not extend thither; many Jews lived

there in civil and religious liberty. Joseph might find there acquaintances whom he had previously made at the feast of the Passover, or at all events, he would easily make friends among his countrymen in Egypt. Thus the absence from the land of Israel would be as much softened as possible. But under cover of all this, we discern in this flight to Egypt a special significance, which the Holy Spirit, speaking through the Evangelist, discloses in ver. 15.

"It is worthy of remark that this passage, from Hos. xi. 1, where it applies historically to *Israel*, is not quoted from the Greek translation, then in common use, which here obscures and mutilates the prophetic text, but, agreeably to the original Hebrew, where it may be paraphrased thus: 'I called this my chosen people (chosen in their forefathers), after it had been hidden in Egypt from the destroying Canaanites, in due time out of this very Egypt, and with a special calling, it being first in Egypt that I named the people of Israel *my son*,' (Exod. iv. 22). Thus Israel, out of which the promised Messiah was to spring, is here, at its very outset, as well as throughout its subsequent career, a type of Christ, who, in Isaiah xlix. 3, is called the true *servant Israel*. This typical parallel is also implied in the choice of the texts wherewith Christ answered the tempter in the wilderness. Not only are we shown in a general way that the same grief and temptation-fraught way which Israel, his type, had traversed before, was now to be trodden by Christ himself as forerunner, as pioneer, of that new people of God, which was to be ransomed by him out of humanity at large, and of which the old Israel was but a shadow,—not only is this clearly expressed, but the land of Egypt has a peculiar significance here. The ransomed people, the young child, are both to come from the house of bondage, are to be prepared under the yoke of affliction for becoming glorious through their God. Thus it is, too, that Israel's God still calls all his children out of Egypt; and thus it behoved his own Son, in so far as he was the son of man, to be actually called thence too. Short as was the stay of the child in that land, it testified to, and, as it were, incorporated this truth."

As to the length of stay in Egypt, commentators have never yet arrived at any harmonious conclusion. Deep as their chronological researches have been, and complicated their investigations, no united result has been obtained. Our curiosity is not to be gratified, and as our author says, "we judge it safest to hold simply to what is made certain to us in Scripture, which amounts to this at least, that the young child was still a young child at the time of his return; but as to limiting the period to a fortnight, or a few days, that again we hold to be incongruous with the important nature of the whole transaction." The angel's words imply more than this. In the chapter on *The Angels at the Sepulchre*, there are some very beautiful and pregnant passages. From the birth of Christ till his resurrection, no angel had in his presence spoken to man. The lesser glory yielded to that which excelled—the servant keeps silence while the Master was at hand. But no sooner is the grave of the Blessed One vacated, than the heavenly messengers re-appear and hold converse with mankind. And to whom do they make the first joyful announcement, *The Lord is risen*? To the disciples, who had been his companions, the sharers of his griefs and privations? Not at all. But to the women, and why first to the women? They had been the last at the cross, and they were the first at the sepulchre. Our author thinks that however much our

Lord loved his disciples, it was necessary that he should withhold his presence from them for a time, till they should be gradually prepared, lest the sudden revulsion should upset them. It was very desirable, also, that the future apostles should learn a lesson of faith without sight, and also one of humility and patience. The apparent contradictory statements of the different evangelists as to the order in which the disciples reached the sepulchre, and what was seen and said there, so far from militating against the truth of the event, confirm us more strongly as to its reality. The narrators, instead of concocting a falsehood and telling the same tale, give each his own version, stating most prominently what affected him most, but yet all harmonizing and coinciding in a way which premeditation could not have done. We must give the reader the following reflections on the angel's enquiry, "*Why seek ye the living among the dead?*" Let him ponder them well, for they deserve it:—

"Amongst the dead of all ages who have bequeathed their memory, their minds, their works to mankind, *he* is not to be sought and found as one who is only their equal, for *he* is essentially other than they; in himself and for humanity, for the Church especially, He is the Living One! We have an actually existing, a present Christ, not merely a historical one. Neither must we seek for him in the wrong place, least of all in our own natural un-renewed selves. No, nor yet in the world, or the men of the world, who, as the dead, bring their dead (Matt. viii. 22). Nor again, in dead Christians or a dead Christianity, although it possess all the outward semblance of truth. Nor yet in the dead letter of traditional teaching, nor in Church membership, nay, not even in the literal words of Scripture itself. He himself, and he alone, is the Living One, and will be sought as such. He is in nowise to be found in any dead thing, though he may once have been contained therein as in the empty sepulchre.

"At that time, indeed, the angel had not power to say, '*Seek him among the living!*' But this has been possible for us ever since the day of Pentecost. There are now Easter-day messengers who, though they do not wear shining raiment, yet carry about within them, and bring to us the life of Christ. Each true Christian is in his measure one of these. Yea, those who seek the crucified have been secretly drawn to do so by the life of the Living One, though they themselves have been unconscious of it. Thus the second severer address of the angel is, after all, reconcilable with the first more gracious one. *To seek*, that is the main point. Let us, thirsting for life, seek him, the Living One, and we shall find him as for us crucified, for us risen!"

We give another extract that will gratify the reader. It is from the chapter on *The Angel delivering Peter*:—

"God's messengers to men deal in no pious prolixity, such as we often hear from each other; use no strong language regarding what is in no way extraordinary or miraculous to them. The angel does not even say, '*Behold, the Lord will not have thee die; the prayer of the Church is heard; I am sent to save thee,*'—or anything of the kind. Neither is Peter to be wakened up on this occasion by the naming of his name; but by a stroke on his side, accompanied by the most simple, and yet in the mouth of the shining angel, the most lofty, the most encouraging command, '*Rise up quickly.*' And at the very same moment the words exert a miraculous power, the chains fall from the prisoner's hands, so that he can move with-

out waking his sleeping keepers. To this succeeds another command, which middle clause of the Divine message is the most significant of all, '*Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals.*' Thus we not only see how that Peter, expecting no extraordinary interposition in his favour, had calmly and comfortably prepared himself for his night's rest; but also that now that he was free, and risen up from slumber, he was to prepare for his departure in the same leisurely way. If the first words, 'rise up,' contained a promise of deliverance from prison and from bonds, this was still more strongly expressed in his second command. We do not wonder to find here interpolated by the evangelist, *and so he did.* Possibly at the moment Peter's mind took in little more than the immediate fact, that he was to arise and go out of the prison. But on looking back and reflecting upon the whole circumstances, he must have been struck by what he then saw to be an unmistakable reference to those prophetic words of his Lord by the Lake of Genesareth, regarding his being girded and carried by others previous to his appointed death by crucifixion (John xxi. 18, 19). The angel knew of that speech, and now by his allusion to it gives the apostle to understand that the time was not yet come when he was to glorify God by his martyrdom, that he was now free to *gird himself* for a return to the duties of his apostolic office. It is true that Peter was no longer required to remain and preach in Jerusalem, as on the occasion of his former deliverance (ver. 20), but rather to depart and go into another place, as we learn from verse 17. Therefore, he is not to leave half apparelled, as one escaping for his life might be expected to do. No, his departure in the power of the Lord is to be calm, dignified, and orderly. He is not only to put on his sandals, but to take his cloak with him that the night air may not chill him, suddenly waked out of sleep as he has been. What a gracious condescension we have here to human infirmity; what a significant attention to the ordinary in the midst of the extraordinary; what a sense of perfect deliverance, in short, there is in this third direction, simple as the words are; '*Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.*' Peter might well have thought, let my garment lie there, so only I escape with life and limb. But in spite of the rapid succession of the three concise commands, the angel allows him time enough to put on all his apparel. Finally the words '*follow me,*' though immediately referring to their present passage through guards, and bolts and bars, and doors and gates, seem to us to have a latent reference to that '*follow me,*' spoken by the Lord to his servant on the occasion before referred to (John xxi. 22). The messenger says so here, in the name of the Lord, who has commissioned him, not merely to lead the apostle out into the street, and to the house where the Church was praying for him, but to send him back with fresh zeal and energy to tread in the footsteps of his Master."

From the extracts we have given, the reader will see how pleasantly and instructively the author discourses on the *Words of the Angels*. We readily award his little volume our cordial recommendation. Its outward elegance is in keeping with its inward worth, while the price at which it is published places it within the reach of all.

"NIL DURPAN."

FIFTH ACT.—SECOND SCENE—*Continued.*

Sadhu.—So very weak is our madam become by the death of her

husband, that there is no doubt she will die, when she sees Babu Nobin in this condition. I applied so much water, rubbed my hand over the head so long; but nothing is bringing him to his senses again. You sir, call him once.

Priest.—Eldest Babu! Eldest Babu! Nobin Madhab! (*with tears in his eyes*) guardian of ryots! giver of food! moving his eyes now! Ah! the mother will die immediately. When she heard of his being bound with ropes above ground, she resolved not to take the rice of this sinful world for ten days. This is the fifth; this morning Nobin Madhab, taking hold of her shoulders, shed much tears, and said, "Mother, if thou dost not take food this day, then I shall never take the rice with the clarified butter; thus placing the sin of disobedience to the mother on my head; but shall remain without food." On which the mother, kissing her son Nobin, said, "my son, I was a queen, now may become the mother of a king. I would never have been sorry, had I once been able to place his* feet on my head at the time when he departed this life. Did such a virtuous person die the inauspicious death? It is for this reason that I am remaining without food. Ye are the children of this poor woman; looking on you and Bindu Madhab, I shall, this day, take for my food the orts of our reverend priest. Do not shed your tears before me." (*Aside, cries of sorrow.*) Come in.

Enter SABITRI, SOIRINDRI, SARALOTA, ADURI, REBOTI, the Aunt of Nobin, and other women of the neighbourhood.

There is no fear, he is still living.

Sabitri.—(*Observing Nobin on the point of death.*) Nobin Madhab! my son, my son, my son, where, where, where, art thou! Ah! alas! (*Falls senseless.*)

Soirindri.—(*With tears in her eyes.*) Ah, young bou! take hold of our mother-in-law; let me once see the lord of my life, in the fulness of my heart. (*Sits near the mouth of Nobin.*)

Priest.—(*To Soirindri.*) My daughter thou art a great lover of thy husband, a woman of constancy; the frame of thy body was created in a good moment. For one who is so entirely devoted to her husband, and who has everything good on her part, fortune may give life to her husband again; he is moving his eyes, serve him without fear. Sadhu, remain here till our madam be in her senses.

[*Exit Priest.*]

Saralota.—(*Speaking slowly to Reboti, after placing the hand on the nose.*) Her breath is full, and the fire coming out of the head is so very intense, that my throat, as it were, burns.

Sadhu.—Has the Gomastah (head-clerk) fallen into the hands of the sabibs while he is gone to bring the physician? Let me go to the lodging-house of that physician. [*Exit Sadhu.*]

Soirindri.—Ah! ah! my lord! that mother, for whose abstinence from food thou art grieved so much; that mother, for whose weakness

* This pronoun "his" stands for Goluk Chunder, the father of Nobin Madhab.

thou hast served her food; that mother, who for some days, by no means able to sleep without placing thee in her lap, that very same dear mother, is now lying senseless before thee, and thou art not seeing her once, (*seeing Sabitri.*) *As the cow, losing her young one, wanders about with loud cries, then being bit by a serpent, falls down dead on the field;* so the mother is lying senseless on the ground, being grieved for her dear son. My lord, open thine eyes once more; call thy maid-servant* once more with thy sweet voice, and thus satisfy her ears once. The sun of happiness has set at noon for me; what shall my bipin do? (*With tears in her eyes falls upon the breast of Nobin Madhab.*)

Saralota.—Ye who are here take hold of our sister.

Soirindri.—(*Rising up.*) I became an orphan when very young; it is for this death-like indigo that my father was taken to the factory, and he returned no more. That place became to him the residence of yama (death). My poor mother took him to the house of my maternal uncle, and there through grief of her husband she bade adieu to the world. My uncles preserved me; I remained like a flower accidentally let fall from the hand of the gardener. My lord took me up with love and increased my honour. I forgot the sorrow of my parent, and in the love of my husband my parents were, as it were, revived, (*deep sigh*). All griefs are rising up anew in my mind. Ah! if I be deprived of that husband who keeps everything under the shade of his protection, I shall again become the same helpless orphan.

Nobin's Aunt.—(*Raising her with the hands.*) What fear my daughter? Why become so full of anxiety? A letter is sent to Bindu Madhab to bring the doctor. He will be cured when the doctor comes. (*Falls down upon the ground.*)

Soirindri.—My aunt-in-law; while I was a girl I made a celebration of a certain religious observance; and placing my hand on the Alpana† (the white-washing prepared for the festival) prayed for this blessing: that my husband be like Rama, my mother-in-law like Kousalya, my father-in-law like Dasaratha, my brother-in-law like Lakshman. My aunt! God gave me more than I prayed for. My husband is Raghumah (Rama) brave, and a provider of his dependents; my mother-in-law, is as Koulazai, having the sweet speech of an earnest love for her son's wife; my father-in-law is always happy in seeing Badhumata,‡ and is the brightener of the ten sides.¶ Bindu Madhab, who surpasses the autumnal moon in purity, is dearer to me than was Lakshmandera to Sitadevi. My aunt, all has taken place according to my desire; only there is one in which I find some dis-

* The term "maid servant" here refers to Soirindri, the wife of Nobin Madhab.

† It is a general custom in this country to apply to Alpana on the floor nearly under all religious observances.

‡ This term signifies the wife of one's son.

¶ This expression, "brightener of ten sides," signifies that he did good wherever he went. The ten sides, one the north, south, east, west, north-east, north-west, south-east, south-west, the top and the under sides.

agreement—I am still alive. Rama is making preparations for going to the forests, and there is no preparation for Sitas going with him.* Ah! he was so much grieved at the business of his father; again he took the catch for the celebration of his funeral-ceremony; but before that was done he is preparing to go to heaven (*to die*), (*looking on his face with a steady sight*.) Ah! his lips are dry. Ah! my friends and companions, call my Bipin at once from the school; I shall once more (*with weeping eyes*) through his hands pour a little water of the Ganges into his dry mouth. (*Places her mouth on [that of] his lips*.)

All at once.—Ah! . Ah!

Nobin's Aunt.—(*Takes hold of her body and raises her*.) My daughter, do not speak such words now, (*weeps*); if my sister were in her senses, her heart would have been burst.

Soirindri.—Oh! Mother, my desire is that my husband be happy in the future in the same proportion as he had suffered misery in this. My lord, I, your bond-maid, will pray to God for life; thou wast most virtuous, the doer of great good to others, and the supporter of the poor. The great Lord of the universe, who provides for the helpless, must give you a place. Ah! take me, my lord, with thee, that I may supply thee with the flowers for the worship of God. "Ah! what loss! what ruin! I see that Rama is going to the wilderness, leaving his Sita alone. What shall I do? Where shall I go? And how shall I preserve my life? Oh friend of the distressed! Oh Romanath! Oh great wealth of the woman, supply me some means for this distress, and preserve me. I see that Nobin Madhab is now being burnt in the fire of indigo. Oh Lord of the distressed! Where is my husband going now, making me unfortunate and without support," (*pressing her hand on the breast of Nobin, and raising a deep sigh*). The husband now takes leave of his family, having placed all at the feet of God. Oh Lord, thou who art the sea of mercy, the supporter of the helpless, now give safety, now save.

Saralota.—Sister, our mother-in-law has opened her eyes; but is looking on me with a disturbed countenance, (*weeping*). My sister, our mother-in-law never turned her face towards me with eyes so full of anger.

Soirindri.—Ah! ah! our mother-in-law loves Saralota so much, that it is through insensibility only that with such an angry face, she had thrown champa on the burning-pot.† Oh my sister, do not weep now; when our mother-in-law becomes sensible, she will kiss you, and with great affection call you "the mad woman's daughter." (*Sabitri rises up and sits near Nobin; and looking on him, with certain expressions of pleasure*.)

Sabitri.—There is no pain so excessive as the delivery of a child,

* The reference here is to the wanderings of Rama in the Wilderness of Decan. The signification of the original is, that while the husband Nobin is on the point of death, there is no preparation for his wife to die with him.

† That is, she had expressed so much anger against her; or, as the original, thrown her into the burning-pot of disgust and hatred. Champa is the name of a fragrant yellow flower.

but that invaluable wealth which I have brought forth made me forget all my sorrows on observing its face, (*weeping*). Ah! if Madam Sorrow did not write a letter to yama (death), and thus kill my husband, how very much would he have been pleased on seeing this child. (*Clasps with her hands.*)

All at once.—Ah! ah! She is become mad.

Sabitri.—Nurse, put the child once more on my lap; let me pacify my burnt limbs. Let me once more kiss it in the name of my husband. (*Kisses Nobin.*)

Soirindri.—Mother, I am your eldest bou; do you not see me. Your dear Rama is senseless; he is not able to speak now.

Sabitri.—It would speak when it shall first get wise. Ah, ah, had my husband been living what great joy! How many musical performances! (*Weeps.*)

Soirindri.—It is misfortune upon misfortune! Is my mother-in-law mad now?

Saralota.—Take our mother-in-law from the bed, my sister; let me take care of her.

Sabitri.—Did you write such a letter, that there is no musical performance on this day of joy? (*Looking on all sides, and having risen from the bed by force, then going to Saralota.*) I entreat thee, falling at thy feet, madam, to send another letter to Yama, and bring back my husband for once. Thou art the wife of a saheb; else, why shall I fall at thy feet?

Saralota.—My mother-in-law, thou lovest me more than a mother, and such words from your mouth, have given me more pain than that of death. (*Taking hold of the two hands of Sabitri.*) Observing this your state, my mother, fire is, as it were, raining on my breast.

Sabitri.—Thou strumpet, stupid woman, and a Yabana, why dost thou touch me on this eleventh day of the moon? (*Takes off her own hand.*)

Saralota.—On hearing such words from your mouth, I cannot live, (*lies down on the ground taking hold of her mother-in-law's feet.*) My mother, I shall take leave of this world at your feet. (*Weeps.*)

Sabitri.—That is good, that the bad woman is dead. My husband is gone to heaven; but thou shalt go to hell. (*Claps with her hands and laughs.*)

Soirindri.—(*Rising up.*) Ah, ah, our Saralota is very good-natured. Now having heard harsh words from her mother-in-law, she is become exceedingly sorry! (*To Sabitri.*) Come to me mother.

Sabitri.—Nurse, hast thou left the child alone? Let me go there. (*Goes to Nobin hastily, and sits near him.*)

Reboti.—(*To Sabitri.*) Oh my mother! Dost thou call that young bou a bad woman, who you said was incomparable in the village; and without whose taking food you never took food. My mother, you do not hear my words; we were trained by you, you gave us our food.

* This day is kept sacred by the widows of this country.

Sabitri.—Call on the Ata Couria* of the child, and I shall give you many sweet meats.

Nobin's Aunt.—My sister, Nobin will be alive again, do not be mad.

Sabitri.—How did you know this? That name is known to no one. My father-in-law said, when my daughter-in-law gets a child, I shall give it (if male) the name of "Nobin Madhab." Now the child is born, I shall give it that name. My husband always said, when shall the child be born, and I shall call him by name "Nobin Madhab," (*weeps*). If he had been alive, he would have satisfied that desire on this day. (*Aside, a sound.*) There, the musicians are coming. (*Claps with her hands.*)

Soirindri.—Bou, go into that room, the physician is coming.

Enter SADHU CHURN and the physician.

[*Exit Saralota, Reboti, and all the neighbouring women; and Soirindri, putting a veil on her head, stands in one side of the room.*]

Sadhu.—Our madam has risen up.

Sabitri.—(*Weeps.*) It is because my husband is not here that you have left your drums at home.

Aduri.—She has no understanding; she is become entirely insane. She called that dead elder Haldar, "my infant child," and chastised the young Haldar's wife, calling her a European's wife. That young woman is weeping severely. Again, she is calling you musician.

Sadhu.—So great a misfortune is now come to pass!

Physician.—(*Sitting near Nobin.*) It is very probable, and also according to the Nidana,† that while she is not taking food for the death of her husband, and while she has seen this miserable condition of her dearest son, she should become thus. It is necessary to see her pulse once. Madam, let me observe thy pulse once, (*stretching out his hand towards her*).

Sabitri.—Thou vile man must be a creature of the factory, else how dost thou want to take hold of the hand of a woman of a good family? (*Rising up.*) Nurse, keep your eyes upon the child; I go to take a little water. I shall give you a *Sarhi*.

Physician.—Ah! The light of the understanding will not brighten again. I will send the Hima Sagara Toila (a medicinal oil) which is now necessary for her. (*Observing the pulse of Nobin.*) His pulse is only very weak, but I do not find any other bad symptom. The doctors are ignorant in other matters, but in anatomical operations they are very expert. The expense will be heavy, but it is of urgent necessity to call one in.

Sadhu.—A letter has been sent to the young Babu to come along with the doctor.

Physician.—That is very good.

Enter four relatives.

First.—We never even dreamt that such an accident would come

* A certain ceremony performed on the eighth day after the birth for securing its good fortune.

† A treatise on the science of medicine.

to pass. At noon-day, some were eating, some bathing, and some were going to lie down in their beds after dinner. I heard of it now.

Second.—The stroke on the head appears fatal. What ill-fated accident! There was no probability of a quarrel on this day; or else, many of the ryots would have been present.

Sadhu.—Two hundred ryots, with clubs in their hands, are crying aloud, "strike off, strike off," and are weeping with these words in their mouths, "Ah! Eldest Babu! Ah! Eldest Babu!" I told them to go to their own houses, since, if the saheb get the least excuse, he will, on account of the pain in his nose, burn the whole village.

Physician.—Now, wash the head and apply turpentine to it; in the evening, I shall come again and try some other means. To make noise in the sick-person's room is to increase his disease; so let there be no noise here.

[*Exit the Physician, Sadhu Churn, and the relatives in one way, and Aduri, the other; Soirindri sits down. The curtain falls.*]

FIFTH ACT.

THIRD SCENE.—*The Room of Sadhu Churn.*

On one side KHETROMANI in great torment on her bed, and SADHU; on the other side, REBOTI, sitting.

Khetro.—Sweep over my bed mother, sweep over my bed!

Reboti.—My dear, dear daughter, why art thou doing so? I have swept on the bed; there is nothing then on the coat but shreds. I have placed another, which your aunt gave.*

Khetro.—Thorns are pinching me, I die, I die, oh! turn me to my father's side.

Sadhu.—(*Silently turning her to the other side. To himself.*) This agony is the presage of death. (*Openly.*) Daughter, thou art a precious jewel of this poor man; my daughter, take a little food. I have brought some pomgranates from Inderabad, and also the ornamented Sarhi; but you did not at all express your pleasure when you saw that.

Reboti.—How very extravagant are my daughter's desires! She said to me once, give me a flower garland at the time of *Semanton*. What is that countenance now become? What shall I do? Oh, oh! Oh, oh! (*Places her mouth on the mouth of her daughter.*) Ah! my Khetro of gold is become a piece of charcoal. Where are the pupes of the tinebad? See, see.

Sadhu.—Khetromani! Khetromani! Open your eyes fully, my daughter.

Khetro.—My mother! My father! Ah, it is an axe! (*Turns on the other side.*)†

Reboti.—Let me take her on my lap; she will remain quiet there. (*Comes to take her on her lap.*)

* Reboti says, My daughter, what is it that gives you so much pain? The bed is all over cleared, there is nothing that can trouble a body.

† Those are words which are expressive of great grief.

Sadhu.—Do not take her up; she will faint.

Reboti.—Am I so very unfortunate? Ah! ah! My Harana is as Katrika on his peacock.* How can I forget him? Darmi! my Siva!

Sadhu.—Ray Churn is gone a long time ago, and he is not yet come.

Reboti.—Our eldest babu preserved her from the grasp of the tiger. The young saheb killed my daughter, and the elder one killed the eldest Babu. Ah! ah! There is no one to preserve the poor.

Sadhu.—What virtuous actions have I done, that I shall see the face of my grandchild?

Khetro.—My body is cut off—a cracked Tangrah (a fish). Ah! ah!

Reboti.—I think the ninth moon is closed.† My wedge of gold is to go to the water, and what means shall I have? Who shall call me mother! mother! Did you bring her for this purpose. (*Taking hold of Sadhu's neck, weeps.*)

Sadhu.—Be silent, don't weep now; she will faint.

Enter RAY CHURN and the Physician.

Physician.—How is she now? Did you give her that medicine?

Sadhu.—The medicine did not act, whatever went down immediately came up by vomit. See her pulse once more now; I think it is a sign of her end.

Reboti.—She is crying out, thorns, thorns. I have prepared her bed so thickly,‡ still she is tossing about. Now save her by a good medicine. Dear sir, this relative is very dear unto me.

Sadhu.—We do not see any sign of the pulse.

Physician.—(*Taking hold of the hand.*) In this state it is good for the pulse to be weak. "Weakness makes the pulse strong; to have a strong pulse is fainter."

Sadhu.—At this time, it is the same thing either to apply or not to apply the medicine. The parents have hope to the very end; therefore, see if there be any means.

Physician.—The water with which the atapa (dried rice) is washed, is now necessary. The application of the Shuchikavaran (a medicine) is required.

Sadhu.—That atapa which the Bara Rancee sent for offerings of prayer, is in the other room. Ray Churn, bring that here.

[*Exit Ray Churn.*]

Reboti.—Is Annapurnah§ now awake, that she shall, with the rice in her hands, come to give me my Khetromani? It is through my ill-fate that our mistress is become mad.

* Katrika is taken to be the most lively in appearance among the gods—the symbol of male beauty. He is the son of Siva and Doorgah.

† Here the reference is to the last of the three days in which the goddess Doorgah is worshipped; and the last day is taken to be one of great pain, because on that day she is to take her departure from her parents to go to her husband Siva.

‡ Thickly prepared, signifies many coverings of the bed placed one upon another.

§ It is one of the names of Doorgah. The term signifies "full of rice," or the goddess of plenty.

Physician.—She is already full of sorrow for the death of her husband; again, her son is on the point of death; her insanity is on the increase. I think she shall die before Nobin; she is become very weak.

Sadhu.—Sir, how did you find our eldest Babu to-day? I think with his pure blood he has extinguished a fire of tyranny of the giants, the indigo planters. It is probable, that the indigo might produce to the ryots some advantages; but what effect has that? If one hundred serpents do bite at once my whole body, I can bear that; if on a hearth made of bricks, a fry-pan be placed full of molasses, and the same be boiling by a great fire, I can also bear the torments, if by accident I fall into the pan; if in the dark night of the new moon, a band of robbers with terrible sounds come upon and kill my only son, who is honest and very learned, take away all the acquisitions made during the past seven generations, and then make me blind: and this also, I can bear; and in the place of one, even if there be ten indigo factories in the village, that also I can allow; but to be separated even for a moment from that elder Babu, who is so much the support of his dependents,—that can I never bear.

Physician.—The blow through which the brain has oozed out is fatal. I have found the pulse indicate that death is near; either at mid-day or in the evening, life will depart. Bipin gave little water of the Ganges in his mouth, but it came out by its sides. Nobin's wife is quite distracted; but she is trying her utmost for his safety.

Sadhu.—Ah! ah! Had our mistress not been insane, her heart would have been burst asunder on seeing this. The doctor has also said, that the bruise on the head is fatal.

Physician.—The doctor is a very kind-hearted man; when Babu Bindu wanted to give him money, he said "Babu Bindu, the manner in which you are already troubled makes it improbable that the ceremony of your father will be performed. I cannot take any thing from you now, and also it is not necessary for you to give money for the bearers who brought me, and who will now take me away." Had the doctor been of a hard heart, he would have taken away the money kept for the ceremony. I have seen that kind of doctors die once; he is as scurrilous as avaricious.

Sadhu.—Our young Babu brought along with him the doctor to see Khetromani; but he said nothing with certainty. The doctor observing my want, owing to the tyranny of the planters, gave me two rupees in the name of Khetromani.

Physician.—Had the doctor been hard-hearted, he would have taken hold of the hand, and said, she would die; and he would have taken the money by selling your kine.

Reboti.—I can give money by selling off whatever I have, if they can only cure my Khetro.

Enter RAY CHURN with the rice.

Physician.—Having washed the rice, bring the water here.—(*Reboti takes the rice.*) Do not give much water. I see the plate is very beautiful.

Reboti.—Our mistress (Sabitri) went to Gya and brought many plates; and she gave this to my Khetro. Ah! the same mistress is now turned mad, and her hands are bound with a rope, because she is slapping her cheeks.

Physician.—Sadhu, bring the stone mortar, I have the medicine here. (*Opens his box of medicine.*)

Sadhu.—Sir, don't bring out your medicine; just see how her eyes appear. Ray Churn, come here.

Reboti.—Oh! mother! what is my fate now! Oh! mother! how shall I forget the figure of Harana! Oh! oh! oh! Khetro, oh! Khetro, Khetromani! daughter. Wilt thou not speak any more, my daughter? Oh! oh! oh! (*Weeps.*)

Physician.—Her end is very near.

Sadhu.—Ray Churn, take hold of her, take hold of her. (*Sadhu Churn and Ray Churn take Khetromani from the bed, and go outside.*)

Reboti.—I cannot leave my Laksmi all cold to float on the water. Where shall I go? Had she lived with the saheb, that would have been better. I would have remained at rest by seeing her face. My daughter, Ho! ho! ho! (*Goes behind Khetra, slapping herself.*)

Physician.—I die! I die! I die! What pains does the mother bear! It is good not to have a child. [*Exit all.*]

FIFTH ACT.

FOURTH SCENE.—*The Hall in the house of Goluk Chunder Bose.*

SABITRI sitting with the dead body of Nobin on her lap.

Sabitri.—Let my dear child sleep; my dear keeps my heart at rest. When I see the sweet face, I remember that other face* (*kisses*). My child is sleeping most soundly (*rubs the hand over the head of the corpse*). Ah! what have the mosquitoes done? What shall I do for the head? I must not lie down without letting the curtains fall, (*rubs the hand on the breast of the body*). Ah! can the mother suffer this, to see the bugs bite the child and let the drops of blood come out. No one is here to prepare the bed of the child; how shall I let it lie down. I have no one for me; but all are gone with my husband. (*Weeps.*) O unfortunate creature that I am! I am crying with my child here (*observing the face of Nobin*), the child of the sorrowing woman is now making deata† (*kissing the mouth*). No, my dear, I have forgotten all distress seeing thee; I am not weeping (*placing the pap on its mouth*); my dear, suckle the pap, my dear, suckle it; I entreated the bad woman so much; even fell at her feet, still she did not bring my husband for once; he would have gone after settling the milk of the child. This stupid person has such a friendship with Yama, that if she had written a letter, he would have immediately given him leave. (*Seeing the robe in her hand.*) The husband never

* The face of her husband.

† It sometimes happens that during sleep the child either cries or laughs; that is called the deata of the child.

gets salvation, if on his death the widow still wears ornaments; although I wept with such loud cries, still they made me wear the Shanka.* I have burnt it by the lamp, still it is in my hands, (*cuts off the robe with her teeth*). For the widow to wear ornaments does not look good, and is not tolerable. On my hands they are raising a blister, (*cries*.) Whoever has stopt me wearing the Shanka, let her Shanka be taken off within three days.† (*Snaps the joints of her fingers on the ground*.) Let me prepare the bed myself, (*prepares the bed in fancy*). The mat was not washed, (*extends her hands a little*). I cannot reach to the pillow; the coat of shreds is become dirty, (*rubs the floor with her hands*). Let me make the child lie down, (*placing the dead body slowly on the ground*). My son, what fear near the mother? You lie down peacefully. I shall spit here, (*spits on its breast*). If that Englishman's lady comes here this day, I shall kill her by pressing down her neck. I shall never have any child out of my sight. Let me place the bow round it, (*gives a mark with her finger round the floor while reading a certain phrase as a sacred formula read to a god*). "The froth of the serpent, the tiger's nose, the fire prepared by Sala's‡ resin, the whirling of the swinging machine, the white hairs of seven co-wives,|| bhanti§ leaves, the flowers of the dhuturá, the seeds of the indigo, the burnt pepper, the head of the corpse, the root of the madder, the mad dog, thieves ridding of a churdia, these together make the arrow to be directed against the gnashing teeth of Yama."

Enter SARALOTA.

Saralota.—Where are these going to? Ah! she is turning round the dead body. I think my husband, tired with excessive travelling, has given himself up to sleep, that goddess who is the destroyer of all sorrows and pains. Oh sleep! how very miraculous is thy greatness, thou makest the widow to be with her husband in this world, thou bringest the traveller to his country, at thy touch, the prisoner's chain breaks; thou art the Dhannantari¶ of the sick; thou hast no distinction of castes in thy dominions; and thy laws are never different on account of the difference of nations or castes; thou must have made my husband a subject of thy impartial power; or else, how is it, that the insane mother brings away the dead son from him. My husband has become quite distracted by being deprived of his father and his brother. The beauty of his countenance has faded by and bye, as the full moon decreases day by day. My mother, when hast thou come up? I have left all food and sleep, and am looking after thee continually; and did I fall into so much insensibility; I promised that I shall bring thy husband from yama (*invisible*), in order to cure thee, and therefore thou remainest quiet for sometime. In this formidable night, so full of darkness, like unto that which shall take place on the destruction of the universe; when the skies are spread over

* An ornament made of shell for the wrists of women.

† That is, let her become a widow within three days, who has made me so.

‡ Sala is the native name of the tree *shorea robusta*.

|| The wives of the same husband.

‡ *Volkmeria Odorata*.

¶ Dhannantari is the physician of the gods.

with terrors of clouds; the flashes of lightning are giving momentary light, like the arrows of fire, and the rest of living creatures are giving up, as it were, to the sleep of death; all are silent; when the only sound is the cry of jackall in the wilderness, and the loud noise of the dogs, the great band of enemies and thieves. My mother, how is it possible, that in such a night as this, thou was't able to bring thy dead son from outside the house, (*goes near the corpse*).

Sabitri.—I have placed the circling, and how do you come within it?

Saralota.—Ah! my husband can never be able to live on seeing the death of this his heart conquering and most dear brother. (*Weeps*).

Sabitri.—You are envying my child, you all-destroying wretch, the daughter of a wretch! Let your husband die. Go out, just now; be out; or else, I shall place my foot on your throat, take out your tongue, and kill you immediately.

Saralota.—Ah! such Shoranam* (six-mouthed) of gold, whom our father-in-law and mother-in-law had, is now gone to the water.

Sabitri.—Don't look on my child; I forbid you—you destroyer of your husband. I see, your death is very near, (*goes a little towards her*).

Saralota.—Ah! how very cruel are the formidable arms of death? Ah Yama, you gave so much pain to my honest mother-in-law.

Sabitri.—Calling again! calling again! (*takes hold of Saralota's neck by her two hands and throws her down on the ground*). Thou stupid, beloved of Yama. Now will I kill thee, (*stands upon her neck*). Thou hast devoured my husband; again, thou art calling your paramour to swallow my dear infant. Die, die, die, now. (*Begins to skip upon the neck*).

Saralota.—Gah, a, a, (*death of Saralota*).

Enter BINDU MADHAB.

Bindu.—Oh! she is lying flat here. Oh mother, what is that? Thou hast killed my Saralota, (*taking hold of Saralota's head*). My dear Sarala has left this sinful world. (*After weeping, kisses Saralota*).

Sabitri.—Gnaw the wretch and destroy her. She was calling Yama to devour my infant; and now I killed her. (*Standing on her neck*).

Bindu.—As the mother, having destroyed the child whom she was fondling for making it sleep on her lap, on awaking, will go to destroy herself, so wilt thou, oh my mother! go to kill thyself, if, thine insanity passing off, thou can'st understand, that thy most beloved Saralota was murdered by thee. It will be good if that lamp no more give its light to thee. Ah! how very pleasant it is for a woman to be mad, who has lost her husband and son! The deer-like mind being enclosed within the stone-walls of madness, can never be attacked by the great tiger sorrow. I am thy Bindu Madhab.

* Shoranam is one of the names of Kartikeya. In this place it refers to Nobin Madhab, on account of the great honour which he had acquired from the people of the country; and he is compared with Katrikeya, because he had much honour among the gods.

Sabitri.—What, what do you say?

Bindu.—Mother, I can no longer keep my life, becoming mad by the death of my father bound by a rope, and the death of my elder brother; thou hast destroyed my Saralota, and thus hast applied salt to my wounded heart.

Sabitri.—What! Is my Nobin dead! Is my Nobin dead! Ah, my dear sir, my dear Bindu Madhab! Have I killed your Saralota! Have I killed my young Bou by becoming mad, (*embracing the dead body of Saralota*). I would have remained alive, although deprived of my husband and my son. Ah, but on murdering you by my own hands, my heart is on the point of being burnt. Ho! ho! mother, (*embracing Saralota, she falls down dead on the ground*).

Bindu.—(*Placing his hand on Sabitri's body.*) What I said took place quickly. My mother died on recovering her understanding. What affliction! My mother will no more take me on her lap, and kiss me. Oh! mother! The word mama will no more come out of my mouth, (*weeps*). Let me place the dust of her feet on my head, (*takes the dust from her feet and places that on his own head*). Let me also purify my body by eating that dust, (*eats the dust of her feet*).

Enter SOIRINDRI.

Soirindri.—I am going to die with my husband; do not oppose me, my brother-in-law? My bipin shall live happily with Saralota. What's this,—what's this? Why are our mother-in-law and Bou both lying in this manner.

Bindu.—Oh eldest Bou! our mother first killed Saralota, then getting her understanding again, she fell into such excesses of sorrow, that she also died.

Soirindri.—Now! in what manner? What loss! What is this! What is this! Ah! ah! my sister, thou hast not yet worn that most pleasant lock of hair of the head which I prepared for thee! Ah! ah! thou shalt no more call me sister (*cries*). Mother-in-law, thou art going to your Rama, but did'st not let me go there. Oh my mother-in-law, when I got thee, I did not for a moment remember my mother.

Enter ADURI.

Aduri.—Oh eldest Haldarni, come soon; thy young bipin is afraid.

Soirindri.—Why did you not call me thence? You left him there alone. (*Goes out hastily with Aduri.*)

Bindhu.—My bipin is now the pole-star in the ocean of dangers! (*With a deep sigh.*) In this world of short existence, human life is as the bank of a river which has a most violent course, and the greatest depth. How very beautiful are the banks, the fields covered over with new grass most pleasant to the view, the trees full of branches newly coming out; in some places the cottages of fishermen; in others the kine feeding with their young ones. To walk about in such a place, enjoying the sweet songs of the beautiful birds, and the charming gale, full of the sweet smell of flowers, only wraps the mind in the contemplation of that Being who is full of pleasure. Accidentally, a hole, small as a line, is observed in the field, and immediately that

most pleasant bank falls down into the stream. How very sorrowful! The Bose family of Svaropur is destroyed by indigo, the great destroyer of honour. How very terrible are the arms of indigo!

The cobra de capello, like the indigo planters, with mouths full of poison, threw all happiness into the flame of fire. The father through injustice, died in the prison; the elder brother in the indigo-field, and the mother, being insane through grief for her husband and son, murdered with her own hands the most honest woman. Getting her understanding again, and observing my sorrow, the ocean of grief again swelled in her. With that disease of sorrow, came the poison of want; and thus, without attending to consolation, she also departed his life. Incessantly do I call, where is my father? Where is my mother? Embrace me once more with a smiling face. Crying out, oh mother! oh mother! I look on all sides; but that countenance of joy do I find nowhere. When I used to call manna, she immediately took me on her breast, and rubbed my mouth. Who knows the greatness of maternal affection? The cry of mama, mama, mama, do I make in the battle-field and the wilderness whenever fear rises in the mind. Oh my mother, dear unto the heart, in the place of whom there is not one, as a friend in this world. Thy Bindu hadhab is come! open thine eyes once more and see. Ah! ah! it hurts my heart, not to know where my heart's Sarala is gone to. The most beautiful, wise, and entirely devoted to me; she walked as the swan,* and her eyes were handsome as those of the deer. With a smiling face and with the sweetest voice, thou did'st read to me the fatal. The mind was charmed by thy sweet reading, which was as the singing of the bird in the forest. Thou, Sarala, had'st the most beautiful face, and did'st brighten the lake of my heart. Who did take away my lotus with a cruel heart? The beautiful lake became dark. The world I look upon is as a desert full of corpses; while I have lost my father, my mother, my brother, and my wife.

Ah! ah! are they gone too in search of the dead body of my mother? I am to prepare for going to the Ganges as soon as they come. Ah! how very terrible, the last scene of the drama of the son-like Nobin Madhab is? (*Sits down, taking hold of Sabitri's feet.*)

[*The Curtain falls down.*]

Heart Religion or Living Belief in the Truth. By the Rev. ALEXANDER LEITCH, author of "The Unity of the Faith," "Christian Errors Infallible Arguments," "The Gospel and the Great Apostacy." Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 15 Princes Street.

ABOUT eighteen months ago we commended to our readers Mr Leitch's masterly disquisition on "The Unity of the Faith;" while we attested the great merits of his two earlier treatises, entitled respectively, "The

* The gait of the swan is considered, in this country, the most beautiful model of the motion of the feet.

Gospel and the Great Apostacy" and "Christian Errors, Infidel Arguments." In these three volumes Mr Leitch has reviewed the controversies, relating to Romanism, Theism, and Church Organisation, with wonderful perspicacity, candour, and learning. His love of truth, his depth of intellect, his clearness of spiritual intuition, his maturity of Christian experience, are legible in every page. The essay which he has lately added to the foregoing series, is perhaps the noblest monument of its author's powers. In his "Heart Religion or Living Belief in the Truth" he rises to the height of a "greater argument" than any of those in which he has been hitherto engaged. As a moral refutation of scepticism we regard the book as unequalled in the theological literature of this country. We believe that all intelligent and right-hearted men will concur with Mr Leitch in his admirably discriminating estimate of our "practical" divinity:—

"1. There is scarcely a book on practical religion which does not assume that its readers believe in the truth of Christianity. There is commonly supposed to be a great gulf between the refutation of Infidelity, and a description of that process by which Christianity enters the heart of a man and begins to develop itself there. Such a supposition is only an enormous and pestilent mistake. Heart religion may, surely, be so set forth and delineated, as to prove the most powerful antidote to scepticism, and the ablest demonstration of the truth of the gospel. Such a natural history of heart religion is a serious desideratum.

"If it be indeed necessary, in order to appeal directly to any individual on the topic of his personal piety, either to prove the truth of the Bible *by the usual array of evidences*, or to assume that the man already believes in its truth, we are thereby reduced to a most fatal disadvantage. If there be no straight road to a man's heart,—to close dealing and earnest grappling with his conscience, but through the historical evidences and all their adjuncts, or on the *blind* admission that Christianity is from God, then his opportunities of retreating, and hiding, and defending his unbelief, are so numerous, that scarce a good chance remains of touching him to the quick. There is undoubtedly a way of immediate access to the human bosom, in which the open unbeliever and the mere formal believer in the gospel, may with equal power and equal success be assailed. This short cut to every conscience—this summary and practical appeal by which the hypocritical pretender to religion, as well as the bold infidel, may be struck down and confounded, is too generally forgotten and neglected. The blow that overturns the stronghold of the sceptic, will shiver into pieces the mask of the formalist. It is a plain mistake to suppose that two lines of argument and two kinds of appeal are needed, the one to confute and convict the atheist or deist, and the other to confound and convert the heartless professor. To shake the gospel torch and make it shine, is the best and only way to carry light and life into every dark and dismal cavern of sin-bound humanity, whether it be the rebel heart that dares to scoff, or the traitorous heart that dares to trifle with sacred and eternal things. In the real work of chasing the unbeliever from every cover, and depriving him of every shelter, it is of very little moment whether he wear the cloak of profession or not.

"2. In many treatises the principles on which the *progress* of religion in the soul is developed are not sufficiently broad and deep. As a flaw in the foundation weakens the whole building, so a defect in the elements of our religion will prove detrimental to our religious advancement. If the very commencement of our piety be a misty and loose assumption that Chris-

tianity is true, it will be like a tree planted in a contracted spot of earth or in a parched soil, whose growth must for ever be stunted and immature. The language of the apostle might with propriety be addressed to those who are made Christians after this fashion :—"When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God ; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat."—(Heb. v. 12.) Unless heart religion find its base-ment in the lowest recesses of the soul, the temple cannot be expected to rise in full proportion, or to attain its normal elevation. It seems to be self-evident, that whatever the reasons are which should induce a man to be a Christian at all, and at the first, these reasons are the very same substantially which should daily urge him to higher and higher degrees of holiness. He lives by faith. Whether we exercise faith for the first time or for the five hundredth time, it is the same exercise. There is no gap or chasm of principle between coming to Christ and walking in Christ. But the two are frequently severed, and both are thereby injured. So little is the apostolical injunction fully understood :—"Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."—(Heb. vi. 1.) This language seems to imply what is undeniably true, that genuine moral perfection will be the natural result of due attention to the first principles of Christianity. Not only is the actual progress of thousands slow, and irregular, and unsatisfactory, because their first confession of Christ was defective in intelligence and decision, but also the true nature of practical Christian progress and ultimate perfection is imperfectly understood and coldly enforced by some of our ablest writers, because the very initiatory steps of the Christian life are not traced by them orderly and accurately."

Mr Leitch's own work is divided into three sections ; the first of which contains four separate chapters on the possibility of Self-knowledge, on Practice and Speculation, on the Nature of Guilt, and the Impossibility of Religious Neutrality. The second section on the subject of man seeking God, is occupied with three chapters devoted to the following topics. 1. Man's Dependence upon God. 2. Man's Distance from God. 3. Man's Duty to God. The third and concluding section, comprises a most able and comprehensive description of the divine Message, of its Reception by mankind, of the Results of this reception, and of the Presence and Power of the promised Paraclete. The following passage in the chapter on "Religious Neutrality" may be quoted as a specimen of Mr Leitch's vigorous accuracy of thought, and unaffected elegance of style ; —

"*No action indifferent.*—No human action can be severed entirely from religion ; and if this be the case, every action must either be in harmony with, or in opposition to, true religious principles. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that some actions are indifferent in themselves, the motives which lead to these actions cannot be allowed to be indifferent or non-ethical. It appears to us that no action can be correctly regarded as strictly indifferent. The common opinion on this point is, we are prepared to show, a prevalent fallacy. Everything a man does, however trivial some things may be, is in itself right or wrong, proper or improper, lawful or unlawful. But much more is this remark true of a man's motives. Every action has a motive ; and every motive honours or dishonours God.

"While in *speculative* questions there is much room for doubt or unbelief, in *practical* questions there is no such thing as unbelief or doubt, as has been already illustrated. Now, religion is, in every respect, a practical

business. A man's eternal welfare, and his relation to the Most High, form his most immediate and most momentous personal concern. To regard it and treat it solely as a recondite affair of speculation, is to neglect its urgent demands, and to trifle with its solemn consequences. To omit a duty is to commit an offence. To withhold due honour from a superior, is to offer him an insult. Negligence in business is both fraud and folly. Hence it is obvious that inattention, on the part of any man, to his everlasting destiny, is the grossest imprudence; that disrespect and disobedience toward God constitute undisguised rebellion; while the non-acceptance of a freely offered pardon by the condemned prisoner, is the climax of all ingratitude. In any religious question, then, whatever, a middle course is impossible.

"*Is God's existence a matter of indifference?*—In illustration of this position, let us refer to the most primary and fundamental question in religion; Does God exist? It is to be noticed that the ultimate position of atheistic profanity, the place of its last resort, the furthest move it ever has made, or ever can make, is not an assertion of the Divine non-existence, but only a denial of the sufficiency of the evidence that is alleged to prove His existence. It is a fact fraught with much instruction, that while the world has seen many professed atheists, it has never seen an avowed *anti-theist*. While many have doubted, or seemed to doubt, the fact of God's existence, none has ever ventured boldly to deny it, that is, to affirm that he could prove that there is no God. That such is the case is the verdict of universal history. Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for this phenomenon. To know that there is no God is a stretch of intelligence too great for man, and for angels also. To substantiate this negation, its advocate must travel through all the fields of unlimited space, and watch during all the ages of unbeginning and unending duration. He must himself possess the ubiquity and omniscience which he denies to any one else. He who would prove that God is not, claims thereby to be God himself. Every attempt to show the erroneousness of the assertion that God exists, can proceed only on the assumption that it is true.

"Assuming, then, that there is a report current in human society as to the existence of Deity—an unauthenticated rumour, and nothing more, floating on the surface of man's busy life; and assuming, what is manifestly undeniable, that this rumour respects a matter which bears with a direct, weighty, and ceaseless influence on the highest and best interests of every individual, it will follow, that doubt upon this question will give rise, or should give rise, to intensest anxiety, and every one will be conscious of an obligation to act as if the report were true. Every one will at the same time acknowledge, that whoever does not act as if the report were true, is acting as if it were false. No man has the choice left him of taking refuge on such a question in unfeeling, inactive unbelief.

"No man can escape from the necessity of adopting one or other of these two courses. The immediate urgency of this necessity must be irresistibly felt by every one, who does not deny the barest possibility of Divine existence, or the slightest connection of his own personal welfare with the favour or frown of the Most High. To deny the first, that is, even the possibility of God's existence, is equivalent to asserting that it can be demonstrated that God is not—that He cannot be. In making such an attempt, the individual falls from the heights of presumption into the abyss of absurdity. To deny the second, that is, all connection between ourselves and the Supreme, is to refuse to acknowledge that our happiness and honour are at all bound up with the attributes and purposes of the Author of our being, and can only be inadequately compared to the conduct of the man who could affirm, that he shining of the sun, with all its unnumbered blessings, is nothing to him."

THIRTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

It has been remarked that every Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition is, in the estimation of the season-ticket loungers, a better one than that which preceded it. And so it is, almost everybody is fain to believe that the Exhibition of the current year is better than that which went before. But Art here does not make noticeable progression from season to season. And our matured opinion of the present Exhibition is that it is a very so so one. We have at least one landscape by a long established artist, exceedingly good. And we have contributions by another which are transcendently great. The other works, by resident artists, are nothing remarkable. In fact this is a good collection of works of Art, but not beyond mediocrity. We rather fancy that the sculptors have the best of it. Mr Brodie's full length statue of Lord Cockburn is infinitely the finest work in marble that ever we saw exhibited here. It has a Roubilliac-like dexterity which marks Brodie as the Sculptor of Scotland. There is some room for saying that the character of Lord Cockburn as the pawky advocate is not quite brought out. This statue of him is more the great orator, defiant and resolute. But still, take it altogether, nothing finer—as a memorial of the most winsome advocate we ever had among us, and the admirable judge—can well be conceived. Of Brodie's other works, his bust of Mr M'Laren, late of the *Scotsman*, in handling, and for giving intellectual truth, is as near as may be perfect. And next to it we like his bust of Sheriff Monteith, which is forcible, and a capital likeness. The best bust is that of Biggs Andrews, Esq., Q.C., by Mr Hutchison. It is wonderfully delicate in handling, and must be a likeness. John Mossman's bust of Dr Norman Macleod reminds us of Patric Park, and to say that is to give high praise. Mr Ewing is extremely clever in his bust of Mr Macnee. He has made our good, most genial, friend a little old perhaps, but the likeness is true. Mr Steell is not very successful in his bust of the Lord Justice-General, a very great deal too much being made of the whiskers and hair of the head. Ruskin calls this chiselmanship. The busts by the Rev. James Gall are as bad as may be. His subjects are not very happy. If he had known how to treat them artistically he might have made more of them. He should be either good sculptor or good preacher. We doubt if he has established a reputation in either line, but anyhow rather a weak sermon than a very bad bust. Miss Paton's Sir Galahad is a most pleasing and beautiful performance. The objection is that the Good Knight is not sufficiently masculine in feature. There is something, however, exceedingly beautiful in the face, which reminds us of one of Raphael's "Angels of the Planets." We have omitted mention of Mr Hutchison's bust of Mr George Harvey, which in point of likeness is better than the painted portrait, and in manipulation is extremely able. Also we have forgotten to say the same artist's "Don Quixote" is the very finest ideal of the rueful knight we ever saw.

Now to go to the pictures. The very greatest is John Phillip's "Aqua Bendita." It is sufficient to say, that nobody who has any eye for colour, for drawing, or for texture, should hesitate to pronounce this, the greatest picture in the galleries. Phillip of Spain, is utterly unapproached, in colour and in texture. It was told to us that this picture was one of the smallest of twenty that he had painted, or prepared for painting, in Spain, during a four months' visit last year, and if so, the facility with which he works must be very great. In his portrait of Mrs Johnston, there is beautifully fine gradation of colour—it is a very loveable portrait,—and that of her Spouse,—always a grim-looking gentleman, whom we never dare to speak to from his dismally anxious look,—is worthy to be *vis-a-vis*. W. B. is an able and excellent official,—he certainly looks his best here. These two portraits of himself and his wife, are in one sense, the finest portraits in the rooms. Not to speak of his power of colour, the breadth of Mr Phillip's handling is very wonderful. The two great colourists of the time, are Messrs Tom Foad, and John Phillip.

Of purely historical pictures there are very few as usual, Mr Drummond's Preaching scene, being the most attractive one. It has commanded the Association's highest price, and deservedly. The colour and grouping are both fine, and there are many passages in it of great beauty. We could have wished that the young Preacher had been a nobler figure, but what may seem deficient in this respect is amply supplied by the fine studies of some of the others. This is Mr Drummond's best production as yet we think. Mr Noel Paton's "Luther at Erfurt" is in a far higher style, but the story is scarcely so well told as Mr Drummond tells his. Every one must admire the wonderful finish of all details, down to the cobweb in the corner, and the dust on the table; but this is not like Luther, surely, and it is obvious that he sits in no monk's cell, but in a richly furnished apartment. His face is almost horrible, and there is something approaching insanity in the eyes; the hand on the book, is all out of drawing. As a study of details, scarcely anything was ever painted superior, but we would certainly not purchase at Mr Paton's price. In fact we don't think the picture is what it might have been. Mr Douglas has been doing a good deal in the horrible line of late. Master of manipulation as he is, it is a pity that so much skill should be expended on his large picture, the return of the friend from beyond the grave. There is much very clever work here, but if pictures are meant to be our companions we should like them of more pleasant associations than this. In like manner Mr Douglas' "Last hour of a dark life" is horribly expressionful in the face of the monk. In other minor bits the artist shows finer and far higher feeling. In his portrait of Mr Nicol, he has gone fairly astray in colour. Such another blue ghost of a pleasant looking gentleman was never shown on these walls. He may depend on it that he paints in the true sense of the word best, when he takes his subjects from among the scenes and denizens of open every-day. We have never seen two finer examples of Mr Lewis than the two pieces he has sent this year,—the portrait of a jolly noble

looking Turk seated pipe in hand in his bazaar, surrounded by robes of richest splendour and finest woof,—the other a scene of camels rising to be laden on the march. Surely, than this last there never was a picture even by the unequalled John Lewis more characteristic of Egypt's arid land. The two works deserve long study, and will command the strongest admiration. Mr Erskine Nicol was never broader or more graphic, and certainly never so good in colour as in this Exhibition; his "Toothache" is exhaustively funny in the different expressions of the actors, and the details of the genuine Irish interior are wonderfully minute. Still broader perhaps is the group of two very drouthy friends, one of whom drains a hoggin as if he had wrought hard for it, while the other grins as only a genuine native can. Sweet in colour and pleasant in conception also is "Discoorsin her," and "Invaiglin" tells the story well. The agonised expression of the loutish pisant, as he sits, his foot entangled in the elue of his waggish companion, is a great study.

Some of the remaining figure subjects are noticed below, and meantime for a brief glance at the landscapes. These form the most numerous class of pictures and are generally of more than average merit, the young men as well as our old favorites showing to much advantage. Still easily first is Mr Macculloch, whose great picture of Loch Katrine and Ben Venue is quite worthy of taking its place among that splendid series of illustrations of Scotch lake and mountain scenery, which he has been giving us year by year for many past. We have heard it objected that the mountain is too extreme in blue. We don't think so, and in fact the picture was too elaborately got up by careful studies on the spot, to leave us room to question the accuracy of the artist's eye in this matter, the rather that many of us can testify to the verisimilitude of the foreground and other details. Exquisitely beautiful as this work is, we venture to prefer to it an unexhibited picture of Loch Lomond, for the sleepy woodiness of its many isles, but if, as we hope we shall see, the Loch Achray, the deer forest in Skye, and one or two other similar works by the great artist, in the International Exhibition, we shall perhaps be the better able to form a comparative judgment. His little cabinet pieces are, each and all of them, charming. Mr Fraser, the new R.S.A., shows great improvement on even last year. It is plain that he is studying Nature, if not more keenly, at least more successfully than in former times. His "Summer River" is free, fresh, grand; and beautiful too his "Loch Achray;" for truth of natural effect, though still with a little overclearness, his scene with boats is a charming piece. Mr Fraser is a genuine artist, wanting the vision and the faculty of Macculloch, but advancing surely to eminence by loving care and study. Mr Sam Bough has achieved success in each of his pictures, the Drave and the High Street. Scenic as all his pictures are, and often showing that he leaves off where other men begin, his herring-fishing picture is, for the cheery bustle that it represents, almost wonderful. Perhaps the sky is not quite the thing, and finish in any part is not here to any extent, but what a pleasant row,—force and action every where as in a

battle. The High Street is very cleverly portrayed, like the grand old place, and, in that respect, compensating for any faults of drawing. The regiment marching down is actually moving. Mr Bough is improving in some respects, but he is still too much the scenist. Mr Harvey's fine picture of Mrs Napier of Shandon spinning in her drawing-room, which looks out on Gareloch, is worthy to have more said of it than we can find space for here. In happy dexterity as a composition and for beautiful truth of manipulation, it is probably his *chef d'œuvre*. As a family memorial picture nothing more than this need be. Mr Hill's "Culzean" and his "Carrick Shore," are, on the whole, worthy of him in a style particularly his own. We are happy to find him once more exhibiting among us. He need not doubt of a hearty welcome being always given with him when he sends us works like these. Mr Wintour, Mr Cairns, Mr Donald, Mr Clark, (rather specially) Mr Beattie and a few others of our rising men, give decided proof that they are rising, but they must excuse us, that we cannot stay to examine their works in more detail.

Mr Alexander Leggett is another of our young men deserving a word of praise and encouragement, and it may be, of warning. Last year he was all among the sailors; this season it is the other branch of the regular service he takes his subjects from. Probably next year he will be among the volunteers; he has then the militia to patronise and illustrate; and after that he will have to do something for the picturesque, and perhaps the then departed, yeomanry. He is too fond just now of melodramatic effects, though, be it said, he is clever enough in rendering them. His "Soldier's Grave" (261) is ably composed, so far as it goes; but it is very sketchy, though in some respects better than (401) "The Wounded Smuggler," which is *stagey*, though good in drawing, and in some degree powerful. His best is (541) "The Camp Fire," which gives very successfully the feeling of such a scene—is meritorious in the drawing and pose of the figures, and in forcible expression of lurid colour. We venture to counsel him to paint pictures in a more genial feeling than any of these, and refining study only will enable him to do this. Mr Cassie is progressing hopefully, although as yet he does not seem to have settled down on any particular line of art. In one landscape he makes a most creditable appearance; but (560) "Finnan Fisherman's Fireside" deservedly attracts most notice, from the very nice chief incident, and the excellent arrangement of the interior. In colour it is unpretending and good. Of Mr Michie's lot, we have marked as specially deserving notice, his "Griselda" (235), which has poetry in it, and is a felicitous picture; and "Arthur's Seat" (386), a delightful little bit, which tempts us to believe rather confidently that the artist's forte is landscape. Mr Thomas Fairbairn has to learn to discriminate between what is vulgar and what is Wilkieish. To his (293) "Gangan Bodies," we must apply the first adjective, while we admire the artistic excellence of the piece. There is much good painting in it. His (780) "Summer Day in the Forest" is weak.

Mr Macduff is not rising very much above the level he attained

years ago, though in some points his (78) "Christmas Morning" deserves our attention. It is a good composition, kindly in feeling, very well in drawing, and in colour, though perhaps in this respect a little flat here and there, but, on the whole, a clever genre picture. No. 252,—"Old Flora,"—is a capital study, worthy of one whose portraits in former days used often to gain our praise. Mr Macduff never positively offends us in anything. He may never be a great artist, but he will be always a pleasing one. Mr May, again, is disagreeably petty in subject sometimes, as in his "Butter" bit, and in (298) "Beg Sir," though both are clever in degree. Mr May may please to remember that a reputation is not made by such subjects, unless combined and treated with rare originality. Mr Thomas Graham, if we mistake not, makes his *debut* this year, and it is a promising one. He is far best in (363) "A Market Woman, Brittany." In this study are exhibited great excellences,—force in drawing and breadth of handling. We like far less his (642) "Idle Hours," which, with certain merits, as in the treatment of the drapery of the lady, is poor in flesh-tint, not good in drawing, as in her feet, and has an unintelligible background. It is, in fact, a studio picture. His (798) "The Holy Well" is tenderly wrought out, is pathetically powerful, and gives, like his other two pieces, evidence of the possession of genuine artistic feeling and faculty. We should pray pardon of Mr James Eckford Lauder for so long omitting him from these notices, and all the rather, that trouble, heavier than the most authoritative critic's condemnation could inflict, has been of late lying heavily upon him. In full memory of many a charming work from his dexterous hand, we are happy to recognise in his large picture, "Harvest Home—the Maiden" (25) enough to make us desire his speedy restoration to wonted health and vigour. It is finely composed,—a fresh and cheery picture, from out of which we can hear the ring of laughter as from light hearts; and as we gaze on the rustic groupings, the sturdy lasses, and the manly, sunburnt lads, we too grow light of heart, wishing that our lot were always among the shearers at harvest-home time; and we cordially acknowledge our gratitude to the artist. The drawing is scarcely to be excepted to, and the colouring pleasant and harmonious. His next most important picture is "Venice" (647),—a dream of Venice, like Mr Hill's of Culzean. Getting over the feeling of streakiness in the water, there is a general effect which is almost beautiful. The groupings advancing to the gondola are in fine colour. There is great peculiarity in the picture; but we confess that it grows on us, as Mr Lauder's portraits and his Campagna scenes never do by any length of study. We hope we shall soon see him painting again in the fine clear style of former times. Mr Lees vexes us. He can do better than paint ice scenes, or ice-like sea scenes. His "Flory Boat" (422) is his most important picture, but it is not in good taste, and noway effective. Neither is Mr M'Taggart himself this season. His best is "The Yarn" (572). It is clever in conception, with bad drawing of the horse in the cart. The figures in the vehicle are very well, and the landscape is happily put in. The Association, with their usual discrimination, have bought

the picture, although the artist's "Wreck of the Hesperus"—worth ten of this in power of feeling, and artistically—they passed over last year. (We do not care, by the by, to notice particularly the Association's proceedings,—but we see they have secured one bit by an artist of whom we have often spoken in terms of eulogy, which bit is as barefaced a "crib," from an exquisite little work exhibited last year, as ever any man made. We believe that emulation and imitation are two different things, and should be rewarded differently.) Mr John Ritchie, like Mr Lees, seems to be following a peculiar line, or rather the same line as that artist, but with much more success. His wintry effects have very considerable merit, though somewhat overdone. One of the best painters of this class of subject is, or used to be, Kocoeck of Germany, whose pictures are remarkable at once for delicacy in treatment, and truth of natural fact. Mr Ritchie's best seems to be 741, "Snow-Storm Coming On," wherein the effect, if a little exaggerated, is certainly powerful and fine. We like nearly as well (628) "The Curling Match," which is remarkably clever in composition, and is of more pleasing general effect. No. 80, "Street Scene—Winter Afternoon," also is powerful, but we do think too overpowering in colour. In his architectural and figure drawing, Mr Ritchie displays careful skill, and these three are each desirable pictures, only there are too many. We beg of him, as he values his reputation, to be sparing with these bits of sky conflagration, and avoid, by a greater variety of subject, becoming a mere mannerist.

Mr William Crawford has been long before the public, and, sooth to say, we see no great improvement during a good many years. Last year he showed well in a large picture, which got general praise. Perhaps he found, as many others have, that a start into a bolder line beyond the very conventional does not receive the solid-pudding approbation of those whose vocation is, or should be, to encourage the wisely ambitious. At any rate, Mr Crawford is back into his mediocre business of fancy subjects, garish in colour, and with attractive names for the catalogue, such, for instance, as (598) "The Valentine," wherein we have the portraits of two good-looking girls, one dark, the other fair. The former has been the recipient of the love-missive, and the other seems to wrest it from her. She of the fair hair is not casting down her eyes in maiden shame; she is positively expressionless, and looks to us to be blind. For the rest, the composition and drawing are pretty good; the colouring diffuse. His (154) "A Chance Meeting," represents a *beau idéal* gamekeeper approaching a faultless peasant lass, and seeking, with Regent Street grace of manner, to relieve her of her basket. It is very nice, but it isn't *life*. The best object is the dog, that looks quiet knowingly backwards. Mr Crawford's portraits are for the most part above mediocrity, but "they want *that*." Mr Keeley Halswelle is rapidly vanquishing the crudities of his former landscape style, and contributes at least one picture, which has been injudiciously elevated into obscurity, but which entitles him to special praise. We mean "Rhayadr Maur," (803), a Welsh scene in old water-colour Cox's country—and such as he would have liked

to paint. A cataract is tumbling down among stupendous boulders, which are painted with great firmness, and in careful light and shade. To the left of the picture there is a delightful bit of moss-covered crag; and the feeling of loneliness is deepened by the incident of an eagle which has retired to the shadow of a rock to devour its prey. The picture is in a cold natural tone, without exaggeration of effect, and is in this respect one of the best we ever saw by the artist. Of several other landscape bits we have marked, as very beautiful in feeling and true, (308) "*Moonlight—Tantallan Castle*," and (517) "*The Earth Stopper*," which is a little poem, very sweetly composed, precious, as Mr Ruskin would say, in these days of mere transcription. The Sir Toby piece, and that from "*All's well that ends well*," have good colour and the first is very clever, though too clear and smooth; but commend us to Mr Halswelle's landscapes, though he is dexterously and reliably excellent now, both as figure and landscape painter. Mr Burr's sole contribution, "*Logan Braes*," is simply exquisite. The man that can do this, we say at once, has more than any one in Scotland now in common with Tom Faed. Of colour, Burr may never come to have Faed's mellowness and delicious depth; but there is much in this work which shows genius akin with that of the thoughtful and true-hearted author of "*From Dawn till Sunset*." Mr Gavin we always thought of very hopefully, but begin to fear he lacks worthy ambition. We have some claim on this gentleman, as having been perhaps the very first to mention him with laudation in print; and beg to express a conviction that he can do better than he has been doing during these few years past. His pictures, always excellent as they are—he owes that excellence to a natural gift—are still too much bits of colouring and nothing more. His most artistic production this season is the portrait of an old lady, in which the character seems finely caught, and the treatment generally exceedingly good, making an effective picture.

Among the landscape artists, we have omitted to notice Mr G. F. Hargitt and Mr Cranstoun. Mr Hargitt's (545) "*Harlech Castle*," strikes us as his best performance every way. It has a fine truthful feeling in it, which is wanting in either of his four together, which are too pretty by half. On the whole, he is more himself than last year. Mr Cranstoun, in 527, "*The Reekie Linn*," displays all his usual care and very close study of his subject; but,—and we did not expect it of him,—he shows a tendency to blackness; more observable in 223, —partly, perhaps, from its position. It possesses, like the former, and apart from this fault, all the excellencies of his truthful, solid style.

The pre-Raphaelites make but a feeble appearance this year. Mr Rossetti sends two pictures. 729 is "*The Farmer's Daughter*," as like the actual of such a personage as we to Hercules, with the hands of a man, and somewhat wild and woe-begone, an ill-drawn or else naturally distorted face, and hair closely approaching the hue popularly associated with a certain kitchen-garden esculent. The colour of the flesh is not true, but that of the flowers and leaves and the drawing of them are wonderfully fine. We give up (796) "*Fair Rosamond*"

in despair. She is the same damsel as in the other apparently, with pink "pearl powder" on her cheek; a coarse neck, and a chain about it that seems neither brass, gold, nor amber. Every thing on her and about her is intense in colour, without any gradation. In a desperate attempt to subdue the fiery tresses, a red flower is placed among them,—an illustration only of the falsity of the whole affair. This is not Art, for it revolts common sense. In such a work as "The Bluidy Tryst," with all its most exquisite detail so lovingly wrought to perfection, and in the "Luther at Erfurt," we are willing to recognise the legitimate fruit of pre-Raphaelite doctrine; and acknowledging to Mr Rossetti—but on other proof than such pictures as these afford—the possession of rare mental endowments, we can only attribute to a strange perversity his continuance in the early pre-Raphaelite practice, which he was the first to inaugurate, while others of the school are painting with intelligent truth and ennobling power.

Mr W. B. Scott sends one small picture, No. 131, "The Border Widow." It is a painful subject; the faces both of the dead and living figures are expressively, even touchingly rendered; but we doubt if the landscape be true. The colour generally is in better feeling than Mr Scott has often given us, but we desiderate greater things from this accomplished artist and thinker.

Mr George Simpson, R.S.A., has left behind him here some of many relics of his fine feeling and delicate tastefulness, which will most probably be quickly secured *in memoriam*. No. 316, "The Rustic Toilet," is a sweet composition, painted with effect; and if we say of his other pieces, that they are only too beautiful, causing us to wish we had only to live in a world of his painting, we may at least prize them now all the more that they are the last emanations from his fine mind and skilful pencil that we shall ever see in these galleries. A fine harmonious nature his; a pleasant, useful life he led; and it calmly closed.

The most charming representation of Nature, by the most skilful hand, should seem to shadow to us the regions fair and far beyond.

We have more to say, and we have to apologise for abruptly closing these notes, rough as they are. But we hope to resume them in next number even at the risk of being a day too late for the fair. We hope to have something general at same time to say on Scottish Art.

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A LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH.

Weissnichtwo, February 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I daresay you remember the long talk we had when we were last together, that bright September afternoon. It began, you know, when we reached the end of the Links, and paused for a minute or two ere beginning the concluding half of the game; in which, though I had not driven a golf-ball for three years, I beat you so magnificently—you who have been in pretty constant practice. As we stood together beside the last hole, and looked back at the steeples of the dear old City shining in the westering sun, the memory of St Andrews' ancient greatness rushed, I believe, upon both of us at once, in dreary contrast to its present desolation. Desolation of all ecclesiastical power and splendour, I mean, for neither to you nor me can it be in itself desolate or dreary, as long as it is the home of the kind hearts and wise heads that we wot of; "and the bright eyes and merry voices too," I fancy a bachelor like you would be inclined to add, but to me, of course, these are neither here nor there. And then that contrast, contrast of the grand old Cathedral, and the present dull Town-Kirk—of the potent old hierarchy, and the present not too potent presbytery—of the old union, force, and rule, and the present division, weakness, and flickering government of the Church, set us a talking of the future as well as of the past, till we forgot Hamilton and Wishart, Beatoun and Knox, and thought only of the men of our own day, and the prospects of our own generation. Ever since then, the recollection of our talk has been coming back into my mind, with a vividness of impression, that, I suppose, is owing to your ingenious and suggestive way of conversing; and at last, I have determined to

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indulge myself in a little farther colloquy—in the only way at present possible to me. And that way, unfortunately, cannot properly be called colloquy at all, seeing it is only monologue, or at least, a talk in which there is but one talker. Still I am anxious to speak to you, to you my dear old friend and chum of college days, that you may know how entirely (now that I have had time to think over our conversation) I agree with what you said, and that you may have in this letter the assurance, that if ever you should attempt to make any of these moves which you hinted at, in the direction of what you consider Reform, I shall, as far as my poor ability goes, be ready to assist you. And as you said that you found among the clergy of your neighbourhood, a good deal of liberal opinion mixed with much diffidence and dread of any independent action; it may perhaps serve a good end that you should be able to read this letter, or what portion of it you like (as the expression of a layman's opinions) at the next meeting of your clerical club. The said club, by the way, is an excellent institution, and I should like to see one set agoing among the ministers here; for what they want sadly, is a little fellowship, and confidence, and *esprit de corps*, which such a union would be sure to engender.

Let me revert then to our topic on the Links, and give you a few of my notions thereanent, with more coherence and continuity than were possible during a round of golf.

And to begin at the beginning, as my old ghost-story-telling nurse Nancy Dawson used to say,—what is the real idea of a National Church, such as ours calls itself, and such as we profess it to be? Not that it should be an Established Church merely, though by national too many mean only, Established. A State Church is not necessarily a National Church. "We do not desire a State Church," says the late lamented Bunsen in his "Church of the Future," chap. II.—"we would, on the contrary, aim at an evangelical *national* Church." And he goes on to define a national Church, as one that "shall as perfectly and spontaneously represent the national life in its relation to God in the sphere of the moral life, as the State (in the ordinary limited sense) realizes the same life in its relation to the world, in the sphere of law." I daresay you quite agree with this definition. I would say more simply, that a national Church should be a church, existing and established by the will, and for the good, of the nation, and, expressing the belief and worship of the nation. If the nation be so confused and divided in its ritual and creed, that these could not be exprest by one great national institution, then I would not have such an institution at all, for it would be national in name only—it would have no living organic relation to the national life.

Now, this idea of National Church seems to me to cross the minds of Scottish Churchmen very rarely. To hear the ministers talk and argue, especially when they discourse in the Church Courts, you would suppose that the Church of Scotland was the most absolute *clergy-church* in Christendom, an institution existing, not for the good of the people, half so much as for the support of the parsons. Look at the

position to any of the recent acts tending to popularize the Church and her institutions—the removal of University Tests—the opening of Parish Schools to teachers not members of the Church, &c.—and you will find the hostility springing from this idea—“we shan’t give up this or that portion of our power and privilege—we shan’t let others share this or that prerogative.” But if the nation says “you shall,” what right has the National Church to say, “we shan’t?” The very words I have used, show the common confusion of our ideas. I say national *Church*, when I mean national *Clergy*. The Church and the clergy are distinct; the *clergy* don’t form the Church; the *clergy* and the *people* do; and the clergy exist for the good of the people, not the people for the good of the clergy. I don’t say the clergy exist at the *will of the people*, for in their ordination they receive a power, which God alone bestows; but they exist as *ministers of the national institution called the Established Church by the will of the people*.

It is absurd to go back to “vested rights,” and that sort of thing, and say the clergy have a right to their endowments and privileges, apart from their present relation to the people. Vested rights wear out as surely as your old golfing shoes, and if they are maintained in the face of necessity of change, become vested wrongs—wrongs of a truly grievous nature. A National Church has no more vested rights to exist, apart from its relation to the national will and welfare, than the Courts of Law or the Houses of Parliament would have, apart from their relation to the same. Mind, I say, I speak solely of the Church as a National Church; its divine character and function are other things, and are not affected either by its union with, or separation from, the State—by its possession of, or lack of, any material wealth, or power, or splendour.

Well then, if this be the true idea of a National Church, a church in which the nation shall unite, which shall exist for the good, and by the will of the nation, do we see this idea realized, as it should be, in the Church of Scotland?

I fear we must honestly confess that it is not. Much as I love the Kirk of my fathers, and proud as I am of her, I can’t but acknowledge that she does not at all come up to the true idea of a National Church. At least one half of the nation stands without her pale, hostile, and when not positively hostile, coldly indifferent; and more than this, we cannot say that she meets the wants, or directs the thoughts, or satisfies the aspirations of the enlightened and educated of the land, as the National Establishment should. I don’t need to prove this to you, or, I should think, to any one. It is too evident; for if it is not so, what is the meaning of the vast development of Presbyterian dissent alienating the lower orders of the people, and the rapid extension of Episcopal dissent estranging the higher? What can it mean but this—that the Church satisfies neither—that the lower orders quarrel with her government, and the higher with her ritual and doctrine, and perhaps we may add, sometimes with her ministers too?

And seeing that this is so, then what is to be done? the question I asked you when I drove my ball into yon hideous "bunker" beyond the "Elysian Fields," which you had not time to answer, either as regarded the ball, or the church.

But I have pondered the question since; and I think the plan I adopted in the case of the one, would do very well in the case of the other. I did not give up the game, though I was in a great mess and difficulty; but I got the ball out, and warned by experience, got into no more bunkers. And so, it seems to me, should all who love the old kirk, do likewise. She is, undeniably, in a dangerous position; we must not desert her, but we must get her out of it, and set her on her way again stronger and goodlier than ever.

Believing that in every land there should be a great national church—a great national witness for and confessor of Christ, our Head, I hold it to be the duty of all good Christians in this land, to set themselves to the noble task of rearing a church, which shall really deserve that name. Let us not act and speak on this matter according to our poor sectional leanings and biases; let us think, and speak, and act, as citizens of a great nation, planning what is best for the common weal. And trying to look at the question in this light, and from this point of view, I can come to but one conclusion—that our duty is to stand by the existing Church, and to reform, and liberalize, and extend it. That Church is the root from which the great mass of dissent in Scotland has sprung—its creed and ritual are the dissenter's creed and ritual; it is larger, stronger, wealthier, more educated, more influential, than any other single body in the country. It therefore seems to me the true centre and pillar of hope for the creation amongst us of a truly national church. We should make no advance towards that by the *abolition* of the established church; we shall advance directly to it by the *reformation* of the established church—not by lowering it to the level of the sects—but by so amending it that it shall comprehend those who are at present estranged from its sanctuaries.

This is the conclusion I come to; and after what I have said about the national church existing by the national will, it seems, perhaps, illogical to say so; for it may be that if you polled Scotland, a majority would vote for the abolition of the establishment; but then, in that majority, there would be no inherent unity, there would be among them no distinct preponderance of opinion as to the question, who should succeed the dethroned? And starting with the conviction that there should be, if possible, a national church, and having one that is such in name and position, we should hardly be justified in overthrowing it at the bidding of a discordant majority,—who have nothing to put in its place. We ought never to accept a negative save to make room for a positive.

What can be done then, to make the existing church more fitly meet, and answer the necessities and wants of the nation? Though many churchmen, and (strangely enough), almost all clergymen, seem to ignore this question; there can be no doubt it is one of momentous

interest, and one that in the most clamant manner demands reply, and that speedily.

And in resolving the reforms that are possible in a church, one's thoughts naturally arrange themselves in three divisions, according to the three kinds of amendment which can be effected; viz. in its Government—or in its Creed—or in its Ritual.

And to begin with the simplest and most obvious of these—let us speak of the *ritual* of our church. The ritual falls naturally, though not logically, first to be spoken of. It is the garb the church wears—it is seen, heard, noticed sooner than aught else by the stranger who comes to worship with us. As a man is marked by his clothes; so a church by its ritual. And must we not own that the garb our church wears, is but a thin and scanty one? If we adopt the allegoric meaning which has been assigned to the old Hebrew psalm, and speak of the church as the “Daughter of the King,” can we say of her as we see her here in Scotland, “The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle work?” We certainly have not clothed her in wrought gold, or in the raiment of needle work which the Psalmist thought a seemly covering. We have given her a robe scant in dimensions—poor in texture—dull in tint. It has always appeared to me extraordinary that in our childish dread of assimilating our worship to Popish rituals, we should have shut our eyes to the fact that it is its ritual which gives the Romish Church a great measure of its power over its adherents; and if the Romish ritual does so in spite of all the false doctrine, and false principle, and false philosophy that it implies and embodies; how mighty should be the influence of a ritual as imposing—as solemn—as venerable, clothing a pure worship and a true belief? God once set forth the order and fashion of his own worship, when He gave His Laws to Israel in the Desert; and that worship was, by his own divine command, to be observed with a pomp, a splendour, a richness of beauty and symbolism, and gorgeousness of effect, of which even the rites of the Greek or Latin Churches, can give us but a faint idea. Not one word in the New Testament rebukes or disparages that magnificent service: the real principle of all acceptable worship is laid down—that it should be offered “in Spirit and in Truth,” but it is never said that such worship cannot be rendered along with and by means of the most elaborate forms and the most stately ritual.

Without the spirit and the truth, these indeed are vain. With the spirit and the truth, we cannot but believe, judging from the analogy of the Jewish ritual, that these are more acceptable in the eyes of the High and Lofty One, than bare and bald, and meagre offices of devotion. This is not, as some would say, advocacy of lifeless ritualism—I am not an advocate of any ritual which shall be uninformed by a deep religious spirit. It is simply the expression of my honest conviction that a worship that is stately, solemn, and imposing, is better—*cæteris paribus*—than one that is not. The beauty, the solemnity, the stateliness, help the worship of the heart; their absence chills its devotion.

A deeply spiritual worshipper, probably enough, will not need their aid, but neither will his adoration be straitened by them. One whose spirituality is less strong will by them be aided and quickened. When eye and ear, and imagination, and old memories, and associations are appealed to, and all the sentiments to which they minister called into full play; then the worship rendered and the emotion felt, are deeper, and heartier, and more complete, than when in a naked unliturgical service, the spirit is addrest through the intellect alone. In the one case, spirit, soul and body, mind and heart, and sense, all bow in adoration or exult in praise; in the other the spirit alone, quickened only by some intellectual appeal, worships apart: the body with all its senses—the heart with all its wandering imaginations,—remaining the while unstirred.

Now the fault that I have to bring against our Scottish service, is that it is too bare and lifeless, too purely intellectual in its nature and aspect. Look at any country congregation and deny this if you can. The congregation assembles, coming into church with hardly any show of reverence for the sacred place,—sitting down without any sign of prayer or blessing asked. The minister enters the too often ugly and ungainly pulpit, or preaching-box as one might call it. A few verses of a Psalm are sung, the singing led by some discordant or bull-throated precentor. A long, often doctrinal and historical and undevotional prayer is uttered by the minister, the people standing listlessly the while, most of them staring at the minister or at their neighbours. Then as he nears the end of his supplication, (in the course of which a number of women have generally sat down), there is a universal rustle, and before he is fairly done with the "Amen," in which the people never join, they are in their seats. A chapter is read, more psalm singing—then probably an exposition—then again "praise and prayer" as it is called, then a longish sermon, then more singing, a concluding prayer which is regarded as merely a matter of course, and to which the inattention of the now wearied congregation is more obvious than ever, and a benediction, during which the men get their hats ready, and the women gather up their bibles and draw their shawls and cloaks into the most becoming drape, and as soon as the last word is uttered, they are all charging out of the kirk as if for their dear lives. This picture is no exaggeration; you and I have seen it a hundred times. Now a service of such a nature as this is very remote from the ideal of true Christian worship. It would be bad in any case; it is extremely bad when it is combined, as it is too often among us, with long-winded, doctrinal, didactic preaching which drones drearily through the aged common-places of what people call "*the gospel*," though why the oft-repeated rigidities of the Calvinistic system should be designated *par excellence* glad tidings, I for one can't tell. Combined, I say, with dull doctrinal discoursing, remote from practical human interest, as Scotch preaching too generally is, such a service as ours is hopelessly depressing and deadening. I say so frankly. I have felt it so, and so have thousands. And apropos of this, I can't help quoting a word or two from a man you are rather afraid of, but in whom, despite his

heresies, you will find some striking truth and goodness. "What a weariness," says Theodore Parker, "is an ordinary meeting in one of the fifty-two ordinary Sundays of the year! What a dreary thing is an ordinary sermon of an ordinary minister! He does not wish to preach it; the audience does not wish to hear it. So he makes a feint of preaching, they a feint of hearing him preach. But he preaches not; they hear not. He is dull as the cushion he beats—they as the cushions they cover. A body of men met in a church for nothing, and about nothing, and to hear nobody is to me a ghastly spectacle. Did you ever see cattle in a cold day in the country crowd together in an enclosure, the ground frozen under their feet, and no hay upon it, huddling together for warmth, hungry but inactive, because penned up, and waiting with the heavy slumberous patience of oxen till some man should come and shake down to them a truss of clean bright hay still redolent with clover and honeysuckle! That is a cheerful sight; and when the former comes and hews their winter food out of the stack, what life is in the slumberous oxen! Their venerable eyes are full of light, because they see their food. Ah me! how many a herd of men is stall-hungered in the Churches, not getting even the hay of religion, only a little chaff swept off from old threshing floors, whence the corn which great men beat out of its husk was gathered up to feed and bless mankind. Churches are built of stone. I have often thought pulpits should be cushioned with husks." Many have thought it besides him who now sleeps under the shadow of the orange groves of Santa Cruz. Can nothing be done to relieve the dullness—to animate the lifeless worship?

Why, for instance, to speak first of the music, why should we adhere so rigidly to the precentor? Why not have the organ? Of course I won't insult your common sense by entering on the "organ question." I merely ask why do the intelligent laymen of the Church not rise up and say, "We shan't have this droning hum-drum psalm singing any longer, we *must* have some decent organ-music?" Why not, moreover, chant the prose psalms in the many instances where the metre has only ruined all their poetic meaning, instead of singing the metrical versions? No answer, save the low grunt of dogged dotard prejudice, or the silence of dull indifference.

We never can adopt our musical service to our varying circumstances, as matters at present stand. If we want a dirge, or a "*Te Deum*," we can't get it. We must just take the metrical psalm, most sad or most merry, and the most appropriate tune, and sing the orthodox four verses in four repetitions of the same melody, for in our church music there are no such things as beginning, middle, or end. The result to any one with an educated taste is pitiful indeed.

Then as to posture, what sane man would *sit* and sing when he can *stand* and do it? Yet I have known a sensible person affirm he would leave the church he attended, if the congregation began to praise God in the only attitude in which their lungs can have full play for doing so.

As regards prayer, despite the authority of the Council of Nice,

which enjoins a standing posture, I maintain kneeling is most becoming and most devotional. If Paul and the Ephesian Elders knelt to pray on the seashore at Miletus, I think we may well try the same attitude on our Church floors; and all new Churches should be built so as to render kneeling as easy as possible. Of course, a number of people will reply to this, that in many English Churches the worshippers never kneel, but merely bend forward or even lounge idly in their seats. I know they do, and I know also that even when they do so, their aspect is more reverent and devotional than that of a Scotch congregation standing, lounging, leaning, staring. I don't suppose one family in Scotland stands at family worship: why then adopt so rude an attitude in Church? Again the answer is that of the old inveterate senseless prejudice.

Of course, of all amendments in our service, the most important would be the introduction of a certain measure of written prayer. I would not have the prayers all written any more than all extempore. I would have a mixture of the two—for circumstances must often arise creating a necessity for urgent special intercession; and any one accustomed to the English Liturgy, must have felt its excessive coldness and restraint in the presence of such circumstances. The ideal of a service would be a general confession and supplication always the same, with room before and after the sermon for shorter special forms of prayer according to the best judgment of the officiating minister. Whether or not we shall ever see this in our Presbyterian Church, it is hard to say. The absence of a liturgy is not essential to Presbyterianism, as some people seem to imagine. The Presbyterian Churches in France, Holland, and Germany, have more or less of liturgical form. The Reformed Scotch Church in Knox's days had the same. The infusion of English Puritanism extinguished it, and it has remained extinguished ever since.

The wise and catholic-spirited efforts of Dr Lee, and the Assembly's Book of Prayers for Colonists and others, seem slight hints of a desire to encourage a return to liturgical service; but if the thing is ever to be done, it must be taken up cordially by the Church, and a committee appointed to collect and draw up certain forms of prayer for consideration and approval. These, if approved by the Assembly, might be issued with the Assembly's *imprimatur*—not forced on reluctant congregations—but recommended for use wherever a large majority, say three-fourths of any congregation, desired their adoption. Such a liturgy, if wisely prepared, would, I doubt not, shortly find the utmost acceptance in all quarters.

I, of course, am aware of the ready objection, "a liturgy is the growth of generations, you can't thrust one ready made on the acceptance of the Church." Of course not, and therefore I would not fall into the error, both of the Assembly's Committee, and of Dr Lee, in preparing *new* forms. I would adopt those that are already venerable—of which numbers are to be found in the Anglican Liturgy, the Dutch, the Genevan, the Palatine Liturgies, and which are all, more or less scriptural. I do not advert to the objection which, perhaps,

might be still offered here, "you wouldn't go begging for other churches' forms of prayer," farther than to indicate its utter senselessness by reference to the one form uttered by all churches, and which is not, because used by all, less dear to each. We all pray for the same blessings; if we could all employ the same words so much the better. Why should we sever ourselves so sadly as we do "from the fair humanities of old religion," by our rigid rejection of these ancient forms of supplication? The only part of our meagre service round which memory and association can entwine is our rudely sung psalms. No memory, strong as death, and tender as the sympathy of angels, can cling to our ever-varying prayers. They can form no link in the sacred chain of our spiritual history. We cannot in our churches, Sunday after Sunday, solace ourselves with the thought—so dear to English hearts—that while we join in the uttered prayer, thousands of our fellow-worshippers, far and near, are saying the same words, breathing the same aspirations—we are isolated, silent, unsympathetic in the crudity and vagueness of our worship. We listen to the minister praying—we do not pray with him—how can we, when we don't know a word he is going to say, (unless, indeed, he uses a form learnt by heart, as many do, and repeat it regularly)? And then if a man does this he is blamed for being sluggish and monotonous in prayer, and his repetition is regarded as a reproach to him. And what repetitions some use! repeated, mark you, as regularly as the English minister repeats his Church's liturgy. I remember hearing one very worthy man preach and pray, who used, although born of worthy Scotch parents, to confess day after day, that his father was "an apostate Amorite," and his mother a no less "apostate Hittite," yet whose congregation doubtless would have been vastly scandalized had he taken the prayer-book into the pulpit and read out, in place of this nonsense, the dear confession—"we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." I cannot but think that our somewhat narrow, harsh, dogmatic spirit—contrasting so painfully with the catholic, and genial, and simple spirit of English or German piety—would be greatly softened if we had a liturgy which would be a bond of union between our worship and that of the great majority of the rest of the Christian world—if we had some reverend forms which, go where we might, should always meet us—always be ready to mould and utter our hopes and prayers. And I cannot but think that we would be more reverent, more tender to the past, more humble and loving, if our prayers were, in part at least, offered to God in language which generations of the departed have consecrated by their use. How much that is dear to memory, and to imagination, is lost to those who reject all written forms of prayer. In the English Church, for instance, how much to strengthen devotion—to quicken love—to rivet attachment to the Church herself—is there in her prayers! How livingly do they bind her present to her past, and connect her with those who are resting in the Lord. "To Ambrose," says Dr Stanley in his introductory lectures on the study of Church History, "we owe our 'Te Deum.' Charlemagne breaks the silence

of our ordination prayers by the, 'Veni Creator Spiritus.' The persecutions have given us one creed, and the empire another. The name of the first great patriarch of the Byzantine Church closes our daily service. The Litany is the bequest of the first great patriarch of the Latin Church amidst the terrors of the Roman pestilence. The Fathers and the Popes wrote our Collects for Sundays, the Reformers wrote our Collects for saints' days." Thus does the life, and power, and devotion of the old Catholicism and of all the after ages of the Church still live and move in the forms of the English service—binding with one cord of devoted worship the successive eras of her life together. Why are these ancient voices dead to us—these time-honoured services forbidden things? Alas! we have no answer—save that in our fear and hate—not Christlike principles either of them—we have severed ourselves in a selfish estrangement, if from the evil of the past, (as we fondly deem), just as thoroughly from its good. We have built ourselves prisons within the narrow way. "Bring our souls out of prison and we will praise thy name." Meantime our rejection of all written prayer is steadily doing its work. It is cherishing the cold dogmatic tone of our religion. It is estranging hundreds from our Communion, especially the young and impressible, who, when beyond the bounds of Scotland find no tie of feeling, of pious memory, of melting association to keep them true to her temples, and who gradually join in the beautiful worship, and acquiesce in the order of the sister church. Even within Scotland itself the liturgy is making its way. Were it not for it, few would go over to the Episcopal Chapel. But the temptation is too strong, when the chapel offers those deep true catholic utterances always answering our earnest needs; and the Church, too often the loose, undevotional, unconnected addresses of a minister, who is led insensibly to regard the sermon as the main part of the service, and the prayers as of secondary importance—which is exactly the reverse of what he ought to think.

Every year I live I feel more strongly how little there is in the forms and uses of the Scottish Church, to nourish an earnest spirit of piety, or to meet the manifold spiritual needs of a man's life. One wearies and sickens of the self-assertive protesting uncharitable dogmatism of the nation. One sighs for a broader, firmer basis than *Anti-this* or *Anti-that*—one longs for a union on the ground of a common love, and not of a common hate.

One longs to feel the church's influence more co-extensive and co-ordinate with all the wants and phases of our common life. How coldly apart it stands! how little sympathy it has with us—how sternly does it refuse to allow its services to be the channel of our joys, and sorrows, our hopes and fears! Ah, my friend, you who have known with me "the hour and power of darkness," will understand what I mean when I say this. Do you remember that day when you and I were in Rome together, and had crossed from the ruins of the Caesar's Palace to the Piazza of St Peter's? And as we went we had been deep in talk over some of these problems which even still sometimes darkly puzzle me, thinking of the old Roman Power—the old Pater-

nal element in Roman government—the vestal purity of early Roman strength—the success and glory of the *Pagan* city—the gloom and decay, the weakness and impurity of the *Christian* city—and I, at least, was oppressed with heavy doubts and misgivings—with thoughts half-despairing, half-rebellious, when just as we were walking in the Piazza, your cousin overtook us, from the Hotel, and put the letter into my hand, which told me of one of the dreariest sorrows of my life—of a light quenched—a voice silenced that were dear as life itself to me. Ah me! the memory of it is dark and dreary even now. “Joy’s recollection is no longer joy, but sorrow’s memory is sorrow still.” But I remember too, that stunned and blinded with the blow, I followed your kind leading within the portal of St Peter’s, and how almost unconsciously I went straight up the nave to the great altar with its ever burning lamps, and how there, weighed down with my deepest sorrow, I knelt and prest my forehead on the cold altar-rails, and, unable to pray, or almost to think, knowing only that a great calamity, a mist and darkness, had fallen on me, felt the while from the very genius of the place a calmer, holier influence steal over my miserable heart,—felt the darkness and the doubt, and the distrust that had overcast my soul that day, tenderly dispelled, and even the great sorrow which had come to me amid that distrust and doubt, soothed into a softer sadness. The voices of the singers in the “Cappella del Coro” singing the “*Tantum ergo*” came to me mellowed by the distance, almost like voices out of Heaven, singing songs of peace and good will to the wearied earth. I knelt on—long, long, still and silent, till the evening shadows were gathering in the incense-darkened air, and then I rose, and you were near, waiting to go with me, but I could not tell you then, the heartfelt gratitude I felt for the blessing of that open temple, and sacred altar, and these far-off echoes of chanted prayer and praise. I could not tell you then, nor can I now—how these had soothed and blest—how they had lighted up my darkness and awakened my love and strengthened my faith, and ministered divinest comforts to me in that cloudy and dark day. You were not with me, when again—strangely enough,—I heard in the open street tidings at which no man need have been ashamed to weep. It was in cold gray Edinburgh, and I looked around for some shelter from the crowd, some covert where I might go and pray and hide my bitterest tears, but there was none—none—churches were there, churches of every sect and name, but not one open—all grimly shut against me, their bolted gates driving me back pitilessly into the careless crowd. And when at last I got into a corner of the newsroom, beside the Irish papers where no one was reading, do you not believe I felt the full misery of the contrast between the open arms of the Basilica and the barred door of the Reformed Kirk? Despite my Protestantism, my heart turned to the Roman Temple with a throb of grateful memory as to a mother’s breast.

This is but one illustration—one of my own experience—of what I mean. I could find many illustrations—but the dreary fact needs

none. Our Sunday Churches admit only our Sunday religion. Our daily life has no Temple.

Then again look at our infrequent communions. Twice a year—sometimes only once,—is the number of celebrations of the Holy Supper in many a congregation, and souls hungering for the heavenly food must hunger on unsatisfied. Here again I have heard the objection, “when you have the Sacrament oftener, just the fewer partake of it.” Well, suppose they do. If only *one* partook of it, would it not be the Church’s duty and her privilege to give that one the opportunity of commemorating the Perfect Sacrifice? And though a certain amendment has been introduced in the mode of celebrating the Lord’s Supper, still there is much about the administration of the ordinance that is repellent to the religious feeling. The protracted “table addresses,” the “fencing of the tables”—the movement and confusion, and perpetual *preaching* through it all, make it far less calm and comforting than it should be. Can the ministers not even let their flocks take the Lord’s Supper without preaching to them throughout that most sacred ordinance? Of course if a more frequent dispensation of the Sacrament were introduced, the necessity or pretext for the present days of preparatory service, popularly called “the *Preachings*,” would be done away. And these preparatory preachings were certainly much better awaiting. They only tend to foster the monstrous delusion that a man can by extra devotions—by a little extra “redding up” of his conscience, prepare himself for taking the Sacrament, after taking which he may relapse with an easy mind into his old ways for the next year or six months—when, to keep up his credit with the world he must again “rehabilitate” himself and “worthily partake of the Lord’s Supper.” The “Fast Day” too is a perfect farce. Poor Mr Buckle, would, I daresay, hardly believe his eyes if he could see how utter the farce is. A fast day is simply a day when there is service in the church—when there is little or no work done, and when those that don’t want to go to church have only to travel into the next parish, or town, as the case may be, to have a day’s pleasuring. To speak of this day as a day of “fasting and humiliation” preparatory to receiving the Lord’s Supper, is a ludicrous and almost profane misnomer. There is no fasting whatsoever. There is no humiliation whatsoever. Some people go to church—but the most don’t; they go and have their holiday, and in the case of work people who have only two or three holidays in the year, it is natural they should do so. But they go and take their holiday with the idea in their minds that this is a kind of half Sunday, and that they should be in church, and so their consciences are a little uneasy, and another transgression is most needlessly added to the large enough list of practicable sins. These precious fast days have a most pernicious effect on the people. What respect for instance for the churches, can be engendered in the minds of persons in town, when they see the Fast Day hailed every year as the great day for excursion-trains, country trips, and general jollity—when they hear the clergy crying “come to church,” and the railways and steamboats,

and omnibuses hallooing "come to the country and enjoy yourselves," and see the mass of the community obeying the latter cry and laughing at the former? What reverence can a man in the country have for a Fast Day, when in the next parish, half a mile away, there is no Fast Day, and when he has only to walk thither to get out of the atmosphere of idleness, and half dissipation—half restraint which he is conscious of at home? Would it not be more manly and sensible, for people to say, "This must be changed—circumstances are altered since these observances were instituted—they may once have done good—they do harm now—they must be abolished." The ministers won't say this—but the people should say it for them and to them, and *insist* upon a change.

Then abolishing all these local fasts—here to-day and there to-morrow, as the present ridiculous custom is—let one or two days be appointed for universal simultaneous observance throughout the country. And what two days could be so appropriate as those observed by almost the whole Christian world, except ourselves, Christmas and Good Friday—the day the Lord was born, for a day of thankful gladness—the day the Saviour died, for a day of memorial sorrow—sorrow and yet joy? Let us like all good Christians observe these days, and let our foolish "Fast Days" go to the depths of Limbo. I know here the usual objection to urge is—"If you have the Fast Days, and the Sacrament Sundays simultaneous throughout the country, what are you to do for assistance; one minister could not go to help another." Certainly not, and the ministers are much better at home. At what time is it more fitting that the Pastor and his flock should be alone together, than when the one is giving and the others are receiving the symbols of their common redemption, and common union in the Body of Christ? Exchange with and help each other when you will, but at these times be at home and alone with your people, oh reverend friends. Have no longer the protracted proslutions of the Thursday and Saturday, have no more the "Fencing of the tables," the afternoon lengthy discoursing and the Monday's sermon. Have one table and one "table address." There is no church in the country, as we imagine, in which by a little contrivance, all the communicants might not communicate together, and so have the service shorn of its present tedious length and distracting commotions.

Well, I have written a good deal, and am not near the end of what I have to say yet, but I shall say no more of what I might say under the head of liturgical amendment.

Let me say a little now about amendment in the way of the government or management of the Church. And bear with me while I do so. "I know thee of what force thou art," to read it even though tedious, if you think any good to any human soul can result therefrom; and therefore, dear old friend, I go on relying on your patience and interest, as I have often done before, and never found you fail me,—and often and in many ways have I out worn patience, I should think, and wearied interest; but standing on the rock of your assured friendship, I shall speak on unhesitatingly.

Now, under this head, I need not tell you that, like yourself, I hold Presbytery and Episcopacy in equal estimation as sound forms of church government. Neither, as far as I can see, can with any justice call itself specially Apostolic and of Divine Institution. In the times of the Apostles, apparently, there was no settled order of church government. Some congregations were governed in one way, some in another. "He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers,"—these being but the means, the great end being the "perfecting of the saints, the work of the ministry, the edifying of the Body of Christ."

It has been the misfortune of the Church that her orders have been regarded as ends in themselves rather than as simply means to an end. And if in Scotland this end is best gained by Presbytery, and in England by Episcopacy, then let these several modes of government be adopted in these respective kingdoms "without wrath and doubting." As for the divine right of Presbytery, or the Apostolic Succession of Episcopacy, I hold both to be alike absurd conceits,—the latter especially so; the proper sphere for such a conceit being either the Romish or the Eastern Church; certainly not a reformed body of believers who can only consistently believe in a spiritual, not a formal succession.

Accepting Presbytery then as the Established form of Church government—a form as scriptural and primitive as can be found, (though not denying that in some ways Episcopacy is more workable and more consonant with the spirit of our political government)—is Presbytery amongst us worked as well as it might be? Is ours the *best ideal* of Presbytery? With my usual tendency to grumble, as you will say, I affirm it is not.

Now let me, as plainly as possible, and with a view to your talking over these points in your clerical club, point out what I think might be amended. And in doing this I shall speak frankly (though I am perhaps pushing my license to the verge of your clerical forbearance) of whatever point in the arrangements of our Church that strikes me as out of order.

My view of our Church government is, that in the apostolic sense of the word "Bishop" we have in our Presbyterian Church as true an Episcopate as any avowedly Episcopal Church can have. The apostolic Bishops, Elders, and Deacons are more simply and correctly represented by our ministers, elders, and deacons than by the orders of the English Church. I should think none would deny that were Titus to revisit "the glimpses of the moon," he would be much more likely to recognize his counterpart in a Scotch minister than in an English bishop,—in the unpretending, humbly-paid pastor of some Scottish village than in a "Right Rev. and Right Honourable," (shall we say "Sam. Oxon.," or "H. Exeter?") sitting on his episcopal throne in his cathedral, or on the bishops' bench in the House of Lords. But while this is so, we have let one of these useful orders fall almost entirely into disuse, viz., the order of Deacons. The Free Seceders, I believe, have deacons, whose chief end is to hook up the money for the Sus-

tentation Fund; but deacons, the charitable, alms-bearing, ministering servants of the church, they and we have not. Consequently the functions of elder, and bishop or minister are confused and infringed upon. I fear too generally the Elder does very little except stand at the collecting-plate on Sunday; but if he does anything else, it is deacons' work and not his own. The Elder's office is governmental and doctrinal,—that is to say, he should govern and teach the Church. I do not mean that he should always be discharging set functions of government or teaching, but as he moves among his brethren he should carry with him the authority of the Church just as much as the minister does,—he should make his status in the Church, and the sacred influence of his office, felt. He should teach also—as he has opportunity—not the whole collected flock (for that is the pastor's duty), but such portions of the flock as he thinks he can most benefit and instruct. But this is seldom if ever done by the modern Elder. Consequently his duties devolve on the Minister. The Minister is in the eye of the world the sole embodiment of the authority and influence of the Church,—and hence arises the notion so common amongst us, that there are two kinds of morality—one for clergy, another for laity; that there are two kinds of Christian work—one for ministers, another for ordinary men; two obligations to be witnesses for Christ—one for the priests, another for the people. Hence too, the Minister, especially in town, is badgered and oppressed with work. He has endless preaching, teaching, visiting,—he has prayer-meetings and classes, and, in fact, no end of toil, one half of which at least should be discharged by the elders. What time to read, and think, and write can a man so predestined and driven have? None; he is worn out and ground to pieces before his time; if he seeks help at all, he looks to some raw, unordained, young licentiate, or even a lay missionary, while the members of his own session, solemnly ordained to the work, do nothing to relieve him. No man should accept the office of Elder unless he has time and ability and will to perform its sacred duties; and if he has, he will find what the duties should be, easily enough. He should visit the sick if the deacon has too many to overtake, or if they wish more than the deacon's aid, for the latter's, properly, is of a temporal nature—he has no strictly spiritual function. (The right idea of the Church is each Elder having one or two Deacons and *Deaconesses* under him, to report cases, &c., to him, and to be the ministers of the Church's charity, &c., as the Church through him shall direct.) He should hold religious meetings in his district,—for each Elder should have his own special district. He should have his young people's classes, preparatory to their going to the minister's class, for the minister should not be taxed with the training of all of every age,—the advanced catechumens only should be brought to him. The Elder should thus stand between the pastor and the flock, not as a barrier, but as a medium of communication, relieving him of whatever work he can, reporting to him all special cases, training for him subjects for discipline and instruction. Then the minister's work should be what it even now is,—only relieved of a vast deal of extraneous and added

labour,—the superintendence, rule, teaching of the whole collective flock. This would be the ideal of Presbyterian Church Government, the three orders in their proper relation, harmoniously working together. This would make the Church present less the aspect of a clergy church and more that of the true Body in which it, being “fily joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.”

I have no faith in the efficacy of mere *institutions*, but I have just as little in the efficacy of the undirected labours of any number of men, each working for himself in his own way, with no union and no method. And thus it is that most of our clergy are working at present. “Each man for himself,” is the too frequent motto. We want organization, union, method. We want the lay as well as the clerical strength of the church to be brought into full play. We want in each parish an efficient eldership, an efficient diaconate, an efficient parochial organization. We want the people to feel that *they* are the church, that they have more points of contact with the ecclesiastical machine than their mere Sunday’s worship. We want them to realise that they form a part of a great moral, spiritual, intellectual engine, whose work is to reform, to enlighten, to elevate mankind; and that this is the work not of the clergy only but of the whole church.

Now to me it is most disheartening to see how little this is realised. How slender, for instance, is the interest taken by the people in the Church’s Missions, that is in *their own* missions. They pay a little money, and that is the whole; they hardly ever ask or care to ask where it goes, or what it does; and the inherent apathy of our missionary spirit is shewn to the world by the ceaseless struggle we have to get missionaries, many of our agents being not Scotsmen at all, but hired foreigners.

This miserable indifference is distinctly owing to the lack of that parochial organization of which I have spoken. The people have not access to missionary intelligence, meetings are not held to enlighten them, nor publications circulated among them, there is no feeling of common concern and co-operation in a parish that sends its pittance to the mission fund. Perhaps here and there, the “Home and Foreign Missionary Record” is circulated; but I should think never read—as it is undeniably of all dreary, dull, ill conducted periodicals, the most hopelessly tedious and uninteresting. It does not even pay itself, but costs the church scores of pounds year by year. They manage these things better in the dissenting camp. There the missions somehow or other interest the people, and their rather readable periodicals are, among the Frees, U. P’s, Baptists, &c., sources revenue, instead of drains on the scanty exchequer.*

I am glad to see some eminent clergyman are bestirring themselves to consider the whole subject of the Church’s Missions, with a view to amend or abolish the present system of Conveners and

* These words were written before the present much improved series of the “Record” began.

Committees. There should, undeniably, be instead of these, one central Board with a Home Section and a Foreign Section, a well paid president, and one or two intelligent officers under him, whose duty, and sole duty, it should be to manage the Church's Missions. Till some such method is adopted, we shall never do much better than we do at present—nor advance from our fifth or sixth rate position. The adoption of a system of deputations, too, throughout the country, would doubtless do great good. And with these, I might mention what I have no doubt will scandalize some true-blue Presbyterians,—the adoption of a system of travelling superintendents visiting districts of the Church, who should be inspecting ministers, overseers,—"Episkopoi,"—exempted from parochial work, and set apart by the Church for this office of visiting and "confirming the churches." How much good would such a system do, to have half a dozen pious, earnest, learned men travelling through the country inspecting and reporting on the state of the Church, stirring up both ministers and people! What an impulse would the certainty of such visitations give to country ministers in dull, unintelligent, perhaps immoral country parishes. What correction of evil and infusion of good might not result therefrom in the West Highlands, and in the North, for instance, where divers dissents are so strong, and where the state of the clergy, with little to do (by reason of dissent), and little society, and little intellectual stimulus, gives at present, too generally, but poor prospect of a brilliant future for the Established Kirk.

Now, in reply to all such suggestions of possible reforms as these, I am often told, "Oh, the Church does well enough—wherever it is fairly worked, and wherever there is a good minister, it holds its own against dissent." Possibly it does; but it should do much more—it should overwork and overturn dissent, or absorb it. It should make itself co-ordinate and co-extensive with the people, with the nation. It should make itself not only in name, but in fact the National Church. It should gradually extinguish dissent, and attract into itself the Dissenters. That should be its aim and hope, yet how Utopian it seems! and why? Mainly, I believe, because ever since its establishment, it has refused all change or reform, all adaptation of itself to the nation's intelligent wants and wishes. So that now it has come to this, disguise it as we will, the hold the Church has on her people, is, in nine cases out of ten, only the personal hold which each separate pastor has on his separate flock.

Now this would do well enough, if the Church and her ministers were perfect; but in a state of imperfection, it does not do to rest the whole weight of a great institution on the mere point of its officers' personal character. The institution itself, the system, the creed, the service, should all have their own influence and their own hold on their adherents. But with us, these exert hardly any, because all our rivals, or nearly all, have the same, or nearly the same, system as our own, only better worked—the same creed and the same service. So that when a man comes to a parish where there are the Church and the Free, and the U.P. Meetings, the question very commonly is,

as indeed I have heard it candidly avowed, "who is the best preacher? I shall go to him, whichever of the three he is."

You see the pernicious thing with us is, that between us and the Dissenters the visible difference is so minutely small. A man may worship in any one of these three churches for a year, and probably never hear a word or notice a form in one that might not be heard and noticed in either of the others. The Church, as the Church, has no distinctive influence or hold. And nothing can be greater rubbish than the talk you often hear, even from Churchmen, on this head, as if this similarity were an advantage—as if from it any prospect of a future union could be deduced. It is the very likeness of the Dissenters to the Church, that renders the triumph of the Church difficult. Had she some strong influence, some system excellent in working, some ancient noble ritual, some simple comprehensive creed peculiar to herself, she might go and do battle against dissent therewith; but as it is, the world at large refuses to recognize any essential difference between the Church and the Presbyterian sects, and says, "we wish you all well, go on and prosper each in your own narrow way." And thus hope of union I can see none. All experience shews that the lesser the essential difference, the hotter is the conflict round it in all cases of dispute. Where the practical and actual difference is small, and the theoretical and imaginary difference is vast, the chance of reconciliation is like Beranger's falling star "*qui file, file, et disparait.*"

Now, to correct all this, and give the Church some inherent distinctive power, it appears to me you must go to work far otherwise than you have been doing. You must not set the object of still closer assimilation to the sects before your eyes, nor of any greater fraternizing with them. No sensible man believes that any exchanging of pulpits or platform co-operation and colloquy brings them and us one inch nearer than we were before. It but fosters the notion that there is no real difference between us and them, and substitutes vague talk about Christian union for devotion to our own distinctive Christian work, which as a church that desires to be national, is, as I have already indicated, to overturn dissent and absorb the dissenters. No really earnest churchman can wish well to dissent, because it is the negative, the opposite, the direct opponent of his own church. To wish dissent well is to wish the church ill. This is not Sectarianism. It is common sense. We must therefore, I repeat, try to reform the church, to make it distinctively stronger, abler, more tenacious than dissent.

Perhaps I bore you, dear friend, but first let me under this head of "Governmental Amendment," run over one or two reforms and changes that I think would help to make the church more like what she ought to be, less like a mere sect among other sects.

And first, I mention a matter, which, affecting as it does the entrants to the ministry, naturally claims first notice,—I mean the Presbyterian Examination of students. I have no hesitation, judging from all I hear of it, in saying it ought to be abolished, and the examination to be handed over to a competent Board of University Examiners. The Presbytery is the last tribunal in the world to which

the student should be sent. He is known to some, if not all, of the members, probably he is himself a member's son, there is naturally the strongest temptation to partiality, and there is not unfrequently gross favouritism, and when not favouritism, as gross carelessness in sifting the examinee's acquirements. This is one flagrant objection to presbyterial examinations. Another not less flagrant is the too common inefficiency of the examiners, many of whom often are rather rusty in their classics and philosophy, and know remarkably little theology beyond the milky way of Hill's Lectures, and the pleasant confines of the Larger and Shorter Catechisms.

I never met a student yet of respectable ability, who did not own that the examination as conducted by the country Presbyteries was a bit of farce, and that the good ministers laid their snares in very open ground, and were themselves rather more afraid of venturing into the cover than were their candidates. Thus, while a booby blunders through and is partially and unfairly passed, a really able student feels that no justice is done him, and that his acquirements are not tested nor his powers put to their stretch. Farther, there is no uniformity in the examinations. One presbytery is comparatively strict, another is utterly lax. One examines orally, another in writing, another in each way. One spends four or five hours over it, another, half an hour or an hour at most. And thus a man may choose his presbytery, as I believe is sometimes done, or if he finds one hard to pass can transfer himself to another that is easy, or if he goes before one where he has no friends can by and bye roll himself over to one in which he has some. All this is bad, loose, inefficient. It engenders careless study, and it is content with mediocre attainments. The church's learning does not at present stand high, which I trace very much to the gate of entrance being so very wide and easy. Make it strait, abolish the presbyterial examination of students, as the legislature has most wisely abolished the presbyterial examination of schoolmasters. Vest the examinations in a University Board, and when the time for licensing the student comes, let him take a certificate from these examiners to his presbytery, that shall certify to his proficiency in philology, philosophy, theology, and I would add, some science, and some practical knowledge of the arts of reading and speaking. He might then read a discourse or two to the presbytery to attest his gifts, and so be licensed. Or instead of this certificate from a board of examiners, each entrant to orders might be required to take the degree of M.A. Such a change as this would do untold good to the cause of really liberal education and enlightened thought in the church. Moot it in your presbytery.

Again, still in connexion with the church's educational interests, I would urge not only the moribund philanthropists who leave money to endow hospitals for dirty little boys, who would be better at a common school, but *all* who have money to spare and are interested in education, to endow fellowships in the Universities, both resident and travelling fellowships for theological students, to endow also one or two additional theological chairs, such as a chair of Pastoral Theology, (under

which might be included Homiletics and Liturgics), of Hermeneutics, of History, of Dogma (Dogmengeschichte), or of Exegetics. Contrast our Halls with the theological staff of any German university, and how paltry is their educational force. Even in the Metropolitan University, we have only one Professor of Church History, one of Hebrew, one of Biblical Criticism, and one of Dogmatic or Systematic Theology, a beggarly array, which no genius on the part of the professors can render sufficient to supply the intellectual food each student should have at his command.

The church, however, exhibits a strange and fatal lethargy in this matter. Any nonsensical "Popish Mission" will apparently find greater favour in her eyes than a scheme of thorough comprehensive training for her licentiates, which would do a hundred times more to rout popery, and all other enemies, than a score of missions, conducted by raw controversialists, armed with "Blakeney's Catechism" and the "Bulwark." Indeed, I should think the result of such "Popish Missions," as one sometimes hears of, (under the auspices of Dissenters, generally, I rejoice to say, though sometimes of Churchmen too), must be fatal to all honest Christian spirit, Protestant or Catholic.

I believe the money spent yearly on vague and ill devised schemes of missionary work, would, if educationally applied, as I have suggested, do more to strengthen the church, and to raise the standard of her clergy intellectually, and morally, and socially, than any other scheme that could be named.

As regards education generally, the clergy have erred grievously in taking such childish huff at the liberal educational measures of the times. Instead of kicking against university and parish school reform, they should have headed the agitation for the measures that gave it, and should have guided it safely and wisely. In this, as in all matters, it would be their wisdom and their strength to ally themselves with the progress of the times, and not to walk backwards when the nation is advancing.

If the people come to feel that their interests are one thing, and the clergy's another, and that all stupid old false doctrine in politics and economics finds hallowed shelter in the Church—then farewell to any usefulness or any salutary influence from the clergy. People will not be guided in spiritual things, long, by those whose guidance in temporal things they have learned to despise.

Another matter I would recommend to the serious care of the clergy, is the social amelioration of the people. You and I know too well how sadly fanciful is the common picture of the purity of the Scottish peasant home. Alas! can we deny that sometimes the proverb is verified in this, "like people, like priest." The clergy cannot have done their duty—(how much the landlords have also failed of theirs is no matter)—or the returns of illegitimacy would not be what they are. These horrible facts of deep-seated immorality are staring you ministers in the face, yet I do not at this moment recollect two country presbyteries that have ever taken up the subject of rural im-

morality and seriously discussed it, and drawn attention to it with a view to some purification of our polluted condition. And as to drunkenness, I fear, too generally a like carelessness prevails. Too often the minister shews but a questionable example in this respect, and I speak advisedly when I say that in the North and West Highlands the state of matters among some of the clergy is such as to call for serious dealing. I would not have the Established clergy ally themselves, as the Dissenters do for the exigencies of their uneasy popularity, with the howling advocates of Total Abstinence—or “Nephalism,” as it is now classically termed—but I would have them be heedful of their own drinking usages, and by wise endeavours to afford their people sober and rational recreations, wean them if possible from the bottle. No mere preaching of “Nephalism” will do this, but it may, if slowly yet surely, be done by an earnest ministry, labouring to instil right principle, and by philanthropic effort to meet the natural need of relaxation and amusement in a harmless and useful way,—by erecting reading and coffee rooms,—instituting libraries,—lectures—evening concerts—bowling-greens—cricket-grounds—drilling, &c. Think of this, and see what you can do among your weavers and ploughmen.

There is yet another point I want you to look at,—the mode of returning members to the General Assembly. The present usual method is to return them by rotation. This I hold to be bad. No doubt it gives every one his chance of getting in in his turn, and with this view I would partially retain the system, so as to let half the members for each Presbytery go in by rotation, the other half to be elected. In this way the mind of the Church would be really represented, as in a mere system of rotation it never can be. A more reliable and stable body of members would thus be always secured; and one might then look for what one looks in vain for just now—some coherency and consecutiveness in the Church’s policy year by year. I would recommend too that the former Moderators should be permanent members of the Court, the “Conscript Fathers” of the Ecclesiastical Senate, or rather the venerable *Consulares* of our sacred commonwealth. And giving them a permanent seat in the house, I would counsel more stringent scrutiny in election to the office, so that the whole voice of the church might be more fairly expressed in that election than it at present is, and we might by a wiser choice be spared the humiliation of seeing the highest honours we can bestow, bestowed, as it has more than once been, and that at no very distant date, where it was certainly not especially deserved.

Now all such matters as these I have mentioned, are matters of mere arrangement. No Presbyterian principle is compromised by the adoption of the changes I have indicated. Most people to whom I have spoken of them have readily admitted their advantageous nature. Why not speak out in public as in private, and demand a little of the much needed reform which would go so far to rehabilitate the Church? You have both the head and the heart to do it. I look to you and to the few I know who are like you, to inaugurate some

of these peaceful changes which only ignorance and prejudices can oppose.

Now, however, I must pass on both for your sake and my own—for I have written too long already—to speak of a more vital matter,—reform where reform is most difficult, but not least needed, the reform which indeed probably would set in motion all other reforms,—of course you perceive I speak of Doctrinal Reform. Now this is a subject on which it is hard to speak freely, so mixed up is it with the prejudices of the people, and so prone to raise the “odium theologicum” of the clergy. I shall try however to remember that I am speaking simply and openly to you, and not to think of any further audience beyond.

I fully admit the great difficulty of altering a church’s creed. It is difficult no doubt to do so. It is not impossible however to simplify the question of subscription to it, as for instance has been done in the American “Protestant Episcopal Church,” which, though still retaining the thirty-nine articles, does not require that candidates for ordination shall sign them; but only exacts a short declaration of belief in Scripture, and adherence to the doctrines and services of the church. (I understand too that that Church very sensibly omits the so-called “Athanasian” creed.) There is an added obstacle in an Established Church’s altering its doctrinal formulas, for such a step of course would need the sanction of the State, the other party to the compact whereby the church is established. But in Scotland that sanction, I believe, could easily be obtained; indeed were the Church unanimously to request it, it would be contrary to all principles of modern policy to refuse it.

Perhaps one of the most real obstacles to a change in our doctrinal formulas (putting the obstacle from old prejudice and habit out of court) would be found to reside in the bareness and poverty of our ritual. A simple creed is most desirable, but it is not easy to attain this in a church whose forms of worship are simple even to nakedness. Along with a simple creed, should go an ancient ample ritual, so that unity of worship, oneness of devotional feeling and life, may be secured amid diversity of doctrinal opinion. In a church like ours, where there is little unity of worship, the hardheaded church folk make sure of what they deem of far more moment, viz., unity of opinion—sameness, I would say *dead* sameness of thought, by binding down every office-bearer in the church to adherence to a most minute and voluminous creed. So that from this quarter we are met with hindrance in arriving at doctrinal reform; yet I would draw thence only the greater reason for agitating both for it and for liturgical reform too, and no reason for acquiescence in the present state of things.

Now to me, the initial absurdity always seems to be that I, “I, the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time,” should be compelled, in my relation as a Scotch churchman, to deny and refuse my birth-right, my heritage. In every other relation, in my relation to art, to literature, to physical science, to mental philosophy, I am free to serve myself heir to all the ages, and to nourish my life with “the long re-

sults of time ;" but whenever I step into the charmed circle of the church I must forget that her special science, theology, has taken a single step since the middle of the 17th century. I must go humbly back and acknowledge that the doctors of that age had exhausted "all mysteries and all knowledge," for if this is not the meaning of my signing their confession, what is? Unless that confession be held to be a document absolutely incapable of improvement, embracing truth more simply and more clearly, not only than any other creed does, but than any other creed could do, why should I need to sign it? Is it not monstrously absurd that I should be compelled, on pain of exclusion from the service of the national church, to subscribe a document embodying the opinions of a set of divines in their graves for 200 years, opinions on all sorts of recondite subjects, some of them really involving matters of religious faith, such as sanctification, repentance, Christ's mediation, &c., others involving matters of mere doctrinal or theological speculation, such as inspiration, predestination, election, &c., others still, involving matters of mere propriety or ecclesiastical order, such as oaths and vows, the office of the civil magistrate, synods, and councils, &c.? Is it not gravely unjust that I should be required to assent to the views of men who knew so little of science, as to make one of their articles affirm that it pleased God to "make of nothing the world and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, in the space of six days;" who venture so to encroach on the domain of Christian liberty as to declare that "the Sabbath," *i. e.*, the Lord's Day, is only kept aright "when men, after a due preparing of their hearts, and ordering of their common affairs beforehand, do not only observe an holy rest all the day from their own works, words, and thoughts about their worldly employments and recreations, but also are taken up *the whole time* in the public and private exercises of the Lord's worship, and in the duties of necessity and mercy;" whose notions of right and wrong were so much in bondage to the exigencies of their logic that they could affirm that "works done by unregenerate men, although for the matter of them, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, yet are sinful and cannot please God. And yet their neglect of them is more sinful and displeasing to God:" who could so boldly pronounce on the inscrutable mysteries of the future as to say, "after death the souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torment and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. . . . All the dead shall be raised up with the self-same bodies and none other, although with different qualities?" Is it right that we should now a-days have to swallow these and many other statements, belief in which is equally unnecessary to true Christian faith and conduct? Is it right that we should have to accept the interpretation of the Bible, adopted by men whose critical and exegetical apparatus was so vastly inferior to our own, who, even as regarded the sacred text, went to work on a translation made without any of our modern helps, who had no Tischendorff, no Lachmann, not even a Scholz or a Griesbach, to point the way to the corrected readings, and who

consequently bolster up their interpretation here and there with quotations, which any tyro in biblical criticism would now be ashamed to use, as for instance quoting in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, the notoriously spurious passage, 1st John v. 7.

And to look at the hardship in another light, is it not oppressive and unfair that we should be relegated to the creed and symbols of an age so wanting in Christian sympathy, in broad toleration, in healthy insight, in real depth of spiritual love, as the age of the more immediate successors of the reformers was? You who are so well read in the histories of their persecutings and torturings of one another, of their jealousies and spite and barren bickerings, do not need to be spoken to on this point.

Well, you say, all this is a protest against the Confession, but not a suggestion of anything in its place; and besides, being a Layman, if I don't like the Confession, I may leave it alone. Granted; but I plead the clergy's cause, and my own too—for you must know the old Dr has been driving for the last year at my becoming an Elder, and I always answer him that I can not digest the formula, to which he replies that though he swallowed it five-and-thirty years ago in all good faith, it is, he perceives by an occasional qualm and pang, undigested yet—like a bag of nails in a shark's maw. But I am not going only to bore you with my protests; I shall briefly expound to you, what I think the church might and should do to get rid of that incubus, the Confession of Faith—or rather that Cerberus with thirty three heads that watches at the gates, and scares so many from the sacred Portal—why I have heard you say that in your own experience of Divinity Halls you had seen at least four or five of the most hopeful students driven from the church by the terrors of that dreaded creed.

Listen to me then while I propose a way of escape—"a more excellent way." And when I tell you that this way is to go back farther even than the date of the Westminster Assembly, and to adopt a still older confession, you will perhaps say I *have*—for have I not been complaining that I am compelled to adhere to the present confession, just because of its age? yea, verily, but not absolutely because of its age, but because of its age and Dogmatism. If you give me a simple creed, I care little how old it is; indeed I like the oldest of all creeds—the Apostles'—best of all, not of course for its antiquity, but for its simplicity. I don't see why any man should wish a stricter creed than the Apostles'; even in the Nicene, the taint of controversy has begun to infect the church's mind, and to engender the notion that a creed should be framed with a view to exclusion, and not to comprehension. If you change, in the Apostles' creed, the word "Hell" into the word "grave," and read "resurrection of the dead" instead of "resurrection of the body," (which latter is not a scriptural phrase, nor a scriptural idea) it is unexceptionable as an expression of orthodox belief. He who holds it, holds the true creed of a Christian, and he who holds more cannot

hold that true creed a bit more perfectly. Anything more is the mere addition of human speculation.

But I need not say, I don't expect the Church of Scotland to discard her lengthy confession for the simple beauty of the Apostolic symbol. Neither do I expect her to be wise enough to do what I am going to propose to you; though if she would do it she would get in exchange for a younger and intensely dogmatic confession, one more venerable in age and infinitely more simple and comprehensive. I would have the church go back to the older confession "exhibited to the Estates in Parliament, and by their public votes authorized as a Doctrine grounded upon the infallible word of God, August 1560." This is the real original confession of the Reformed Church of Scotland—a confession which in 1647 was pitifully bartered for the unhappy production of the Westminster Divines. As a Scotchman attached to the faith and forms of my fathers, I reflect with grief and indignation upon that hour of evil omen, when our good old national creed had to give place to that hatched at Westminster. Scotland then renounced her birthright—she gave up the simpler expression of her own orthodox belief, for the complex dogmatisms of that dogmatic Assembly. In doing so, she sought to join herself to and to conciliate English Presbyterianism; which then seemed to bid fair to become the English national religion. For this end she was ready to give up what she must have felt was a purer creed, and to receive one less direct and scriptural. To make friends with England, she betrayed the truth. And mark the retribution. This very Westminster confession, which she thought was to pave the way for a universal Presbyterianism in England and Scotland, has been the very means of separating the Scottish Church from the doctrine and fellowship of the Catholic Christianity, not of England only but of nearly the whole of Protestant Christendom. It has shut her up in her own narrow circle—has debarred her from Catholic Communion—has defeated the very end for which it was adopted—cutting her off from commerce with the English Church, and with all churches save the few that are as doggedly attached as she is to an exclusive confession of their faith. I dislike this Confession, if for no other reason, then for this, that it is not a Scotch confession at all, but an English one, and an English one, not drawn up by the authority of the legitimate English Church—nor under the authority of the legitimate English Parliament or King,—but by a bevy of puritan ministers, assembled by warrant of the long Parliament, when the whole constitution of church and state in the kingdom, was in a state of utter disorder and distraction. I prefer our own confession fairly drawn up by the Scottish Reformers, and legally endorsed by the Scottish Parliament, because it is a national confession, for this reason—if for no other. For while I would prefer one world-wide creed for all nations—yet where there are diversities of form and expression in creeds—if a nation must choose, I should rather my nation chose her own, than that she adopted the forms and expressions of others, and those others, a body of men who did not constitute any

recognized lawful authority in any National Church. I prefer it too for its brevity. It has only 25 articles, while the Westminster has 33. I like it for its simplicity; the articles are in themselves simple and scriptural, and deal with fundamental truths rather than with theological dogmas. Farther, I like it because—though by no means exempt from the blame of meddling with mysteries of faith that were best left untouched—it reverently avoids pronouncing absolutely on these matters, as the other confession does. Similarly it is modest in its own claim to authority—resting the validity of all declarations of truth, on their conformity to Scripture, *and on this only*.

Again, its language as to the person and work of our Lord, is much more satisfactory than that of the later creed. It deals with him and his work, in a more real and living, and less merely logical and doctrinal way. Its teaching regarding the Sacraments is also good. Indeed on all these points it speaks more simply, pointedly, and earnestly than the other; setting them forth as truths of life to be livingly received, rather than as concepts of the intellect to be logically defended. This confession you know was edited by Irving, who wrote a noble preface to it, which you should read over. You should exhort all your brethren to make acquaintance with Irving. He is by far the grandest Scotch Churchman of modern days. Putting his later surroundings and spiritualisms out of sight, he is always sound in doctrine, and no man ever was a more thorough, nay enthusiastic Scottish Presbyterian, or knew or loved his church better, or set forth more clearly her true Ideal. He always, I believe, felt that her surrender of her old creed was a treachery and folly, of which many of her after sufferings and schisms were the direct retribution. To that old creed I believe the church would act wisely and righteously if she returned. It wont be done for many a year, if ever done at all, but I see no reason why, if no one else suggests it, you should not, in your own Presbytery, direct attention to this matter. I meet many ministers who freely speak of this in private—my dear old doctor often sighs for the “old confession,” but I never hear a word whispered publicly about it. How is it so? How is it that there is such a dull incubus choking all free expression of opinion in our Scotch Church Courts? I fear there must be little earnestness of conviction, or there would be more boldness of speech. And it really would be a refreshment to hear occasionally of a Church Court taking up some theological point and discussing it, instead of wrangling endlessly over tedious forms and precedents, and dogged conservatism, and other similar rubbish.

I have spoken of Irving, and his name suggests one point I must still advert to, and I beseech your worn patience still to bear with me while I do so.

A return to a freer creed would allow of a development of a freer and healthier, and sounder theology; and I should hope would prompt a more open and unhesitating avowal of belief on two vital subjects which I cannot help feeling have been somewhat treacherously dealt with by our church, and which I shall name as the

Universal Fatherhood of God, and the Universal Brotherhood of Christ. These two eternal truths I hold to have been denied by the Church—denied in their deposing of Mr Campbell in 1831, and of Mr Irving in 1832. And it was with a bitter pang that the conviction of this came home to me, when some months ago I read a speech or address, delivered by the titular Bishop of Argyll, in which he stated that his small sect was the only one in Scotland that freely preached God's Universal Love. My heart resented the charge, and yet I felt that, as a member of the Church, I could not say it was altogether false; for I could not but acknowledge we had denied that all-embracing Love, and that as far as we were concerned the Episcopal minister was right.

Let me mention how I came to think this.

Mr Campbell, minister of Row, as I am told and as you probably well know, one of the excellent of the earth, was deposed by the General Assembly of 1831, because he preached the doctrine of Universal Atonement through the blood of Christ—in other words, because he taught that Christ died for all men. By this act the Church, through her supreme Court, deliberately repudiated the truth, that God is the Father of all—revealed as such through Christ, and calling on all to be reconciled to Him. It narrowed His Love to His Elect. It declared He was not a father till He was *believed* to be such. It denied the truth of truths, on which our life is built.

Again in 1832, the Church, through one of her inferior courts—acting, it is well known, just as the Supreme Court would have acted, deposed Edward Irving, because he preached the doctrine that Christ took upon Him our *fallen nature*—our real actual common human nature. He taught this, and they deposed him because he did so. And in so doing, the church, as I hold, deliberately rejected the eternal truth of the Universal Brotherhood of Christ. I am not going to enter here into any theological disquisition on the subject: it is enough simply to say that if Christ did not take on Him our sinful nature, then He was not our brother—He was not in all points tempted like as we are—He never won, as ——— says, a victory over the *flesh*—only over the devil, and the world. It makes, in fact, the Incarnation a mere visionary show, if we assert that He was not Incarnate in our very flesh and blood, with all its properties and passions. It makes his life a mere theatric illusion if we believe that He had not to struggle as we have with sin in *His members*, and that He kept Himself spotlessly pure and perfectly free from sin, not by any peculiarity in the nature of the humanity he assumed, but simply through the ever present energizing power of the Eternal Spirit. These two truths equally vital—equally precious—equally fundamental and primary truths of Christian faith, were thus renounced by the Church of Scotland, and the Confession of Faith was appealed to as sanctioning, nay demanding that renunciation. For God's sake then, if it really does—(as many however deny that it does)—renounce it, lest still more awful retributions overtake us than those which I perceive some good men think, with some show of reason, have overtaken us

already. Renounce it, and assume a simpler creed, which will not demand such a terrible sacrifice of truth to be made to its lifeless letter. And make too what reparation you can for that past denial of the truth, by preaching it in each of these its aspects (for God's fatherhood and Christ's brotherhood, are but one truth in two aspects) as boldly as you can, as I know most of the best and brightest lights in our church are doing. And you might too do tardy justice to those whom you deposed. Campbell still lives; he might be asked to return to the temple whence he was driven out. Irving is gone, and justice nor injustice can reach him now in his glorious rest. Still if nothing else is possible, might not one stone be consecrated to his noble memory, to tell the world that his mother church mourned for one of her faithfullest and grandest Sons?

I have written long—much longer than I meant to write, when yesterday I sat down to this letter. I was interrupted in it then, and now I have written far into the night, and my eyes are heavy with the burden of the heat and gas. I must defer other talk about our dear old Kirk, till we meet in spring again, across at old St Andrew's, to have our respective revenges on the Links. Meantime, dear friend, "true yokefellow," revolve what I have said, and eke thereto your own good thoughts, and when we meet, we shall edify each other by the mutual result. These points, in which I think the church might amend her services, her government, and her doctrine, are all at least most *practical*, if not most practicable. I have indulged in no theoretic flights. I have only mentioned what appears to me the dictates of the simplest sense. I have not entered on the vexed question of Patronage and the Aberdeen Act, just because I did not see my way to saying anything practical about it. As matters stand, it is ringed with difficulties. But I believe if some of those steps I have indicated were taken, and a higher, more living, more brotherly tone of interest and co-operation were to pervade the Church, the patronage difficulty would be greatly modified. To me its chief evil at present is the necessity, in all cases of dispute, of these odious processes before the church courts—a scandal to religion and a disgrace to the country. In this, as in all matters where institutions seem to fail of their object, try to amend the institution, but above all try to amend the people for whom it was instituted, and by whom it is administered. Were the standing and attainments of the clergy, and the character and intelligence and Christian earnestness of the people raised, we should hear little of the ill effects of Patronage and the Aberdeen Act. No scheme of popular election can ever secure immunity from evils akin to those engendered by Patronage itself—as the history of the dissenting bodies from time to time shows us.

And as regards these dissenters, do not mistake I pray you, what I have said. I am not intolerent of them or of any man or set of men; only I wish dissent extinguished. You think this is to be done by amalgamation or federation, I don't; I think they must be out-numbered—outworked—absorbed. If this is impossible, then extinction of schism and dissent, and the erection of a strong enlightened

National Church in Scotland are impossible. To receive them into a federal union with us just now, would be to flood our church with many influences from which it is slowly, but surely, emancipating itself. Much as there is of dogged theological conservatism and reactionary feeling in the Church; there is a thousand times more among the dissenters, and especially among the Frees—to receive them would be to receive all that in full force back amongst us. It is curious to see how with these, political liberalism (of a certain sort) is blent with intellectual and doctrinal conservatism of the darkest die. Whence one is led to doubt, whether there is much reality in the political liberalism after all, or whether it is only a sham—whether for instance the Free Kirk rage for “non sectarian” Parish Schools is dictated by a truly liberal desire for liberal education, or a truly selfish wish to waft a lot of their unprovided probationers into those useful harbours of refuge. The cant and humbug of the popular bellow for opening these schools is pretty well unmasked by the originators of it agreeing to have the Confession of Faith solemnly crammed down the tender throats of the rising generation, and stuck into the tougher gizzard of the Dominie, by the very act which looses the formal union of the school and the church.

What the dissenters want is the dissolution of that union—not the liberalizing of the education of the nation. What the church should have demanded was not, as she stupidly did, the maintenance of that union, but that liberalizing carried out in good faith and with honest purpose. In this, as in all questions, we should act as the National Church is bound—for the good of the nation, not for the privileges of the clergy. Had we always so acted, we should not now have had to record so sad a failure as the Reformed Kirk in Scotland has made. For, regarding it as a *National Church*, it bears more marks of failure than of success. Where else under the shadow of a National Church do you see more social immorality—more schism and dissent, and embittered partizanship—more illiberal, intolerant dogmatism? Ah! we want again a head and heart to guide us,—clear—strong—unselfish. And we have them not—shall we ever have?

“Cur me exanimas querelis tuis?” Do you say? Well, I shall desist. I look to you to do much for Kirk and Country, within the next few years,—

“My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
A latter Luther and a soldier priest
To scare church-harpies from the master's feast.
Thou from a throne
Mounted in Heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightning. I will stand and mark.”

Adieu then till the turf on which we parted last is springing green, and the lark is carolling high in Heaven “a sightless song,” and the sands are glancing yellow in the sun, while the sea is blue beyond, and the one white line of surf breaks along the bay, and the caddies are waiting in front of the Club House, with the balls and clubs till we

are ready to begin the royal game. You are none the worse minister, and I should be none the worse elder (if I could but sign the formula) because high in our list of worldly blessings we place the Links of St Andrews.

Vale, et ora pro me.

ABBA, FATHER.*

WHAT prayer so simple yet so beautiful, so concise yet so comprehensive, as the Lord's Prayer! Tertullian called it "an epitome of the Gospel," and Luther, "the kernel of Christianity." Paley with more fulness says:—"For solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention on a few great points, for suitableness to every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and importance of its petitions, the Lord's Prayer is without an equal, and without a rival." And what associations cluster around it every time it meets our view! It carries us back to the days of childhood and a mother's knee—or brings to remembrance some fair-haired, bright-eyed little one kneeling at our own, who is now far away in some distant land, or, perhaps, is no more. How happy then compared with now, when after its solemn repetition and the parental kiss as night had closed around, we thought all secure if we should never again see the rising sun. How happy then compared with now, when in the youthful band at school we wound up the duties of the day by repeating in rude but measured cadence, with clasped hands and closed eyes, "Our Father which art in heaven,"—when scarcely ere the sound of the concluding *Amen* had died away, we were bounding in the open air, and tumbling on the green sward from very glee. Now, however, other days and other duties have come, and many a prayer have we heard offered for the living and for the dying, but still a solemnity pervades the mind on repeating the Lord's Prayer, which we have never realized in the utterance of any other.

Some little discrepancy is found to exist between the versions of St Matthew and St Luke, the only evangelists who record this prayer. In the latter the doxology is wanting, and the wording of some of the petitions is slightly different. Some have endeavoured to reconcile the two by referring to the fact that in certain ancient MS. copies of St Matthew's Gospel the doxology is wanting also, and thus they appear to be the same. Others again consider them to have been delivered on two distinct occasions, so that there is no discrepancy whatever in the accounts, Matthew relating that given at one time, and Luke that at another. The learned Dr Mede belongs to this class, and gives the following argument in support of his opinion.

* *Abba, Father.* By the Rev. James Elder Cumming, minister of Newington, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart.

He considers that the text of both explicitly shows that they were delivered on different occasions, and at widely different times. The prayer recorded by Matthew was given in the famous Sermon on the Mount in the second year after his Baptism, and that by Luke a year afterwards on a particular occasion when he himself had done praying. The Christian reader will care little about the discrepancy, inasmuch as no vital or important part is affected. The spirit and sentiment of both are identical, and they both have the same divine personage as their author, and that is enough.

In examining into the matter of the Lord's Prayer, we find that it was not original in its composition, either in sentiment or expression—that the Saviour introduced no novelty to his disciples in giving them this directory for prayer, but that, then, as on some other occasions, he appropriated what was already well-known and in use, and gave it a power and an immortality which none but himself could impart. All its parts, with a single exception, are found in the Jewish liturgies which were in existence in the time of Christ, and which he must have heard in the synagogues. Their prayers all begun, we are told, with "Our Father which art in heaven." In a synagogue prayer are the words "Let God's name be glorified and hallowed in the world," in another, "Let thy name be hallowed in this world as it is in heaven,"—and again, "May it please thee to grant unto thy people as much as may be needful for their nourishment, and to satisfy their need," and still more, "Lead us not into the power of sin, nor into temptation, nor into contempt." The pardon of sin was also supplicated, but there was no mention of "as we forgive our debtors;" and the doxology or conclusion is found in one of the psalms—"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory." In short, the whole Prayer, as we have said, is found in some form or another in the Jewish liturgies, with but one exception. This was not a solitary instance of Christ's adopting words already in use, and infusing into them a life and a beauty which they did not formerly possess. His description of the strait gate is almost verbatim from a heathen writer; and we know that his institution of the Supper was an appropriation in like manner of elements and forms which had long been in practice. When he hung upon the Cross, the exclamation he made in his agony was taken from the twenty-second psalm,—and much of his Sermon on the Mount is to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures. But all these are not the less valuable on that account. It affords one example among many of what we may call the frugality of Deity in the operations of providence, in not having recourse to extraordinary means when ordinary agencies are sufficient to effect his purpose.

Our attention has just been directed to a genial little volume of Lectures on the Lord's Prayer, entitled "*Abba, Father*," by the Rev. James Elder Cumming, the able and popular minister of Newington, Edinburgh, and we have great pleasure in introducing it to the notice of our readers, as a valuable friend whose acquaintance will be of important benefit to them on all occasions. The spirit in which it is

written is quite in accordance with the calm and holy feeling which pervades its sacred subject, while the language employed is simple and natural, so that none can misunderstand the sentiments conveyed. The illustrations are apt and expressive, and will tenderly touch the heart of every one who reads them. It is evident great care has been bestowed by the author, and we look for higher things yet to come from the same source. From the introductory lecture on *Christian Prayer*, we take the following extract:—

“There lies in every heart a sense of weakness and of want, a sense of emptiness and craving; something which needs to be supplied; something which makes him look to another, look upward, and ultimately, look to God. The little child, when overtaken in darkness, cries out, not only from fear, but also because something teaches it to look for help from a parent's arm. And so when man enters into danger, when the gloomy shadows of eternity are lengthening around him, then he feels that God only can help him, he begins to pray. Prayer, thus, is no mere teaching of the reason. It is no conclusion to which diligent search has brought us. It is no result of philosophy. It is no lesson which another has taught us to repeat. Earlier than the word of the mother are the seeds of it implanted. It is a holy instinct of our dependent nature, leading us to God. And thus, as I have said, the blasphemer and scoffer have moments in which they cannot but pray,—moments of terror in which their souls flee to God for help. Yes, brethren, many a careless man may be here, who for years past has never bent the knee within his closet,—who has seen the morning light revisit earth, and the evening gloom darken over it, without one reverent thought of the Supreme. Careless man! there will come a time when these holy themes now mocked at will seem to you all-important; and the truths which now fall unheeded on your ear, will seem more terrible than the thunder's peal as it shakes the heavens. There will come a time when your knees will bend, when your heart is beating loud, and your cheek is pale. For prayer is no lesson which we can refuse to learn, or may forget; sooner or later it will show itself to be a necessity of the soul, an instinct of our nature, something that is planted deep as our life itself. And the most touching prayer, perhaps, is that of the aroused and loving soul that can only utter one word, ‘mercy,’ but compresses in that word a hundred burning thoughts.”

While we give the author our cordial commendation of his exposition as a whole, yet we have somewhat to say with regard to certain views of interpretation which he would have us to receive, views which to our mind have more of fancy than of fact. How much of the native simplicity of this beautiful prayer is destroyed, by proposing the first three petitions and the doxology or conclusion to embrace the Trinity—the first petition having reference to God the Father, the second to Christ the Son, and the third to the Holy Spirit! Why should this be so? It is God the Father who is addressed in the introduction, and we cannot see how without great violence, *thy* name, *thy* kingdom, *thy* will, can be made to refer to any other than Him. The author seems to have overlooked these two things, while thus giving way to his fancy, that the persons addressed were Jews, and that as yet they knew little or nothing of the Trinity, and it cannot be imagined that the Saviour intended to impress upon them what

they could not understand. In expounding the prayer strict attention must be paid to what was the intention of the speaker, and seeing that Christ frequently spoke of God as Father, we are willing to take the term in the same sense here.

We are occasionally reminded of Dr Guthrie's power of graphic delineation when presenting some of the more striking phases of moral character to the reader's view. For example, in illustrating what he calls the cloud of sin, in his lecture on the first petition, Mr Cumming says :—

"You have seen sometimes on a sunny day, when a fair landscape was stretched before you, bright and beautiful, how some cold dark cloud has gathered on the horizon, and has slowly overspread the sky, till the whole face of nature, just before so joyous, has been covered with shade. You have seen, sometimes, at a meeting of friends, where happiness was visible on every countenance, how suddenly one of the most cheerful became grave and silent; some thought from the past or some fear for the future, evoked by a word that had been spoken, 'had cast its shadow over him. Or, perhaps, you have heard the sad story of an outcast child persuaded to return home. After long separation, after months of folly and of sin, she has been assured that there is hope for her; that if she will but knock at the old door, and enter again the old room, she will find there the old love for her, and she need leave no more. She has been persuaded, and she begins her journey home. She comes near to the scenes of infancy and innocence, recognising each object on the way, till at length she sees not far off, glimmering in the doubtful twilight, the very roof of home. The poor wanderer is almost at the end of all her wanderings. But just at that moment rises before her the thought of all that she has done and been. She begins to doubt and waver; and on how small a thing does it depend, whether she hastens forward, or turns her back on home and flees from hope for ever?

"Some such cloud we may discover in the petition which forms the text. . . . But what need is there for this prayer? What does it imply? It implies that some one is not hallowing that name, but dishonouring it; nay, that he who now is praying, he who thus calls God his Father, has been dishonouring that name. The sense of his own sin comes over him, and seems almost to hide the face of God, if it do not inspire a doubt of his love. Over the bright and sunny fields of divine goodness, there has come the cloud which darkens all. Into the heart, so happy in the presence of God, comes the recollection which embitters all. And the returning sinner, who has said, 'I will go to my Father,' who is already near his Father's house, and has his hand raised to knock, he begins to think whether his sins will not make his Father turn him as an outcast from His door. This burden is lying at the heart of the man who truly prays. No sooner does he realize the compassion and fatherhood of God, than he remembers his own sins. The very bending of the knee has brought them before him. Like those writings which are invisible till the strong heat of a fire bring forth the hidden characters, so does sin's dark story lie often in the memory illegible to conscience, till the light of God's presence beams upon it, when the sinner is found upon his knees. And nothing hinders prayer more than the consciousness of guilt. It destroys and breaks down our confidence in God; it whispers all manner of doubts against God; it taunts us with the thought of *such* sinners venturing to seek His blessing. It says to us then, 'Thou prodigal! what hast thou to do at this mercy-seat? Hence to thy haunts of sin!' And oh! let the sinner learn this terrible lesson: the more a man sins, the more impossible is prayer! It is easy and natural for the innocent

and guileless child; hardly more readily does it run to a mother's chair, than kneel by its little bed-side to repeat, with covered face, its simple prayer. It is more difficult in giddy youth. And after each sin, or each doubtful occupation, each worldly vanity, each gay and thoughtless season, it is harder still to pray. It is all but impossible for the hardened sinner. Meet him when you will, in his times of pleasure or his hours of succeeding pain, when prosperity has filled his cup with joy, or when adversity has soured and crushed him, nay, on the terrible death-bed itself, when his last earthly hope is gone, when he has not one plank left for his shipwrecked soul to cling to, even then he cannot, *dare* not pray! Sin, his own sin, is the obstacle. It comes between him and God. He dare not, with such a consciousness of guilt, he dare not speak a word!"

We think the author takes too limited a view of the term *name* in the prayer, "Hallowed be thy name." He considers it as the literal designation of the Almighty in the words, JEHOVAH, ELOHIM, ADONAI, THEOS, GOD, and he makes a few pertinent observations on each of these, according to the meaning implied in them, such as, JEHOVAH, the self-existent; ELOHIM, the strong one; ADONAI, the master; THEOS, the fixed and unchangeable; GOD, the good one. But the term as expounded by the old commentators and also as used in Scripture, has a wider significance. It comprehends the Divine Majesty, all that God is, and all that is peculiarly called his. It is unnecessary to introduce quotations to show this, as they will instantly recur to the mind of every one acquainted with his Bible. Had the author adopted this extended view, what a glowing page would his fine imagination and pious spirit have set before us, instead of the comparatively meagre outline which occupies its place.

Whether the coming of Christ is to be understood literally or figuratively—whether his intellectual reign on the earth is to be in person or in spirit only, Mr Cumming wisely declines to determine, and we would recommend to his distinguished namesake who has been so long labouring in the field of unfulfilled prophecy, the judicious sentiments here expressed on the subject:—

"I confess that I doubt whether God intended us clearly to foresee events which have been predicted, and to decide their character beforehand. The object of prophecy seems to me to be, not to write history before it takes place, for the men of earlier generations to read; but to produce in them a waiting, watching, patient spirit, always expectant, and so prepared for whatever God may send. It is vain to think that we may divest prophecy of all obscurity before it is fulfilled; or to suppose that it is written in the clear, transparent manner of a common narrative. And, guarded as we have so specially been, against supposing that the times and seasons connected with Christ's coming are revealed to the Church, it is, I think, unmistakable, that if any event must be allowed to rest in the dimness of the future, that event is the Advent."

The petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," is expounded in the usual way, as embracing the wants of both the body and the soul. The author repudiates the idea which some would entertain, that the care of the body, the temporal support of man, is beneath the Divine regard, and that it is the spiritual part alone for which heavenly grace

is to be supplicated. For the sick, the distressed, and the poor, the Lord's Prayer would be divested of much of its beauty and its comforting power, if they could find in it nothing having reference to them in their present need. In one of the lessons deduced from it, showing that our dependence on God is *constant*, attention is directed to the manner in which this petition is often misquoted. The words, "this day," are changed into, "each day," which are not in the original, in either of the places where this prayer is found. There is a difference in the two readings, the one looks only at the present, the other forward into the future. The present is what we are to regard, and we are to "take no thought for the morrow." St Luke says, "day by day," or as it is given in the margin, "for the day," which is a more correct translation of the original. The great lesson taught us is our daily dependence upon God, which lesson was also very emphatically taught the Israelites in the wilderness by the daily gift of the manna, which could not be preserved from putrefaction, as those experienced who attempted to lay up for the future.

In another lesson on the duty and need of prayer, the author acknowledges his inability to tell how prayer increases our daily support, how it moves the arm of God, and is linked in with the chain of causes which bind together the events of the world. It is a mystery, but though it be so, still prayer is a duty :—

"The text leads us to pray, teaches us how to pray, for all good, both earthly and spiritual, 'Give us our daily bread.' It is the teaching of Jesus. After this, let us hear no more of praying for the soul but not praying for the body; of asking for grace but not asking for food; of supplicating for redemptive mercies but not for temporal things. Yes; this tells me that the laws of nature are subject to the power of prayer, or work along with prayer; or call it what you will provided this be granted, that you may pray for all things good. This tells me that the anxious mother may pray for her sailor boy, that the winds may be hushed around him, and the waves may not injure his bark. This tells me that the wife may pray for her soldier-husband, that the cannon's ball may not come near his head, and that the sabre of the enemy may not reach his heart. This tells me that the farmer may pray for the propitious sunshine that his crops may need, and for the bountiful harvest that will make him glad. This tells me that the merchant may pray for success in his business enterprise, and for sufficient wealth to make his old age happy. This tells me that the sick may be prayed for, that God may heal them; and the poor may be prayed for, that God may feed them; and that all men should raise the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

In the lecture on the fifth petition, Mr Cumming warns his readers against misunderstanding the words, "As we forgive our debtors." He says the meaning is not that God is to forgive us just in the way, or to the extent, that we forgive our debtors, for that would be dishonouring to God, and fatal to us. But the meaning is, inasmuch as we forgive others we ask God to forgive us. Now this is not the usual interpretation given by commentators of old standing, and whose eminence entitles them to be regarded as authorities, and we think it wants the solemn power and awfulness which they draw from the

words, and which the text warrants them to deduce. Thus Doddridge says in a note on the subject :—"It is hardly possible to imagine a more effectual expedient, to promote the *forgiveness* of injuries than this, of making it a part of our *daily prayer*, to ask *such pardon* from God as we impart to our offending brother. For in this circumstance, every malicious purpose against him would turn *this petition* into an *imprecation*, by which we should, as it were, bind down the wrath and vengeance of God upon ourselves. In the concluding paragraph of the lecture, however, Mr C., forgetting his first inhibition, expresses himself in a somewhat similar strain. It is not at all desirable that a love of originality should introduce new renderings and expositions of Scripture, unless there is something radically wrong with the old.

The exposition of the sixth petition is very felicitous. In illustrating the former part of it, "Lead us not into temptation," the author refers to two kinds of temptation, one which is usually called trial, and the other always temptation. The difference between these two is threefold. Their *objects* are different—that of trial is to conquer sin, and draw the soul to God—that of temptation is to yield to sin, and drive the soul from God. Their *instruments* are different,—hardship and sorrow in the one, worldly enjoyment in the other. Their *authors* are different—God tries, Satan tempts. Regarding trial as a temptation, and looking to its object and its author, it is only lawful to pray for escape from it, after it has wrought its work in the soul, or to pray that it may be prevented if agreeable to the divine will—to say with the Saviour, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will but thine be done."

We shall conclude our notice of this valuable little work with the following extract, which is deserving of careful perusal. The author is treating of the danger of temptation, and is showing that there are many things which are not sins in themselves, but yet are temptations, and when a man rushes wilfully into these temptations, he has no right to expect God to save him, or to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." God may save him out of his sovereign mercy and free grace, but the man cannot hope that he shall be preserved. He cannot consistently run into danger, and at the very moment he is doing so, pray that he may be prevented and preserved from danger. Then follow these practical and graphic remarks :—

"Need I specify individual instances? Need I bring the doctrines of the gospel to bear on the practices of the time by their very names? I will speak at least of the theatre, with its seductions to the man; and of the public ball-room, with its inducements for the woman. Do you tell me that they both are innocent in themselves, that there is nothing sinful in them, while you have been there, that harmless pleasure, and intellectual recreation, and social delights, are not at variance with the gospel? Suppose we grant that the theatre is not sinful; suppose we admit that the ball-room is not sinful; are they not places of temptation, places where the thoughts are carried away from religion, places where the thought of God would be an intrusion, and places which often, and even generally, lead to open and undoubted sin? Suppose you are not directly violating the precepts of the gospel by haunting them, can you, dare you deny, that you are thereby

entering on temptation? Is it possible to come away from them, and far on in the morning, amid the silence of the closet, to offer this petition, 'Lead us not into temptation?' If you can do this honestly and from the heart, then continue in them without fear. I do not speak of other things by name, I lay down only this general principle: to rush into temptation is a sin; to him who presents the prayer of the text it is a mockery; and wherever you find temptation, there, unless duty constrains, you must not go. Anything especially that tends to lead the young man astray from the paths of rectitude ought at once to be shunned. You know the temptations which encircle the young man's path. You know how the evil companion, like the serpent's whisper, leads him away. You know how the first night at the ale-house, how the first play at the theatre, how the first game at the billiard table, has often been the ruin of young men. Mothers could tell us of their sons, and wives of their husbands, this day, if we could hear their voices, how the misspent Sabbath, or the first evening of intoxication, was the date from which their destruction went on. Many a sad tale in yonder prison tells us of temptation. Many a sinner in our darkest closes, now in the grasp of the enemy, could tell us of one day when he entered wilfully upon temptation, and since then has never stopped his course. Many a grave in yon crowded churchyard, if its silent inmate could find a tongue, would shame and silence me to-day, in speaking of the danger of temptation. Who is above it? who can defy it? Of all our number this day, not one! There is no man here, however ripe in piety, who can safely enter into temptation, especially not the young. I tell every young man here to-day, I have seen the sad truth of which I speak, that if he once enters within reach of temptation,—if, with his eyes open, wilfully braving and defying it, thinking that he is strong enough to wrestle with its power, he once casts himself in the way of being tempted, there is no probability that he will not fall. He has no right to expect it. Once let the bait be before him, and there will spring from his heart a power of sin, of which he has no conception, to fasten on it. Never did wild beast bound from its lair with more unexpectedness and fury upon the traveller passing by, than that strange, undreamt of power of sin within his heart, when once it meets temptation."

From the extracts we have made, and the account we have given, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the manner in which the author has treated his deeply interesting subject. The style is plain, simple, and beautiful, altogether in keeping with the character of the prayer he elucidates, and the illustrations will find a ready response in many a Christian's heart. We have perused the volume with very great satisfaction, and we cordially recommend it as one of the best household books which a family can possess. Let every father make it a birth-day gift to his children.

THIRTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

(Concluded from last Number.)

THE Exhibition has been by this time visited by thousands, and its

contents carefully appraised by scores of connoisseurs, so that any remarks we have to add to those in our last, may well be of the briefest.

Among the portrait busts we should have mentioned as eminently fine, that by Mr Hutchison of Dr Farquharson, so well known as the appreciative patron of Art. The handling is very masterly, and just that amount of ideality is given which serves to make a complete likeness. The bust of "Auntie Bella," by Mr Brodie, is a singularly sweet performance. The small gentle features are actually lit up with feeling; and the hair is rendered with most dexterous softness.

Among the historical pictures, after those of Mr Paton and Mr Drummond, Mr Macdonald's "Interview of Montrose with Dugald Dalgetty," is the most able work that has ever come from the artist's hand; in forcible expression of attitude, the figure of Montrose is very admirable, and generally in drawing and in colour the picture is a vast advance on Mr Macdonald's previous bits. We should also notice this gentleman's "Cottage Interior," finely composed and coloured. Again, Mr Peter Graham, of whom we had to say sharp things last year, in his "Fra Angelico" show us that when painting by the light of his own genius he can do great things. The head of the saintly painter is nobly treated, the texture of his coarse drapery very cleverly given, and the accessories well painted, though Mr Graham should have remembered that the wares of which his water-bottle and mortar are made were not in use till long after Angelico's day.

Mr Ross has never been so effective as in his fine picture of the sailor's boy's departure. Still a little weak in colour, the composition is a very touching one; and stamps the artist a man of fine feeling, as it indicates a growing capacity for the powerful expression of it. Mr Cameron is not so good as he was last season. His "Image-man" is a clever enough study, and the images as well as the children are cleverly painted, but the picture has no power somehow. Better, on smaller canvas, is "The Mackerel Fisher," in which the thoughtful weather-beaten face of the old salt is painted very happily, and in the pleasant breeze the boat goes singing through the blue summer waters with a motion that you can almost feel. But surely the sea is too blue. Mr Pettie shows colour of great merit in the draperies of both his large pictures; and in his study of Cromwell's soldier, a quaint and clever humour of conception that would hide the faults of a worse performance. Mr Houston's little works are all in a way admirable; pretty in sentiment, with that china feeling and clear smooth look that perhaps he will never get over. We wish he would send us down next season a study or two of some jolly English trees. He can get plenty of them in Kensington Gardens. We say this with a pleasant remembrance of some trees of his that appeared about ten years ago, and charmed us all.

Of Mr McWhirter we are happy to write very favourably. His Norwegian scenes are masterly and impressive, leaving us with the idea, however, that the artist might have made pictures where we have only studies.

Mr Herdman preserves in all his pictures, the pure and delicate feeling for which we always gave him credit. The finest specimen of his skill as a colourist that we remember to have seen, is his *Carnival Window*, which is rich and beautiful. In the water-colour room there are few things finer than his little picture of the *Italian Boy*, with his dark tresses and olive cheek, and plaintive look.

Mr Perigal, than whom a more conscientious landscape painter never went to nature, is this year every way better than we have seen him hitherto. His "*Portenocross*," the little piece the Association wrongfully bought, (and yet in a way very judiciously as regards merit; only they might have encouraged the artist by taking a bigger work,) and the scene on *Tweed*, each indicate the facile hand and the clear and healthy eye. Quite apparently Mr Perigal is striding on to greatness in his art; and we hope we are not presumptuous in the hope that his merits may be recognised, when next convenient, by his fellow artists who write the three letters after their names. Mr Waller Paton still perplexes us with his caprices in colour. His greens are too apt to be yellows, and his purples to be blacks. He gets effects it is true, and positively wins our admiration against our will, as in his two little bits of *Eve* and *Morn*. His "*Cologne at Night*" is an able and striking picture, and a most truthful representation of the odoriferous city—memorised by Coleridge as of the seven-and-thirty scents, besides that for which it is chiefly famous. But we would rather Mr Waller would paint in the healthy style of less ambitious men—paint things as seen "in the light of common day." We admit his artistic power, and admire sometimes when we should not, according to strict rule; doubting not that by and bye we shall have in him an artist, who will *command* the praise which just now we can only give him in a sort of protesting way.

There is no one who has been acquainted with Scotch art during the last twenty years, but who will mention the name of Kenneth Macleay—the genial man of exquisite artistic taste—with feelings of peculiar kindness. His water-colours were the pride of our Academy year after year for many. Photography became a powerful competitor in the matter of portraits, and of these he exhibits none now-a-days, nor is it to be feared will, during the subsistence of the preposterous regulation that they must be framed to the margin. He had never altogether laid aside the use of oils, and now shows only in little landscapes, which, as was to be expected, have the merit of generally fine colour and always fine feeling. Beautiful as these bits are however, we would like to see him back again to that line in which he won his fame. The photography mania will go down, the work of the mind of genius will come to be preferred to that of the soulless machine, and then assuredly among the very first in Scotland called on to resume full practice of his beautiful art will be Kenneth Macleay.

The transition is easy to oil portraits, of which this year there are not many first class. Frank Grant sends one dismal 400 guinea full-length of the Duke of Buccleuch, which has been universally con-

demned, and should, in common fairness, be repainted. But then his double portrait of Mrs and Miss Hodgson atones (to the spectator—not to the Queen's body-guard for whom the former was painted). Admit that the pose of the figures is a little dramatic, and find some other faults if you choose or can, but tell us after all if Grant be not supreme in painting a *lady*—a fine woman, with the might and the grace of gentleness upon her. Mr Gilbert's best seem to us to be portraits of two ladies—one firm and fine in flesh colour, very quiet, in his most genuine style, (653) and another (380) very delicate in expression and flesh tint, and with a wonderful robe of blue. The manipulation of this dress is something to study, though really it is not quite so fine as "The Blue Boy," with which marvel the Art Union critic compares it favourably! Mr Gilbert's fancy bits seem this year failures. The next best lady portrait is by Smith, P.R.H.S., almost worthy of Grant, very beautiful in colour. Sir John Watson Gordon's best contribution is undoubtedly his portrait of Principal Forbes, admirably like the studious, most amiable gentleman, and painted with a sort of delicate strength that is rare.

Mr Macnee's most pleasing portrait is that of his own son, firm and fine; very pretty in colour is the "Debutante" next to it, and in "The Opera Box" we have a charming effect of light and shadow on two charming faces. Mr Macbeth makes it difficult for us to choose out of four or five, so uniformly excellent are his works this season. He paints with great breadth, and with great truth of tone, and already his place is a high one among Scotch portrait painters. We prefer, on the whole, his portrait of Mr Ritchie of the *Scotsman*, which is very faithful and able. Mr Orchardson seems to have been taking it easy, and neither in his portrait of Mr Horn, which is not pleasing, nor in his other picture, sustains the expectations of last year. Mr Cruickshank has three very meritorious portraits, of which we prefer that of Mr D'Arcy Thomson, very like and forcible. We are glad to believe that this well-equipped young artist is advancing to that place in public estimation to which his draughtmanship, his fine taste and fine eye for colour entitle him. So far as we can judge of Mr Smellie Watson's portrait of himself, which has been elevated on the *sic itur ad astra* principle, it is remarkably good. Mr Colvin Smith is as usual hopelessly black in colour. *Cetera desunt de ceteris.*

We have only a line or two for the animal painters. Mr Giles does not seem to us to be on the whole so good this year. We wish he would give us a change of incident, say angling, or tod hunting, or coursing the red deer, or stalking. We want subject; deer alone, however graceful and well painted, are not sufficient to make pictures, though they may have clever legends. Mr Gourlay Steel is great in his prize oxen, and shows genius and beauty of colour in his (593), "Gertrude, Blossom, and Bob," which is a gem. Great also is his water colour of the sleeping Bull-dog, fresh apparently from battle; he looks indeed the Ben Caunt of tykes, a perfect ruffian no doubt in his private character, but indomitable. Messrs Glass and M'Leod are much as usual, painting on, cleverly, carefully, pleasingly; very use-

ful men in their line. Of the water colours commend us to the exquisite two of Mr Cook; to the Garibaldian sketches of Mr Stanton, and to some fine interiors by Mr Greig; albeit, there are many admirable bits which we cannot stay even to mention.

These remarks, if later than we intended, (having been, owing to want of room, excluded from last number of Magazine), may perhaps serve with those in our last to fix in a somewhat more enduring form than the daily newspaper, recollections of the most important works of the Exhibition about to close. It strikes us that there has been less writing on it in the press this season than in former ones, or less attractive writing. In at least one local journal there was a deal of nonsense, and in another a deal of bilious acerbity; in other two the articles were too much compressed, and appeared at too long intervals. The *London Art Union Journal* had its eminent critic here as usual, but we have only a page of his remarks in the April number. He speaks in a very plain way a good deal of truth upon two matters for redress. In the first place he objects that our Scotch artists send their best pictures to London, and only their scraps here, so that the former, after being written about by all the metropolitan journals, and seen by multitudes of peripatetic Scotsmen, are exhibited here as at second-hand,—presuming, that is, they are not sold, and carried off, perhaps abroad, at the close of the London Exhibition. This is in great measure true, but we do not see how it can be helped so long as the exclusive rule of the London Academy is in force, that no pictures shall be received that have been previously exhibited. We hold this clear, however, that when a Scotch artist paints a picture of importance and sells it before the London Academy opens, a condition of sale should be that it be shown here. Again it seems only fair that artists who have received their degrees in art from this Academy, and who have subsequently removed to London, should at once renounce their Scotch status, or be obliged to contribute regularly each year a previously unexhibited picture or pictures. There is a sort of understanding on this subject we believe, but it is not very strictly acted on. If report say true we are threatened with further loss by removal. Mr Thomas Faed forgets us, though Mr Houston does not. By the bye, we venture very respectfully to suggest that there are certain great men in London who, connected intimately with Scotland, are honorary members of its Royal Academy. Might not they follow the good example of Sir John Watson Gordon, who, as honorary member of the Royal Academy of London, contributes faithfully to it year after year? Cordial praise is due to Mr Philip, who generally sends something, forgetting not, as he luxuriates among the mellow glories of Hispaniola, that he is the son of a land, of heart as warm, albeit of countenance more stern. Mr Linnel too favours us with an occasional gem, as do Messrs Creswick and MacIise. There are decided advantages derivable from the study here, of the works of such great living masters, and we should have some important ones every year. On those gentlemen connected with the Academy, or with Scotland, our claims are of course strongest; and these claims should be gently pressed, to compensate our loss in missing

the first sight of so many of our native painters' works. In yet another matter we are at one with the Art Union writer, in regard to the regulation about framing water colours up to the margin. There will always be room we think for good works in even these galleries, though the blackhole should not be reopened, and as it need never have been there at all, we trust it will be kept shut. We believe that a respectable minority of the academicians is opposed to the regulation in question, and with all deference we think it should be reconsidered.

The Art Union man congratulates the Academy on having abolished private view days, when picture dealers were likely to get admittance and make their selections, thus as buyers coming into contact with the public. We have been always of opinion that the private view should be confined to members of the press who must have something to say to the public of the contents of the Exhibition. But as for the picture dealers we wish we saw more of them. The Association competes with the public much more than they do or ever did, but there is room enough for all buyers. Even after the Association has reaped its harvest there is plenty room for the intelligent gleaner.

We have seen in this Exhibition a vast amount of nascent strength, and saying of it in our last that it is only an average one, we meant to imply that in certain lines it wants masterpieces by our own men. Still it behoves us not to raise the cry of "stale fish." The school of bits is not so strong as formerly, and besides some few undoubtedly great works, there is much that is pleasing in the genre pieces about the walls. With Professor Blackie, we are out and out in favour of the Scotch element prevailing in our institutions, remembering that we are but provincials after all. The painters of landscape, may find enough work for a legion of them every year in catching nature's varying phases, among our hills, beside our rills, by quiet lake and briny shore. The Scotch painters of history have a grand one, told in stormy verse and sturdy prose, of which incidents innumerable remain to be illustrated by the pencil. And characteristics of peculiarly Scottish life are not yet obliterated from the land, so that the domestic painter will never for many a long year want purely Scotch character subjects. And as for the portrait painter, shall we not have in the future, as in the past, fair women, and brave, and gifted and good men, of whom there shall be memorials demanded through love and admiration of friends, and for legacies to those coming after? There is no fear of Scotch Art. Let but each man do his best according to the measure of his given power, doing with his might what his own genius findeth to do. If he cannot climb the mountain let him labour faithfully in the valley; if he be not equal to an epic let him give us a song. And so may we yet preserve a noble School of Scotch painting worthy of its mighty masters gone,—of Thomson and Naysmith, of Wilkie, Raeburn, Allan, Duncan, Scott.

**PRACTICAL WORKS OF ADAMS AND WARD, THE
PURITAN DIVINES.***

THE great success of this excellent series of the Puritan Divines has been already recorded. The number of subscribers exceeds six thousand, and the spirited publisher, Mr James Nichol, is further improving the work by such additions as place it in the foremost rank of re-issues. We may refer to the complete indices which accompany these collected works, probably the labour of the general editor, the Rev. Thomas Smith; and also the Sermons and Treatises, with Memoir, of the Rev. Samuel Ward, given in the present volume. This proves how willingly the publisher communicates to the subscribers a share of the profits, when his undertaking has so remarkably prospered. Ward's Works are thus a gratuitous addition, and one which will be prized by many readers. There is a special fitness in their accompanying those of Adams, a similarity of thought and method of treatment being observable in these two divines. The editor (p. lv.) indicates some important features of resemblance, amounting to coincidences of illustration, &c. We have now the entire works of Thomas Adams before us, with the exception of his celebrated "Commentary on the Second Epistle General of St Peter;" and this also we hope to welcome, in October, as it forms one of the "extra volumes" connected with the series.

Adams' "Meditations upon some part of the Creed," will be found to repay careful study; these occupy almost two hundred pages of the volume, and present a body of sound practical divinity. There are also eight more of his Sermons, two of which were scarcely known to be in existence, even by his chief admirers—but a single copy is preserved in the British Museum; these two, on God's Anger and Man's Comfort, were published in 1653, when the author was "passing a necessitous and decrepid old age, but his spirit was as bold and unbroken as ever." In that same year Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector.

Of Thomas Adams himself, but little is known beyond his writings. Probably the labours of the Christian ministry occupied most of his time, and left him neither leisure nor inclination to mingle much with the politicians of his day. Yet, as there is a fiery zeal manifested in his discourses, a hatred and indignation displayed against vice and idolatry in high places, that he must at times have been brought into collision with some of the men in power. How he thought and spoke we assuredly know, but what he did, and with what amount of happiness and social esteem, we can only guess. Even the year of his birth is

* The Works of Thomas Adams; being the sum of his Sermons, Meditations, and other Divine and Moral Discourses. Volume 3, containing Sermons from texts in the New Testament, and Meditations on the Creed. With Memoir by Joseph Angus, D.D., Principal of the Baptist College, Regent's Park, London. To which is appended, Sermons and Treatises, by Samuel Ward, B.D., Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge; Preacher of Ipswich. With Memoir, by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford; Vicar of Stradbroke, Suffolk.

Nichol's Series of Standard Divines; Puritan Period. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. Dublin: W. Robertson. 1862. Pp. 510.

unknown, and the first thing we can affirm of him with certainty, is that he was in 1612 a preacher of the Gospel at Willington, in Bedfordshire. The other dates connected with his life and ministry, are briefly summed up as follows:—

"That in 1614, he was at Wingrave, in Buckinghamshire, probably as vicar; that in 1618, he held the preachiership at St Gregory's, under St Paul's Cathedral, and was 'observant chaplain' to Sir Henrie Montague, the Lord Chief Justice of England; that in 1630, he published a folio volume of his collected works, dedicating them 'to the parishioners of St Bennet's, Paul's Wharf,' 'to Wm. Earle of Pembroke,' and 'Henrie, Earl of Manchester,'—the first a nobleman of Puritan tendencies, and the second the Montague just named, and the representative of a family known to favour liberty; that in 1633, he published a Commentary on the Second Epistle of the Apostle Peter, dedicating it to 'Sir Henrie Marten, Kt., Judge of the Admiralty, and Deane of the Arches Court of Canterbury,' and promising in his dedication 'some maturer thoughts,' never destined, apparently, to see the light; that in 1653, he was passing 'a necessitous and decrepid old age' in London, having been sequestered, if Newcourt is to be trusted, (*Repertorium*, vol. i. 302), from his living; and that he died before the 'Restoration,' we know; gathering our information chiefly from his own writings. That he was in request for visitation sermons; that he was a frequent preacher at St Paul's Cross, in services soon to be abolished, and occasional preacher at Whitehall; that he was friend and 'homager' of John Donne, prebendary of St Paul's, and an admirer of Jewell, and Latimer, and Fox, and Joseph Hall; that he loved and preached the great truths of the gospel; that he was a man of extensive learning; that he was a laborious pastor; that his writings were quoted in the commonplace-books of the day (Spencer's *Things New and Old*. London, 1658), and were apt to 'creep out' before they were published; that there is much in them to justify the opinion of Southey, who deemed Adams scarcely inferior to Thomas Fuller in wit, and to Jeremy Taylor in fancy, we also know; but again are we indebted for information chiefly to his own works. His too, is as yet the shadow of a name. The man we cannot see, nor have we found a witness that has seen him.'*

It is characteristic of his life that we detect no tokens of his activity apart from the labours of preaching and printing his discourses or Commentaries, and the indirect evidence of his fulfilment of pastoral duties, such as is afforded by his writings, showing an intimate acquaintance with what was needful to be done. The absence of any record of interferences with affairs of state and political quarrels is gratifying. He abode by his own work, and found it sufficient to employ all his faculties. His was a long life, certainly extending over the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., and part of the Protectorate, and probably commencing even with the stormy years of "Bloody Mary," if not with the last days of Henry VIII. (as is surmised). Thomas Adams was a link between the first race of Protestant divines and the Puritans of the Civil War, and we need not be surprised if we find him, by some peculiarities, distinguished from the latter class, although he must have always been approximating towards them

* Memoir, by Rev. Dr Joseph Angus, prefixed to Vol. 8 of Adams' Works. P. x.

by his earnestness and evangelical bias. The inclination to indulgence in pedantry and overstrained subtlety of wit marks the period of James I., and the closing years of Queen Elizabeth. The determined loyalty of Adams also dates from the same period. He must always have been, to a certain extent, isolated in his old age, for his political principles, and much of his style of writing, would be deemed antiquated by the more revolutionary thinkers who entered on a fierce antagonism as a sacred war. Yet now, when we turn back to the writings of Adams, we find a charm in him, quaint and vigorous as he is, which is not equalled by many of the controversial Puritan divines who succeeded him. He is a part of the literature of our country at a most memorable epoch, and we recognise a man of sound English heart and extensive learning, robust and ready, an able warrior in the battle against godless ignorance and sin.

Ward's Sermons had hitherto been unknown to us, and to most readers in the present day. As far as we have yet seen, they possess a quiet strength and directness that well entitle them to their place in the present collection. The "last words," or "Living Speeches of Dying Christians," which are given in the Sermon on "The Life of Faith, in Death," are suggestive and impressive. We extract a few of them. The chief force of the rest lies in their accumulative testimony:—

"Old Simeon's Swan-song: 'Lord, let thy servant depart in peace,' &c.

"The good thief, the first Confessor: 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.'

"Stephen, the first Martyr: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; forgive them,' &c.

"Peter, the Apostle: 'None but Christ, nothing but Christ.'

"Andrew, the Apostle: 'Welcome, O Christ! longed and looked for.'

"Polycarpus to the proconsul, urging him to deny Christ: 'I have served him eighty-six years, and he hath not once hurt me; and shall I now deny him?'

"When he should have been tied to the stake, he required to stand untied, saying: 'Let me alone, I pray you; for he that gave me strength to come to this fire, will also give me patience to abide in the same without your tying.'

"Cyprian: 'God Almighty be blessed for this gaol delivery.'

"Hilarion: 'Soul, get thee out; thou hast seventy years served Christ, and art thou now loath to die, or afraid of death?'

"Bishop Latimer to Bishop Ridley, going before him to the stake: 'Have after as fast as I can follow. We shall light such a candle by God's grace in England this day, as I trust shall never be put out again.'

"Bishop Latimer, when they were about to set fire to him and Bishop Ridley: 'God is faithful, which doth not suffer us to be tempted above our strength.'

"Martin Luther: 'Thee, O Christ, have I taught, thee have I trusted, thee have I loved; into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

"Peter Berger: 'I see the heavens open to receive my spirit.' And beholding the multitude at the stake: 'Great is the harvest; Lord, send labourers!'

"John Mallot, a soldier: 'Often have we hazarded our lives for the em-

peror, Charles the Fifth, and shall we now shrink to die for the King of kings? Let us follow our Captain.'"

Of the many other last words, a few betray a spirit scarcely commendable or Christian.

The Rev. J. C. Ryle, at the conclusion of his "Memoir of Samuel Ward," expresses a hope for the success of the scheme of republication of the Works of the Puritan Divines, which owes its existence to Mr Nichol. He wishes their extended popularity, for the sake of the Puritan divines themselves:—"We owe them a debt which has never been fully paid. They are not valued as they deserve, I firmly believe, because they are so little known."* And moreover, he wishes it for the sake of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain, "of every name and denomination," saying:—

"It is vain to deny that we have fallen on trying times for Christianity. Heresies of the most appalling kind are broached in quarters where they might have been least expected. Principles in theology, which were once regarded as thoroughly established, are now spoken of as doubtful matters. In a time like this, I believe that the study of some of the great Puritan divines is eminently calculated, under God, to do good and stay the plague. I commend the study especially to all young ministers. If they want to know how powerful minds and mighty intellects can think out deep theological subjects, arrive at decided conclusions, and yet give implicit reverence to the Bible, let them read Puritan divinity.

"I fear it is not a reading age. Large books, especially, have but little chance of a perusal. Hurry, superficiality, and bustle, are the characteristics of our times. Meagreness, leanness, and shallowness are too often the main features of modern sermons. Nevertheless, something must be attempted in order to check existing evils. The churches must be reminded that there can be no really powerful preaching without deep thinking, and little deep thinking without hard reading. The republication of our best Puritan divines, I regard as a positive boon to the Church and the world, and I heartily wish it God speed."

In which wish, with confidence, we fully agree.

April 1862.

BEDOUIN.

AIDS TO TRUTH AND CHARITY:

A VINDICATION OF THE WESLEYS AND WHITEFIELD.†

THE writer of this lengthy and somewhat intemperate pamphlet, dis-

* "To regard the Puritans of the seventeenth century, as some appear to do, as mere ranting enthusiasts, is nothing better than melancholy ignorance. Fellows and heads of Colleges, as many of them were, they were equal in point of learning to any divines of their day. To say that they were mistaken in some of their opinions, is one thing; to speak of them as 'unlearned and ignorant men,' is simply absurd, and flatly contrary to facts."

† *Aids to Truth and Charity*: A Letter addressed to 'William Fitzgerald, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross,' being a Vindication of John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, and their people, against his censures, contained in a volume entitled "*Aids to Faith*;" "edited by William Thomson, D.D.,

plays more controversial bitterness than consorts with the designation, "*Aids to Charity*," whilst attacking the Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross. There is ability of a certain kind apparent. It must be confessed, however, that the few remarks on Whitefield and the Wesleys, which furnish the pretext for this Vindication, were not such as to demand so very lengthy and fierce a rejoinder. Mr Jackson has frequently appeared as a writer; the titles of no less than nineteen books or pamphlets by him are given, and having previously taken upon himself to publish a "*Vindication*" of the Wesleyans against what he calls the "*misrepresentations and censures*" of Dr Pusey, he now puts himself forward as an antagonist of the Rev. Dr William Fitzgerald. Surely in so large a space as seventy-eight pages, 8vo, something more might have been done for the men whose services are supposed to have been called in question. Not that we by any means regard the pamphlet as undeserving of attention, but it is scarcely worthy of the subject.—The remarks by Dr Fitzgerald have angered Mr Thomas Jackson, and he declares that they "will inflict a grievous injury upon a body of Christian people, who desire to live peaceably with all men, and to give no unnecessary offence to either Jew or Gentile, or to the Church of God."—(P. 7.) The remarks in question appear in the Lord Bishop of Cork's article "on the Study of the Evidences of Christianity," in the excellent volume entitled "*Aids to Faith*"—written in refutation of "*Essays and Reviews*." Not many readers of "*Aids to Faith*" could be found to agree with Thomas Jackson, in believing that any deliberate attack is made on the three leaders whom he is again stepping forward to vindicate. There is a Churchman's disinclination to regard them as entitled to the reputation of being the sole worthy champions of religious truth at that time; there is also an omission to recognise the sufferings and persecutions which undoubtedly attended the early Methodists in their labours, but no charge of malignity can with justice be brought against Dr Fitzgerald. That he has not so high an estimate of the intellect or the successes of the Wesleys and Whitefield, and "their people," as what is held by Mr Jackson, is not unlikely: but beyond the question of individual judgment or taste the matter scarcely extends, and the world is contented to allow the two writers to maintain their own opinions unchallenged, so long as no worse offence be perpetrated than disagreement.

Mr Jackson objects, 1st, to the Lord Bishop's account of the origin of Methodism, and of the state of religion and morals at the time. It is not often that he has the opportunity of damaging the Bishop by dissecting sentences, but he has the fortune now, and cannot afford to omit taking advantage of some ambiguities. It is amusing to see the amount of exultation with which he sets about the task of demolishing the Bishop. As he never succeeds in obtaining a similar chance throughout the seventy-eight pages, we will give this specimen of his "*Vindication*." And first, for the passage which he assails, from Dr Fitzgerald, who has confessed that "from a variety of unhappy causes,

Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol." By Thomas Jackson. London: Published by John Mason, City Road. Sold at 66 Paternoster Row. 1862. Pp. 78.

the state of religion and of morals in England, at the close of the seventeenth century, was lamentably low :”—

THE BISHOP, ON THE METHODIST AND EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT.

“Prelates forsook their dioceses for the . . . work of writing controversy, or asserting the political interests of their order—discipline became relaxed; parishes were neglected; and at the end of the century the Church found itself surrounded by a swarming population, and no adequate machinery provided for dealing with this mass of ignorance.

“It is not true, I think, that the bulk of the lower orders had been leavened with infidelity.* Their heathenism was negative not positive; they had been suffered to grow up in gross ignorance of religion; and it was during the prevalence of such evils that the evangelical reaction—commencing with the Methodist movement—began.

“But it would be an error, I apprehend, to suppose that it was Whitefield and the Wesleys who *originated* a Reformation. Long before them it appears manifest that a healthy reaction had set in. As the old panic dread of fanaticism abated on the one hand, and the necessities of continual controversy became less on the other, preachers insisted more and more on the peculiarities of the Christian faith as the springs and motives of Gospel obedience. Energetic efforts were made to build new churches and establish schools throughout the country; and (what is always a hopeful sign) some zeal began to be felt for foreign missions, and some sense of responsibility for the religious state of our colonies. A change for the better was going on. The case of Whitefield and the Wesleys was that of other energetic men whose names figure in history as the originators of mighty changes. They fling themselves into a great movement before it has become conspicuous to the vulgar eye; they put themselves at its head; they carry it on to extravagance, and thus accelerate and extend an impulse which they partially misdirect, and may ultimately spoil for ever.”†

Let us now turn to Thomas Jackson's comment. He thus falls upon the Lord Bishop of Cork :—

“These statements, my Lord, appear to me to present a singular combination of truth and error, and to be even self-contradictory. The effects produced by the preaching of the Methodist leaders are denominated a ‘Reformation;’ a term, I presume, which denotes a great and a beneficial change. This ‘Reformation’ is described as an ‘*evangelical reaction*,’ ‘*commencing* with the Methodist movement;’ and it ‘*began*,’ ‘during the prevalence’ of practical ‘heathenism.’ Yet you tell us that ‘*long before*’ these men entered upon their career, ‘a healthy reaction had set in;’ and this ‘healthy reaction’ was of an evangelical character; for ‘Preachers insisted more and more on the peculiarities of the Christian faith as the springs and motives of Gospel obedience.’ This ‘healthy reaction,’ you further describe as ‘a great movement,’ which was ‘going on’ when the Wesleys and Whitefield appeared’ and ‘flung themselves into’ it. The Methodist leaders, then, it appears, ‘*began*’ the ‘movement,’ which was ‘*going on*’ when they ‘flung themselves into’ it; and ‘*commenced*’ a reaction which had set in ‘*long before*’ they were connected with it! So difficult it

* “Even that of the upper was greatly overrated. ‘The truth of the case,’ says Hurd, a cool observer, ‘is no more than this. A few fashionable men make a noise in the world; and this clamour being echoed on all sides from the shallow circles of their admirers, misleads the unwary into an opinion that the irreligious spirit is universal and uncontrollable.”—See the whole passage, ‘*Sermons on Prophecy*, sermon xii., conclusion.

† *Aids to Faith*. London: Murray. 1862. Second Edition. P. 49.

is to invest fiction in the garb of truth. In other words, the Methodist leaders began a reformation which they did not begin!"*

This is sharp practice. There will be great triumph and loud gratulation in a few "connections" over this word-catching dexterity; which is not of enormous value, we may acknowledge, even if legitimate. And is it really perfectly truthful?—is there no imputation of a meaning to the words in question other than the meaning which the author intended, and which the *Vindicator* could easily discover to have been intended, if he sought for truth rather than triumph—even though it were triumph over a Lord Bishop?

The acknowledgement of Whitefield and the Wesleys having powerfully assisted, by directing, the "healthy reaction," is not sufficient to satisfy such of their followers as Thomas Jackson, who desires the full recognition of these leaders, and the total disparagement of their predecessors. He resents as an insult the faint praise given by the Bishop of Cork. We are not called on at this time either to censure or substantiate it, but we may be permitted to say that, when read soberly and honestly, the words admit of simpler interpretation than has been afforded by the *Vindicator*. It might have been better if the clause—"commencing with the Methodist movement"—had been omitted altogether; yet if we read "with" as tantamount to "along with," or "in conjunction with," and if we also bear in mind that a tendency to the peculiar manifestation of religious enthusiasm afterwards called "Methodism" was making itself felt before the name of any particular person or persons had become associated with it, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving that it is quite permissible to speak of Whitefield and the Wesleys as not having wholly "*originated* a Reformation," although they may have laboured profitably in connection with it when it had begun. Nobody who wishes to understand the Bishop's words will have any difficulty. The justice of his limitation of praise within such narrow boundaries, is another matter.

The passages quoted from Bishops Burnet (1713), Gibson (1728), Butler (1736), Secker (1738), and, on the dissenting side, Dr Isaac Watts (1731), are weighty, and go far to prove the general deficiency in religious faith during the early part of the eighteenth century. But these passages also prove (for the Bishop's side) the earnestness of some at least, in the Church. We are quite prepared to admit that there was a need of such men as Wesley, but this without supposing that the Methodists enjoyed the monopoly of religious earnestness in England. That the brothers Wesley were sincere and exemplary men will not be denied by many, even of those taking exception to much of this controversial pamphlet. Quotations are given from Cowper, in laudation of John Wesley and of Whitefield.

Besides attempting to resent the implied allegations of these men being "weak," and "wild fanatics," guilty of "extravagance," (which involves a discussion of some important points of belief,) Mr Jackson enters objection against the Bishop for remarks concerning the "causes of their success," and the "Persecutions that were endured by the

* *Aids to Truth and Charity*, by Thomas Jackson, p. 11.

early Methodist preachers." As regards the last mentioned topic, he certainly proves that the sufferings endured were heavier than what might have been expected to try the fortitude of those who sought to convert a brutal populace from their heathenism. It was not indeed anything worse than what the "amiable but weak persons who have latterly been roving over England in the garb of Passionists and Oratorians" would have had to encounter, if they had been seeking to distinguish themselves "in the days of Whitefield's popularity." "Preaching rank Methodism on Kensington Common, amidst a shower of mud and turnip-tops"* is too mild a way of indicating the attendant sufferings.

We believe that to the exertions of the Wesleys, and their immediate followers, justice has scarcely been done in the article by the Bishop of Cork, who dwells more on the errors and extravagances of Methodism than on the service it temporarily rendered to the cause of Christianity. The few pages devoted to this subject in "Aids to Faith" might have received a better commentary than what they have found in Thomas Jackson's seventy-eight, if he had restrained himself within the legitimate bounds. But he desired to attack a Bishop, and to preach a sermon, as well as to laud the three men whom he supposed to have been disparaged. Hence the comparative failure of his pamphlet to impress the reader. Yet he had a good cause, and a foe-man worthy of his steel. We must await the coming of an abler champion of Methodism. It is probable that no deliberate attack was intended by Dr Fitzgerald, the temperate and manly exposition of whose own opinions contrasts favourably with the windy turbulence of the *Vindicator*. It will be seen, however, that we do not esteem this pamphlet valueless. He has furnished evidence that the times in which the Methodists appeared were felt to be times of lukewarmness, or indifference, or unconcealed repugnance to religion; also that the earnestness of the early Methodists (even when accompanied with manifestations of fanatical extravagance in speech and gesture) was superior to the brutality and bigotry with which they were often opposed by the mob, encouraged by some few persons in power; and, moreover, that the patient endurance of sufferings in the prosecution of their labours was such as to deserve our admiration, and to protect their memories from insult. By means of the extracts which he has given from other works, rather than by his own writing, Mr Thomas Jackson has done this much. It might have been better done, but we need not linger on his deficiencies.

THE PROVERBS OF SCOTLAND.†

THE proverbs of a country, we suspect, are quite as illustrative of the

* *Aids to Faith*, p. 50.

† *The Proverbs of Scotland*, collected and arranged, with Notes Explanatory and Illustrative, and a Glossary. By Alexander Hislop. Glasgow: Porteous & Hislop. 1862.

character of its inhabitants as its ballads. That often quoted speech implying that the ballads are more potent than the laws of a nation, is sheer nonsense. Without laws there would be no ballads, at least no songs. A barbarous people, whose only concerns are war and hunting, have their popular lays founded on these subjects only. A people civilized, free and happy, sing of the blessings which they enjoy. To prefer the making of the ballads, to the making of the laws of a nation, as comparative agencies, is as though one were to say "let me have the bill-posting on the walls of the city, and let who will look after its criminals." The bills and labels that stare at us from every boarding, only illustrate the extent and variety of the people's wants; and evidence their state of culture. The songs of a people are fruit of social well-being, not the seed of it. And the proverbs and wise saws and axioms of a country are as the flavour of its people's mind,—they give us a key to the national character when we make them matter of study, and we readily gather from them the characteristics of a people. The Spaniards, the Scotch, and the Italians, are the most remarkable in this matter of proverbial philosophy; perhaps the axiomatic literature of the Scotch is as good as any. It is impossible not to believe so, as we glance through Mr Hislop's admirable volume. We have here a great want supplied, this collection being certainly what it claims to be, the most extensive and systematic that has yet appeared. Henderson's excellent compilation, although it can never be said to be out of date, was capable of great addition and enlargement, by a competent hand. But, instead of eking and patching, Mr Hislop wisely undertook a volume for himself on a plan of his own. We have here first, the proverbs of Scotland arranged alphabetically, by their first words; secondly, the proverbs, as far as possible, classified into subjects; and thirdly, a glossary. We very seldom find a book put forward more modestly. It is quite apparent that much reading and poking about in odd corners, much shrewdness and quickness, and much persevering industry, were necessary for such a task as this; and we were not astonished on being informed that the work of compilation had occupied a good many years. Mr Hislop's own explanatory remarks, when these seem to him to be required, are lucid and felicitous; nor have we found occasion, in course of a most pleasant perusal, to disagree with his rendering of the Scotch phraseology in any one instance. The peculiar value of the work undoubtedly consists in the illustrative quotations from various sources, as from Kelly, and other gatherers in the same field, and chiefly and especially from the works of Sir Walter Scott. It is well worth while to read the book, for the sake of having it once more proved to us how vast was the knowledge of all Scotch lore and Scotch wisdom, possessed by our great Minstrel and Novelist. Mr Hislop gives us also, in many instances, the synonymous proverbs of other countries; and it is deeply interesting to notice, how people far apart express themselves on matters of general life and experience, almost exactly in the same terms. The work will be an enduring protest against the inability for either perpetrating or suffering jocosity

that the Cockneys allege against us. There is embodied in it the very essence of shrewdness and wit; and humour, rich and abundant, is in almost every page. Not alone however as a compilation, although as such it is of much value and importance, but as most readable and enjoyable, we commend to the public this elegant volume.

GOSPEL CONTRASTS AND PARALLELS.*

ACCORDING to the Memoir prefixed to the present volume, the Rev. Andrew Gray, minister of the Free West Church, Perth, was a man of no ordinary ability and usefulness in his day and generation. His life affords another example of the forcibility of the Scottish character under adverse circumstances. With many difficulties to contend with, almost from his earliest years, he attained an eminence and acquired a reputation creditable alike to his talents and to his perseverance. He was a distinguished student, a popular preacher and parish minister, a formidable debater in church courts, and a resolute secessionist at the famous Disruption. But like many other great men who have come and gone before him, his excellence is more acknowledged after his death than it was during his life. One would have thought that, from the important and manifold services he rendered to the Church, he would have received some prominent expression of its favour and gratitude—that he would have been elected unanimously to the Moderator's chair in the General Assembly, or would, at least, have received some honorary degree in recognition of his merit. But it was not so. And why was it not so? Was it because the Church contained such a galaxy of transcendent talent that he had to bide his time, which never came, till the greater orbs should have set beneath the horizon, and he should find himself in the ascendant, like the moon among the lesser stars, or was it that some of the ruling magnates imagined that from the character of his constitutional temperament, he was better out of the chair than in it, that both for the sake of his own and the Church's equanimity, it was expedient that he should ever fight with no higher decoration than that only of a "full private?" In our opinion he was very scurvily treated, in not being promoted to such an honour, and that ways and means were not adopted to obtain for him the degree of D.D. from some University, though it had only been from the other side of the Atlantic. From the high encomiums which have been pronounced upon his character and abilities by some of the leading dignitaries of the Church, we think it strange and unaccountable that he was never honoured with promotion in either of the ways to which we have referred. At the opening of the Free Assembly in 1861, Dr Buchanan made special allusion to the great loss their Church

* *Gospel Contrasts and Parallels*: Sermons by the Rev. Andrew Gray, Minister of the Free West Church, Perth. Edited, with a Memoir, by Robert S. Candlish D.D. Edinburgh: John MacLaren. 1862.

had sustained in the death of Mr Gray. Among many things beautifully and affectionately expressed of their deceased brother, he said: "His great force of character, his intellectual activity, the courage and energy of his masculine mind, his unbending integrity, his pulpit gifts, and his singular capacity in handling the often intricate public questions which were then agitating the Church, speedily raised him to a place of highest influence, not alone in the community to which he belonged, but throughout the Church at large." And again:—"In re-organizing the Church, and adapting its machinery and its laws to the altered circumstances of its new and untried position, no counsel was more valuable, and no pen was oftener employed than his. No pains, no time, no labour, did he ever grudge by which God's cause might be promoted, and the interests, and honour, and efficiency of the Free Church might be advanced." Great as he was, however, he was not great enough for the Moderator's Chair, or to have D.D. affixed to his name. But though it was not so, yet he sleeps as soundly, and is mourned as sadly by those who knew him, as if he had possessed both of these coveted distinctions. He lived in stirring and critical times—he entered keenly into ecclesiastical controversy—he took a prominent part in the affairs which led to the Disruption, and he died in the midst of his usefulness after long and painful affliction. We do not wonder, therefore, that many were desirous to obtain some memento of his life and ministerial labours. This has now been given in the shape of a goodly-sized and handsome volume of sermons, to which is prefixed a memoir of about a hundred pages, written by the Rev. Dr Candlish, the family friend of the deceased. The memoir appears to be candidly and judiciously drawn up, for though in reading it, one meets with an extreme laudation of the deceased, which is not given with equal generosity to other parties of opposite church politics, yet what may be regarded as the flaws or foibles of his character, are not passed over in silence, but treated with whatever extenuating circumstances devoted friendship could adduce or suggest. Of the character of the Memoir, however, we must say, that it is more a section of Church history than a biography, and that, comparatively, a small portion bears upon the Life of the Rev. Andrew Gray. His Life yet remains to be written, but we shall give an outline of what is here told, before referring to the body of the volume.

The Rev. Andrew Gray was the son of a stocking-maker in Aberdeen, and was born on the 2d November 1805. Like all eminent men before him, he derived from his mother the mental ability for which he afterwards became distinguished, and from his father that "tenacity of purpose" with which his temperament was so conspicuously marked. The mother possessed a "large measure of shrewdness and sagacity," and the father "was remarkable for conscientiousness and uprightness, and a firm adherence to what he believed to be right." His parents, though in humble circumstances, were eminent for piety, and their relations on both sides of the house were also noted for Christian devotedness. The father was a keen churchman, but most determinedly opposed to Church patronage, as the following incident will show.

When it was offered to erect Trinity Chapel, of which he was a member, into a Parish Church, with the magistrates for patrons, who had promised "to agree to such terms as might seem consistent with a large measure of freedom of choice on the part of the congregation," at a congregational meeting on the subject, in the chapel, at which the minister presided, and who, with many of the members, were favourable to the proposal, the doughty anti-patronist at once knocked the project in the head, by this curt, but emphatic speech,—“Mr President, it is the opinion of certain members of this congregation that *we'll be dam' as we are.*” And so they did. The result was, that the boon was rejected, and another chapel had the good sense to accept the offer.

Young Andrew, when about eight years of age, underwent an operation for a disorder in the eyes, with which he had been afflicted from childhood to so great a degree that he had to sit in darkness, and be led along the streets, and though a cure was effected yet he was left short-sighted in the extreme, and among his playmates went under the nickname of “blindy.” After receiving the first elements of education from his father beside the stocking-frame, and for a short time at the English school in Drum's Lane, he was sent to another in Long Acre, kept by a Mr John Paterson, a strong old light antiburgher, who bestowed upon him great care and attention, both in public and in private, as he resided in the same tenement with his father. Under Mr Paterson, Andrew made such progress in Latin, which he had exceedingly disliked at first, that at the age of fifteen he succeeded in gaining by competition, in Marischal College, the second bursary of about £8 or £9 a year. This, though a small sum, was doubtless a mental stimulus as well as material assistance, and by its means he was enabled to enter College. The Pilgrim's Progress was the first book he purchased with his own money, and was likely more highly prized than any volume he ever afterwards possessed. It was his own, bought by himself, and paid for out of his own pocket. Four years afterwards he took the degree of A.M., and had the reputation of being a first-rate scholar. He also carried off several high honours, among which was the Rector's prize for mental and moral philosophy.

Mr Gray had one advantage which some of his fellow-students did not possess, that of being dependent upon his own resources for his support and collegiate education, and this he managed by private teaching throughout the whole year. We say advantage, for however paradoxical it may appear to some, it is an advantage, as innumerable instances might be adduced to show. The *angustae res domi* call forth and quicken mental capabilities, which are dormant or in embryo, and qualify to a wonderful degree for the asperities and the necessities of life. Many a great man can look back upon his early years, and testify to the fact that self-help and self-reliance made him what he is. For some time Mr Gray officiated as substitute in the parish school of Cluny in Aberdeenshire, and afterwards he became master of the Seamen's school in Aberdeen, but which situation failing health obliged him to resign. While at college he was well known as a man of the

highest logical power, as well as of transparent personal piety and devotedness. A fellow-student writing of him says, that he was known as a steady champion of evangelical orthodoxy in the Hall, and of the evangelical party in church politics, and that he played an important part in the change which about that time took place in the character of the Aberdeen Hall. He completely turned the tide of moderatism among his fellow-students, and caused the evangelical party to attain the ascendant. A notable instance is given of his determination of purpose in successfully resisting the admission of a Professor's son into a Theological Society, because of the young man's flagrant inconsistency of character as a student in divinity. Though the result of this rejection was the bringing down upon Mr Gray's head the wrathful indignation of the young man's father at the time, yet he had afterwards the satisfaction of knowing, that the act however painful and disagreeable, had not been without its beneficial end. One day, after preaching in the National Scots Church, Regent Square, London, his old friend, the rejected candidate, who had abandoned theology for medicine, came into the vestry and "warmly thanked him for his noble consistency; acknowledging that he knew himself to be unfit for a Theological Society and Divinity Hall, and that he now honoured the man who had kept him out, for what he had done." While still in the hall subjects of ecclesiastical controversy began to engage his mind, and as if coming events were casting their shadows before, he came out in the *Christian Instructor* for November 1825, with an able article on the rights of chapel-of-ease ministers.

On the 25th June 1829, he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and in the following year he was elected by a considerable majority to be minister of the newly erected Chapel of Ease, at Woodside. The proceedings connected with the election having become matter of dispute, the matter was carried to the ensuing General Assembly, when Mr Gray's election was considered and confirmed. At the moderation of his call an unpleasant circumstance arose, which, however, ended in nothing. Certain members of the congregation brought forward a charge that in one of his trial discourses he advocated "the doctrine of the peccability of Jesus Christ." The charge was examined into fully by the Presbytery, before whom he preached the sermon as he had given it to the congregation. The decision of the Presbytery was to the effect that he was quite sound in doctrine, and that the charge had arisen from misapprehension on the part of those who made it. Here he proved himself a most indefatigable pastor in the fullest sense of the term. A large sabbath school was established, prayer-meetings were instituted, and a new spirit seemed to pervade old and young, in and around Woodside. The following incident will show what a hold the minister had on the affections of his people :—

"Some years after his removal to another charge, Mr Gray was returning from a visit to the north on the Church's business, and had occasion to pass through Woodside. It was late in the evening, indeed almost dark; but as he wished to make a call in the village, he left the coach, intending to walk

to Aberdeen. He was seen entering the house, which, in a few minutes, was surrounded by a great crowd of young people, all anxious to see his face and hear his voice again. He waited only to have a cup of tea, being in haste to have his walk to Aberdeen over. When he came out, he was pressed upon by the throng; and there being an open field before the house, he walked into it, the crowd still pressing him so that he could not speak to, or shake hands with, every one of them. 'I think I see him yet,' says the friend who was with him. 'He walked down to the middle of the field, and seemed unable to speak. But throwing off his hat, and lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he prayed. Soon were the young ones about him subdued to tears; and several of the group have told me since, that they never forgot that prayer in the field, when they thought the very stars in heaven were interested in it. We walked together to Aberdeen; and we were more than half-way on our journey before he could resume the subject about which we had been talking, when he made his call in the village.'"

A course of lectures on John's gospel, which he began to his people, and which attracted hearers from Aberdeen, was the cause of renewed hostility against him; not to the same extent as formerly, it is true, but yet to a considerable degree. His style of preaching was far different from what they had been accustomed to, and this they were not prepared or willing to allow. Mr Gray, however, "was not the man to conciliate, in any special manner, the leaders, lay or clerical, of the moderate party in Aberdeen. Even before he obtained a seat in the Church courts he was a troubler of their peace. On all public questions he was on the popular or reforming side." This may be somewhat exaggerated, but still it is certain that he was a laborious and thorough-going minister. While at Woodside he was married to a daughter of Mr Alexander Cooper, manufacturer, Grandholm, Aberdeen. She proved to him a true helpmate, both in his ministerial labours, and amid his diversified trials, and she now mourns under her sad bereavement, without a child to receive her affection, or to comfort her heart.

When the West Church, Perth, became vacant in December 1835, on the unanimous and earnest request of the congregation to the Town Council, the patrons, Mr Gray was appointed to the charge, and began his ministry there on the 14th July of the following year. Here his ministrations were generally acceptable, although he was regarded by some as rather rough and rugged in his manner, and who accordingly left the church and went elsewhere. Others, however, took their place, and the congregation continued much about the same size as before his induction. It is said that a change in the character of the congregation soon became obvious, for "an interest was manifested in religious matters generally, and in home ecclesiastical affairs in particular." Several causes might contribute to this, though doubtless the enthusiastic spirit of the minister was the main-spring of the whole. The church collections for religious purposes began to increase. The amount received during the first year of his ministry was £20, that during the last in that church was £150. This was at the Disruption, when he went out with the great bulk of his congregation, leaving only about 120 in the old parish church.

We are not disposed to enter into the history of the Disruption, which occupies so much of the Memoir before us, nor even to go any length into the account of the part which Mr Gray took in that great event. We would only notice one or two things more, in connection with his life, of a prominent character, before we turn to his sermons. At the request of the Assembly he drew up a catechism containing the distinctive principles of the Free Church, which it was intended should be put into the hands of the young of her own communion, and of others who might desire information on the subject. But the manual never became popular. After undergoing revision and alteration, and making frequent appearances before the Assembly, to use his own words with regard to the answer to the protest—"It was never heard of more." On account of infirm health he had more than once to suspend his ministerial labours, and seek the benefit of a warmer climate, but though he rallied from time to time, yet it was evident to all and to himself, that life was drawing to a close, or, at least, was not very far from the goal. In 1860 he returned from a visit to the south of Europe, and with some assistance he engaged in his ministerial work, but though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak, and he had to succumb. The pulpit had to yield to the sick-bed, and the eloquent orator to lie mute, a submissive sufferer, teaching by his example what he had often enforced by precept, that it is by faith and patience we are to inherit the promises. The sand-glass of his existence was fast running out, and no secret was made of the matter; it was evident to all who were permitted to see him. He spoke little of death, but it was not, therefore, absent from his mind. All his affairs and papers were arranged, and even the wages of his domestics were paid in anticipation of the usual time, so that his widow might have as little as possible to disturb her sorrowing heart when the sad separation should come.

The following incident is given as an example of his stern truthfulness and hatred of everything like deathbed display, but to our mind it contains also an unbecoming snappishness towards one who in the circumstances was deserving of being addressed in softer language and a kindlier tone. It was doubtless, however, characteristic of the man:—

"He was in the habit of asking for his little Bible every morning after breakfast. One morning, when he was too sick to read, Mrs Gray, in arranging the room for the Doctor's visit, naturally placed the Bible, as usual, on the table beside his bed. Turning round in his quick way, he said, 'What do you mean? Take it away. The Doctor will think I have been reading it when I have not.'"

The end at last came. Loving, faithful, and unwearied, his wife was continually by his bed, soothing his sufferings by every means she could devise—now singing psalms and hymns to him, of which he was very fond, and again reading a portion of the Word of life, for he was too weak to do either himself. Sabbath, 10th March 1861, dawned upon him, the last sun that should ever rise upon his earthly career. Calm and collected he continued till his change should come. His wife read to him the hymn, "My Redeemer liveth," and looking up,

he said, "That's sweet." Endeavouring to sooth her sorrow he reminded her of Him who is the widow's shield, and, as his biographer beautifully says, "when the bells were ringing for church, he fell asleep." Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

We close our notice of the memoir with the following summation of Mr Gray's character by his distinguished biographer :—

"To the prominent feature of his inner man, it has been remarked that even his outward form and bearing gave vivid expression. An utter abhorrence of display—a fixed purpose, or rather a rooted instinct, compelling him to seem always what he was—a noble incapacity of guile, and even of cautious reserve—such was the temperament that his blunt bold attitude strongly and stoutly bespoke. It was the habit of his soul; and, one might say, of his body too. To see and hear him at any time, whether in open debate, or in the familiarities of most intimate home fellowship—to see his keen look, and hear his clear voice—made you feel that he was one who could not but show what was in him, and speak all that was on his mind. Too much of this there might sometimes be for strangers, or for unfriendly watchers and observers. To them, he might appear abrupt and violent. And even his intimates might now and then shrink from his earnest vehemence. But no man could ever doubt his truth;—or distrust, I say not his word, but his very aspect and gesture, and the glance of his eye. He was pre-eminently a true man; unmistakeably, invariably, fearlessly, true. And he could well afford to be true; for his nature was as genial as it was genuine and guileless. There was no keenness of temper about him, no fixedness of purpose, no dogmatic confidence, or as some might think, even occasional opinionativeness, in his way of forming and giving forth his sentiments and judgments, no eagerness of disputation, no pertinacity apt to be mistaken for obstinacy, no intensity of excitement, looking almost like passion,—that was not all tempered by a heart as gentle, and warm, and unselfish, and loving, as ever beat in the bosom of any of the meekest and mildest of God's saints. His mental powers were acknowledged universally. He had an intellect acute and keen to draw sharp lines, and yet large and firm to grasp broad principles. A sense of humour and play of fancy would often break in to enliven discussion or debate. And the reader of the discourses published in this volume, while perceiving in them all evidences of strong sense and great power, will see in not a few of them proof of an imagination naturally capable of high flights;—and made capable of still higher, by familiar converse with the glories of Zion and Zion's King. Such as he was by original endowment, improved by most thorough training and sanctified by special grace, he gave himself to the business of life. Of no man could it ever be more truly said, that whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might: he did it heartily as unto the Lord. He was always in earnest. None ever sought his counsel or sympathy, or help, without finding that he threw his whole soul into the case. None who sought him ever left him without being the better for his wise head and warm heart. He was as ready to be useful and helpful in the most private and personal affairs of a brother, or of a member of his flock, as in the public counsels of the church. He was at the command,—not a part of him, but the man entire,—of every call of Christian duty, every claim of our common humanity. Into whatever he went he went thoroughly. His liberality was on a large scale, and it was systematic. In all instances in which he had occasion to make appeals, for his schools, or his church, or any other undertaking, he himself set the example, by giving more in proportion to his means than he could ask or expect from any other: and his private accounts show his stated contributions to religious and charit-

able objects to have been strictly regular, and of more than ordinary amount. But this was the least valuable of his services to the cause of God and truth. His pen, and tongue, and heart, and soul, were consecrated to it. In every righteous enterprise, for every philanthropic end, he was ever the foremost and the firmest to stand for high principle and resist treacherous accommodation. Hence the respect in which he could not fail to be always held. Some might dislike, and others might disapprove of, his proceedings. Even his closest allies might at times be compelled to differ from him. But all men always knew where to find him. None could deny him the tribute of esteem."

We come now to the Sermons, with regard to which we are told that they are published exactly as the author left them—that he had them all arranged, numbered and titled, and ready for the press, so that though they are posthumous, they are not imperfect. No apology can therefore be made that they want the author's correcting and selecting hand. No apology is necessary to gain for them a favourable reception from all denominations of Christians, for they are as perfect specimens of sound, evangelical, eloquent pulpit preaching as it is possible to furnish. The subjects are all of the deepest importance—the views taken of them are clear and scriptural—the language employed is correct and natural, and the lessons deduced are strongly practical and effective. An additional interest prevades them to that which their sound and solid doctrine conveys—that contained in the general title *Gospel Contrasts and Parallels*. Thus we have, "The Two Paradises," the one described in Genesis and the other in Revelation. These two are compared and contrasted with great beauty and force, under the heads, the *Rivers*, the *Trees*, the *Curse*, the *state of man* in each. Then again, we have the "Two Adams, or Adam and Christ,"—"Felix and the Jailor,"—"Peter and Judas"—"The two Jerusalems"—"Satan's prayer, and Christ's prayer"—"Death and Victory," &c., all of which are treated with the greatest fulness and earnestness, and in the most interesting manner. We shall take an example of the author's mode of discoursing, from the sermon entitled "The Glorious City." The text is Psalm 87, 3. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." Taking the church as this city, he illustrates his subject by showing that there are glorious things spoken of it with respect, first, to its erection, plan, site, and date; secondly, its defences; thirdly, its stores and supplies in their excellence, abundance, and source; fourthly, its king, in his name, person and character; and lastly, its citizens:—

"There are glorious things respecting the King in himself considered.

"1st, There is the King's name. 'His name shall be called Wonderful.' It is a wonderful name; it is wonderful for the many appellations of which it consists. Persons of rank, and especially those of royal state, often receive a sort of collective name—a name made up of a string of names. But never was name so manifold as is the name of Zion's King. He is Adam, Jacob, David, Israel; Jesus, Immanuel, Shiloh, Christ; the Second Man, the Mighty God; the Lamb, the Shepherd, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah; the Branch, the Plant of Renown, the Rose of Sharon; the Morning Star, the Sun of Righteousness, the Word of God, the Alpha and the Omega, the Amen. And these are not the whole. There are many titles and appellations behind. His name is also wonderful for its meaning and significance. The knowledge of it is a science that may exercise and

engross the highest intellects. It contains a world of wisdom into which angels desire to look. It is, as we have seen, a many-sided name; and every side of it presents the King under a new aspect. Each of these aspects is true; each of them is pregnant with some great and precious discovery concerning him; each of them has a doctrine and a lesson that are fitted to nourish and strengthen the love, or the trust, or the reverence, or the admiration, with which the King is regarded. His name is also wonderful for its virtue and power. Great signs are wrought, great things are continually done, by means of it. Salvation and life are in it to his people; death and destruction are in it to his enemies. It is a name to conjure with. Satan cannot stand before it. Armed with this name, the servants of the King can exorcise the fiend, and cast him out of men's souls. It makes the strong man flee from his palace, where for long he had kept his goods in peace. It is a name that heals diseases, that opens the eyes of the blind, causes the lame man to leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing. It breaks the gates of brass, it cuts the bars of iron, and sets the captives of sin and the devil at liberty. Yea, it is a name that forces death to relax its hold, and quickens the soul with a life that is eternal. It is a name that will lose none of its efficacy or lustre to the latest generations. No, it will never perish. When the memory of all other names has passed away, it will be fresh and new as it was at the first. It shall endure for ever, and be continued as long as the sun.

"2d, There is the King's person. A noble and majestic appearance corresponds well with royalty. Has the King much grace and dignity of person? If we are to believe the world, he has none at all. According to it, 'he is without form or comeliness, and there is no beauty in him that we should desire him.' But why should we believe the world? The world is blind. What regard is due, in a matter like this, to the testimony of the blind? There are better witnesses than the world. There are those who have seen the King—who have seen him with purified and enlightened eyes. There are those who do not keep aloof from him, or turn their backs on him, as it is the habit of the world ever to do, but who frequent his court, and have many opportunities of beholding him. We will listen to them. Their testimony is, that he is 'fairer than the sons of men,' and, in his personal appearance, 'chief among ten thousand.' 'His head is as the most fine gold; his locks are bushy, and black as a raven; his eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of water, washed with milk, and fitly set; his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh; his hands are as gold rings set with the beryl; his legs are as pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars; and his voice as the sound of many waters.'

"3d, There is the King's character. Every quality of mind and heart that can adorn a crown is found in him. He is a wise Prince. The 'Counsellor' is one of his titles; 'The Wisdom of God' is another. He is worthy to bear them. Solomon was only a type of him. O the depth of his knowledge! The subtle serpent has tried against him the game of policy a thousand times, and has lost it in every instance. The best laid schemes of that veteran plotter have been always baffled, and made to recoil upon himself. And O the consummate statesmanship by which the city is signalled! Whether we look to the code of laws which the King has given it, or to the measures he has taken in each emergency of its affairs, or to the skill with which he makes everything work for its good, we find reason to say that he abounds towards the city in all wisdom and prudence. He is as just as he is wise. The fatherless and the widow need no powerful patron to introduce them to his notice, and persuade him to redress their

wrongs. He judges the people with righteousness, and the poor of the city with judgment. His ear is open to the cry of all. He judges the poor of the people; he saves the children of the needy, and breaks in pieces the oppressor. He is also faithful and true. Kings are proverbial for not remembering their promises. But the proverb is belied in him. He never forgets. He never deceives. There may be some that escape the common reproach by seldom or never making promises. That is not his way. He does make promises—many promises—many golden promises to all the citizens. And he keeps them. He keeps them all. They are all of them *yea* and *amen*. His words are good; and his deeds are equal to his words. Hence his people are led to exclaim, 'The heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord; thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints. O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?' He is, moreover, a merciful Prince. He does not forget his own promises; but there are certain things which he takes pleasure to forget. These are his people's sins. He blots them out of his book with his own hand. 'I, even I,' he tells the city, 'I, even I, am he that bloteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins.' He is ready to forgive. He goes unparalleled lengths in his clemency. We need not add that he is gracious to all. Go to the very humblest people of the city, and you will find that every one of them has got tokens of his royal regard. O he is the chief among ten thousand! There never was prince to be compared with him for wisdom, for justice, for truth, for mercy, and grace! He stands alone among kings, far transcending the best and most illustrious of them all! 'O King,' we are disposed to say, 'live for ever!' 'O King, live for ever!' Well may the city resound with the cry;—'O King, live for ever!' The wish will be gratified. The King shall live; length of days are given him for ever and ever. In some countries the king, by what is called a fiction of law, never dies. But it is a fiction. The kings of nations die all of them; their pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of their viols. Not so the King of the holy city. He shall prolong his days, and yet never grow old. He shall prolong his days, in defiance of death. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his throne shall endure as long as the sun."

We close the volume with our humble testimony that the Rev. Andrew Gray was one of the most enthusiastic and indefatigable of labourers in the great Vineyard, devoting himself entirely to the cause of truth, more immediately in connection with that branch of the church to which he belonged. He was acknowledged to be one of its most active and efficient members, but we shall take the liberty to say that his labours were not recognised by the leaders of his party, as they ought to have been. He is now gone, however, where envy and ambition will not stand between him and his reward.

REMARKS ON THE SCHOOLMASTERS' ACT OF 1861.*

THE Parochial and Burgh Schoolmasters' Act of last year, like all other

* Remarks on the Parochial and Burgh Schoolmasters' Act, 1861, giving some Digest of the chief Provisions of the Statute. With an Appendix, containing the regulations respecting the examination of Schoolmasters-elect, issued by the University Examiners. By the Rev. J. S. Barty, D.D., Minister of Bendochy. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. * 1862.

Acts of Parliament, requires analysis and elucidation in order to be understood. Although the proverbial phrase of their admissability of a coach and six through them does not hold good in the present instance, yet there is an involution of reference, and a vagueness of statement in certain parts, which it requires a clear head and sound judgment to understand aright. Dr Barty has conferred a boon upon the Church, and the public in general, by publishing a minute and lucid exposition of this Act in the form of a shilling pamphlet, so that none may pretend ignorance on what has been the greatest invasion of the rights of the Church of Scotland since the days of the Reformation. The chief particulars which he has brought before the reader, in his admirable brochure, are the *Tests, Government, and Maintenance*, of the schoolmasters and their schools. The first two receive the principal attention, as little requires to be said on the head of *Maintenance*. What has been very greatly complained of in reading the Act, is the constant reference to former Acts, or "so much of them," or, "in so far as it does not interfere with," and such recurring phrases. Dr Barty states distinctly what these parts or clauses are to which this reference is made, and shows the alteration which has been effected, following them up with very sensible and pertinent remarks as he proceeds along. We shall best give an idea of his treatment of the subject by making one or two extracts:—

"Erastianism does not excite in us such terror as it does in many. In our view, there are worse things than Erastianism—such, for instance, as Sacerdotalism; but the Erastianism of this section (13th of this Statute) is somewhat too strong for our taste. Let it be observed, that whether the solemn declaration has been contravened by the Schoolmaster—that is, whether his religious instruction of the young has been inconsistent with the Holy Scriptures, and with the doctrines contained in the Shorter Catechism—is to be ultimately determined by the Secretary of State. Grave questions in theology and ecclesiastical polity, vitally affecting the character of the Parish Schools of Scotland, are to be conclusively disposed of by a Secretary of State, of whose competency to decide such questions the people of Scotland may know nothing, and may reasonably enough entertain some doubts. He may not be a Scotchman; he may have little or no knowledge of the character and working of our parish schools; he may not only have no sympathy with the summary of Christian doctrine and morality, contained in the Westminster Catechism, but he may despise it as a gloomy compend of Calvinistic bigotry; he may consider that all children are born 'good,' and that it is highly foolish to spoil their pristine innocence with any knowledge about original sin, or the necessity of an atonement and spiritual regeneration;—to such a judge, as supreme arbiter, may be committed the conservation of the scriptural and Christian education to be given in the parish schools of Scotland. The Secretary of State is finally to decide whether the schoolmaster, in the discharge of his functions, has done anything to the prejudice or subversion of the Established Church, or doctrines and privileges thereof. The Church, again, may reasonably doubt the competency of the judge, and may scruple to commit her doctrines and privileges to such guardianship, or care to compare in their defence before such a tribunal. . . . It is surely one of the most surprising things of the present times, that any portion of the Free Church could have approved of, or petitioned for, a measure embodying such a provision as that contained in

the 13th section of this statute. One thing only would be more surprising, —namely, that any conscientious Free Churchman could be found to undertake the office of a parochial schoolmaster, seeing that his religious teaching and opinions are thereby to be judged before an ordeal so intensely Erastian. Section 13th of the 'Parochial and Burgh Schoolmasters' Act,' in the 'purer times' of the Free Church, would have insured the speedy excommunication of its framers from the pale of that church. If it was intended by that Act to open the parish schools to members of the Free Church, a shabbier door of entrance could not have been presented to them."

There is too much reason to believe that the Parish Schoolmasters to a large extent thought themselves in bondage in being subjected to superintendence of the Presbytery, and some expressed themselves as being entitled to independence as much as the Clergy, and consequently were anxious for the new *regime*. But they surely did not know what it was to be. Instead of being under *one* judicatory, they are now under five,—as the proverb goes, "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Perhaps they wish to be back again. With regard to the power of the Presbytery to examine these schools still, we are told :—

"We understand that there is prevalent among our Presbyters an idea that their powers of superintendence and examination of our Parish Schools are diminished or destroyed by the new Statute. This is a palpable mistake. The general powers of superintendence vested in these by the Act 1803 (see its 19th section), are not only not repealed, but their powers of visitation and examination are really *in gremio* re-enacted by the new Statute. How can a Presbytery complain or prosecute, or concur with others in complaining against and prosecuting a Schoolmaster, without the unchallengeable right to enquire and examine into the manner in which he discharges his functions? By imposing such duties on a Presbytery, the Statute presupposes the existence of such a right. Indeed, the provisions of the Statute cannot be carried out unless Presbyteries possess this power. Presbyteries, however, may reply, that whereas they have no right to initiate a complaint, saving in the solitary case of the Declaration being contravened, and that whereas their opinions of the School and Schoolmaster, however carefully formed, can be of no avail, it will be time enough to enquire and examine when their intervention and concurrence are asked by the parties entitled to do so. The response is natural—not applying to the religious instruction given in the School, with regard to which Presbyteries can prosecute when they see cause, and over which, it is to be feared, a more anxious and watchful superintendence is more than ever necessary. No doubt it seems a strange omission in the Act, that Presbyteries, especially now that they are no longer judges, who of all parties named in the Act seem most competent to form an independent and impartial opinion of the School and Schoolmaster, should be denied the power of representing to the proper tribunal the cruel or improper treatment of the scholars, or the utter inefficiency and negligence of the Teacher. It was surely most unwise to reject this advantage of Presbyterial superintendence, and gained without any cost to the nation. Presbyteries may construe the omission as a personal slight (and it looks somewhat like that); but if, in consequence, they relinquish their wonted duty of superintending and examining our Parish Schools, they will injure their own position, and not be treating fairly the provisions of the new Statute. No doubt the Heritors and six heads of families are entitled to call on them to inquire and to investigate. This is a statutory duty imposed on them, and if any

Presbytery were so belated as to refuse to fulfil it, there can be no doubt that the supreme civil court of this kingdom, on proper application, would lay its *compulsitor* on the recalcitrant court. It may be further observed, that it seems quite inconceivable that Presbyterial superintendence could have been intended to be abolished by this Act, inasmuch as it substitutes no other superintendence in lieu of that of the Presbytery; the Heritors only in one case being entitled to call for the report of one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. We submit these views with some anxiety to the parties interested. If our Parish Ministers cease to take a kindly interest in our Parish Schools—to co-operate with the Parochial Schoolmasters in carrying on the education of our parishes—cease to encourage and aid the rural population in giving a suitable education to their young people—and if Presbyteries withdraw their friendly and unremunerated superintendence as heretofore given—we are persuaded that a fatal and irremediable injury will be inflicted on the character and usefulness of our Parish Schools."

We recommend every Parish Minister to provide himself with a copy of this admirable pamphlet on the Schoolmasters' Act.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—We understand that the Duke of Roxburghe has presented the Rev. Robert Buchanan, minister of Elie, to the church of Dunbar, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Jaffray.

Presentation.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Stair, has presented the Rev. Thomas Barty, M.A., to the Church and Parish of Kirkcolum, in the Presbytery of Stranraer.

Presentation.—Lady Elizabeth Melville Cartwright has presented the living of Minnimal, Fifeshire, to the Rev. Mr McGregor, of Paisley.

Presentation.—We are informed that the Earl of Zetland has appointed the Rev. John Gilchrist, of Dunbog in Fifeshire, to the vacant church of Clackmannan.

Induction.—The Presbytery of Dundee met in Wallacetown Chapel, for the purpose of inducting the Rev. Mr Adamson to the pastoral charge of that congregation. The Rev. Dr Watson preached and presided. The proceedings were of the usual formal character.

Ordination.—The Rev. John Wilson Hepburn, lately assistant in the parish of Kilmuir, was ordained as minister of St Clement's Church, Aberdeen. He succeeds the Rev. James Fraser, recently translated to Glasgow. The ordination discourse was preached by the Rev. Mr Duira. This settlement has altogether been a very harmonious one, and the Rev. gentleman was warmly welcomed by his flock.

Appointments of Professors to Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities.—Mr James Lorimer, advocate, has been appointed Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh; and Mr J. Nichol, of Balliol College, Oxford, to the new Professorship of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow.

Died, at the Manse of Crawfordjohn, on the 9th March, the Rev. William Goldie, in the 74th year of his age, and the 46th of his ministry.

Died, at the Manse, Clackmannan, on the 18th March, the Rev. Peter Balfour, aged 67.

Died, at Cupar, the Rev. James Wordie, D.D., one of the Ministers of Cupar, in the 68d year of his age.

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THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE, AND THE "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS" CONFLICT.*

"Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."—(*King Henry VI.*)

"A great deal of this Scepticism may be traced to undue conceptions and exaggerated estimates of man, in his powers, character, and capacity of apprehending truth. Such persons, going to an opposite extreme from Carlyism, forget 'how humble a thing it is to be a man.' They speak as if to him there should be no mysteries, and as if God were *bound*, as well as able, to expound himself fully to a being of such limited capacity, and selfish passions."—(*Christianity and Our Era*, by the Rev. George Gilfillan.)

§ 1.

In the two volumes published respectively by J. H. & J. Parker and John Murray, we welcome the authoritative answer to many of the erroneous statements, contained in the notorious "Essays and Reviews." Such a denial or refutation, from men occupying responsible situations

* I. REPLIES TO "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS:" with Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and Letters from the Rev. Robert Main, M.A., Pembroke College, Radcliffe Observer, and John Phillips, M.A., Magdalen College, Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford.

1. *The Education of the World.* By the Rev. E. M. Goulburn, D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School; Prebendary of St Paul's; Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c.
2. *Bunsen, the Critical School, and Dr Williams.* By the Rev. H. J. Rose, D.D., Rector of Houghton Conquest, Bedfordshire.
3. *Miracles.* By the Rev. C. A. Heurtly, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford.
4. *The Idea of the National Church.* By the Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D., Prebendary of St Paul's, and Vicar of Brompton, Middlesex.
5. *The Creative Week.* By the Rev. G. Rorison, M.A., Incumbent of Peterhead, Diocese of Aberdeen.

in the English Church, was certainly expected, and could not be longer delayed without encouraging the mistake that the sceptical sentiments expressed in that volume, were shared by many other men holding authority in the Church of England.

Both works, the "Replies" and "Aids to Faith," are entitled to respectful attention, and may be studied together with advantage. Although differing considerably in method of treatment, they have the same Christian aim of exposing error and establishing truth. In the decisions reached, after examination of the questions involved, not much difference will be found; despite the fact that some distinct sections of the Church are represented by the two groups of writers. But the "Replies" are more fiercely controversial in tone—more devoted to verbal criticisms and separate dissections of inaccuracies, than are the "Aids to Faith," which resemble elaborate treatises, taking consideration of the general bearings of the very important subjects discussed, and dwelling less on single details. Both assail Scepticism and overthrow falsehoods, but wage the war by different organizations of force. The "Replies" furnish a succession of hand-to-hand encounters, where no quarter is asked or given; each man sets himself vigilantly to defeat his antagonist, spying out the weak places in his armour, despising any assumption of invincibility and experience in warfare, while opposing weapons of fully equal temper, and a courage

6. *Rationalism*. By the Rev. A. W. Haddan, B.D., Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire.
7. *On the Interpretation of Scripture*. By the Rev. Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster; Proctor in Convocation, &c. Oxford and London: John Henry & James Parker. 1862. Pp. 516.
- II. **AIDS TO FAITH; a Series of Theological Essays, by several Writers.** Edited by William Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.
 1. *On Miracles as Evidences of Christianity*. By H. L. Mansel, B.D., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford; Tutor and late Fellow of St John's College.
 2. *On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity*. By William Fitzgerald, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.
 3. *Prophecy*. By A. M'Caul, D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, King's College, London; and Prebendary of St Paul's.
 4. *Ideology and Subscription*. By F. C. Cook, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, one of H.M.'s Inspectors of Schools, Prebendary of St Paul's, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln.
 5. *The Mosaic Record of Creation*. By A. M'Caul, D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, King's College, London; and Prebendary of St Paul's.
 6. *On the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch*. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, and late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College.
 7. *Inspiration*. By Edward Harold Browne, B.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, and Canon Residentiary of Exeter Cathedral.
 8. *The Death of Christ*. By William Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.
 9. *Scripture, and its Interpretation*. By Charles John Ellicott, B.D., Dean of Exeter, and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1862. Pp. 469. Second Edition.
- III. **THE FOES OF OUR FAITH, and How to Defeat them; or the Weapons of our Warfare with Modern Infidelity.** By a well-known author. London: Darton & Hodges. 1862. Pp. 400.

nowise inferior, maintaining the contest with impetuosity and valour, that promise well for the attainment of victory. It is a revival of the ancient heroic battles, where personal strength and activity of the chieftains engaged made the less-noted combatants regard each duel with admiring interest. We hear the ring of every blow on the harness, we see the rivets straining and the plumes shorn away, as edge or point of battle-axe and sword is alternately applied, and seldom without infliction of a wound. Loudly sound the war-cries above the din of blows, and we press near to see the issue. Against the same foe as these are meeting, the writers of the "*Aids to Faith*" bring up heavier bodies of troops, and from a more distant vantage-ground pour in their volleys of artillery, very damaging. The vast extent of the battle-field is forced on our attention. The individual figures of the champions opposed are no longer prominent. It is army against army; the Christian cause, with all its serried ranks of disciplined supporters, ranged against the whole rebellious multitude who are striving to desecrate all sacred things, and pave the way for the inauguration of Infidelity and Lawlessness, so that many-voiced Error may rule with her companion Sin. The dignity and resources of the armament are best seen in the "*Aids to Faith*;" but there is good service done by the "*Replies*," which, with all the readiness and brilliancy of uncompromising warriors, hew down many pretentious sophistries, and carry panic into the hearts of those sceptics who would gladly regard each of the "*Essayists and Reviewers*," as the Philistines regarded Goliath of Gath—even as one able to fulfil his vaunt against the people of Israel, saying:—"Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

That there is not much willingness to retreat manifested by the *Essayists* up to the present time, may be gathered from sundry particulars. In the first place, a tenth edition of their book now appears,—much reduced in price and more portable in size, to tempt fresh purchasers. 2ndly, the Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, who wrote the obnoxious article on "*The National Church*," furnishes a lengthy Introduction to a volume on the *Inspiration of Scripture*.* This is generally accepted as a token that H. B. Wilson does not retract or feel remorse for the observations which formerly exposed him to censure. Thirdly, an announcement was made in February that Mr J. Macnaught, late of St Chrysostom's, Liverpool, is about to publish "*a Defence of the Essays and Reviews*," with a preface by Dr Rowland Williams. Dr Temple, also, has appeared as a writer since the publication of the volume containing his contribution on "*the Education of the World*;" but his "*Sermons delivered at Rugby School*," (Macmillan), have been favourably received, and were not of a nature to provoke animadversion. Indeed scarcely anything, save his companionship with Dr Rowland Williams, Rev. H. B. Wilson, &c., earlier exposed him to suspicion.†

* *A Brief Examination of Prevalent Opinions on the Inspiration of the Scriptures.* By a Lay Member of the Church of England. Longmans.

† Once for all, let us repeat that we attach not equal measure of blame to the writers in "*Essays and Reviews*:" although they have all become partially amenable to censure by their own expression of a hope that "the volume will be

While these signs of activity in the Essayists' camp are appearing, many companies of Volunteers continue to advance against them, from all directions. Single champions, also, are numerous; some not quite so well equipped as the shepherd-son of Jesse (inasmuch as they possess only the leathern thong and handful of stones; without much human skill to wield them, or heavenly-mindedness and courage); some with earnestness of faith, sound learning, and fearless determination to search for truth and proclaim it whenever found. Among the publications, more or less worthy of acceptance, as destructive of fallacies or of wanton mis-statements, may be mentioned the Rev. J. W. Burgon's Introduction to his Sermons on "Inspiration and Interpretation," (J. H. & J. Parker); by the Bishop of London to his "Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology," (Murray 1862); and by Rev. Dr George Moberly, to "Sermons on the Beatitudes:" also, Lord Lindsay's "Scepticism, a retrogressive Movement in Theology and Philosophy;" Dr M'Cosh of Belfast, "On the Supernatural," (Macmillan); Principal Tulloch's "Beginning Life," (reviewed in this Edin. Eccl. Journ., April 1862); the series of separate Answers, by Fendall, Joyce, Dr W. Lee, Jelf, Huxtable, &c., (Saunders, Otley, & Co., 1861); "Bases of Belief," by E. Miall, (Hall, Virtue, & Co., 3rd Ed. 1861); and, by a well-known author, "Foes of our Faith," (Darton & Hodges), a book that bids fair to attain popularity. The number of pamphlets on the controversy was enormous, but these are now abating, and more solid labours are claiming attention.

Among the chief in importance of these works, are the "Replies" and the "Aids to Faith." They have passed into second editions, even in the few months since their first appearance. Much of this success must be attributed to the literary and ecclesiastical reputation of their two groups of writers, and the manner in which they come, as it were, especially accredited by the publishers, to give an official Answer to the book which has caused so much excitement. It is most probable that the "Aids to Faith" will retain a

received as an attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth; from a *free-handling*, in a becoming spirit [What biting, though unconscious, satire on some among themselves!] of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment." When we speak of the Essayists and Reviewers collectively, we do so with special reference to a few of them (*e.g.* Dr Williams and H. B. Wilson) who appear most strongly committed to this practice of a "free-handling;" and only in so far as an agreement exists with the said few is there reference to the other writers: viz., to those who (like the Rector of Lincoln College, or the present Head Master of Rugby School) might fairly have passed unchallenged for their individual expressions of opinion, had these not been affected by being published in conjunction with the more dangerous utterances of their companions in authorship. It is this lax co-partnery which has brought on such honoured men as the Rev. Mark Pattison, and Dr Temple, the odium of encouraging infidel opinions, by affording their countenance. It is a matter of regret that each fresh edition of "Essays and Reviews" extends the mischief—by maintaining the ill-assorted union of writers. If it be an injustice to involve the whole Seven in condemnation, which may only be due to some among the number, who but themselves have they to blame, as causing this injustice, by continuing in partnership with an ill-defined plea of limitation in liability?

hold on the public mind, when the stir and clamour of the controversy has abated, for the writings have more the character of matured treatises, than was compatible with the prompt criticism and forensic brilliancy displayed by the authors of the "Replies," necessary for the immediate and successful refutation of the Essayists. Both books have their own distinctive usefulness, and may fitly be received in company. There is more of personality and indignant sarcasm in the "Replies," as might be expected—but the "Aids" do not fail to administer severe chastisement at times, on those who are held to have offended. That the same high principle which has animated the "Aids to Faith," has also been recognised in the organization of the "Replies," may be seen by the remarks by the Bishop of Oxford, in the preface to the latter volume. Speaking of the alleged difficulties in the acceptance of certain orthodox views of gospel truth, to which attention has lately been redirected by the "Essayists," he says:—

"Such difficulties are to be set at rest in any mind rather by strengthening the deep foundations of the faith, than by the laboured refutation of every separate, captious, and casuistic objection, in which repugnance to all fixed belief of dogmas, as having been directly communicated by God to man, is wont to vent itself."—(*Replies*, p. x.)

He recognises the fact, which many of the other writers prove also, that the objections urged by the Essayists are neither new nor profound. That they are, in sooth, "old objections," the urging of which must of necessity, with our limited faculties, be possible against all revelation; and that, as such, they have been repeatedly answered. And he adds,

"That such objections to revelation should appear in this day, and should clothe themselves in the fresh garb which they have assumed, will not seem strange to thoughtful minds. Not, indeed, that it is other than a very narrow philosophy which would conceive of them as a mere reaction from recently renewed assertions, of the pre-eminent importance of dogmatic truth and of primitive Christian practice, or even from the excesses and evils which have, as they always do, attended on and disfigured this revival of the truth. To attempt to account for these phenomena by such a solution as this is to fix the eye upon the nearest headland, round which the stream of time and thought is sweeping, not daring to look farther; and so to deal with all beyond that nearest prospect as if it were not. No; this movement of the human mind has been far too wide-spread, and connects itself with far too general conditions, to be capable of so narrow a solution. Much more true is the explanation, which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist. For these difficulties gather their strength from a spirit of lawless rejection of all authority, from a daring claim for the unassisted human intellect to be able to discover, measure, and explain all things. The rejection of the faith, which in the last age assumed the coarse and vulgar features of an open atheism, which soon destroyed itself in its own multiplying difficulties, intellectual, moral, civil, and political, has robed itself now in more decent garments, and exhibits to the world the old deceit with far more comely features. For the rejection of all fixed faith, all definite revelation, and all certain truth, which is intolerable to man as a naked atheism, is endurable, and even seductive, when veiled in the more decent half-concealment of pantheism. The human soul in its greatness and in its weakness crying

after God, cannot bear to be told that God is nowhere, but can be cajoled by the artful concealment of the same lie under the assertion that God is everywhere, for that everything is God. The dull horror of annihilation is got rid of by the notion of an absorption into the infinite, which promises to the spirit an unlimited expansion of its powers, with the misty hope of retained individual consciousness."*—(*Ib.* p. xii.)

With quiet irony, the same writer makes the following observations concerning the patronising air with which the new Progressionists of the Essayists' and Reviewers' school, accept for direction the stammering utterances of the ancient world :—

"Nor in this system is all the former belief to be cast away at the rude assault of an avowed infidelity ; on the contrary, it is to be treated with the utmost tenderness. It is not even stated to be false ; in a certain sense it, too, is allowed to be true ; for there is nothing which is wholly true or wholly false. It is but one phase of the true—an imperfect, childish, almost infantine phase, if you will ; to be cherished in remembrance like the ornaments or the delights of childhood, only not to be rested in by men ; to be put away and looked back upon, as early forms which, as soon as the Spirit which had of old breathed through them revealed itself in rosy light, dissolved like the frost work of the morning beneath the full sunlight of noon. On this theory the facts of the Bible may be false, its morals deceptive, its philosophy narrow, its doctrines mere shadows cast by the acting of the human mind in its day of lesser light ; and yet, on the other hand, it is not to be scorned ; it is to be loved, and honoured, and revered as a marvellous record of the God-enlightened man in his infancy, in the comparative obscurity of his intellect, in his youthful struggles, and reachings forth after the truth ; only it is not to fetter his now ripened humanity. The man is not to be swathed in the comliest bands of his infancy.

"Thus no prejudice is to be shocked, no holy feeling rudely wounded, no old truth professedly surrendered. Rather, mighty revelations are to be looked for amidst the glowing feelings with which the past is fondly recognised and the future eagerly expected. Thus the pride of man's heart is flattered to the utmost ; thus the old whisper, 'Ye shall be as Gods,' disguises itself in newest utterances ; thus in the universal twilight all the fixed outlines of revealed truth are confounded ; the forms of Christianity are dissolved into nothingness, and the good deposit of the faith evaporated into a temporary intellectual myth, which has played its part, done its work, and may be permitted quietly to disappear amongst the venerable shadows of the past.

"Such a state of the human mind may be traced with more or less distinctness, during this century, everywhere in Christendom. It may be seen speculating in German metaphysics, fluttering in French literature, blaspheming in American spiritualism ; or it may come, as it has come amongst ourselves, with dainty step and faded garments, borrowed from one school or another of stronger unbelievers, as it was supposed that our less prepared minds could endure the revelation.

"The conflict between such a system and all true Christianity must be

* The conclusion of H. B. Wilson's "National Church," is connected with this pantheistic view of vague immortality :—"When the Christian Church, in all its branches, shall have fulfilled its sublunary office, and its Founder shall have surrendered His kingdom to the Great Father—all, both small and great, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose or be quickened into higher life, in the ages to come, according to His will."—(*Essays and Reviews*, p. 206.)

certain and complete. For, disguise it as you will, it is simple unbelief. Pantheism is but a tricked out Atheism. The dissolution of Revelation is the denial of God."—(*Ib.* p. xiv.)

This vigorous summary correctly shows the aspect presented by the school of thought represented by the "Essays and Reviews." The Lord Bishop of Oxford concludes his preface with a definition of the two distinct courses, which appear to him requisite, in opposing the present troubles.

"First, the distinct, solemn, and if need be, severe, decision of authority that assertions such as these [made by the Essayists,] cannot be put forward as possibly true, or even advanced as admitting of question, by honest men, who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God."—(*Ib.* p. xv.)

We formerly,* when reviewing the Lord Bishop of Salisbury's "Charge," considered the propriety of proceedings whereby censure has been directed against such erroneous teaching as that advanced by Dr R. Williams and the Rev. H. B. Wilson. It is a matter which may be fitly left for the Prelates of the English Church to judicially determine. There can be no doubt that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland would have early visited with an inquiry and reprobation the publication, by any clergymen in her communion, of what must certainly be regarded as heresy. The learned and zealous writer, from whom we have made the foregoing extracts, deprecates the mistaken supposition that it is a fear of any argument against the Christian faith, through the growth of free enquiry, which causes a recurrence to the decision of authority. He is convinced that "if such matters 'of faith' are admitted by us to be open questions amongst men under such obligations, [*i.e.*, 'to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God'], we shall leave to the next generation the fatal legacy of an universal scepticism, amidst an undistinguishable confusion of all possible landmarks between truth and falsehood." Again,

"It is not because believers in Revelation fear enquiry, that authority is bound to interfere. But it is to prevent the very idea of truth, as truth, dying out amongst us. For so, indeed, it must do, if once it be permitted to our clergy solemnly to engage to teach as the truth of God a certain set of doctrines, and at the same time freely to discuss whether they are true or false. First, then, and even before argument, our disorders need the firm, unflinching action of authority."—(*Ib.* p. xvi.)

Thus far the principle involved is a vital necessity for any church, as an Institution, to avoid multiplication of intestinal disturbances and relinquishment of all groundwork of belief, such as would bring dissolution to the society. It is not merely the Church of England endangered, but every other form of Church would be imperilled by the presence of such "free-handling" as that indicated. What follows appeals directly to the leaders who, by their learning and judgment, and well-grounded faith, are fitted to be the champions of Christianity against the assaults of scepticism, leaguely together in ignorance or wilful perversion of the truth:—

* Macphail's Edin. Eccl. Journ. October 1861.

"Secondly, we need the calm, comprehensive, scholarlike declaration of positive truth, upon all the matters in dispute, by which the shallowness and the passion, and the ignorance of the new system of unbelief may be thoroughly displayed."—(P. xvi.)

Here we might stop, merely adding a personal recommendation of the "Replies" and the "Aids to Faith," as being works going far to meet the requisition—a recommendation well deserved and heartily given. But some good may be done by examining a few of the objections advanced by the Essayists, and answered by their opponents. At present we confine attention to a few assertions by the Rev. Benjamin Jowett, and the refutations of these.

§ 2.

The popularity of the Essays and Reviews is not surprising. Men like to witness this defiance and contradiction of authority. If maintained awhile it is always certain to please a large number whose reason has little to do with adherence, either to one side or the other. It is sufficient for them that an excitement is provided by each new leader. As Robert Browning's Paracelsus expresses it :—

"His plain denial of established points
 Ages had sanctified and men supposed
 Could never be oppugned while earth was under
 And heaven above them—points which chance, or time
 Affected not—did more than the array
 Of argument which followed. Boldly deny!
 There is much breath-stopping, hair-stiffening
 Awhile; then, amazed glances, mute awaiting
 The thunderbolt which does not come; and next,
 Reproachful wonder and enquiry: those
 Who else had never stirred, are able now
 To find the rest out for themselves—perhaps
 To outstrip him who set the whole at work."

Of course, the objections are old objections; as the Bishop of Oxford has stated. Most of them are transplanted from German wildernesses of Scepticism—others are of the earlier and more rank vegetation favoured by English deriders of the Scripture, and more than a few are of a growth co-eval with the Christian Fathers of the first three centuries of Christianity, and were answered by those divines, as it seems to us, satisfactorily. But falsehood is long-lived. A lie, or even an error, is under the special patronage of one whose interest in the contest is too great to permit any neglect of so fruitful a source of mischief; therefore it passes on from age to age, not losing value by the circulation, but acquiring a sort of reputation by its mere antiquity. It is not creditable to the intellectual progress of the age—which we hear so much belauded by those who favour a "free handling" of the Scriptures,—that a multitude of Infidel objections, such as were advanced by Collins and other English Deists, long ago, and been answered; and which objections were eagerly adopted by Dr Strauss, with other German sceptics, (willing to outstrip their teacher if possible); should now again be presented for

popular acceptance by some of the Essayists,—men enjoying university distinction and clerical position. Either they know, or they ought to know, that a conclusive answer has been given, before this time, to almost every one of the revived cavils. The bold assertions, and the more insidious assaults of inuendo and implied difficulty, are neither new nor true. But it seems as though no amount of refutation were sufficient to expel the Lying Spirit when once it has taken possession. "This sort only goes out by prayer and fasting." What is observable is not the philosophic temper which suspends judgment during investigations; not merely Unbelief, a proneness to doubt; but, too often, it is the rank growth of an alienated mind;—an antagonism to truth which no amount of evidence can bring to an acceptance of Christianity. With perverse ingenuity are resumed all the fallacious arguments, the erroneous assumptions and perilous misrepresentations which have always been wont to hinder the spread of a saving and humble faith. The dark Spirit of Evil—the "Prince of the Power of the air,"—"that old serpent called the Devil," who is permitted to exercise dominion over intellect and direct depraving passions—is still busily employed, maintaining a grasp on the soul of man, making him stubborn in enmity against God, and in blindness to the truths of salvation. Apollyon, smitten by the sword of the brave Christian pilgrim, yields not early—though baffled. In such warfare victory is long contested; scepticism fights hard:—

"Destroy his web of sophistry:—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again."

The assertion of Dr Rowland Williams and the Rev. Benj. Jowett having pertinaciously repeated old and already-exploded objections, is amply proved by Dr Chr. Wordsworth in the "Replies," and by both Dr McCaul and Dean Ellicott in the "Aids to Faith." In "Essays and Reviews," we find the following passage, where alleged discrepancies in the gospels are enumerated by Mr Jowett, as indications that the synoptic Gospels contradict one another, and therefore cannot be literally correct:—

"The result is in accordance with the simple profession and style in which they [the Evangelists,] describe themselves; there is no appearance, that is to say, of insincerity or want of faith; but neither is there perfect accuracy or agreement.* One supposes the original dwelling-place of our Lord's pa-

* On this sentence Dr Wordsworth comments indignantly:—"The Essayist says 'that there is no appearance of *insincerity* in them, or *want of Faith*.' No appearance of '*insincerity* or *want of faith*' in these holy men, whose writings are received by the Christian Church universal as 'given by inspiration of God!' Admirable candour, most Christian condescension! But let us see whether there may not be here some appearance of inaccuracy and want of learning and ability, as well as of modesty and humility, on the part of a writer who deals thus freely with the Gospels. The Essayist would quiet our alarms by assuring us that though there are, as he alleges, 'discrepancies of fact' [Essays and Reviews, p. 426] in Scripture, yet that 'when we become familiar with them they will seem of little consequence in comparison with the *truths* which it unfolds.'

"We cannot accept the proffered consolation. For, surely the answer must be, 'If the documents are in error, what will become of the doctrines?' It is rightly

rents to have been Bethlehem (Matthew ii. 1, 22), another Nazareth (Luke ii. 4); they trace his genealogy in different ways; one mentions the thief blaspheming, another has preserved to after ages the record of the penitent thief; they appear to differ about the day and hour of the Crucifixion; the narrative of the woman who anointed our Lord's feet with ointment is told in all four, each narrative having more or less considerable variations. These are a few instances of the differences which arose in the traditions of the earliest ages respecting the history of our Lord. But he who wishes to investigate the character of the sacred writings should not be afraid to make a catalogue of them all with the view of estimating their cumulative weight. (For it is obvious that the answer which would be admitted in the case of a single discrepancy, will not be the true answer when there are many.)"—(*Ess. and Rev.*, p. 346.)

These objections are met *seriatim*, by Dr Chr. Wordsworth, (*Replies*, p. 446, et seqq.), after the general remark that—

"In the passage above quoted, the Essayist, as most scholars know, is only reviving the objections which have been often refuted already.

"Schleirmacher, De Wette, Strauss, Bruno Bauer, and others,—especially the English Sceptic already quoted,* who has anticipated the Essayist in almost all his allegations against the writers of Holy Scripture,—have made the same objections before him."—(*Rep.* p. 446.)

Hear also the learned and eloquent Charles Ellicott on the same:—

... "When, however, all these so-called contradictions are mustered up, they are but a motley and enfeebled host. We survey them, and we observe some as old as the days of Celsus, and as decrepid as they are old; others vainly hiding all but mortal wounds received in conflicts of the past, and now only craving a *coup de grace* from some combatant of our own times; some of a later date, and a more aspiring air, recruited from Deistical controversies of a century or two back, but all marked with uncomely scars, and armed with nothing better than broken or corroded weapons. There they stand; the discrepancy between two Evangelists about the original dwelling-place of Mary and Joseph, explained, and well explained, fourteen hundred years ago; the two genealogies, fairly discussed in ancient times, and in our own explained in a manner that approaches to positive demonstration; the blasphemy of the *two* thieves, disposed of very reasonably by Chrysostom, and since his time on the same or a similar principle by every unprejudiced commentator; the narrative of the woman who anointed our Lord's feet, first prepared for the occasion by the assumption that the narratives in all the four Gospels relate to the *same* woman,—an assumption regarded even by Meyer, and apparently De Wette, as plainly contrary to the fact. And

urged, in a recent sceptical publication against all such low notions of the Bible as this:—'A book cannot be said to carry with it the authority of being God's Word, if the same writer may give us in one verse a revelation from the Most High, and in another a blunder of his own. How can we be certain that the very texts upon which we rest our doctrines and our hopes may not be the uninspired portion of it?' [*Creed of Christendom*, p. 25.]"—(*Replies*, p. 446.)

* "*Creed of Christendom*, p. 101:—'In this place we must notice the marked discrepancy between Matthew and Luke as to the original residence of Jesus. Luke speaks of them as living at Nazareth before the birth of Jesus, Matthew as having left their former residence to go to Nazareth only after that event, and from peculiar considerations. Critics, however, are disposed to think Matthew right on this occasion.' And *Ibid.*, p. 97:—'The genealogy of Jesus given by Luke is wholly different from that given by Matthew. They trace the descent through an entirely different line of ancestry.'"—(*Rep.* p. 446.)

so on. When we survey such a company, and, are told that, at any rate, we should respect their numbers, their aggregate authority, their cumulative weight, an uneasy feeling arises in the mind that those who parade them must really be aware that there is something amiss with each case, that, however numerically strong they may be, it is disagreeably true that as individual instances they are disabled or weak. If so, is there not great responsibility resting on those who bring forward catalogues of such instances, and yet do not apprise the simple and the inexperienced that each supposed difficulty has most certainly been met over and over again, and with very reasonable success; that this array, so to be respected for its numbers, is really strong in nothing else,—a mere rabble of half-armed or disarmed men?"*

Be it remembered that the particular instances of alleged discrepancies have been selected by the Essayists themselves; that is to say, by them, following others who exulted prematurely while indicating such passages, that were supposed to be destructive of the credibility of Scripture. Yet the Essayists cannot hold their ground, even on this battlefield which they have chosen. One by one, the plausible objections are found to fail.

A full and most interesting examination of the question regarding the two genealogies of our Lord, as furnished by SS. Matthew and Luke, is given by William Gillespie of Torbanehill, in a volume published by Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh, in 1856.†

In this he considers "the distinctive designs of the four Evangelists," and with this clue to the labyrinth, arrives at conclusions which form a powerful vindication of the literal truth of the Gospel memoirs. It is a book of the highest value, the work of a practised and unfearful warrior, who has elsewhere fought bravely for the truth. It deserves to be more widely known, and especially at the present time, when such an answer to rash and faithless opinions is needed. Dr Chr. Wordsworth, in the "Replies," takes virtually the same ground of explanation, (viz., that "St Matthew and St Luke wrote their Gospels with different designs,") as indeed do others. (Conf. Dean Alford's "Intelligent Study of Holy Scripture," "Prolegomena to Greek Test.," &c.) Dr Wordsworth is here, however, necessarily more brief in his comments than Mr Gillespie, who enters into the depths of the subject, and anatomises the details of the Straussian objections in masterly style.

* Dean Ellicott, on "Scripture and its Interpretation." *Aids to Faith*, p. 417.

† "The Truth of the Evangelical History of our Lord Jesus Christ: proved, in opposition to Dr D. F. Strauss, the chief of modern disbelievers in Revelation. By William Gillespie, author of 'The Necessary Existence of God,' &c., &c. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1856."

Before quoting Dr Wordsworth's remark, let us repeat the dogmatic statement as regards the special objects of each Evangelist, in Mr Gillespie's own words. Proofs of the statement are also supplied by him:—

"The great special object of *Matthew* is, to prove the Messiahship of Jesus, or that Jesus is the Messiah promised to the Jews; in other words, to evince from the Old Testament Scriptures, or in conformity with them, taken in conjunction with the events in the life of Jesus, that 'this is Jesus the King of the Jews.' As a matter of course, therefore, *Matthew's* Gospel is primarily for Jews: First, for the Jews of that day, and, secondly, for those of all subsequent times. And as evidence that those who would attain to Matthew's end, must use Matthew's

Dr Chr. Woodsworth thus disposes of two objections made by Mr Jowett concerning

THE ALLEGED DISCREPANCIES IN GENEALOGIES, &c.

"If the Essayist had been disposed to treat this important subject aright, he would have reminded his younger readers that St Matthew and St Luke wrote their Gospels with *different designs*; the former for the special benefit of the Jews, and the latter for the Gentile world. This consideration alone would have saved him from two of his errors in this place. The Holy Spirit writing by St Matthew, dwells therefore particularly on the birth of Jesus at *Bethlehem*, the *city of David*, the city pre-announced by the Hebrew prophet Micah (Micah v. 2.), as the birth-place of the Messiah. St Matthew thus leads the Jews to acknowledge that Jesus is the Christ. He lays stress on the birth at *Bethlehem*, and with divine wisdom *omits* what is not relevant to his argument in that Gospel, the previous residence of the parents at *Nazareth*. The Holy Spirit, writing by St Matthew, *omits* that incident, but He does not *deny* it; no, with divine foresight He reserves it to be communicated afterwards, in its *proper place*, by a later evangelist, St Luke, in his Gospel, the Gospel of the *Gentile* world, to whom it would be welcome intelligence that the Saviour of mankind was conceived in *Nazareth*, in *Galilee of the Gentiles*. . . .

"The Evangelists (i.e. St Matthew and St Luke), says the Essayist, trace our Lord's 'genealogies in different ways.' He means to imply that they contradict one another.

"They trace 'His genealogies in different ways.' Certainly they do: and why? Because they had *two different designs*. The one, St Matthew, designed to show his readers, especially his Hebrew readers, that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised seed of Abraham through Isaac and Jacob, and that he was the king of the Jews, and came of the royal tribe of Judah, and inherited the royalties of David and Solomon, and of the other kings of Judah in succession; and therefore he traces His genealogies from Abraham through David, Solomon, Rehoboam, and others, who either were kings of Judah *de facto*, or *de jure* after the Captivity, and thus proves that the royal prerogatives of the house of David were inherited by him, and that He was the representative of the Kings of Judah by right of His birth, as the

means, it is to be noted that persons seeking to convert Jews, or Jewish-minded persons of the present day, to Christianity, pursue no other course than seeking to show, from the Old Scriptures, that they testify of Jesus—the very course pursued by Matthew.

"The chief special design of *Mark* is, to set forth and prove that Jesus was a divinely-commissioned teacher; Mark's medium of proof being the *miracles wrought*, and not the fact of Jesus's Messiahship. Mark's history was therefore, primarily intended for the benefit of Gentile readers, of that age, in the first place, and, in the second, of all subsequent ages. . . . It is to be noted, that the second Evangelist *proved*, by *setting forth*, with all the circumstances of *time*, and *place*, and *person*, the miraculous events he records. . . .

"The great special purpose of *Luke* cannot be so easily stated in few words: however, Luke's great purpose has relation to the development of the humanity, or human nature, of that Jesus who, born of Mary, had, however, been conceived by the Holy Ghost. Luke's purpose is, to detail the history of Jesus, as '*the seed of the woman*,' with a constant eye to the private or personal aspect of *the man*.

"In the last place, *John* has, for his peculiar object, the exhibition of the nature, or personal character of the Divine Logos, together with his character and offices, being incarnate: His nature, as the only-begotten, or proper, Son of God: His character and offices, as that true Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."—(*Truth of Evang. Hist.*, p. 25.)

only-begotten son of Mary the wife of Joseph, the heir of the royal race. This is what the Holy Spirit has done by means of the genealogy in the gospel of *St Matthew*.

"Are we to murmur against Him because He has been pleased to do *something more* than this? Are we to complain, because by the genealogy in *St Luke's* Gospel He has traced up our Lord's relationship to David by a line of personal connection, and has thus shewn that by natural descent,* as well as by royal succession, He is the Son of David; and further, has carried up His lineage through Abraham even to Adam and to God, and thus reminds the readers of that Gospel that *all men*, whether Jews or Gentiles, are one family, children of the same Father, and that as they are all by nature in the first Adam, so by grace they are all joined together in the second Adam, Jesus Christ?

"Ought we not, on the contrary, to be thankful to the Holy Spirit that He *has* traced our Lord's 'genealogy in different ways?' And what sort of interpretation of Scripture is that, which is blind to these benefits, and would teach us to censure and condemn the Gospels for the very abundance of the spiritual light which Almighty God has been graciously pleased to bestow upon us by their means?"—(*Replies*, p. 449.)

The objection regarding one Evangelist having mentioned "the thieves blaspheming" (Matth. xxvii. 44), while another has preserved to after ages the record of the penitent thief (Luke xxiii. 39), is given by Jowett more as an insinuation of the two accounts contradicting one another, than as an open accusation. It cannot but be held as intended to damage, considering the connection in which it is advanced. Of course, in reconciling the two statements, no real difficulty exists. We can easily understand that at first both the thieves reviled the Saviour, as mentioned by *St Matthew*; but that after awhile the patience and dignity of the Divine Sufferer wrought a saving change in the mind of one of those who were crucified beside him, and caused that rebuke of the unrepenting companion which is recorded by *St Luke*:—"Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly: for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." And he said unto Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!'

St Augustine had already answered such an objection against the consistency of the two accounts (*De Consensu Evangelistarum*, iii. 52): Of this we are reminded by *Dr Chr. Wordsworth*, who next meets the implied objection that the Evangelists "appear to differ about the day and hour of the crucifixion." "Appear! to whom?" he asks:—

THE DAY AND HOUR OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Certainly not to any who have carefully examined the subject. As to the appearance of discrepancy, it rests only on a misinterpretation of *John xviii. 28*, where it is said that 'the Jews went not into Pilate's judgment-

* "*Jacob* in *St Matthew*, i. 16, was supposed by ancient writers to have been the brother of *Heli* (*Luke* iii. 23), and on the death of the one, the other brother married his widow, from whom *Joseph* the husband of *Mary* was born. Thus *Joseph* was accounted the son of the one brother legally, as well as of the other brother naturally."

hall lest they should be defiled, but that they might eat the Passover.' Now, whatever may be the meaning of the words 'eat the Passover,' it is quite certain that *St John* places the crucifixion on the *same day as the other three Evangelists*.

"St Matthew says that the crucifixion took place '*on the day of the preparation*,' (i.e., for the Sabbath), (Matt. xxvii. 62.); St Mark says that '*it was the preparation*, that is the day before the Sabbath,' (Mark xv. 42); St Luke says '*that day was the preparation*, and the Sabbath drew on,' (Luke xxiii. 54.)

"What does St John say? 'The Jews therefore, because it was *the preparation*, that the bodies should not remain on the Sabbath-day, for that Sabbath was an high day, besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away.' (John xix. 31.) And again, St John says, speaking of our Lord's burial in the garden:—'*There laid they Jesus therefore because of the preparation.*'—(Ibid. 42.)

"Thus all the four Evangelists place the crucifixion *on the same day*, the day of the preparation, or day before the Sabbath. And yet the Essayist tells us that '*they appear to differ as to the day of the crucifixion*'!

"He asserts also that they differ as to the *hour*. He does not let us know the *grounds* of this assertion. This is one of the melancholy characteristics of this book. The writer brings grave charges against holy men, and he does not state the *reasons* on which those charges rest; and thus he makes it more difficult to deal with those charges," &c.—(Replies, p. 450.)

The objections advanced by the Essayists being mostly old charges revived, it is a fair assumption that what is alluded to as a discrepancy in the Evangelists' account has reference to the passages Mark xv. 25, and John xix. 14. "In the former Gospel it is said—according to the Roman mode of reckoning time—that '*it was the third hour when they crucified Him*,' that is, He was crucified at nine o'clock in the morning. St John says, that Pilate took his place upon the judgment-seat when it was '*about the sixth hour*.' And Dr Wordsworth justly remarks that the present is "an occasion for a writer on the '*Interpretation of Scripture*,' to remind his younger readers that, in order to understand the Bible, they must know something of the customs of the countries in which its various books were written." We have seen, on the contrary, what is the reiterated advice of the School of Essayists:—"Interpret Scripture as any other book." Without an extensive knowledge of much beyond what the Bible text immediately informs them, it must always be impossible to avoid mistaken views. This is one proof of the necessity that exists for an educated clergy.

"St John's Gospel, as all Christian Antiquity testifies, was written in Asia, and St John follows the Asiatic mode of reckoning time. Therefore we learn two things from St John's and St Mark's Gospels. We are told by St John that Pilate took his place on the judgment-seat at *six o'clock in the morning*; and St Mark informs us, that the sentence of Crucifixion was pronounced and put in execution at *nine o'clock*.

"Where is the contradiction here?"—(Replies, p. 451.)

It takes but few words to scatter mischievous assertions or insinuations, but only careful and oftentimes extensive labours in accumulating evidence, before the erroneous impression can be done away.

Let these few examples of "discrepancies,"—examples, we repeat,

chosen by the Essayists themselves,—serve to show that they are not unanswerable. In fact, the more closely the Bible is searched, and the more accurate becomes our knowledge of the circumstances referred to therein, the more convincing is the evidence of this truth. Those who are best qualified as judges, declare that it is far from being the fact that an increase is found in difficulties of reconciliation (of Scripture with Scripture, of Scripture with Science, and with Profane History,) as the labours of travellers, philologists, and other scientific investigators bring fresh material for study. And—as Dean Ellicott clearly states—we are not compelled, in the dispute with persons sceptically inclined, to go the length of asserting that “no inaccuracy, even in what all might agree in regarding as a wholly unimportant matter of fact,—a date, for instance, or a name, or a popular statement of an indifferent matter,—either has been, or can ever be, found in the whole compass of Scripture” (*Aids to Faith*, p. 417). We are fully justified in leaving with the objectors the *onus probandi*, that there are such inaccuracies existing. It is sufficient, that one by one the alleged inaccuracies in Scripture have been, with scarcely any exceptions, proved to be no inaccuracies at all. The same excellent writer adds:—

“We have no means of settling definitely whether a *posse peccare* in minor matters may, or may not, be compatible with a Divine revelation communicated through human media; but certainly till inaccuracies, fairly and incontestably proved to be so, are brought home to the Scripture, we seem logically justified in believing that as it is with nine-tenths of the alleged contradictions in Scripture, so is it with the alleged inaccuracy. Either the so-called inaccuracy is due to our ignorance of some simple fact, which, if known, would explain all: or it is really only an illustration of one of those very conditions and characteristics of human testimony, however honest and truthful, without which it would cease to be human testimony at all.”—(*Ibid.*)

The entire Essay from which we have taken the preceding passage, is one of the noblest contributions to theological literature that has appeared in modern times. The ripe scholarship, the calm judgment, the grave and convincing eloquence of Dean Ellicott will carry a blessing into many hearts and homes, and among all the “*Aids to Faith*,” none other will be more highly valued and more continually treasured, by the readers of this much desired volume.

The fulness and worth of his remarks in every one of his hundred pages cannot be over-estimated. The divisions of subject which he has employed may here be briefly indicated. Of his five Sections, the first is devoted to “the alleged variations in the interpretations of Scripture.” After introductory comments and definitions, and remarks on present attitudes and expectations, he shows that the amount of varying interpretations is much exaggerated—examining first the ancient and modern versions, and next comparing the earlier and later expositions. He proves that the literal and historical mode of interpretation was employed from the earliest times. In the second Section he considers “the characteristics of Scripture.” And here he examines the difference of interpretation in details. This diversity in unity he holds to be accounted for,—I. By the difference of the Bible from

every other book.—II. By the fact that Scripture often involves more than one meaning :—as shown by (1.) Applications of Prophecy, (2.) Types, (3.) Deeper meanings, even in historical passages.—III. By the fact that Scripture is divinely inspired. He next examines the assertions of opponents concerning the Inspiration of Scripture, as regards, first, the Testimony of Scripture in reference to itself; secondly, the statements of the Early Church; thirdly, the Subjective testimony. The affirmative observations on Inspiration are considered;—its Mode, Limits, and Degree. In the third Section are given “general rules of Interpretation of Scripture,” after preliminary comments, on the duty of prayer and necessity for candour. These rules are,—1st, *Interpret grammatically*; 2nd, *Interpret historically*; 3rd, *Interpret contextually*; 4th, *Interpret minutely*. Examples of each are afforded. Gradually emerge the supplementary rules, the great one being, 5th, *Interpret according to the analogy of Faith*. The fourth Section is devoted to the “Application of Scripture,” considered in reference to, I. Prophecy and Typology.—II. Second and deeper meanings.—III. Practical and special deductions. The concluding Section, the fifth, is restricted to “Grammar and the laws of the Letter.” In this is considered the general character of the language of the New Testament, as compared with earlier and later Greek; and also peculiarities of the language in details. In his concluding observations Dean Ellicott concedes that

“These against whom our observations have been directed will probably not be affected by anything that we have urged. The tone of self-confidence which marks their writings; the unfairness, or, to use the mildest term, the slipperiness that pervades their arguments; the really cruel and thoughtless way in which they have allowed themselves to scatter doubt and uneasiness; their utter carelessness for the feeble, and the unstable, and the many who, with all their frailties and shortcomings, still deserve the name of ‘babes in Christ,’—all these many painful characteristics make us feel that as far as they are concerned we have written and have spoken in vain. There are others, however, with whom it may not be so. . . . God grant that such may see and feel that these are no cunningly devised fables, no mere arguments put forward for love of controversy, no mere assumption of orthodox attitudes for the sake of self-interest, (untrue and ignoble taunt of embittered opponents!), but a statement of earnest and serious convictions, which deepen with deepening reflection, to which every fleeting day bears its tribute of increasing assurance, which every prayer quickens, every blessing stimulates, every trial confirms.”—(*Aids to Faith*, p. 469.)

Here for awhile we pause. In our next we shall attempt to notice some of the other articles more fully than we could now have done, save at the risk of too greatly enlarging the present article. On Dr M'Caul's excellent papers, it is especially desirable to speak. Even if the “*Aids to Faith*” had contained nothing but his “*Essay on Prophecy*,” and Dean Ellicott's on “*Interpretation of Scripture*,” it would have been a memorable volume—but the other contributions are of great value. We can only refer, in passing, to the admirable remarks of the editor, Dr Thompson, when he speaks regarding the mystery of the Saviour's Agony in the Garden, and the Last Words on the Cross,

(in the 8th Essay,—“the Death of Christ”). There is a solemnity, a beauty and impressiveness in many passages. “Ideology and Subscription” is an able exposition.

We shall return to these volumes ere long, and in the meantime recommend them to all readers who have felt interest in the Conflict with Unbelief that is now being waged, and which probably for some time will continue to occupy attention. It is not merely the “Essays and Reviews,” be it remembered, that are being discussed; it is the questions of a living faith, a community in belief and sincere worship, as opposed by the new school of thinkers and of workers. That book itself is chiefly important as being a manual of difficulties, for the opportunity it affords of surveying and answering the many phases of scepticism and error which are represented by its writers; who differ among themselves in sundry particulars, though temporarily united in a stand against what are still regarded as some of the essential articles of credit in the Christian religion. This claim on public attention is recognised by almost all who have written ably in defence of the faith.

It is well observed in the “Replies,” concerning the aims and effects of the “Essays and Reviews”:—

“Friends and foes, though with different motives, have alike contrasted the fragmentary and cursory character of their volume [*i.e.* the ‘Essays and Reviews’], with the immensity and unexpectedness of the outcry it has occasioned. But the contrast is surely a superficial one. The straw that is cast up by the stream may well be nothing, yet not so the current of religious feeling which it indicates. The book itself, it is true, deals thoroughly with no one subject, puts forward little that is new or original, was written with no idea of producing a panic or a revolution, simply *stirs up with an assumption* of intellectual and moral superiority *almost every possible topic of current scepticism*, while dealing seriously with no one in the list. It was merely a bye-work of able men, published with no particular purpose beyond that of accommodating a bookseller, with a sequel to an unfinished series [the Oxford Essays, and Cambridge Essays]. But the crisis of religious thought to which it belongs is of far graver import. And the publication of it will head a notable chapter in any future history of the Tendencies of Religious Thought in England.”*

The “Aids to Faith,” are not likely to be forgotten. Still, that the larger part of the controversial writings of the present time will speedily pass into oblivion is almost certain. But it would have been folly and cowardice if, at such a time of need, the champions had not come boldly forward and fought with their utmost ability in defence of what they believe, on good assurance, to be the truth. The battle is not yet ended, but the victory is by no means doubtful. Not all the warriors are invincible or duly called, but strength and purity of aim are plainly discernible, animating several among those who rally round the standard of the Cross. That they will be strengthened with other than their own strength, and purified by that alone which cleanseth from all impurity (Rev. i. 5; vii. 14,) we cannot doubt. “Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just!” is the verdict of the world’s noblest poet. We are told to “be angry and sin not!” (Eph.

* “Rationalism,” by the Rev. A. W. Haddon, in *Replies*, p. 348.

iii. 26)—let this be remembered! but also let us not forget that lukewarmness of zeal, and faithlessness, are deadly evils. Those who "are fearful and afraid" are bidden to depart from the army of the Lord (Judges vii. 3); the three hundred men have power committed to them so as to do all that might have been done by the thirty and two thousand, under a chosen Gideon. But the censure is not light on those who shrink back from the contest when summoned lawfully. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty," (*Ib.* v. 23). Nor is the penalty light for "the fearful and unbelieving," who are warned that they shall have their part in the second death, (Rev. xxi. 8). The contemplation of this can only be made with awe and humility, with earnest prayer, but with unwavering courage. The words of the psalmist abide with us for guidance, "God is our hope and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." He will not fail those who put their trust in Him.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, 1862.

J. W. E.

MEMORABLE WOMEN OF THE PURITAN TIMES.*

(*Second Notice.*)

"The untried spirit may despair
When trouble passes by,
And droop beneath its load of care
With vain and anguished cry;
But they who dwell with Sorrow long,
Repent them of their early wrong,
And bless the angel kind and strong
That trains them for the sky.

"Let those who long in sorrow bend,
Without a helper or a friend,
Believe that all things have an end,
Except the God of Truth."

—(Miss Piper's '*Hebrew Children.*'))

In a former paper,† we spoke of that "memorable woman," the wife of Governor Winthrop, and traced her career from her birth in England to her death in the Massachusetts Bay colony, in 1646. We now desire to direct attention to the sufferings of other two persons, Anne Marbury and Mary Dyer, belonging to the same community, whose memoirs enrich the Rev. James Anderson's volumes.

Anne Marbury, wife of William Hutchinson, has secured the

* Memorable Women of the Puritan Times. By the Rev. James Anderson, author of "Ladies of the Reformation," "Ladies of the Covenant," &c. In two volumes, Crown 8vo. London: Blackie and Son, Paternoster Row; Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1862. Pp. 816.

† Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal, February, 1862.

remembrance of posterity by being the leader of the American party of Antinomians,—she is spoken of as the originator and prime mover of the controversy in New England. The bitterness and unrelenting persecution with which she was assailed during her lifetime, offers a painful example of the uncharitableness and bigotry of the Puritan settlers, who seem to have reserved all their hatred of tyranny for their own oppressors, and have had none to spare when they in turn became possessed of power to coerce others.*

A daughter of Edward Marbury, "sometime a minister in Lincolnshire, afterwards in London," Anne had many advantages of early education to fit her for the work which in time she sought to accomplish. Her father had written on prophecy (he published an Exposition on the Prophesie of Obadiah, in 1639) and her own thoughts were occupied with warnings and visions, even before she reached the shores of America in 1634. Previous to this she had been married to William Hutchinson, "a man of good estate and of good reputation, who lived at Alford in the neighbourhood of Boston, Lincolnshire. He is described by Winthrop as 'a man of a very mild temper and weak parts, and wholly guided by his wife.' This was written after Mrs Hutchinson had involved the colonies in commotion and confusion, and there is therefore room for suspecting that it may be a judgment not wholly unbiassed by prejudice. Mrs Hutchinson's mind had been deeply occupied in investigating and pondering the great doctrines of revelation, and she was esteemed a pious and useful member of the church." She was highly esteemed by Mr John Cotton, Minister of Boston, who has borne testimony to the respect in which she was held. Yet we are told that he was far from being wholly satisfied with her tenets, and that he had "censured her for three spiritual failings, namely:—that her faith was not begotten nor much strengthened by the public ministry of the Word, but by private meditations or revelations, that she had a clear discernment of her justification, but little or none of her sanctification; and that she was more severe in censuring other men's spiritual estates and hearts, than the servants of God are wont to be, who are more taken up with judging themselves before the Lord than others." (Cotton's *'Way of the Congregational Churches Cleared'*, p. 38–66.) Other witnesses attest her readiness to "slight the ministers of the Word," and indulge her "unhappy propensity to criticize the doctrines and gifts of the ministers of the gospel." We cannot feel much repugnance towards her for this "unhappy propensity" when we remember that her respectful esteem

* "The story of her life, among other lessons, while revealing the defects of her character, shows the danger there is, in times of great religious excitement, of the judgment being overpowered by a heated fancy, and betrayed into error and delusion. It again affords an example of the little influence which our own hard experience sometimes has in inducing us to extend to others the indulgence which we claim for ourselves. The victims of religious bigotry themselves, compelled by the violence of persecution to leave the mother country, the first settlers in Massachusetts yet displayed the same unhappy spirit of intolerance as their persecutors in England, by bringing the civil power to bear against every deviation from their own orthodox creed."—(*Memorable Women*, Vol 1. p. 186.)

was ever shewn for such men as worthy Mr John Cotton, and that she may have had to listen to the dreary and profitless harangues of many nonjuring preachers, on either side of the Atlantic, for whose windy doctrines and rank flowers of speech, so intelligent a woman could scarcely be expected to entertain much admiration or reverence. The enmity excited against her is easily understood, however; the freedom of criticism which she permitted to herself, would be especially distasteful to these ministers and their idolaters.

Soon after Mr Cotton had migrated to America (in 1633), Mrs Hutchinson with her husband and his family followed. With "the religious and ecclesiastical sentiments" of Mr Cotton she agreed almost entirely, "and his character and talents commanded her respect and esteem." To be still under his ministry, appears to have been her sole motive in proceeding to Massachusetts' Bay colony, with her children and husband. She had been exposed to no persecutions of any moment in her own land.

When nearing America, she shewed both her conviction of being invested with powers of foreknowledge, and her disposition to pass strictures on the lucubrations of two 'shining lights' who were in the same vessel—and whose euphonious appellations were Mr John Lothrop and Mr Zechariah Symmes. The latter, immediately after landing, did his utmost to avenge himself, by reporting to her disadvantage whatever her impulsive temperament had led her to speak during the voyage. She was accordingly refused admission to the colony, by Dudley, the deputy-governor, until she had been subjected to a searching theological examination, by Messrs Cotton and Wilson, the ministers. Although she scarcely satisfied them by affirming that justification must precede sanctification, she admitted that sanctification was an evidence of justification. On the whole they accepted her statement of belief as sufficient, and admitted her as a member of the church, November 2. 1634.

Her influence in the colony soon became so marked as to irritate those who considered themselves to be the only fitting and orthodox leaders. She was a woman whose value was soon acknowledged, "noted for her activity in performing offices of benevolence;"—"very helpful in the times of childbirth, and other occasions of bodily disease." Ever willing to aid whosoever needed her assistance, and possessed of skill and willingness, not only to minister to the body, but also to the religious wants of the sufferers, Mrs Hutchinson speedily established herself in the affection of a large number of the colonists. Meetings for discussion of the sermons heard on the preceding sabbath, had been customarily held before her coming to America. For awhile she abstained from attending these meetings, and incurred censure for her absences, and for having said that they were unlawful or inexpedient. It is evident that from the first she was exposed to the irritation of a system of *espionnage* and misrepresentation. To overcome the accusation of being proud and a despiser of ordinances, she next yielded to this custom of meetings, and established two weekly, at her own house, for the purpose of religious discussion and

prayer. At one of these, attended by both sexes, only men spoke; but at the other, which was confined to females, she herself became the principal speaker. We are informed that,

"She had many of the qualities of a popular public speaker. With the Scriptures she was well acquainted, and she had studied polemical theology with some attention, though her ideas were crude and indigested. She had a strong memory, a ready wit, and a fluent tongue. In her manners she was frank and open, in her temperament ardent, enthusiastic, and in her address bold, earnest, and impassioned. These appear to have constituted the elements of her success. So popular was she as a speaker, and such was the admiration in which her gifts were held, that the number who attended her were from fifty to eighty, or even a hundred, and she acquired a great ascendancy over the people.

"At these meetings, emboldened by her popularity, and injured by flattery, she began to promulgate peculiar opinions of her own, and to pass censures upon the discourses of the ministers *whom she had the privilege to hear.* [//] The peculiar opinions she taught were, first, That there is a real union between the person of the Holy Ghost and those who are justified: second, That sanctification can afford no certain evidence to a man of his justification."—(*Memorable Women*, p. 191.)

Observe: These "peculiar opinions" are here stated conformably to the accounts furnished by Mrs Hutchinson's opponents.

We may not any further follow her speculations in detail, but refer our readers to Mr Anderson's volumes, where the materials are ample for arriving at a judgment. We ourselves are more inclined than he is to severely censure the conduct of the men "dressed in a little brief authority" who hounded down to death this remarkable woman. Her good qualities and earnest desire to teach what she deemed to be the truth, were strikingly superior to the time-serving policy which too often characterised the movements of her persecutors. The motives (*vide pp. 194-5.*) which combined to urge them on towards their desired extirpation of heresy, were base and worldly; even on the showing of Mr James Anderson, who is disposed to interpret them as favourably as possible, while furnishing a plain exposition of some of the doctrines held by Mrs Hutchinson.

Evidently the freedom of her strictures on the ministers whom she was "privileged to hear," but whom she by no means highly valued, was the chief cause of the vindictive assaults upon her. We cannot avoid a conviction that in most cases her animadversions may have been well grounded: the trees are to be known by their fruits, and the proceedings of members of the congregations whose ministers she dispraised, became such as to prove how badly they had been instructed in the fundamental truths of Christianity.

The civil and ecclesiastical authorities were perplexed in the extreme. They were desirous of serving Mammon, and they were professing also to have the cause of religion at heart. Intolerant and envious, full of mean jealousies and fears, they pretended to be only actuated by a desire of Christian harmony, and for the sake of obtaining unanimity of opinion, they were ready to banish or imprison all dissentients. Themselves nonconformists, they abhorred any non-

conformity with their own creed. Ward (in his 'Simple Clobber of Agawam') gives expression to this feeling:—"I dare take upon me to be the herald of New England, so far as to proclaim to the world, in the name of our colony, that all Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and other enthusiasts, shall have free *liberty to keep away from us*, and such as will come, to be gone as fast as they can, the sooner the better." (Cited, p. 195.)

We cannot linger on the lengthy account of proceedings instituted, in 1636, 37, 38, against Mrs Hutchinson. They were both ecclesiastical and magisterial, the voice of synodical rebuke and the merciless arm of the civil power, united for predetermined punishment. She fought bravely against her oppressors, and rebutted many of the accusations: nay more, she afterwards even made a full and public recantation of much that had been declared erroneous in her belief and teaching, but the result was equally severe to her. For had it not been previously arranged to crush her at once and for ever, if possible? The Church of Boston (New England) formally expelled her, in the most insulting manner, and she was also banished from the colony. Her conduct, under these afflictions, appears to have been eminently praiseworthy.*

Her friends—for she still had many enthusiastic admirers, who had regarded her as a prophetess and leader in Israel,—anticipating some such termination to the prosecution, had purchased Aquetneck (afterwards known as Rhode Island) from the Narragansett Indians, with intention of giving her a safe refuge, on a spot where all varieties of religious opinion should be tolerated. After being released from custody she proceeded there, and, with a spirit unsubdued, taught and exhorted her numerous followers. If it be true (which rests on very insufficient evidence) that she now began to proclaim the unlawfulness of the magistracy, we need not be surprised or scandalised, as her sufferings from the overstrained authority of the Massachusetts civil power had not been of a sort calculated to foster moderation and kindness of feeling in her breast. It is probably a further calumny of her enemies: she had sufficient indiscretions of speech to answer for, without the addition of things falsely imputed. Moreover, that no commotion in Rhode Island followed,—no interference with her from the magistrates there, is surely a strong corroboration of what is said in her defence.

Her foes at Boston were not idle; they sent a deputation to confer with Mrs Hutchinson, her husband, and her chief adherents. But she had become hardened against any attempts at reconciliation. "She refused to acknowledge the Church of Boston to be a church of

* Mr Anderson says:—"That a woman of her spirit had no feeling of resentment against the instruments from whom she suffered so much in her person, her fortune, her comfort, her freedom, it would perhaps be too much to affirm. But her trials she bore with wonderful patience and magnanimity. After her excommunication, her spirits, which previously seemed somewhat dejected, revived, and she gloried in having been visited with that censure, saying that it was the greatest happiness, next to Christ, that had ever fallen to her. (See Winthrop's *Hist.*, vol. i., p. 258.)"—*Mem. Wom.*, vol. i., p. 210.

Christ, and evinced the utmost indifference to the higher censure of excommunication, which the church, in respect of her contumacy, might inflict upon her." "No professions of sorrow were ever extorted from her. The severity with which she had been treated by the ministers and magistrates, not less than the strength of her own convictions, rendered, it is probable, the quarrel irreconcilable."

In 1642 her husband died, and she soon after, with part of her family, removed from Rhode Island to the Dutch Settlements. For machinations were being employed by the Massachusetts Bay Colonists to bring Rhode Island into their jurisdiction, although illegally, and to her their success promised certain ruin.*

It was a wild and dangerous place to which the Hutchinson party removed. The rude huts which they hastily erected, were a mile apart, and "the Indians of the neighbouring backwoods testified their dislike" to the attempts to form a new settlement. She may have foreseen the fate awaiting her, for the workmen employed to build her house were terrified by the threats of the Indians, and in their terror abandoned her. She, however, held to her purpose, procured other workmen, and entered her home in the wilderness. Perhaps she relied on the fact of being at peace with these savage children of the soil, but that was no sufficient safeguard. The Dutch were at the time prosecuting a war with the Indians, and the ferocity of either party of the combatants was seized as an excuse for reprisals by the other. In one of the fierce aggressions of the Indians, Mrs Hutchinson perished. We subjoin the account which is given by the author, whose memoir of this remarkable woman has furnished us with material for the preceding outline:—

"A party of Indians, infuriated at the Dutch, who had conducted the war with unrelenting barbarity, came upon her dwelling, and though 'they came in way of friendly neighbourhood, as they had been accustomed,' knowing her and her family to be English, yet they fell upon the defenceless inmates with implacable fury, in August 1643; one of the perils attending the settlement of colonies in the neighbourhood of savages, and fatal to many families on the first settlements in the New World. There were in the house at the time, Mr Collins, his wife, their children, and the other members of Mrs Hutchinson's family, who had accompanied her in all her wanderings, together with such of the members of two other families, Throckmorton and Cornhill's, as were at home. The number present was in all sixteen persons, not one of whom, probably, had ever wronged an Indian. All perished except one of Mrs Hutchinson's daughter's children, a girl about eight years of age, who was carried into captivity [in which she remained four years, before being rescued by the Dutch, and restored to her friends]. The Indians then collected the cattle of their murdered victims into the houses, and burned them alive by setting the houses on fire.

* "Mrs Hutchinson and her friends had got some notice of this design. Their alarm was excited. Their influence would be too feeble to thwart a measure which, if carried, would inevitably issue in their expulsion from Rhode Island by the Massachusetts colony, which would then be all powerful to crush them. Accordingly, many of them went to Long Island and the Dutch Settlements, in the hope that in those parts they might profess and propagate their peculiar religious tenets without the risk of molestation. The same motive, it is believed, induced Mrs Hutchinson to remove in quest of a new habitation."—(P. 215.)

The slaughter would have been greater had it not been for the arrival of a boat while the tragedy was enacting, into which several women and children fled, and by this means were saved; but two of the boat's crew going up to the houses, with the humane intention of doing what they could to save these defenceless people, were shot by the Indians."—(P. 217.)

The wicked exultation of the old enemies of Mrs Hutchinson must not be forgotten:—

"It may well excite the sigh of the reflecting and compassionate, to think that when the tidings of this melancholy event, which ought to have called forth feelings of profound and universal sorrow, and which, one might suppose, would have softened the hearts of the bitterest foes, were brought to Massachusetts, Mrs Hutchinson's opponents, instead of dropping a tear over her fate, and doing her the justice to acknowledge the virtues she possessed, converted the event into a cause of new triumph. Those of them who pretended to be learned in the reading of Providence, pointed to it as a retributive dispensation, as a terrible token of the vengeance of Heaven against obstinate persistence in heresy.* On account of her pride she had been given over to the delusions of fearful error. To reclaim her she had been reasoned with by men skilful in argument and powerful in persuasion; and this being ineffectual, the discipline of the church and the sword of the State had been brought to bear upon her. These also failing, she was still the object of prayer, and was still dealt with in the hope that she might be recovered to the acknowledgement of the truth. But turning a deaf ear to all counsel, she was given up by God to the devices of her own heart, and she went down to death under the outpouring of the vials of his wrath. Such was the tenor of the reasoning of her opponents. In daring thus to approach and to decide upon a subject so solemn and so awful, on which they had no means of arriving at a certain knowledge, they were not a little presumptuous, and betrayed the heartlessness and bitterness engendered by religious animosity and prejudice. Did it never occur to these men that by driving Mrs Hutchinson beyond the pale of civilization, and compelling her, in order to enjoy freedom of religious sentiment, one of the primordial rights of mankind, to settle in a part of the wilderness where she was peculiarly exposed to personal danger, they were themselves implicated in the guilt of her tragic death?"—(P. 218.)

This summary of the contention which arose among the Puritan settlers of Boston, partly serves to show how fiercely they could persecute when they had themselves become relieved from persecution. But a more horrible stain on them is seen in the history of Mary Dyer, whom they murdered in cold blood, 1660, hanging her and other "Quakers" on a gibbet, for no other cause, real or assigned, than that they professed themselves members of that "Society of Friends" which in many respects adheres most closely to the commandments of our Lord. Well may the Rev. J. B. Marsden, in his history of the Early Puritans, affirm, regarding the execution or judicial murder of Mary Dyer, that "the brand of that day's infamy will never disappear from the annals of Massachusetts, nor from the story of the Pilgrim Fathers."

But we must reserve consideration of that narrative to another opportunity. It is sufficient if we have led some few readers to turn attention to the struggles and the constancy of such women as

* "Welde, in his *Rise, Reign, and Ruin of the Antinomians*, records her death with a rancorous fanaticism."

Margaret Winthrop, Anne Hutchinson, and Mary Dyer, each estimable in her separate way, not assuming to be "perfect women," but labouring steadily in their vocation till the hour came when they lay at rest in that Western Land where they had turned for shelter, and the silence of the grave enwrapt them. There let them sleep:—

"Hark! how the sacred Calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

"No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and restless wishes room,
But through the cool sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom."*

LOUGHBOROUGH, *April* 1862.

KARL.

MRS ROBERT BROWNING'S LAST POEMS.†

WE accept this volume of the *Last Poems*, written by Mrs Browning, with gratitude and sadness; sadness that is scarcely willing to express itself in words. She was endeared to us by her writing, the generous and lion-hearted woman, whose thoughts were ever noble, whose indignant scorn was poured out unreservedly on whatever seemed to her degrading and tyrannical, but whose love for what is beautiful and pure was manifested no less powerfully. Hers was truly a winning sweetness of melody, though not seldom she chose a rugged and unmusical abruptness. Her strange, wild, unearthly fervour enabled her sometimes to soar to the highest range of poetic rapture, and sometimes, in tearfulness and humility, to crouch tremblingly at the foot of the Cross, and speak her sorrow and her hope, her anguish and her faith, in broken sobs and in prayer, that was directed to a more than human ear.

Her growth in knowledge of art and command of her resources, if not rapid, had been sure, and no one who compares her early efforts, "The Seraphim, and other Poems," with her largest work of later years, "Aurora Leigh," or with the "Last Poems," which are now before us, will deny her credit for laborious perseverance in correcting many faults of taste, which are visible in her first writings. Unflagging was her growth in culture of the mind, absorbing into it all the varied knowledge of our day, yet never omitting to pay homage to the great sages of antiquity, by studying the master-pieces which they have bequeathed to us. In "Aurora Leigh," we find much self-portraiture—it matters not whether conscious or unconscious—so that

* Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*; suppressed stanzas.

† *Last Poems*, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: Chapman & Hall, 193 Piccadilly. 1862. Pp. 142.

we have in it a record of the intellect, ambition, and proud self-willed character of the girl—howsoever affectionate and confiding at heart; gradually developing into the large and richly-dowered nature of the woman, craving for love, though struggling against its claims; but, throughout, the veritable Poet. “Aurora Leigh,” a rich storehouse of such thoughts as have rarely been given to the world by one of the gentler sex, remains the chief work by which posterity will judge Mrs Browning. It may be conceded that occasionally she gave way to a vehemence of language that seemed and was unfeminine. Strength ceased to be strength, when no longer spontaneous, and resembled coarseness, but the few faults of this kind observable in her writings are atoned for by many triumphant outbursts of right feeling, that are winning sympathy in wish and effort from those awakened by her to justice and humanity; so that we would rather have her exactly as she chose to be, sooner than curb her into a mere model of propriety at the risk of silencing her nobler utterances. Such as she is—alas, to say, as she *was*! it will be long before we meet another to equal her in genius and generous enthusiasm for the cause of the oppressed.

Three distinct groups are visible, of the poems in the present volume. *First*, come the Miscellaneous Poems, “Little Mattie,” “A False Step,” “Void in Law,” “Lord Walter’s Wife,” “Bianca among the Nightingales,” “My Kate,” “A Song for the Ragged Schools of London,” “May’s Love,” “Amy’s Cruelty,” “My Heart and I,” “the Best thing in the World,” “Where’s Agnes?” “De Profundis,” and “A Musical Instrument.” *Second*, and chief in quantity, follow fourteen poems connected with the Regeneration of Italy. *Third*, are added a number of Translations or Paraphrases, mostly from the Greek,—Theocritus, Apuleius, Hesiod, Homer, &c. The paraphrases on Heine, with which the volume closes, have a playfulness and graceful ease that delightfully leads us into the bye-paths of fancy and recollection of childhood or earliest manhood. With one flaw only to injure its effect, the false rhyme of “visit” and “in it,” the poem commencing “My child, we were two children,” has all the liveliness of an original:—

“PARAPHRASES ON HEINE.

[*The last Translation.*]

ROME, 1860.

I.

“Out of my own great woe
I make my little songs,
Which rustle their feathers in throngs
And beat on her heart even so.

“They found the way, for their part,
Yet come again, and complain,
Complain and are not fain
To say what they saw in her heart.”

II.

- " Art thou indeed so adverse ?
Art thou so changed indeed ?
Against the woman who wrongs me
I cry to the world in my need.
- " O recreant lips unthankful,
How could ye speak evil, say,
Of the man who so well has kissed you
On many a fortunate day ?"

III.

- " My child, we were two children,
Small, merry by childhood's law ;
We used to crawl to the hen-house
And hide ourselves in the straw.
- " We crowed like cocks, and whenever
The passers near us drew—
Cock-a-doodle ! they thought
'Twas a real cock that crew.
- " The boxes about our courtyard
We carpeted to our mind,
And lived there both together—
Kept house in a noble kind.
- " The neighbour's old cat often
Came to pay us a visit ;
We made her a bow and courtesy,
Each with a compliment in it.
- " After her health we asked,
Our care and regard to evince—
(We have made the very same speeches
To many an old cat since).
- " We also sate and wisely
Discoursed, as old folks do,
Complaining how all went better
In those good times we knew ;—
- " How love and truth and believing
Had left the world to itself,
And how so dear was the coffee,
And how so rare was the pelf .
- " The children's games are over,
The rest is over with youth—
The world, the good games, the good times,
The belief, and the love, and the truth."

The concluding poem of the series has a melancholy interest, as being her "Last Translation;" the little touches of pathos in it have now gained a strange directness of personal application for at least one who survives :—

IV.

- " Thou lovest me not, thou lovest me not !
'Tis scarcely worth a sigh :

Mrs Robert Browning's Last Poems.

Let me look in thy face, and no king in his place
Is a gladder man than I.

"Thou hatest me well, thou hatest me well—
Thy little red mouth has told:
Let it reach me a kiss, and, however it is,
My child, I am well consoled."

v.

"My own sweet love, if thou in the grave,
The darksome grave, wilt be,
Then will I go down by the side, and crave
Love-room for thee and me.

"I kiss and caress and press thee wild,
Thou still, thou cold, thou white!
I wail, I tremble, and weeping mild,
Turn to a corpse at the right.

"The Dead stand up, the midnight calls,
They dance in airy swarms—
We two keep still where the grave-shade falls,
And I lie on in thine arms.

"The Dead stand up, the Judgment-day
Bids such to weal or woe—
But nought shall trouble us where we stay
Embraced and embracing below."

VI.

"The years they come and go,
The races drop in the grave,
Yet never the love doth so,
Which here in my heart I have.

"Could I see thee but once, one day,
And sink down so on my knee,
And die in thy sight while I say,
'Lady, I love but thee!'"

The political poems, regarding Italy, will not be such general favourites as the rest, but have the stamp of Mrs Browning's peculiar genius, and attest her sincere love for the cause of Freedom and Unity in that "woman country, wooed not wed," concerning which Robert Browning also has spoken so lovingly. There is much to admire in her portrait of Garibaldi; brave, self-sacrificing warrior of the old heroic type; a man little fitted to cope with the astute diplomatists, who ill understood his rugged grandeur. "Parting Lovers," and a "Forced Recruit," are memorable and ably-finished poems. In the praises of Cavour we sympathise but little; the subtle, cool, and not very scrupulous statesman, whose conduct in regard to Nice is difficult to be palliated by any plea of expediency when at the sacrifice of honour. We better love to contemplate the simple strength of the soldier, who went back to his home at Caprera, unburdened by worldly honours, and perhaps with an embittered knowledge of having been insulted, wronged by the king whose cause he had aided so efficiently. And yet it was better so, better not to be repaid by men,

save in the way that men of selfish and sensual nature generally repay their benefactors. Garibaldi trusted his cause to a higher power. He had not wrought for the sake of winning personal applause or wealth, and needed not to complain when he beheld what was the requital of his patriotism. Nor did he complain. Italy, if neither Victor Emmanuel nor Cavour, knew his worth, and spoke gratitude by the love and valour of her bravest sons, who prepared to rally round him whensoever and wheresoever he might choose to raise again the standard of Freedom. And the end is not yet.

Tender and unaffected are several of the miscellaneous poems; some of the playful fancies of One who gave us "Ellie in the Meadow," with her swan's nest among the reeds. "The North and the South"—a grand burst of praise to Hans Andersen, such as none but a poet could give, and few save a poet be worthy to receive—formed the last song which this inspired singer gave to the world. "Little Mattie" seems a partial re-embodiment of the thought already more beautifully given by Robert Browning in his "Evelyn Hope," (vide "Men and Women," vol. 2.) "Amy's Cruelty," with "May's Love," have a distinctive grace, and the following is exquisite of its kind:—

" FALSE STEP.

- " Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart.
 Pass! there's a world full of men;
 And women as fair as thou art
 Must do such things now and then.
- " Thou only hast stepped unaware,—
 Malice, not one can impute;
 And why should a heart have been there,
 In the way of a fair woman's foot?
- " It was not a stone that could trip,
 Nor was it a thorn that could rend:
 Put up thy proud underlip!
 'Twas merely the heart of a friend.
- " And yet, peradventure, one day
 Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
 Remarking the bloom gone away,
 Where the smile in its dimplement was,
- " And seeking around thee in vain
 From hundreds who flattered before,
 Such a word as, 'Oh, not in the main
 Do I hold thee less precious, but more!' . . .
- " Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part,
 'Of all I have known or can know,
 I wish I had only that Heart
 I trod upon ages ago!'"

Our especial favourite of all, and most near to perfection, is

" A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

- " What was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?

Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon flies on the river.

"He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river:
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

"High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river;
 And hacked and hewed, as a great god can,
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

"He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
 (How tall it stood in the river!)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sate by the river.

" 'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan,
 (Laughed while he sate by the river,)
 'The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

"Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man:
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river."

The moral here expressed had before now appeared in the teaching of Mrs Browning's poems. In "*Aurora Leigh*," especially, it meets us, as the undertone of sadness, swelling ever on, often unregardedly, but making itself known at times; speaking the tragedy of a human life, a withering heart beneath the singing-ropes, an aching brow overshadowed by the laurel-wreath, the glory of fame achieved, but not peace, not happiness: the reed that was chosen by the god for utterance of the holiest mysteries, growing nevermore "as a reed with the reeds of the river." In such ways we learn

"How hard it is for women to sit still,
On winter nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off."

It meets us once more—this remembrance of "the cost and pain,"—
in the poem entitled

"MY HEART AND I.

"Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

"You see we're tired, my heart and I.
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our blood we drenched the pen,
As if such colours could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

.

"So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.
'Dear love, you're looking tired,' he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head:
Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

.

"Tired out we are, my heart and I,
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

"Yet who complains? My heart and I?
In this abundant earth, no doubt,
Is little room for things worn out.
Disdain them, break them, throw them by!—
And if before the days grew rough
We *once* were loved, used,—well enough,
I think, we've fared, my heart and I."

"Bianca among the Nightingales" has a fascination in its powerful delineation of a woman's passionate love,—a despairing outcry of agony. There is something terrible in its conclusion; so vivid is the impression of anguish, rising almost into a shriek of madness. Of "Lord Walter's Wife," what can be said, save that it is a vigorous and painful transcript of a nature that we love not to gaze on too

near? a Potiphar's Wife of modern times, dangerous, deadly. Such women there are, doubtless, (and Mrs Browning had hinted a sketch of one such, Lady Waldemar, in "Aurora Leigh,") whose influence blights the lives of all on whom they cast their baneful spell. "Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa!"

"Void in Law" has a plaintiveness that recalls to mind the beautiful poem of "Bertha in the Lane"—a tale that earlier won many admirers for Mrs Browning. The translations from the Greek are generally smooth beyond what might have been expected. A place in memory will be secured by the "De Profundis;" an extract can ill-convey an idea of its best qualities, but here are a few stanzas:—

"DE PROFUNDIS.

... "I knock and cry,—undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort—none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat plains,
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

"I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these Pilgrim shoon,
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

"Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it hath grown,
Some cubit space, and say, 'Behold,
Creep in, poor heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on.'

"What harm would that do? Green anon
The sword would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue: and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there, day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

"From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? may I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

"A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

"God's Voice, not Nature's! Night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days:
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

"He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all,—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on." . . .

It is the same theme as Tennyson had chosen and finely-wrought in his "Two Voices." All of Mrs Browning's complaints are lifted up from the grief which kills, by the divine faith which sees the iris above the cloud and the rain.

We have said enough to prove that it is our belief this volume possesses a value for all lovers of true poetry, even independent of the melancholy interest attached to it as the "Last Poems" of one who was deservedly loved and honoured as (we believe) the noblest of female poets that Britain has produced; not perfect in art, yet richly endowed. On her tomb we lay the humble offering of affectionate remembrance, knowing how much there was in her that might have risen to loftier growth had not the summons come to bear her hence. Peace to her. Peace and love.

NIEGENDS COLLEGE, *May 1862.*

BEDOUIN.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

A SKETCH BY ANTHONY ONEAL HAYE.

HORACE, in his exquisite ode addressed to the bark that bore the Poet Virgil to Greece, sings that the man, who first tempted the perils of the deep, must have possessed a heart of oak, and nerves of triple brass. Sitting one summer's evening on the pier of St Abb's Harbour at the commencement of the season's herring fishery, I was forcibly impressed with the truth of the statement of this sweet singer. For surely never could hearts be stouter, nerves stronger, and wills more powerful, than those of the poor fishermen of Berwickshire, who seeking their bread upon the waters, every instant peril their lives "all to fill the woven willows." The present day indeed has advantages over the days of the first navigators and the argonautic expedition; i. e. years of experience and the accumulated discoveries and inventions of centuries. The mariner's compass, the barometer, weather signals, and patent cordage, aid the adventurous seaman in his travels to and fro upon the faithless deep. But even these do not prevent a shipwreck; and life preservers ward not off the attacks of death. Verily his heart must still be of oak, and his nerves of triple brass, who ventures to sea, and ventures to sea in a herring boat.

The sun was setting in the full glory of a cloudless day, when I first observed the herring boats prepare for sea. The harbour was full of craft; the boatmen hurried down from their cottages upon the heights, carrying with them their oilskin coats, petticoats, jackboots,

and tea kettles; and for an hour or so, a scene of great excitement lasted. One after the other the boats clearing the harbour, steered out to sea between the great walls of rock, which fill the bay, and make it such dangerous navigation, and after passing these gigantic boulders hoisted sail, and bore gaily off to their midnight stations. One curious incident awakened my attention. A little boy was sitting in the bows of his father's boat, playing with the handle of an oar, when the crew came down. "Father," said he, "I'm going to the 'drave' with you." "Very well," replied the father, stowing away certain articles in the boat, and then turning to his daughter, who had brought down the tea-kettle forgotten in the hurry of departure. "Jeanie, tell Meg that Johnie's away with us." "Very well, father," answered Jeanie, turning carelessly away homeward. There was not a single thought of danger.

The foremost boats were now several miles out on the sea, and the last boat having cleared the harbour, was preparing to hoist sail, when a young gull dived under the bows, and rose at the stern. One of the boatmen amid much laughter struck it a blow with a boat-hook, that killed it. The sail was hoisted, and they were bearing away, when an old fisherman standing beside me cried out, "Bob Davidson, don't go to sea to-night." "Why?" asked the master of the boat. "You have killed a gull," was the reply, "no good will come of it." "Ha, ha, ha," laughed Bob Davidson, he and his crew bearing away to sea. The old fisherman shook his head ominously. "You may laugh," he said, "but I doubt if you will laugh much in the morning."

Struck with his remarks I asked him why the killing of a gull was so ominous; and he answered, "good never comes over a boat, whose crew begin the night by killing one of these birds, never! I have for sixty long years been a fisherman, and have found evil always follow such an action. The boat was either swamped or damaged, the nets lost or torn, and never a tail caught. I mind when a half dalesman in Sandie Elliot's boat, of his son John killing a gull as we set sail. The night was calm, the sea like glass, the stars full in the heavens. We had filled nearly every net with large beautiful herrings, and expected to turn a good penny by the night's fishing. But we had scarcely hoisted sail to return home, when the wind rose and blew with the fury of a hurricane. The waves roared and plunged by the sides of the boat, like a pack of hungry hounds; our sail was blown away, and sea after sea struck us, till the boat swamped, and we were thrown into the water. I have been in peril many times, but never was danger so fearful as on that awful night. Tossed up and down on the waves, sucked in and vomited out by every swell, and clinging to a block of wood with the grasp of despair, I felt the hand of Providence in the act. What availed cries of mercy to these deaf remorseless waves, which answered your prayers with blinding blows, and choked your cries for help in your throat? A terrible thing it is to be in danger, for past sins rush in like the bound of a pent up storm through your heart, and the dread of meeting the eye of an offended God, paralyses your efforts and leaves you as

easy prey to the hungry deep. I was picked up by a passing boat, the others were drowned, but John Elliot's body was never found. I wish to Heaven, he continued, they had never killed that gull; no good will come of it." And shaking his head, this ancient mariner on a small scale bade me "good night," and went home. I could not but be startled at the singular analogy between the gull and the albatross.

I sat sometime longer looking at the boats disappearing in the distance, and musing over the superstitious fancy of the fisherman; but when the night drew on in darkness, I rose and turned my steps towards Coldingham. I thought, as I looked on the calm and tranquil sea, that for once his prognostication would be false. How still everything looked. No light shone in the cottage windows; no sound of children's voices rang on the clear air; not a sound of woe, nor one anxious thought by these at home for the dear ones then upon the sea. And this calmness made me easy; and I muttered as I went to sleep, "there will be no storm to-night."

Before I describe how this my prediction was doomed to turn out untrue, it may be necessary to point out that in the rocky Eastern Coast of Scotland, the changes of weather occur with startling quickness. Whether it be owing to the sudden depression of temperature, or, as seems more probable, a change in the currents of the German Ocean, I will not pretend to say. It is not so much the squall of the southern latitudes as the settled tempests of the northern seas; but whatever the cause be may it comes with the same alarming symptoms, and appalling consequences.

It might have been two o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by a loud and prolonged crash, and sitting up in bed heard the wind howling round the eaves and gables, and the rain pouring down in torrents. I sprang out of bed and ran to the window. I could perceive that an awful tempest was raging, and that a thunderbolt had smashed down a tree just before the door. As I looked out there came a blue livid flash from Heaven, like the face of a corpse, and by the light of that flash, I could observe the sea churning up in mountains of foam. A vague fear instantly smote my heart for those at sea; and hastily dressing myself I hurried down to the shore where a terrible sight met me. Every house was emptied of its inhabitants, who were gathered upon the neighbouring heights. Here mothers holding their wailing terrified babes to their beating hearts, gazed out on the broad ocean, seeking vainly to gather from the rolling mountainous waves some tidings of their beloved one's bark. There an old husband and wife sat in the cleft of a rock,—stooping forms, grey hairs, palsied hands,—vainly, through the mist of tears filling their eyes, seeking for their only one, their only stay in life, vainly crying on the elements to be still, hoping against hope that he might still be spared to them, that he might yet return to close their eyes when locked in the long sleep of death. The old mother cried in tones of heartwringing agony, "my son, my son," while the father, knitting his brow into deeper wrinkles and muttering to himself, recalled to his memory terrible storms of bygone

days, through which he had safely rode, and unexpected dangers from which he had been providentially rescued.

In a corner, leaning her aching head upon a rock, knelt a girl in tearless agony. Her hair hung in dishevelled masses over her face and neck, and her hands were clasped with the impotent strength of despair. Her sweetheart was away in her father's boat; and her pale lips twitched convulsively as she prayed for the safety of the vessel that carried with it all that was dear to her on earth. True it is that her hands were coarse, that her face was tanned by exposure to the sun and air, that she was dressed in the roughest blue. It might be perhaps that no sentimental thought ever quickened the pulses of her heart, yet how poor are novelist's descriptions, how rapid your sighing satin-dressed heroines, who wipe away diamond drops on the finest cambric, how stupid those delicate sighs, tears, groans, and ejaculations appear, when brought face to face with nature's downright vulgar grief! Methinks I see that drooping form yet—the half closed eye, the expression of silent agony, the breast that heaved only with the heavy dull sigh. The lightning could not frighten her, nor the thunder dissipate in woman's timidity her love's fears. There she knelt, no one to comfort her, not one sympathizer. What worse was she off than the others? Grief is selfish, and can only think of its own. Alone in the world, her loved ones in danger; should they perish, what was there left for her on earth? Nothing to live for,—better to die and go to them! And lurid and more lurid flashed the lightning, and louder and still louder crashed the thunder, while the waves leapt wildly up the rocks, and dashed the angry spray mockingly in the faces of the watchers.

In this manner past the night. The morning broke ominously in the East, but though the wind had fallen from its first fury, the sea still heaved with the terrible emotion of the storm. Brighter and brighter grew the Heavens. As I turned my eyes from the sea to the shore and began to survey the anxious groups, I found every telescope they possessed sweeping the horizon. For hours there was no object to be seen but the wide expanse of tossing foam, but at mid-day a vessel appeared in the offing. It made for Burnmouth. Another and another, and yet another, but their destination was Eyemouth, there came no boat to St Abb's. Already messengers were despatched along the shore, to gather from these returned boats some tidings, when at length one more boat hove in sight. It passed Burnmouth and shaped its course for Eyemouth. Again the dull hum of disappointment ran through the crowd. But ah, it has tacked, and comes on to St Abbs. A terrible anxiety prevailed to see whose boat it was. The telescopes rapidly changed hands, and many contrary opinions were given. At length it was recognised; it was old Sandy Morrison's, Mary Anne, the stoutest boat on the drave. What sinking hearts—what joyous bosoms. One, two, or perhaps three of the group shouted with glee, and then retired within their house, to give vent to that joy which would have been out of place among so many mourners; but when the boat arrived with its tired

crew, they again rushed forth and seized their beloved ones in their arms. The boat was quickly emptied of its contents, for even joy in their case must give way to the thoughts of a livelihood. Then came questions from anxious eyes, whose tongues dared not to speak. But the fishermen turned away their heads. They could not tell who had gone down. They trusted all had gone well. It had been, they said, a fearful night! The wind blew in a hurricane; the waves flew over them like drifting snow; they were driven far off their course, and they only got home after heavy labour. But this ominous statement was understood too well. "I knew no good could come of killing that gull," whispered the old fisherman in my ear.

Two or three days after I went down again to the harbour. What a solemn stillness reigned there. A thick mist drooped down over St Abbs, and the sea was dull and lustreless, as is the eye of a dead man. Two or three broken boats lay in the harbour, and some children were playing before a closed door, which opened only to admit the neighbours. I went in. On a bed surrounded by weepers lay the lifeless body of the man who had killed the gull. Little Johnnie, I learnt, had found a grave beneath the billows. A few days after came the funerals of the dead, a loud bursting cry from the bereaved, and then the people resumed their former course of life. The widow had her house to attend to and soon forgot her grief; very probably married again. The sweetheart, after her wailing woe had spent itself, listened to the charming voice of another "jo." The child ceased to weep in the possession of a fresh plaything. But the old father and mother continued to mourn, although even this mourning was tinged with joy, in the prospect of a glad reunion beyond the grave.

INDO-BRITISH CHRISTIANITY: THE RELIGIOUS NEUTRALITY OF GOVERNMENT (AGAIN).

In a former number* of this Magazine, some observations were made on the subject of the professed religious neutrality of the Government of India.

It was therein shewn that the professed non-interference of Government in religion was impossible, and that Government actually did interfere in many religious matters, and that in regard to the Christian religion—such interference had taken place as to lead many to doubt the sincerity of Government in its professions on this subject, while in reality, the proceedings in the case of Mr Cust injured the cause of Christ alike among professing Christians and among the heathen.

There were but two ways in which the Governor-General in Council could possibly defend his policy in this case.

1st. Departing from the broad principles of neutrality he might

* No. 183. April, 1861.

say,—as a matter of political expediency, we will not have our servants appear to prefer one religion to another, and it is our determination that all appearance of such preference shall be put a stop to. The Christians must not, if they are our servants, show that they are Christians. The Mahomedan must not show that he is a Mahomedan, nor the Hindoo that he is a Hindoo. All our servants, civil and military, must forget that they are men with natures into which a religious element enters, as a belief, and as a consequent rule of life. They must become true Governor-General-in-Council-ists to every corner, presenting the same unmeaning, unintelligent, and unintelligible countenance—to every enquirer replying “enquire above,”—to every religious believer repeating the formula, “Who enters here must leave all faith behind.”

This ideal, and as we have proved in the article formerly referred to, untenable argument might be set up. There was stupidity, wilful stupidity enough, for this.

2d. The idea of neutrality might be Indianized to suit the nonce. This seems, indeed, to have been the idea in the minds of the Governors who professed neutral policy under civilized laws.

It might be said neutrality means belonging to neither party—aiding with neither, so that if we oppose two inimical parties equally, we will maintain a strict neutrality. If we hinder you Hindoos from pushing your Hinduism before other people, and you Protestant Christians from pushing yours; will not that be neutrality? It must have been some delusion like this surely, that led the term religious neutrality into use in Indian policy, and which blinded the eyes of many who accept the Government reading of the words as fair and as all that could be desired.*

There would have been an unreasonable reasonableness and an illogical logic in this, but the Government of our Eastern Empire has deprived itself even of this shadow of refuge, and has shown that it is only the Christian religion which is in respect of its aggressive forms to be laid under restriction while other religions may do as they like.

Straws show the wind blows. Here is one of the straws which show what is the current of the Christian policy of our rulers in India. This is an extract from the columns of the “*Friend of India*,” of date February 27, 1862:—

“The magistrate of Tanjore reports to Government on the charges brought

* If to ordain that a body of religionists shall not obey one set of commands of their religion, is to injure the cause of that religion of theirs, then the following analogy from the political world, bears on the above defence of the religious neutrality of the government of India, and this other defence is true. Spain, suppose, during the Crimean war besieged Archangel and Dover,—was she to blame? Oh no! she equally measured the injury she inflicted on the belligerents, Russia and England. She was neutral!

England suppose, when the two war ships Nashville and Tuscarora, lay in Southampton waters, attacked and destroyed them. Had the United States or the Southernns any right to complain? O bless you not the least! England sided with neither, injured both equally, and was magnificently neutral!!

against the Tahsildar of Munarqudi by the Rev. William C. Simpson. The charge appears to have been, that the officer in question violated the principle of religious neutrality, by giving the aid of the police, *when on duty*, to the people in the drawing of the idol car at their annual festival.

"In that village, as during the great festival of Juggernaut in Serampore and many other places, it is a gratifying fact that real difficulty is now found in inducing even drugged low-caste men to pull the car, or submit to hook-swinging.

"The Government Order says, 'It is evident from the foregoing papers, that there was some movement on the part of Government officials on the occasion in question. The Government considers that the notice taken of the matter will doubtless have a good effect, and that no special orders from them are called for.'

Yet when Mr Cust, Commissioner of Umritsir, attended the baptism of a sepoy, in a private capacity, he was called to account by the Government of India. But he is a Christian; and religious neutrality means intolerance to Christianity. In the present case, the local Government allows that they, as officials, helped to pull an idol car, and to compel others to do so, but "no special orders are called for."

"Gallio cared for none of these things."

After this can any one, by any word-twisting, maintain that the Government of India is neutral in its ecclesiastical policy? It is not impartial, and therefore it cannot be neutral in any sense.

Take the cases of Mr Cust and of the Tahsildar of Munarqudi, and put them side by side.

Both are Government servants—both therefore are understood to be able to be neutral in respect of religion, or at least are commanded to be so, as far as they are servants of Government. Mr Cust is a Christian. The Tahsildar is a Hindu. Mr Cust attends a rite of his religion UNOFFICIALLY. He is told that he must defend himself. An enquiry is made, and Government promulgates this startling doctrine, that all Government officials must distinguish between their official and non-official being, and that if Mr Cust had attended the baptism of the sepias at Umritsir as Commissioner, "*the principles of religious neutrality would have been broken.*"

The Tahsildar attends at the festival of Juggernaut to preserve order. No low caste men are forthcoming to drag the idol car, on its horrid journey of death. The police under his command, clothed with the authority and in the uniform of the Queen, are ordered to drag the car to its destination. He escapes official notice, and a clergyman who evidently wished to know the meaning of "religious neutrality," and who therefore complains, is put off with the cautious statement, "The Government consider that the notice taken of the matter, will doubtless have a good effect, and *that no special orders from them are called for.*" O no! of course not! The man was a Hindu, and Hindoos are to be conciliated! Rev. W. Simpson, I trust wrote, thanking Lord Canning for his opinion of the probable effect of his complaint; but as to the worth of the opinion, regarding the effect of the proceedings in the case, different estimates may be made. *A possi-*

ble effect may be that many influential natives will mark the distinction made between a Christian and a Hindu in case of a violation of government rules in regard to religion, and that they will infer from that evident distinction, either that Government has *no religion*, or that it is so afraid of the Hindoo population, that it dare not find fault with offending officials of that sect, or that it has such an idea of the power of the Hindoos, that at the expense of justice it would conciliate them.

Let not any say that the eastern mind is incapable, from inanity, to draw such conclusions or any conclusions. Why the Imperial Parliament at the instance of Lord Canning, has admitted natives—Hindoos—to seats in the Supreme Councils of the Residencies, and surely before such power was given to any men, their power of observation and deduction must have been fully ascertained!

Such excessive partiality is certain to bring its own reward, and the attempt to please the natives of a conquered country like India, by departing from a course of consistency, cannot issue in anything but failure. That Government officials should have been allowed to aid in dragging an idol car betrays a laxity, which does not say much for the watchfulness of the local authorities in Tanjore. And that no official reprimand, or even warning, should have been addressed to the offending parties, evidences either a reprehensible timidity, or a most unstatesman-like inconsistency of conduct on the part of those in supreme power in India.

We trust that the days of temporizing are drawing to a close, and that soon not only impartiality, but a firm expression of the official mind regarding those idolatrous practices, which foster crimes and rear men as criminals, will be given. Pliny said in one part of his writings regarding India:—"In India they have Pentada." So have they still. Government has its religious Pentad. It fosters Episcopacy and Brahminism, Presbytery and Mahomedanism, and that wretched parody on Christianity Indo-Roman Catholicism. Some have elder sons' portions, some only portions like dogs, thrown them to keep them from howling, but still portions. Marvellous family is it not! Glorious religious Pwnchayat is it not? Is the faith of a Government which divides a portion to these, Christianity? Is the religion of such a government neutral?

In the "Life of Bishop Middleton,"—quint-episcopal—self-complacent—Presbytery-hating joint Bishop of Calcutta, occurs the following, which I respectfully suggest for the consideration of the defenders of the religious policy of India.

"The prejudices of the natives have been strangely alleged at home in excuse for this; (the lack of proper means for the maintenance of Christian ordinances) when it is known to all who have most conversed with them, (as may be said without fear of contradiction), that in proportion to their fear of interference with their own modes of religion, is their disposition to condemn, and even despise, those who have no religious institutions themselves."

P.

P.S.—Since this was written, the obscene Hindoo Festival of the Hooli has taken place. For several days during this Festival the public offices were closed. There was strict holiday that the native officials might observe their idolatrous feast. This of course on the principles of religious neutrality. While this has been, how has it fared with the Christian feast day,—the holy Sabbath. Within the last six months, I have seen the furniture of an English regiment moved, under orders of a General of Division, from one Barrack to another a mile off, by the men of the regiment, on Sabbath. This certainly not on account of any emergency, as the barracks which were vacated remained empty for months after, and were in good repair, and the move was simply one from one set of quarters to another, a move which might have been made any day. On this occasion the scene on the public thoroughfare of the station was scandalous in the extreme.

I have, within the time specified, seen a chaplain obliged to leave a military hospital without his usual Sabbath service, because the barrack department chose to white-wash the Hospital on Sabbath. This was in an English regimental hospital, and the regimental authorities could not interfere with Indian military arrangements.

Last Sabbath I saw this exhibition of Government religious neutrality. Part of a regiment was being marched to church in one portion of a barrack, while nearly twenty workmen of the public works department were at work on a staircase of the same building doing work which certainly was not considered "emergent."

Why, if we live in India under a neutral religious policy, are the religious feelings of the natives (?) continually to be respected, while ours, as Christians, are systematically outraged by the regular contempt which is heaped on a day which we have been taught to "remember" as Holy to God?

"Deficit ambobus qui vult servire duobus."

P.

SCOTTISH FIELD SPORTS.*

It would not be very difficult to "cut to ribbons" this small though pretentious volume. The author of it is obviously on the best of terms with himself. He delights in a quotation from some out of the way book, and in ever and anon exciting our marvel by the statement of some very occult fact of psychology, physiology, ornithology, or ichthyology; seldom forgetting himself whatever the theme in hand, and so far from gossiping with us in an easy picktooth way, as promised in his title, he offends by his little pedantries, and affectations. When Mr Dougall writes simply he writes well; when he

* *Scottish Field Sports*; a volume of Mingled Gossip and Instruction. By James Dalziel Dougall. Glasgow: Thomas Murray and Son. 1861.

sets himself to do a bit of fine writing, he sadly fails. But we are not in the least desirous to spoil the author's evident satisfaction with his little work; or to damage it in public esteem. The book contains a great deal of sound and useful information on sporting matters, and we have no reason to doubt the author's thorough practical acquaintance with everything relating to these; his little conceits we must pass by. If he could only do without these, he would, by his next production, probably secure for himself a high place among writers upon such subjects, for it is apparent that Mr Dougall is a man of considerable ability and culture. He is often shrewd in his remarks and acute in his reasoning; he has been more than a casual observer of nature; moreover, as we shall have occasion to show, he writes very creditable verses. We have not had much of this kind of literature in Scotland, but what we have of it, is in the main excellent of its kind. We of course exclude from consideration Christopher North's sporting writings as not practical, but those of his gifted brother James on angling were intended to be so, and are quite unequalled for the geniality of their tone, and were at one time for the value of their lessons. But in the practice of angling as in other arts and sciences, since James Wilson wrote there has been a considerable revolution. "The Rod," his contribution to the once very popular volume, "The Rod and the Gun," will always retain its charm for the angler of literary tastes; but Mr Stewart's book has quite superseded it as a practical guide, and is undoubtedly now the book on the subject. We are not unmindful of our old accomplished friend Mr T. T. Stoddart, whose large volume, first published some sixteen years ago, and amended in successive editions, is very readable, and must always have a place on the angler's library shelves. But Stewart is the chief of a new school, and a better *vade mecum* than his manual the angler cannot possess, though it wants the literary grace with which Wilson and Stoddart conveyed their instruction. A genial writer too on all kinds of field sports is Mr John Colquhoun, brother of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, who has been, during his life, a keen fisher, fowler, and stalker. Like T. T. S. and like Mr Dougall he too is a bit of a Poet, and often lays down rod or gun, to take a canter on his Pegasus. We must not forget poor St John, whose "Wild Sports, and natural History of the Highlands," and "Tour in Sutherlandshire" are delightful works, for their variety of incident, their unaffected, most gentlemanly style of narrative, their deeply interesting observations in natural history. Mr Scrope's two volumes, "Salmon Fishing" and "Deer Stalking" are by far the most splendid books in this department of literature ever published in Britain (or anywhere else, probably.) Scrope was a grand fellow. A descendant of the famous Scroopes of the border, he had much of the dash and pluck of his high metted ancestry. He stalked and he fished in the great style. Free of the forest of Athole, a very kingdom of rock and heath, corrie and stream, he practised strategy against its wily denizens, with great success during many campaigns. Sir Edwin Landseer, then light of foot and keen of eye, was his frequent

companion in stalking, and commemorated with the pencil, many of their achievements with rifle and hound. Scrope pursued only the royal sport in the forest, and he has described its fascination, its difficulties and toils, its triumphs and mischances, with great felicity and frequent eloquence. You cease to wonder how Lord Lynedoch, on the same hills in the same pursuit, was unconsciously educating himself to play that game with vaster issues, when, to join Lord Wellington, he went forth from his highland home, stricken by the loss of her whose saucy loveliness Gainsborough has made immortal. On Tweed, Scrope was dexterous with the fly, as with the rifle on the mountains, and he recounts his feats among the salmon, with the same ability as he does those among the deer. On Tweedside, as no doubt also in Athole, they still speak of "Mr Scrope" as a very prince of sportsmen.

Mr Dougall finds himself under the necessity of defending field sports against the utilitarian and humanitarian noodles, who decry them on the grounds of waste of time and cruelty. In the first place, even if a man devotes himself to sporting as an avocation, he can do something for us if he keeps accurate notes, and writes books like those of St John, or Colquhoun, or even like this before us; and if he does not write, but faithfully sticks to rod and gun, it is yet odds that he is a man living in pretty regular practice, at least of the minor virtues. For mark you, a sportsman to wage war with any effect on the *ferae* even of Scotland, must have due regard for the preservation of his nerves, and of his health generally. Constant open air exercise, keeps him always strong and well, he knows nothing of dyspepsia, migrains, or any of those diseases popularly (but not favorably) known as "the blues." His temper is serene for his stomach is good; he sleeps unsnooringly, he awakens joyfully; he eats heartily, and drinks temperately; to him beautiful is morning on the mountains, and glorious is breathless noon; sweet the gold and purple Eve, with its airs of balm, and solemn the still Twilight grey. We do not presuppose to every sportsman, who can look intelligently and lovingly on nature, the feelings of a Poet, but they are foolishly wrong, who deny her potent influence on heart and mind. Wordsworth was not wholly a dreamer. There is a force, be it odic or what you will, which transmits to man, from the divinely made monuments of grandeur and beauty about him, something that acts on his inner being, and tones and tempers his thought and life. And so it is, that while there may be no active love on our side, the great Beneficence is in operation upon us, wherever we are beyond the deadening influence of City existence. But we must not be transcendental. This only let us say, that if the sound mind in the sound body be the chief desideratum, and the attaining of this be the surest first means to happy and a long life, then is he most likely to attain the object who combines in his chief pursuit physical exercise, with that pleasant excitement which is necessary to keep in vigorous health the muscles of the mind. Where will you get a finer portrait study than an aged gamekeeper? More than one such we have known,

hale bright-eyed old fellows, well read in good old books, kindly and cheerful, held in deserved respect by all, both in mansion and hamlet. Sprightly lads once, they have mellowed in the course of pleasant years, into worthy men; and while you can see at a glance, that to their open air avocations, they owe their excellent state of preservation, at a period considerably beyond the usual limit of life, you may have an opportunity also if you wish, of proving whether the faithful pursuit of their business, has in any way affected their intelligence, or taken the edge off their better feelings. You will not so find. In like manner, where is there a model for a Covenanting patriarch, whether for canvas or for moral print, like an old shepherd? He too is always with nature, has had on him probably from boyhood "the power of hills;" been "free of mountain solitudes;" as years make grey his locks, his heart grows calmer, and his spirit finer,—and the evening closes gently in. The great matter however, in seeking true enjoyment of life is, as we have said, and as every one knows, to keep the mind engaged with the body, and though the shepherd's charge is always heavy, and his duty often hard, yet is the keeper's mode of life preferable to his. We do not see why a sportsman's life should be necessarily a useless one. But in speaking of those whom fortunate circumstances permit to follow to the full their bent in field sports, and of those whose business it is to do so, we do not forget that class of persons immensely more numerous than either, to whom field sports afford the welcome means of temporary recreation. There is positively no means to which individuals of the most severely toiling classes can resort with such success, and notwithstanding all the magniloquent nonsense that Bright and his followers have spoken and written, none who have calmly investigated the question, as to the alleged wrong—crime these people call it—of preserving tracts of land in the Highlands of this country, for purely sporting purposes, can fail to see that the humanitarians have not a leg to stand upon. This is scarcely the place to discuss the subject, but those who are desirous to see it treated in a commonsense way, can consult an elaborate article, by Mr Russell of the *Scotsman*, on Highland Clearances, in Vol 106 of the *Edinburgh Review*.

It is not worth while to refer to the cruelty argument, which is simply absurd. The creatures of our pursuit were given us for our use, and there an end. Many a time coming off the moor of an evening, and seeing the grouse and black game, undeterred by all kinds of alarms, ravaging the grain in the cottars' little fields, we have bethought us, that, but for a severe thinning of their numbers each season on our hills, these robbers would soon be in possession of great tracts of land, now cultivated, both in the north and south Highlands. We accept things as they are, and bless our stars that Scotland is, and in defiance of all broad-brimmed and narrow-souled ranters, is likely for many a day to continue, a sportsman's country. Mr Bright himself has recently been with a fishing party in the north-west—and fishing we presume, otherwise he must have been a nuisance. If we could only get him won over to the delights of angling, we could hold him

safe. He would become truly a man of peace, which no breadth of brim can proclaim him to be at present; and seeing the folly of his ways while wandering quietly among the hills, where sleep the lochs, and roll the streams that haunt us in our dreams, he would surely repent much in his past noisy career—vow—who knows?—to be done with Reform Bills, and to cease vilifying his betters.

Nobody can doubt that the passion for angling is as much instinct, in *homo* generally, as that for shooting. Of course there are people who despise both amusements, on some principle they make for themselves. Mr Ruskin for instance, we gather from passages in his writings, is one of these. Now to the man who has any Ruskinite tastes, it seems to us that angling is as naturally the appropriate form of recreation, as works of painting and sculpture are naturally the objects of his daily study and admiration. It is not that it is the “Contemplative Man’s Recreation.” It is not so,—as it is practised in Scotland. Walk down the banks of old Izaak’s favourite Lea, within six or seven miles of London on any Sunday afternoon, and beholding scores of fishermen seated, curled up on the banks, each, only a little way from his neighbour, intent on his float, the majority smoking short pipes, waiting patiently for nibbles that seldom come, and little gudgeons, three to five inches long, that very rarely come—and you will have some notion that Cockney angling is a very contemplative amusement indeed. You may find reason too for our saying that the angling passion is a very general one. But give us Tweed “in tid” on a morning just about this time of year; behold us wade up the wellknown brawling run, in which rarely yet, during many seasons, have we failed to astonish the natives and enrich our creel, and mark if there be much of the contemplative in our demeanour,—albeit our temperament is well-known to be melancholious. We speak only of trout fishing. As to salmon angling, ask our able friend the editor before mentioned, what is the object of his contemplation, as he with dexterous energy plies his mighty rod and pirn above the favourite cast. Does he think of either of the Duncans, in that hour, or Disraeli, —of Provosts present or future, of the last tussle with Hannay, of the little dog and the messon—of Dr John, or of anybody or anything save his dancing fly alone? The delightful fact is that in angling one is not continuously contemplative. As in shooting, the mind is engaged, the body is exercised, (though far less violently than in the other amusement), and you think mainly about catching fish, the while you inhale the fresh air from the water, and wandering among scenery of which a new aspect meets you at every bend of the stream, you insensibly receive in a sort of photographic way, impressions of the beauty that meets and surrounds you. At intervals there are the lounge on the bank, the mouthful of sandwich, and the gentle gurgle from the flask, followed by the quiet whiff. These are golden minutes, when, more especially if the contents of the basket are considerable, the world seems after all a jolly place, from which we would be loth to depart for a while yet. Where besides that amount of culture which so many possess, giving them enjoyment in all

natural objects, there exists the artistic or the poetic faculty, to wander rod in hand by a troutling stream is exquisite, as it is most appropriate enjoyment. (You observe we speak of a troutling stream, salmon fishing being to this humbler branch of the sport like deer stalking, as compared with partridge shooting, an all-engrossing though glorious toil.) Hence have so many who have delighted the ear and eye of their generation been brethren of the angle. Mr Dougall speaks rather foolishly of Mr Tennyson's exclamation, "Then leapt a trout." He might have referred to the lines in "The Brook,"

"Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,"

as evidence that Tennyson is an angler, or should be. Thomas Aird is, we know; in fact, nobody but an angler could describe as he has done a certain stream, with a pre-Raphaelite minuteness that is wonderful. Many artists of our acquaintance also are devoted to the sport.*

Mr Dougall enlarges on the delights of sea fishing, and gives instructions as to baiting and managing handlines for mackerel, &c., with much minuteness. On this subject, as on more important branches of sporting amusement, he writes like a thoroughly practical man, and his directions can be easily followed. Of course, he does not miss the opportunity of poetising on the delights of sea fishing when pursued under the favourable auspices of calm warm weather, and with a companion only a little less than angelic; whose hooks one has to bait, whose line has constantly to be disentangled from almost impossible knots (all under a perfect sense of hopeless entanglement in one's own circumstances and relationships at the moment.)—this sort of enjoyment is pretty near perfection of human bliss. Looking back on our own experience though, we are in doubt whether the summer day, or the summer evening, off Arran's shores of unchanging loveliness, or those spent on the great loch among the "dumb big monsters" of blue-brown mountains, through whose serried crevasses moans all day a sound as of the far off ocean—whether, in a word, the salt water or the fresh has afforded us the purest enjoyment. One's companions on such inland seas as some of the Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire lochs, even on Loch Eck, with its face of polished steel, and often ominous mountain music, are generally of the sterner sex, and for obvious reasons; but we have had all the charm of sea-shore fishing realised on such waters of fairer mien and even temper as

* Here a very impertinent reminder is put in by a pretended friend, who happens to see this in proof, that Mr Calcraft of *our per col* celebrity, is a keen good angler. We can only say that he is by all accounts a first-class artist in his own line, but he may be supposed to be an angler not in virtue of his public character, but as an accomplished maker and mender of boots and shoes, to which trade we have known many good fishermen belong. *Per contra* there is the Rev. Dr —, a man of large and blatant benevolence; as all the world knows he is a keen angler; we have heard him on the platform defending the sport from the charge of cruelty, and of the hundred and twenty portraits of him that we have seen, in every possible pose and attitude, there is one which represents him in the very act of plying his rod.

Loch Awe, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and, place of pleasant memories, Loch Doon, not to mention Windermere, Buttermere, and that chain of consecrated Lakes. In such lochs and lakes named, if the day be at all favourable, and the angler can throw a long clean line, he can enjoy himself right pleasantly. The numberless cries of the wild birds, the gentle gliding of the boat as it is plied along channelly shore or wooded marge, the creature comforts of cold pie and chicken, with liquid concomitants,—partaken of in some remembered spot,—the excitement of getting a good fish over the gunwale, and you must do it with a most tender hand,—the watching of the day's decline, for you have of course stuck resolutely to work,—the walk home in the gloaming, with a good basket, to comfortable quarters, where you are sure of ham and egg with your tea, and other cheering agents afterwards,—we could make a Cockney bagman enjoy a day like this. We once tried the experiment on a now eminent English barrister, and it succeeded perfectly; only we had to carry him shoulder high to the carriage four miles off, for he was dead beat, saturated with more potent water than that of loch or sky. But he recovered after an enormous "rough" tea, went home very happy, and speaks and writes still with unconscious fun, of "that most jolly day on Loch Dook."

We must pause now; we cannot quote at present any of Mr Dougall's sporting directions, which really have in them little of novelty, but are in all respects, so far as our experience goes, most trustworthy. Writing these, he writes uniformly well, as we might have expected from his clever treatise of six or seven years ago,—*"Shooting simplified,"* a most able compendium. Why, in the present volume, does he keep out greyhound coursing, and mention minutely skating as a Scotch amusement, in preference to the glorious game of the channel stane? He might as well have included knurr and spell.

We quote as promised above, in proof of Mr Dougall's powers of melody, and of his certainly cultivated mind, his poem on the ptarmigan:—

"THE HERMIT BIRD.

"Far up on desert mountains lone—
Where all is rock and cold grey stone,
Save where the hard and glistening snow
Mocks at the noontide's fiercest glow;
Where naught of vegetable life
Can bear the elemental strife;
Nor track of foot, nor sound of wing,
The presence tells of living thing;
Where even the blood of him, whose tread
Climbs the scathed mountain's mist-wreathed head,
Bounds through his frame in un wont play,
As if to warn his steps away—
Yet may be found one creature fair,
To mark that nature still is there;

The PTARMIGAN—whose kindred race
 On Greenland's icy shores we trace,
 Or by that Hyperborean bay,
 Once hailed as route to far Cathay—
 Securely dwells, nor seeks to know
 The placid scenes outstretched below;
 Where far beneath her cloud-girt nest
 The grouse and grey-hen seek their rest.
 In vain the seasons come and go—
 In vain for her the wild-heaths blow.
 In vain fair Spring with flowery grace
 Would wile her from that barren place;
 Summer in vain his glory pours,
 Or Autumn opes his golden stores;
 In vain fierce Winter's ruthless gale
 Would drive her to the sheltered vale.
 Unharm'd there may she remain!
 Why grudge her yon remote domain?
 Why not rejoice, that, unlike man,
 The lone but lovely Ptarmigan—
 Pleased with her scanty mountain fare,
 The open skies and ambient air—
 Seems to our earth on purpose sent,
 An emblem of sublime content,
 To show what beauteous lives have thriven
 On naught save penury and Heaven!"

P.S.—We find that Mr Bright has actually been fishing, and in a style which is likely to make his adventures in the Highlands, as celebrated as are those of our old friend Briggs. No body ever doubted the Hon. Member's *pluck*, but if there be truth in the following narrative (which we quote from an English Journal), it is plain that he had some danger of proving the *bottom* of the Lochie:—

"A week or two since, while Mr John Bright was fishing in the Lochie, he hooked a large salmon. Now, landing a large salmon, especially when the waters are troubled, is not always quite so easy or certain a job as landing a large constituency, like Birmingham for example; for, alas! salmon are not dolphins, and stump oratory meets with no favour from *Salmo Salar*. Away went the salmon, and, the Hon. Member followed him like a good un'; but, fast as that Hon. Member is upon some occasions, in this instance he was not half fast enough, and, consequently, crack went the running line, and away went the fag end of it, spinning through the rings into the river, and off went the salmon with a choice salmon fly, a bran new casting-line of the finest manufacture, and some scores of yards of best 8-plait. Fortunately, the line being of considerable length, did not immediately sink; but, as it was towed along by the salmon, the end remained visible on the surface of the water. Exasperated at the mishap, and determined not to be beaten, the Hon. Member, with that energy which always distinguishes him, plunged, like a burly Curtius, in *gurgite vasto*, or rather like a hippopotamus, into the Lochie in pursuit of the line; seeing his chieftain's danger, the gillie, gaff in hand, took a header in after him; and, while John was puffing and blowing, and using frantic efforts to get hold of the salmon, Sandie was making equally frantic efforts to gaff the hon. hippopotamus. How they all got out we have not heard; but they were got out, fish and all, so sayeth report."

THE MAGLOSKIE:

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND STERLING.

OUR simple narrative commences down a dark stair in a very narrow street of a large town north of the Tweed.

The family, whose name was Magloskie, consisted of three members, the husband, the wife, and the son. There is some difficulty in tracing the genealogy of these Magloskies, although it is highly probable that they were a branch of the Magloskies of Kilstacheron, locally famous somewhat less than a century ago, one member having been hanged for shooting an exciseman, two banished for sheep-stealing, and the rest compelled by the landlord to take themselves off to strange places, if not to make room for the red deer, at least that the game might be reserved for those who had the legal claim to it. Be that as it may, certain it is that the elder of our Magloskies was a tailor of parts, and in his earlier days could earn the slop maximum of wages, but an unfortunate propensity for certain excisable liquids began early to manifest itself. At the time we introduce him to our readers, he was eight-and-thirty, but looked almost twice that age. He was a mere remnant, bare of flesh as his own bodkin, and his stitch was, like his gait, uncertain and shaky. Much of the time which ought to have been devoted to the goose was consumed under the sign of "the Herring," and when the "Herring" was paid there was seldom any surplus for domestic requirements. Had his partner in life been a weak woman, the consequences would have been most disastrous; but happily she was weak in neither mind nor body, and succeeded in keeping the pot boiling by washing and dressing.

Into the genealogy of Mrs Magloskie we do not pause to enquire, farther than that her maiden name was Catherine Rae, and that she was not from Aberdeenshire. She was remarkable for many good and even noble qualities, and among others, patience and forbearance towards her undutiful and ne'er-do-weel husband. It is greatly to her credit that only in one instance was she known to have visited his delinquencies with corporal castigation, but she was greatly provoked, poor woman, and was amerced for the same in five shillings and sixpence by the amateur magistrate bailie, Mucklesoles.

The christian name of this antichristian husband and father was originally Robert, so-called most probably after some of his free-spirited progenitors whom the world willingly let die. The hereditary appellation naturally fell upon our hero Magloskie the younger, but in the domestic circle, as well as in the world at large, the father and son were generally known as respectively Rabbie and wee Rabbie. This diminutive or qualifying term of distinction sufficed for the first four or five years of the child's life, but he had by that time become so large for his age, that his companions in the gutter re-christened him *muckle Rab*, and by Rab the reader will be pleased to know him till farther notice.

There is nothing particular to record of him in his childish years, farther than that his nature was docile, that he had an excellent appetite, and was sagacious enough to keep on good terms with those children that were liberally supplied with "pieces," and were not so inflexibly selfish as refuse to share them with him. Rab had also an attack of the measles, and subsequently of the whooping-cough, but it must be gratifying to know that in both cases the disease was of the mildest type. He emerged a large lumbering splay-footed specimen of his kind, with light grey eyes, sallow complexion, a nose after the cut of a parrot's beak, large advancing ears and receding brow and chin. Having thus introduced him, we will now take farewell of his earlier years, making honourable mention of his mother, to whose affectionate care, unwearying industry, and frugal management he was so largely indebted for his escape from the evils of want and of destitution.

The time arrived for the commencement of that course of mental discipline to which all good fathers and mothers are so anxious to submit their children. Rab's father had no objection in the world—nay, regarded the proposal to send him to school, as in all respects praiseworthy, and the pecuniary side of the subject never cost him a thought. Mrs Magloskie on the other hand thought much, and ultimately came to the conclusion that her son should be placed under the care of Dominie Hickes, whose seminary was in the next street, and whose charges for priming were two-pence per week. To say that Rab had any special love for the school and tawse of Dominie Hickes would be to over-state the fact, but his nature being passive, he went day after day without murmur, and it is creditable alike to his mother and his teacher that he was lugged through alphabet and primers, and could actually spell his way through the New Testament by the end of his second session. He had even advanced some length in pot-hooks, and was labouring hard, though with indifferent success, to master the hair-strokes, when a special pecuniary pressure compelled his mother to entertain the idea of withdrawing him from school, to project him into the labour market. It was a stern necessity that urged Mrs Magloskie to this unhappy alternative, as it was the cherished dream of her waking hours to keep Rab at the intellectual grindstone until he should be able to use the pen and the slate-pencil with a facility equal to that of Rumps the Grocer, with whom she ran weekly accounts, and who was a money-making man. If she had any wish, as most Scotch mothers have, to "see him wag his pow in a pu'pit," she kept it secret, for she was sagacious enough to perceive that Rab was not "very gude at the uptak," and even if he had been smart in that way, there was no possibility, with a non-productive husband on her hand, to carry him through the necessary schools and colleges, by means of soap-suds and smoothing irons. Her aspirations therefore soared no higher than a victualling shop, for which she considered Rab had capacity; and there could be no doubt of his tastes lying in that direction. She saw the advantages that "lair" as she called it, conferred on the expeditious and prosperous Rumps,

and would have felt it a great comfort to be able to give Rab another year to fructify and ripen under the excellent management of Hickey. Frustrated in her wishes thus far, she was nevertheless not the woman to be easily turned from her purpose, and without giving way to un-availing regrets, she at once commenced a series of tours among the grocers in the neighbourhood, in the hope of finding a situation for the young man. The first day she was unsuccessful, but on the very evening of that day—a fine summer's evening—a circumstance occurred which precluded any farther necessity for renewing the search.

Rab had been despatched to carry home a parcel of napery which his mother had been engaged to purify, and while carelessly trudging along the street, he accidentally dropped the parcel into the gutter, almost opposite the windows of the house for which he was destined. The streets were not in those days so carefully attended to as they are now, and as it is the nature of napery to suck in a portion of any kind of fluid that comes in contact with it, the result was that a whole day's careful labour of his mother was undone in a moment. Seeing this Rab burst into an alarming howl, which at once attracted the attention of the inmates. The lady herself came to the door, and was so much moved with the lugubrious intensity of Rab's agony, that she had him taken into the house, where he was gradually soothed and consoled by the combined influences of kind words and bread and butter. It fortunately was the case also that the lady—why should we conceal her name?—Mrs Divitt, the amiable partner of Richard Divitt, Esq., of the well-known firm of Divitt, Rogers, & Co., was in her predilections eminently philanthropic. Misfortune was a sure passport to her regard, and had Rab been a smart boy, who delivered his parcels without spot or blemish, he might possibly have missed that tide which was to be the means of floating him to place and fortune. Learning first from Rab, and afterwards from his mother, that there was a parental anxiety to turn his talents to practical account, Mrs Divitt brought her great influence to bear on Mr Divitt, who consented to take the youth into his establishment at the handsome salary of two-and-sixpence per week. Thus it was that Rab's entrance upon active commercial life was the happy result of an opportune misfortune.

It was no insignificant matter to get upon the pay-bill of Divitt, Rogers, & Co., wholesale warehousemen in the soft goods line. It was by no means an old established house, but it was established chiefly by the ability and enterprise of Divitt, and did a swinging business in both home and foreign markets. As the personage whose history we have undertaken to narrate, is still in the body, we at first thoughts, as a matter of delicacy, considered it prudent to conceal the name of the town in which he was born, and of which he subsequently became so conspicuous an ornament, but finding that we cannot get on well without a name, we may as well say at once that it was Smeezumblin. The inhabitants of that large, wealthy, and most important town take great pride in speaking and hearing of its rapid rise, and every septuagenarian or octogenarian who can, either by means

of a retentive memory or of a lively imagination, descant on the wonderful changes that have taken place in his day, or relate a few anecdotes of the commercial origin of the Macracans, the Dalrumples, the Mucklequhaems, or any of the great local magnates, has unlimited command of the local press. Anxious to gratify this laudable desire for information, we hasten to remark that the establishment of Divitt, Rogers, & Co. was, at the time of our hero's entrance, a three-storied tenement, with garrets and sunk-floor, having a door and sixteen windows in front, three skylights a-top, a massive chimney at each end, and a walled in court-yard behind. It was situated in Mutton Row, as Victoria Street was then called, three doors west of the famous "Pig and Bagpipe" tavern, and, as far as can be ascertained, occupied the identical site of the now elegant Grecian structure known as Sleeky's Mortification. Let no one suppose that we speak of a time far in the past centuries, among Plantaganets or Tudors, or even of Pretenders, or anything of that kind. We had long ago ceased from sending armies to chastise the English. The two nations had fraternized and become one in the matter of tax-paying, and allegiance to one common sovereign. They were now a joint-stock concern, each contributing its quota of money and muscle to the great work of European emancipation. The grand drama was rapidly reaching that stage—ever memorable stage—in which the arch-troubler was to have a free passage to his willow; and to crown all, you yourself, sprightly reader, may have commenced to make daring inroads upon your allotted rounds of bacon, by the time that our hero made his debut in Mutton Row. It is not more than three score years ago, but the numerous transitions, transformations, expansions, tumbles down and risings up, that have during that time taken place in Smeekumblin, have so bewildered the permanent residenter, that memory cannot thread its way back to almost any given locality without difficulty and some degree of uncertainty. Those who have recently come upon the stage have no better conception of the Smeekumblin of threescore, or even twoscore years ago, than they have of ancient Corinth, or the cities of the Plain. The inhabitants now listen to tales of those early days, as if they were tales of the far distant and dead ages, for whole generations of stone and lime have been swept away much more rapidly than the generations of men that lived in them. Street after street have not only been built, but even these streets have grown grey and grim, and many of their tenements disappeared to give place to more elegant and imposing structures. What was, not many years ago, the handsome residence of Provost Dubbs or Bailie Brown, is now, if it still exists, the low dingy pawnshop, old clothes, or to speak technically, the hand-me-down warehouse, or the penny-a-glass-over-the-counter tippling shop, to be met with in localities which all respectable tradesmen, aspiring merchants, and municipal authorities, (save the policemen) studiously shun, and westward-ho! is the watchword under which the mercantile campaign is so galvanically prosecuted. But to return.

! Rab's special function was that of message boy—a most responsible

position, and in it Rab seems to have acquitted himself with tolerable success. There is no evidence extant that he loitered more than do the great majority of his class. But while we thus give him credit for being an average errand-boy, we merely assert that he could accomplish an official journey of half a mile in two hours. It was a different matter, however, when he went for his meals. His limbs then moved under a totally different impulse, and his mother at all events, had no reason to complain of want of punctuality in his arrival. We cannot vouch for an equal punctuality in his return to the warehouse, but this was so far atoned for by his honesty in never attempting to palliate an offence by inventing an excuse. It would, perhaps, be incorrect to attribute this praiseworthy trait in his character so much to high moral principle, as to the absence of the inventive faculty, the possession of which makes many clever boys so very wicked and prone to lie. But mankind in general, and masters and mistresses in particular, do not reason very profoundly on subjects of this nature, and Rab, as is frequently the case with many others, got credit for that which was at least only a negative virtue.

It is here necessary to give the reader some notion of the interior of the establishment, in which this remarkable personage commenced his extraordinary and highly prosperous career. Well then, you enter by the front door; inside are two other doors. That to the right leads to the counting house, where there are five clerks; and passing through the counting house you find another smaller, but better furnished apartment, which is the private room of the heads of the establishment—Rogers' den, as it was facetiously termed by the harum-scarum portion of the staff. The other door leads to a large apartment, piled full of calico and other textile fabrics, in the green state just as they came from the weaving mills. Ascending by a zig-zag stair to the second floor, you have again two apartments of large size, in either of which you find a labyrinth of lanes, straight, bending, and vermicular, the walls thereof being composed of printed goods, of all colours and varieties. A stranger, once involved in these meshes, with the cotton embankments trending in every direction, would have found himself as much in a puzzle as to the way out again, as was the rascally Theseus in the infamous Cretan labyrinth, or the Arctic adventurer in search of the north-west passage. But here there was no need of a clue, as at every turn you would find yourself in contact with smart young men, ready at a nod to show you the treasures of this cotton *El Dorado*, expatiate on the qualities of the fabric, beauties of design, splendour and permanency of the colours, take your order, or show you the door at a moment's notice. Ascending another zig-zag flight of stairs, you come to third floor with apartments on either hand, and in both of which the state of matters is much the same as on the second floor—cotton, cotton everywhere, and young men all alive and anxious to explain, eulogize, and bargain with you. We do not require to ascend to the garrets, which were lumber rooms, nor shall we descend to the sunk floor, which was a baleful place called the packing house, in which there were axes, ropes, blocks,

beams, and baskets, and a terrific heathery-headed; and towsie-armed Highlander called Duncan.

Having thus described somewhat minutely the theatre of operation, we will not consume much time with any detailed account of the numerous operators, who flitted about in every direction. It is, however, necessary to say that Divitt was a rather short, bolt-upright, broad-shouldered man, most annoyingly active, and kept the establishment in perpetual awe of him. He bounded up and down the zig-zags with the agility of a weasel; shot through the curves and parallels, gulf and straits, with the speed of a swallow, and the eye of a hawk, issuing his instructions as he went along with a lingual velocity, which might justly be termed electrical. Even when he had a sluggish customer in his toils there was no sluggish hanging on with Divitt. He tumbled down piles, and opened up pieces, and while the slow brain of the victim was operating on the respective qualities of the goods, Divitt was coruscating in the region of a general superintendence, yet never so long away from his centre as to lose a remark, or miss an opportunity for improving his position as vender. It was well remarked of him that he never allowed a customer to escape—unless he wished it, and in that most difficult of all tasks he was also eminently successful. Rogers, on the other hand, was a middle size, thin, and sickly man, with a very thick cravat, and a deep bronchitic cough. He was, however, considered profound in the mystery of day-books and ledgers, and bills of discount, and quite a screw in the matter of money. The financial department was therefore wisely intrusted to him. A tough and ugly customer was Rogers, when he found any one lagging in his work, or in any way neglecting the interests of the establishment. But, like the rattlesnake, he always gave timely warning of his approach, and seldom indeed was any one bit. The cough might have been a great affliction to him, but there is no denying that it was a great comfort to Jones, Jackson, Smith, Wilson, &c., who, when Divitt was absent at London, or any other place so far away, could hold a friendly confab, or enjoy a comfortable snooze among the cloth, without fear of being bounced upon. Let, however, the melancholy Rogers have his due; he was the safety valve, without which, under the high-pressure Divitt, the establishment would have been in great danger of coming to a sudden and brilliant, but disastrous close.

Let us advert now for a moment to another—the young and handsome Leake, a rising member of the staff in the clerical department. Whether his fine features, delicately pinky cheeks, and smooth pearly brow, so pleasingly set off by his dark and ample locks, had any attraction for Mrs Divitt, we cannot take upon ourselves to say, nor will we hazard an opinion on the subject; but Leake was too philanthropic in his tendencies, taught in a sabbath-school, attended devotional meetings, and was a special favourite of that excellent lady. She frequently visited the establishment, specially for the purpose of inquiring about the health of Mr Rogers, and prescribing for his cough. It was extremely kind of Mrs Divitt, as the man of figures had never

ventured upon matrimony, and although he had a sister for house-keeper, it could not be supposed that her experiences were equal to those of one who had had the management of a husband and family for nearly ten years. On the occasion of these visits she seldom failed to have a tête-à-tête with Leake about the schools, and endeavour to strengthen his hands and encourage his heart, by such advice or suggestion, as her mature judgment considered necessary in the circumstances.

Leake now held the responsible position of petty cash-keeper to the establishment, and although his rapid promotion was due chiefly to the influence of Mrs Divitt, it is at the same time but justice to say that his diligence and ability fully entitled him to the preferment. Mrs Divitt had now another protégé in the office, and what more natural, what more considerate, what more desirable, than that he should be placed under the surveillance of so interesting, and estimable, and exemplary a guardian as Mr Leake. Mrs Divitt requested as a special favour that the petty cash-keeper should take a brotherly interest in Rab, and Leake was too knowing, and too grateful perhaps, to refuse to grant any favour which she might ask of him. Leake willingly assumed the responsible office of preceptor and confessor, and on special occasions gave his pupil short and easy lessons in arithmetic, and book-keeping by single entry, varying the course of discipline by unique discourses on moral and religious subjects, occasional sparring matches, and acrobatic and gymnastic exercises of various descriptions. By these means the petty-cash-keeper soon gained the affections and confidence of his pupil, who in turn performed many quiet services for his instructor, such as fetching him a tart or biscuit, when Leake did not find it convenient to go out for it himself, and carrying secret dispatches to his tailor, and hatter, and shirt-maker, in all which departments Leake was scrupulously nice.

For a considerable time Rab's services were limited to no particular department nor duty, but he was allowed to lug and drift about the packing-room, the counting-house, the zig-zags, and the upper floors, as the duties of the moment, or the tide of his own inclinations might happen to float him. With no particular desire to do anything, yet he never hesitated to do everything he might be asked to do, so far as his capacities would permit. Intellectually he was the dullest and least hopeful boy in the establishment, yet nevertheless he was among the most useful, and as he never whistled on his fingers, nor returned chaff for chaff, nor was given to mischief, he was decidedly the greatest favourite with all parties. His phlegmatic, artless, unanimated countenance, was a perpetual appeal to the sympathies of all who had a heart, and it kept him in pocket money, Rogers himself having more than once presented him with a gratuitous penny.

When Rab had completed his first year at the establishment, his income was augmented to three shillings and sixpence per week, and his duties limited more particularly to the counting-house, much of his time, however, being still consumed in going messages. No one ever suspected that Rab had acquired any vicious habits, but a dis-

covery was made which showed that a disintegrating process had already commenced in his moral nature. Leake himself made the discovery, and as it led to momentous issues, it becomes our duty, as faithful biographers, to refer to it with some degree of minuteness. Whether it was the natural result of a propensity inherited from his father, or a habit contracted by the contaminating influence of other errand boys with whom he associated, we are not in a position to decide, but the fact is undeniable that he kept a secret pipe, and smoked it in forbidden hours and in forbidden places. It was very wrong in Rab, especially as he must have known that there was a standing order against this vice, on the grounds that it was not only a culpable waste of business time, but also detrimental to the recovery of premium in case of fire.

On a certain day, between the hours of twelve and one, Rab had been tempted to enter Spruggins' Close for the purpose of indulging in this nauseous narcotic. It is well known to all intelligent Smeek-umblindians that this rather celebrated close leads directly to the back door of the Monieplies Tavern, and it so happened that the exemplary Leake, while on his way out from said tavern got his eye upon Rab, but just in time to hold back for a little till his pupil had finished his whiff and taken himself off, for it is not at all improbable that Leake had no more desire to be caught by Rab, than Rab had to be caught by Leake. The result was that Leake, in the exercise of his tutorial office, embraced the first favourable opportunity, when they were alone, to charge him with the offence, wisely concealing from him, however, the real source of his information. Rab was at once conscience-stricken, and with his usual candour admitted the truth of the accusation. Leake, who was naturally prone to set discourse, delivered an oration under three heads,—*firstly*, as to the insidious nature of bad habits in general; *secondly*, as to the debasing nature of tobacco in particular; and *thirdly*, as to the case in point. Taking his pen from his ear, he then, as he went along, demonstrated on a piece of paper as follows:—Your wages are, say 3s. 6d. per week,—divide by 6, which gives 7d. per day,—divide by 10, gives 2 farthings and $\frac{1}{10}$, say 3 farthings, as near as may be, per hour. Well, you spend, say half-an-hour of your master's time each day in smoking, which is 3 farthings each alternate day,—multiply by 8, gives $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per week—multiply by 52, gives 9s. 9d. Nine shillings and nine pence, of which you actually rob your kind and indulgent masters, by an infatuated persistence in a habit which is at once a nuisance to the well-disposed portion of the community, a heavy tax upon your own pecuniary resources, and highly deleterious in its effects upon your own physical constitution! Here the eloquent Leake came to a sudden pause, and looked Rab sternly in the face. Rab stood aghast, endeavoured to give expression to his sorrow and contrition for having acted so wickedly, and to make promises of amendment for the future.

But (continued Leake) there is no safety for you, young man, unless you deliver up the materials *instantly*!

Rab fumbled in his pockets for a moment, and then produced the

instrument, along with about two inches of black twist, both of which Leake examined with the eye and nose of a connoisseur, then wrapping them in a piece of paper, finally deposited them in his pocket, side by side with his own meershaum with the ambre mouth-piece.

Leake had, however, a little part of the drama still to play. Biding his opportunity, which soon occurred, he took occasion to report the circumstance to Mrs Divitt, and for the sake of heightening the effect, produced the pipe. The lady was, as Leake had anticipated, greatly shocked, but was highly complimentary to him for his prudence in concealing the facts from Mr Divitt until she herself had been apprized of them, and gave as her reasons, that Divitt was sometimes hasty and precipitate, and might have been summary in his dealings with the unhappy culprit. She even counselled Leake to continued silence, and to leave the matter entirely in her hands, for, as she very characteristically expressed it, "we must make an effort to save poor Maister Robert." Leake was then instructed to have Rab sent to the house of Mrs Divitt, 4 Singleton Place, on the following evening at a given hour; which, with his usual tact, he adroitly managed by means of a letter, to which Rab was to wait an answer. This was a species of message of which Rab was particularly fond, as it very seldom happened that he required to leave the place with only his finger in his mouth.

Rab was punctual, but to his surprise he was shown into a private room instead of being sent to the kitchen as he expected. In a few minutes Mrs Divitt made her appearance, accompanied by another lady, to wit, Miss Jessina Noker, sister of the public-spirited bailie of that name. This lady might indeed have been, out of courtesy, said to be young, but she had blossomed in this lower sphere at least fifty summers, and with reverence be it said, had wasted her sweetness upon desert air, so far at least as a husband was concerned. That this was her own choice let us charitably assume. It was perhaps well for civilization, and a large hearted philanthropy, that she had thus been left without domestic encumbrances, for much time was at her disposal, and being a managing lady and disinclined to be idle, she had taken an active part in all public affairs in which it was prudent for a lady to embark, and in which a lady's aid was required. Jessina was a member of various committees, a frequent visitor of schools and hospitals, and benevolent institutions of all kinds. Her tastes were congenial with those of Mrs Divitt—they were in short, co-workers in the cause of erring or suffering humanity, and a devoted personal friendship existed between them. Miss Jessina had been duly apprised of the backsliding of Maister Robert, and had been specially requested to be present at the anticipated interview. The ladies having seated themselves, the sederunt was opened by Mrs Divitt, who, in making the charge, laboured hard to make Rab realize in his own mind the enormity of his crime in the nine-and-ninety point of view, as well as the dangerous position in which he had placed himself by the adoption of a habit, which, however bad in itself was sure to lead to worse, picturing to his imagination blackened teeth, a ruined constitution,

blighted hopes, and a premature end. It was now evident that Rab believed himself to have been very wicked, as he hung his head like a bulrush, and seemed to be surveying the carpet with all his senses. Miss Jessina, observing that an important stage had been gained, then girt herself to the task, and in less than ten minutes the symptoms had progressed to tears and sobs; and the next five minutes were so effective that the lachrymal, mucuous, and salivary fluids, all flowed out at their natural outlets, in abundant and contemporaneous streams, commingling on his chin and making a sad mess of the front of his shirt and waistcoat, as well as the sleeve of his jacket, which did duty in the absence of a pocket handkerchief. Never had either of these ladies seen the evidences more palpable and complete, and seldom have the efforts of reclaiming agents been requited with such a luxurious harvest of repentant woe.

All that now remained to be done was to apply emollients in the shape of friendly and endearing counsel. In order to supplement what had been said, Miss Jessina presented the convert with a tract entitled "Seventy-two Reasons for giving up the Pipe—by a Reclaimed Smoker," and Mrs Divitt presented him with an abundant supply of bread and cold mutton. It is almost superfluous to say that after his exhaustive floundering in the Slough of Despond, his severe tussle with Giant Despair, &c., &c., he had at last got a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains, and soon after gave ample proof of having come out of his trials with teeth unblunted and appetite unimpaired. The good Mrs Divitt, with considerate kindness and forethought for the wants of others, gave the restored a farther supply of the cold meat to take home with him. Rab did so, but having nearly half a mile to walk, and his teeth requiring exercise by the way, arrived just in time to present his mother with the bones.

We are of those who despise the vulgar notion that a lady cannot keep a secret. Nor have we much respect for that other vulgar notion that a wife ought to have no secrets to keep from her husband. We cannot for the life of us see any reason why Mrs Divitt should have kept Rab's case from the knowledge of her partner—the kind and indulgent Divitt,—who never on any occasion attempted to thwart her wishes, or in any way limit the sphere of her usefulness and enjoyment. Divitt had that very afternoon been at a club dinner, and had returned in a somewhat exhilarated condition—in the very condition in which he was most disposed to be acquiescent, and to grant favours. The excellent lady, therefore, could not allow the opportunity to slip; and just when Mr Divitt was perorating with a domestic tumbler before going to bed, she prudently entertained him with a succinct and lively, but at the same time impressive, narration of Rab's fall, and of the means by which he had been so happily rescued and restored.

"What! the young rascal smoking on my time?" said Divitt, with some degree of sharpness and a temporary knitting of the brows.

Discerning reader; you will at once see from this the disastrous consequences which might have accrued had the announcement of

Rab's impropriety come from the lips of any of those ordinary sycophants and tale-bearers who are always found crawling about such establishments, when there is a position to envy, or favour to be expected. Coming as it did from one who had the good of the offender at heart, and one whom Divitt delighted especially to honour, it was, after the first ebullition of feeling, the cause of some good humoured and jocular remark. Indeed Divitt was rather pleased than otherwise, that his partner's philanthropic predilections had found such a case to operate upon. He was too much a man of the world to take any other than a worldly view of the matter, and had too little imagination to see it in any deadlier light than the effect it might have upon the dispatch of business. He could, perhaps, call to remembrance a fact or two of a similar kind in his own early experiences; be that as it may, he very inconsiderately made the remark that although the offence was in itself trifling, still it was proper to check it, as it was a decided infringement of the rules laid down for the regulation of the establishment.

"A light offence Divitt! a light one!" ejaculated the philanthropist.

Divitt at once saw that he had committed himself, had supplied a text and was in for a lecture. In vain did he acquiesce, grant the truth of everything advanced, endeavour to turn the current into another channel, and as a last resource, yawned deeply, and make a precipitate rush to the grand resort of the weary. He was an adept, as we have said, at shaking himself clear of a doubtful customer, but in the *home* department, when once committed, he was a ninny.

There is a school of philosophy that attempts to trace out a great compensating principle in nature. Had Divitt been properly instructed in this philosophy, he might have seen that he was the victim of the inevitable. If he seldom allowed any customer to escape him when he wanted any particular class of goods off his hand, how should he expect to escape when he dared to speculate on subjects which involved moral consequences? The easy steps from tobacco to beer, from beer to wretchedness, from wretchedness to crime, from crime to prison, and from prison to the scaffold. Pecuniary aspect of the case—the number of schools, and churches, and missionaries, which the amount annually spent in the debasing narcotic would support. Physical aspect of the case—the deadly effects of a drop of tobacco juice upon a mouse. Astronomical aspect of the case—the number of times the great tobacco rope would extend from the earth to the moon, &c., &c. To all this was the unhappy Divitt doomed to listen, and was thus by the grand compensating principle hunted from the table in the parlour like a rat, to his hole in the wall. Aye, you may snore and affect to sleep, but that subterfuge wont save you. What you wont listen to to-night, you will have heated up for breakfast to-morrow, and so you may as well open your eyes and take it now. Let us trust that Divitt did so, but we have too much reverence for the sanctity of the curtains to report anything that may be said within their shadows.

As it is one of the chief subjects of this biographical sketch to supply great moral lessons, the reader must bear with us while we pursue the consequences of this first wayward stride of our hero still a little farther. We, in this diluvial age of tracts and tract distributors, ought to know that this is a world of temptation, and that human nature, even when fortified with the best intentions, is but human nature. Men, and we grieve to say it, women too, sometimes slip and fall while the tracts are in their hands, and the words of better books upon their lips. Remorse and contrition may be genuine at the moment of their development, but let it not be forgotten that, like certain chemical compounds, they are volatile, and if freely exposed, will soon lose their inherent virtues. To some of these substances an ordinary cork will serve as a preservative for a considerable length of time, but others, to be safe, require to be hermetically sealed. Nothing could have been more genuine than the repentance of Rab during the sederunt we have described, but there is reason to fear that the cold mutton had the effect of making him regard his error with some degree of complacency. Not that he had any desire to glory in his shame—by no means—all that we now insinuate is that the well-meant reward had a modifying effect upon that regret which ought always to be a fixed product in the mind of every true convert. Rab was either too honest or too obtuse, to have any wish to sin over again for the sake of being again restored by the same means; but the stopper of his resolution was still too loose to resist the volatilising effect of temptation and opportunity.

It was in the evening—the maternal parent had gone to make arrangements for earning the next day's one and three-pence, and had not yet returned. The male parent was in bed, in a state of somnolent convalescence, from an unusually busy week's run at the sign of the "Herring," and his ill-farred pocket companion, the pipe, lay grinning and ghastly at the fireside—a clean, snod fire-place, in a clean, well arranged, and tolerably furnished apartment, which was at once kitchen, parlour, dining room, and everything else, save the little closet in which Rab cribbed during the night. We say it was a December evening, not more than one week after the occurrence of the interesting incident at the Place. The pipe, short, black, and murky, which, like its owner, had been the subject of many fiery trials, was still unconsumed, but certainly not purified. This most forbidding, pestilent, and repulsive old stager, which all but the most inveterate and vitrified of smokers would have loathed, had still the effect of awakening Rab's dormant desire for a whiff! He took it up, eyed it for a moment, looked round to make sure that his opportunity was safe. While searching for a match his resolution began to waver—Mrs Divitt, Miss Jessina, and the seventy-two reasons, all rushed into his mind, and he had sagacity enough to perceive that there could not possibly be any carneous consummation this time. He laid down the tempter. Had he thrown it in the fire he might have been safe, but there it lay. He paced too and fro for sometime, at every turn taking a side glance at the old barracoon beauty. He

once more took it up; with spasmodic effort, burst asunder the withes of his better resolution, and in another moment was luxuriating in the false paradise of a sensual delight. He smoked eagerly that he might have it all over before the arrival of his mother, but he had miscalculated the effects of his folly in thus tampering with such a cutty. He suddenly felt sick, and the sickness rapidly increased to a degree that caused him to lose the benefit of that part of his supper, which had still been lodging about the epigastric region. To complete his misfortune his mother made her appearance, and found him in a state of physical prostration, which greatly alarmed her. Her suspicions were awakened, and in peremptory tone, she commanded the victim to tell her if he too had been drinking. Rab, in the most lubberly accents, and with his usual labial laxness, considerably increased by the nausea, informed her of the real cause. That kind mother's words were few—mournfully few, but well ordered:—

“Ye'r a bonnie pair—a bonnie pair!” said she, with a sardonic grin, as she glanced first at the bed, and then at the chair in which her darling had deposited himself, with his face, as she afterwards expressed it, “like a dish-clout.”

By patience and a generous cup of tea, Rab gradually recovered, and then it was that his kind mother administered to him a word in season, with considerable earnestness, and with a very fervently expressed assurance, that if she ever knew of him making any fresh attempt to renew his acquaintance with the pipe, she would most undoubtedly appeal to his better judgment in a still more striking manner. Rab was fully convinced that she meant what she said, and we have reason to believe that this, fully more than the seventy-two reasons, proved salutary.

On the compensating principle, Rab, so far as man in his short-sighted reason can perceive, ought to have had a fit of indigestion on the night of, or the day after, the sederunt at the Place, but let the young remember, that nature in her dealings with mankind, does not always insist on the ready money. She sometimes keeps running accounts, but will at sometime or other demand a settlement. In the instance just referred to, some may suppose that she forgave, but nothing can be more fallacious—she only gave him credit, and it is not improbable that in the latter case, she run the two bills into one, the losing of his supper being an equivalent for her forbearance on the former occasion.

In thus pursuing the foot-prints of Rab, we come now to a wide level plain, which from its sameness and want of prominent object, does not require any lengthened description. Great historical events were no doubt taking place in the world around him—nations fighting with nations, sects contending with sects, kings dying, and kings being crowned, subjects coming into the world, and going out of it in multitudes, thousands rejoicing in prosperity, and thousands pining in adversity; but Rab continued to trudge about in his own little world, doing as he was bid, ready always for his meals and always getting them; lying down at night and rising in the morning,

and allowing the great outer world to wag as it pleased, without being at all concerned about it. The establishment continued to prosper; Divitt continued to ooruscate, Rogers to cough, and Leake to dole out the petty cash. This latter gentleman, however, had not neglected his tutorial duties—still taught his sabbath class, and under the excellent counsel of Mrs Divitt, kept strict surveillance over the moral and intellectual interests of their common protégé. If Rab can be said to have had any ambition, it was still to master the hair-stroke which perplexed him so much, under the erudite Hickey, and which he saw in perfection in the caligraphy of Leake, which, as Rab very sagaciously remarked, was all hair-stroke together. In Rab's quilloquial displays, there was no hair-stroke at all—his hands were too hoofish for nice manipulation—his mark was however, broadly legible, and therefore there is no use in making any farther noise on the subject.

Continued friction will produce heat in lead, or even in ice itself—as, by the friction of years Rab acquired the ability to make an entry, run up a column and discriminate between debit and credit with tolerable facility and accuracy. Indeed the slow and unimaginative character of his intellect, was a sort of safe-guard that prevented him from erring from the common tract in the routine of business. By the advice of Leake, he had taken a session in logic at the famous Swiffle Institution, the benefit of which he frequently acknowledged in after years. To Leake's grinding was he chiefly indebted for being made to understand that the word "premises," of which he heard so much in the class, did not mean the establishment of Divitt, Rogers & Co. Leake, who had himself attended the logic class and taken a prize, delighted to draw Rab into discussions, in order to confound him by a dexterous use of the syllogism. He also endeavoured to make his pupil comprehend the grand Cartesian starting point, "I think, therefore I am," but in respecting the axiom Rab very frequently, though unwittingly, reversed its order thus, "I am, therefore I think," and although Leake pronounced it to be false, it may be a question whether Magloskie's method was not an improvement on that of the immortal Frenchman. Two very useful axioms fixed themselves indelibly on his mind, and which he loved to repeat—first, "A dog is an animal, but it does not therefore follow that all animals are dogs"—second, "A whole is greater than its parts"—Rab's version being "a hole is greater than its parts;" and we question if he is, to this day, aware that there is a *w* in the case at all; nor does it matter, for the maxim is perfect either way. Clergymen and others who have taken the usual course at college, who may be conversant with the works of the renowned Dichtersnoot, and other profound and voluminous thinkers, will no doubt be inclined to regard Rab's logical attainments as superficial, but even that, comparatively speaking, is extremely doubtful.

With his props around him—Mrs Divitt at the right, Mr Leake at the left, Miss Jessina at the back, and his mother at the front—our hero trudged along the way of life tolerably safe, and wonderfully

happy. But in the most common-place and monotonous plain, there are always vegetation and growth, and so was it in the plain over which Rab had just crossed. He was no longer a boy but a young man, with the exuberance of sixteen summers and winters on his head, and in the enjoyment of £30 a-year. The precepts of his mentor were not more beneficial to Rab's mind, than the example of his "getting up" was beneficial to his person. It is true that no mortal surgery can ever make the oak look like the willow, yet for all that a skilful and dexterous application of the pruning knife can sometimes do something, when nature has not been pleased to suit itself to the requirements of the artistic eye. Rab no doubt felt himself powerless to effect any modification on the stupendous arch of olfactory organ, but he kept a pocket comb, the frequent use of which gave his admirers the full benefit of all the forehead which nature had been pleased to bestow on him. He also took some little pains with his neck-tie, and took the experienced advice of his father, when about to order a new pair of unmeptonables. In the underclothing department he trusted implicitly to his mother, and in that respect could defy the criticism of the most fastidious. That his digestion too had retained its pristine magnificence, was apparent in the massiveness of his frame, which considerably exceeded that of his guardian, although the latter was five years his senior.

We come now to a very painful incident in the history of the talented, and exemplary, and philanthropic petty-cash-keeper, which, (as the special correspondent burning to give it publicity would say), we wish the interests of truth would allow us to pass over in silence. Leake it appears, had calculated too much on the apparent dullness and vacancy of his rather slow protégé. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Leake was sometimes deceived, for the usual blank and inert expression of Rab's countenance, became still more blank and inert, in proportion to the intensity of his mental operations. On one occasion, when Leake supposed that Rab's wits had gone a wool-gathering, he made an erasure in his book with his penknife, and substituted something else. Leake soon after went out, and Rab, anxious to see what hand his preceptor could make of an operation which, when he himself attempted, left a mark which would attract attention at the distance of a pistol shot, went over to Leake's book, in order to gratify his curiosity by a nearer inspection.

(To be continued.)

A Handy Book of Domestic Homœopathic Practice. By GEORGE EDWARD ALLSHORN, M.D., L.R.C.S.

THIS neatly got up little volume commends itself to the attention of heads of families and others interested in Homœopathic Practice, by

the simplicity and clearness of its arrangement, and the plain manner in which the instructions for the administration of the principal remedies are conveyed. It obviously supplies a want which has been felt, as the larger works of Lawrie and others are too general, and are more adapted for practitioners. This little work on the other hand, by its careful condensation will, we have no doubt, become popular as a family book of Domestic Homœopathic Practice.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Clerical Presentation.—A meeting of the Cupar Presbytery was held, Rev. Mr W. R. Watson Logie, moderator, when the clerk read a presentation to the church and parish of Monimail in favour of the Rev. James M'Gregor, High Church, Paisley, by the patroness, the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Leslie Melville Cartwright, with the consent of her husband, Thomas Robert Brook Leslie Melville Cartwright, Esq., of Leven and Melville. A letter of acceptance was also read from Mr M'Gregor, along with other relative documents, all of which were sustained.

Kirkpatrick-Juxta—Clerical Presentation.—We understand that the Rev. Mr Johnstone, at present assistant to the Rev. William Little, minister of Kirkpatrick-Juxta, has been presented by Mr Agnew of Seuchan to the *quoad sacra* church, in the parish of Leswalt, near Stranraer, erected at Seuchan. Mr Johnstone is the son of Mr William Johnstone, Rector of Castle-Douglas Academy, and has made himself highly popular, as well as greatly useful, during his stay in this district.

MACPHAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT STORY OF ROSENEATH.

We ought to have brought this interesting Memoir before our readers long ago, but other matters engrossed our attention, of which, however, they have had the benefit, and causes intervened which it is unnecessary for us to explain, and uninteresting for them to know. It is a work, however, which will be long ere it is out of date, and therefore, without further apology, we shall now lay before them an outline of the life of the late minister of Roseneath, as it is beautifully and affectionately written by his son. It is always a difficult and a delicate task to write the life of a father; the duty of the biographer and the affection of the son come oftentimes into an attitude threatening collision, and the sunshine and the shade of life require to be carefully as well as tenderly considered. The writer, in the execution of his task, was well conscious of what he had to perform, and in the close of it truthfully remarks:—"The relation in which I stand to him, while it has enabled me to know much that another could not have known, has also forbidden my saying many things that another might have said." The balance has been held with a steady hand, and many will be grateful for the very interesting volume they have received. The question naturally arises on sitting down to the perusal of a new memoir, and especially a clerical memoir, Was the man's life deserving of such a record? Did it embrace matters of

* Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late Minister of Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, including Passages of Scottish Religious and Ecclesiastical History during the Second Quarter of the present Century. By Robert Herbert Story, Minister of Roseneath. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co., and 28 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

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such importance and deep interest as to make it a desideratum for the present generation, and also for those to come? We say at once that the life of Mr Story does not possess incidents of interest equal to those of Carlyle and Somerville, and it is not assumed that it does. It is too near our own time. We are already conversant with much of what is narrated, so that the contrast or novelty is wanting to rouse the mind of the reader. But yet there is here much by no means common-place, or devoid of interest—much connected with matters of deep moment in the Church, of which the late minister of Roseneath might say—

“ Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.”

No volume can be uninteresting where there are introduced such persons as Lords Aberdeen and Dalhousie, Joseph Wolff, Thomas Pringle, Henry Drummond, Legh Richmond, Wilberforce, James Hogg, James Gray, Robert Gordon, Edward Irving, and Thomas Chalmers. But besides persons, there are also events of no common interest to engage the attention, such as the “Row Heresy,” the “Gift of Tongues,” and the memorable Secession of 1843. The first two of these are nearly forgotten, though they made a sensation at the time—the last is expected to be held in everlasting remembrance.

The Rev. Robert Story was born at Yetholm, the famous howf of the Gipsies, on the third of March 1790, and was the youngest child of a family of seven. His father was the parish schoolmaster there, and also factor for Mr Wauchope of Niddrie. Young Story was like most other lads of his years, but he tells us that the period of his life between his birth and his commencement of the study of humanity, might be characterized as the fabulous, the golden, or the fairy age. He was “extremely superstitious and wildly religious,” he thought about spirits good and bad all day, and dreamed about them all night. Possessed of an extraordinary power of mimicry, he imitated every minister he heard, and he looked eagerly forward to the time when he should enrapture the congregation “by a tone similar to that of an old screeching minister in the neighbourhood.” He was accustomed to retire to some lonely place in the fields with his Bible in his hand, and there choosing a text, hold forth extempore with great unction and pathos. The two favourite passages on which he delighted to pour out his eloquence were “Behold he cometh with clouds,” and “Blessed are they who know the joyful sound.” He was also then a great politician, his politics consisting of strong love for the constitution of his country, and determined hatred to the French. His first education was of course at home. He was the only scholar in Latin, and, as may be suspected, his progress was not very great—when business in the open air required his services, his absence did not retard the class, and so his studies in the classics were not of the most regular description. Nevertheless, he was in due time considered fit for college.

In November 1805, Mr Story, then a youth of fifteen, entered the

University of Edinburgh, and met there as his fellow students, several who turned out very distinguished men in after life. Among these was Earl Russell, who, in after years, when visiting at Roseneath Castle, did not scorn to call upon his old friend at the manse, and revert to some of the incidents of their college days. Here Pringle, the future African traveller, was his fellow-lodger; and here also he formed friendships with Cannan, Donaldson, and Landsborough, which were only interrupted by the death of these parties. His mind about this time seems to have been almost entirely absorbed with poetizing, or rather verse-making, and we find him declaring himself so enamoured of poetry, that to his attainment in that line he must look for much of the honour and happiness of his life. However, he could never attain the standard of his own ideal. Writing to Donaldson, he says,—“I wrote a poem consisting of thirty-six Spenserian stanzas. Its title is the ‘Celestial Vestals,’ and is the fulfilment of a promise which I made to two young ladies. I thought at first it was something like Spenser; now I see it is a long drawling yawning haver.” After his third session at college, he was appointed tutor to the only son of Baron David Hume, and nephew of the philosopher of that name. In this family he continued three years, at the same time pursuing his own studies at the University. His next appointment was to a situation of the same kind in the family of Mr M’Pherson Grant of Ballindalloch in Morayshire. Here he remained not much above a year, for though the family was everything he could wish, his boy, a “delightful charge,” and himself “completely his own master,” yet a melancholy and depression, to which he had been long subject, brooded upon his mind, and after making a tour through the Highlands, he went home to his father in Yetholm. We think the biographer has dwelt upon this mental depression somewhat more than was necessary to give a knowledge of the man, and has laid bare feelings and sentiments which the subject of them had he been alive would have desired to conceal.

In April 1813, Mr Story accepted the situation of tutor in the family of Mr Burton Grieve, residing at Fishwick Mains, on the Tweed, opposite Norham. Here, however, he did not long remain, for Lady Dalhousie having heard from Baron Hume of his excellence as a tutor, was anxious to obtain his services for her two eldest sons, Lord Ramsay, and the Hon. Charles Ramsay. This situation was so very desirable, that he had no difficulty in accepting it, and his residence in that noble family was one of the happiest periods of his life. The near prospect of a vacancy in the parish of Ladykirk induced Lord Dalhousie and Mr Wauchope of Niddrie to apply to the Government on Mr Story’s behalf, and secure for him the succession to the living. His trials before the Presbytery of Haddington were urged forward with all speed, and in July 1815, he was licensed to preach the gospel. The man was now ready but the place was not yet vacant, and he was soon almost in despair for a church. There was, however, no necessity for this, as he had not to wait long for a field of labour. In the end of the autumn he was offered the assist-

antship at Roseneath, and after some hesitation he resolved to accept it.

The parish of Roseneath was at this time in a most lamentable condition morally and spiritually. It was become like a garden which had been long neglected, if not deserted. Weeds and wildness everywhere met the eye. Smuggling was carried on to an incredible extent—it was universal. Drunkenness, its concomitant, went hand in hand. Brawling and fighting were frequent as the result of both. Remonstrance as to smuggling was all in vain. Long habit had deadened the conscience, if it ever had been alive in the matter, and the universal feeling, with respect to it, was that expressed by one when taken to task for his nefarious trade—"I pay the duty on the maut, I alloo nae sweerin' at the still, and everything's dune dacently and in order. I canna see ony hairm in't." Every glen had its still, and there was little use in concealing what every one knew. And what was the pastoral superintendence of this benighted parish? It too was mournful to contemplate. The minister had been long incapacitated from old age for performing public parochial duty, and he had had as an assistant a Mr Brown, who was characterized as "a gran' preacher, but a wofu' drucken body." One Sunday he fell down in the pulpit, and groaned pathetically to one who ran to his assistance, "you know there's only one thing that'll do me good." The "one thing" was immediately procured and administered, after which he held forth for an hour and a-half. On the death of Brown an engagement was about to be entered into with one Graham, the "idiotical schoolmaster" of the parish, who was only half-way through the Divinity Hall, and on that account was refused license by the Presbytery of Dumbarton, but who was going to try to get himself licensed by the Presbytery of *Dumfries*. In these days it was no unusual thing for students who were deficient in qualification either from natural inability or neglect of study, to ferret out some small, distant, out-of-the-way Presbytery, known for its facile reception of all who should seek the shadow of its wing, and there be transmuted into wise, grave, and eloquent licentiates of the Church. But how *Dumfries* should have been selected for this manipulation we are at a loss to discover. It was then as it is still a very large and by no means lax Church Court, and at that time possessed ministers who were thought not unqualified for being promoted to the Moderatorship in the General Assembly. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur!* We may mention for the benefit of all concerned, and of divinity students in particular, that whatever *Dumfries* Presbytery may have been, it affords no such asylum now to the destitute and the distressed, for every student on applying for license, besides producing satisfactory evidence of having completed the regular curriculum, must undergo a thorough examination on the following subjects, which we think are pretty well fitted to test his qualifications. In the printed programme now before us of that Presbytery it is stated:—

"Students, on applying for License, shall be examined on—

1. LATIN.—Horace, *Ars Poetica*.

2. GREEK.—Epistle to the Romans—To be critically considered in connection with Hodge's Commentary on the Romans.
3. HEBREW.—Psalms, I.—X.
4. LOGIC.—Whately.
5. MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments.
6. GEOMETRY.—Euclid's Elements, I., III. ALGEBRA.—Quadratic Equations.
7. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Dynamics—Potter.
8. DIVINITY.—Hill's Lectures—Confession of Faith. POPEERY.—Blakeny's Catechism—Papal Conspiracy exposed by Beecher Stowe.
9. CHURCH HISTORY.—Centuries XVI, XVII., Mosheim.
10. SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

The Student will understand that the above list does not include the subjects for his *Public Probationary Trials*."

After this there is no necessity for adding the precautionary notice, "*None only half-educated need apply.*" But we return to the memoir.

With regard to the rioting and revelling which took place on funeral occasions here, it was certainly most unnatural and unseemly, yet it does not appear that Roseneath was in any way different from its neighbours both at hand and remote. And so also with regard to the Holy Communion and its tent preaching in the churchyard. A great attendance of people was considered a great success, and we can easily enter into the feelings of the old clergyman of a parish near Roseneath, who in narrating the popularity of his own communion said—"It was a creditable crood, there was fourteen stane o' saumon eaten in the village." We must confess, however, that the description of the "Monday Dinner," given in a letter by a friend to Mr Story before he came to the west country, is beyond anything of the same kind we have yet heard :—

"Hero of the dark rolling eye! The roaring and bousing of last night has been succeeded by a stillness and uneasiness which the temperate and virtuous never know; and even among the healthy wilds of Caledonia, where temperance and purity might seem to have fixed their abode, there is to be found one languid pulse—one aching head—one remorse-struck soul. Perhaps you think that I have been in some infamous company which prudence and honour conspired in exhorting me to shun; and that with the loss of my innocence, I have thrown aside also my respectability. Never once imagine it, sir. The bousing match which I am lamenting was nothing else than the clerical dinner which usually follows the celebration of the Sacrament; and my fellows in iniquity were blameless priests and holy elders, high-minded heritors and Highland chieftains. We drank, and roared, and sang, in a style which would have shamed our most illustrious meetings at Turnbull's, even when — roaring 'Jolly beggars.' We fired our *grape* shot (nothing less than *royal* port), sometimes three in a minute. We bumped every young lady in the country. We gave three times three to the Spanish patriots. I, in a style of matchless expression, sung 'Swigg'd it,' and 'A Highland lad my love was born.' About eight in the evening, several were sick, and others were groaning; some mounted their horses to ride home many miles over the hills, and your humble servant was completely done up."

Such was the condition and character of the parish into which Mr Story was ushered by Providence to become a light shining in a dark

place, and it was not long ere his presence was felt in the new aspect of men and morals which began to be assumed. His first visit to the place for the purpose of preaching on the following day, was of so discouraging a nature that he resolved to bid it farewell for ever on the Monday morning. It was on the evening of a cold, bleak, December day—the ground was covered with snow—in strong contrast lay the loch dark and sullen with the closing twilight increasing the gloom. The Manse was “old, mouldy, and out of repair.” The room in which he slept was anything but inviting—the discoloured musty paper hung from the walls in tatters—the sheets were damp and clammy, and everything was most uncomfortable. Next day things were no better, or rather all things were in keeping. The kirk was like an old barn, and the congregation numbered about forty persons. The afternoon was as cheerless and unpromising as the forenoon, and his resolution was becoming very decided that the sooner he quitted the dreary scene the better. Matters, however, improved. One or two neighbours came in after church and gave him a kind and a cordial welcome, and one of them took him up to his hospitable home at the Clachan House, where the family circle kindly entertained the dispirited preacher, which caused him to reconsider his determination to leave, and at last to abandon his intention, and give himself heartily to the work. Dr Chalmers used to inculcate upon his students the great importance of domiciliary visitations. We remember hearing him one morning say, when lecturing on ministerial duty, especially in rural parishes, “If you want to go to a man’s heart go to his house, and if you want him to come to the church go to his house. He feels you take an interest in his welfare, and he returns your visit in the church as something he considers due.” It was in this way Mr Story entered upon his parochial duties. He began with house to house visitation. He spoke to the people kindly and familiarly of their religious duties and responsibilities. He had weekly catechizings at which almost all the parishioners attended in their several districts. The Shorter Catechism was in great demand, and “in his forenoon calls, now and then, the minister, as he entered a room, would catch a glimpse of the slender volume vanishing into some place of concealment.” A sabbath school was instituted, and shortly afterwards in connection with it a juvenile library was also established. The consequence was, the church became regularly and well attended—domestic morals were reformed, and the spiritual condition of the parish became healthy and strong. Smuggling by degrees was eradicated, the stills were overthrown, drunkenness was checked, and the six public houses in the parish dwindled into two. Before this could be effected, however, there were doubtless many difficulties to encounter, and unpleasant interviews to hold, for vicious habits which have been long indulged in without interruption are not to be eradicated by a single wave of the magician’s wand. If on returning home late at night he saw a light in the village alehouse, he immediately entered and dismissed the party. Thus the young minister laboured in his charge with boldness, assiduity, and ardour, and he had the satisfaction of find-

ing himself not only respected but loved, for, as his biographer truly remarks, "the man, who, true to his own duty, animates others with the consciousness of theirs, will always be respected by all who have not lost the very capacity of moral life." The people became more and more attached to him, and at last petitioned the noble patron, the Duke of Argyll, to appoint him assistant and successor to their old minister Dr Drummond, whose health was continually becoming worse. To this the Duke after some little negotiation assented, although the appointment had been promised to another, and Mr Story's ordination took place on the 26th of March 1818, after he had laboured in the parish about two years and three months. He was ordained by the late Principal Mr M'Farlan, then minister of Drymen, and on the following Sunday he was introduced to his charge by Dr Chalmers, at that time minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow. Dr Chalmers and Mr Story were on the most intimate and friendly terms, and it was even in contemplation to make the latter assistant in the Tron. How we should have liked to have been an unseen spectator of the jubilant scene enacted in the Clachan Glen by the great *dramatis personæ* there assembled, as narrated in the following paragraph! Story, Irving, and Chalmers engaged at the Highland Fling :—

"During the years when Chalmers was overwhelming his audiences in Glasgow, with his rugged and resistless eloquence, and was working out in his parish there those theories of parochial and civic economy, which are the least showy, but the most substantial foundations of his fame, a holiday at Roseneath was always a welcome break in the noisy and laborious round of his town life. On one of his visits, on which he was accompanied by Irving (at the time his assistant), Miss Helen Campbell, Mr Robert's sister, gave an entertainment in his honour, at her bower in the Clachan Glen. The Glen is a narrow wooded ravine that winds back into the hill lying behind the level shorelands of Roseneath; the bower was a romantic retreat in its deepest and shadiest hollow, where the steep bank has drawn back a little from the brawling 'burn,' and left as much of smooth and gently sloping sward as might serve for the sylvan revels of the court of Oberon and Titania. A large and merry party took breakfast in the bower; after which one of the gentlemen assumed the fiddle, and Mr Irving performed the Highland Fling among the children, on the turf in front. 'What shall we do now?' said Mr Story, when the festivities of the morning were over. 'Oh,' answered Chalmers in his impetuous way, 'come and let us abandon ourselves to miscellaneous impulses!'"

The reverence with which the Duke of Argyll was regarded by the great body of the people amounted almost to worship, and several instances are recorded illustrative of the great and sincere affection which they bore to that noble house. The gloom of family bereavement was cast aside in a moment to rejoice in the happiness of Argyll. "He should have known," said one on a very sorrowful occasion, "that no affliction could ever visit the Clachan that would make us indifferent to the prosperity of the house of Argyll. My brother would have rejoiced to-day if he had buried his last child yesterday, and his sons would not be worthy of his name if they could not do the same." A laughable instance of this veneration is given in the case

of a man, who, having received what he considered reproachful usage at the hand of another, wound up a long list of his grievances to his Grace's "bailie" by exclaiming, "and mair nor that, he had the impidence to strike me in the presence o' His Grace's Horse."

We have been greatly struck with the biographer's powers in describing landscape scenery. If the parish of Roseneath is faithfully depicted, as we have no doubt it is, it must be indeed an enviable spot in the eye of many a tourist as well as licentiate of the church :—

"The peninsula of Roseneath lies between the Gairloch and Loch Long; at its northern extremity a high and narrow ridge, it slopes gradually down to the low well-wooded shores past which the Clyde flows on the south. Each of the lochs has its own peculiar scenery. That of Loch Long is stern and desolate; the long dun gorge is aptly termed by Rogers a 'vast and awful depth of hills.' That of the Gairloch is calm and beautiful, and viewed in the serene light of a summer evening, reminds one of the soft and dreamy loveliness of the Campanian shore. Beyond the Roseneath Ferry the loch stretches out its ample sheet of water, till it is barred by the low-browed heights which separate it from Loch Long, and beyond which rises the bold ridge of the Argyllshire hills, tracing their rugged outline on the sky. These wild and lonely mountains contrast well with the wooded slopes and fair meadows of the lower portion of the loch, and enhance the charm that always lingers there. It is a charm that is felt most strongly, perhaps, in early autumn, where a 'fiery finger' here and there had touched the leaves, and the fields are yellow to the harvest. The weariest Pilgrim of the Beautiful could wish to gaze on no lovelier scene than there meets the eye, as the westering sun gradually leaving the slopes of Roseneath, with the leafy glens and deep rich woods around its nestled bay, in gathering shadow, still shines upon the winding shore of Row, and sparkles on the roofs and windows of the villas that rise amongst their trees and gardens, while the rough mountains in the airy distance assume a deeper purple."

But here is another scene, from the top of Tamnaharra, the highest point in the parish, and 800 feet above the level of the sea. Dr Chalmers is standing on the summit and gazing in silent admiration on the scenery around :—

"The panorama from the summit is magnificent. Away to the left swells the broad bosom of the Firth of Clyde, with the blue cone of Ailsa rising on the horizon, and nearer the towering crests of Arran. On the right stretch the billowy Argyllshire Highlands, hill beyond hill. Looking down, on the one side you see the Gairloch, lying between its wooded and cultivated banks; on the other, is the sublimest view of all—Loch Long, deep and dark, amid its impending mountains, which throw solemn shadows even in the brightest summer day upon the sombre waters. Right in front of Tamnaharra, one huge rocky giant standing out abruptly from the others, divides the channel of Loch Long from that of Loch Goil. Only the entrance to the 'dark and stormy water' can be seen, guarded on the one hand by the mountain which hides the rest of it from sight, and on the other by the ruined Castle of Carrick, which stands weather-beaten and gloomy, on a strip of meadow at the base of the hills. The effect of the view is heightened by the immediate foreground—a bare hill-side, with one sullen tarn in a stony hollow; but the grand and impressive feature of it is the strength and majesty of the everlasting hills, whether grim white with winter snow, or purple with summer heather, or scowling amid drifts of mist and rain, or

sleeping in the cloudless sunshine. 'Never,' said the Doctor, after gazing for a while, 'never did I see such specimens of the *statuary* of nature.'

In June of the following year, Dr Drummond died, and the old minister of Ladykirk died also, so that Mr Story had the choice either of removing to Ladykirk, or of remaining where he was. The former was the richer living of the two, and was a most delightful locality, and besides, it was that on which he had set his heart, but considering the efforts which the parishioners of Roseneath had made to have him settled over them as their minister, he resolved not to make any change, though his own personal happiness dictated otherwise. The balance stood quivering for a moment, but Roseneath went down as the weightier scale, doubtless to the great satisfaction of the humble spectators, who anxiously but silently stood looking on. "The Lord be thankit for the size o't," was the exclamation of a parishioner, when Mr Story at the Disruption was offered the parish of Stonykirk in Wigtonshire, but declined the presentation on the ground that it was too large for him to take the charge of with comfort to himself and satisfaction to others.

His intercourse with his people was of the most cordial and affectionate kind, more like the tenderness of a father than the superintendence of a minister. He warmly sympathized with them in all their domestic afflictions, and when they were in sickness, besides administering to their spiritual consolation, he often acted as their bodily physician. An old woman suffering from cancer, and who had an utter aversion to laudanum, which the doctor had prescribed, would never consent to take it, till the minister should first swallow a similar dose. A half idiot, called Donald M'Nicoll, under medical treatment, would by no means agree to take two pills which were ordered, till Mr Story volunteered to take two first, and which was instantly done. Donald, however, kept his so long in his mouth that the nauseous savour began to act very disagreeably on his palate, and spitting them out, he flourished his stick above the minister's head, in a rage exclaiming, "Whan did ye turn a doctor? Ye'll hae quat the preachin' noo." To Mr Story the poet's lines might well be applied:—

"Even as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

During his ministry his delicate state of health occasionally necessitated his absence for a short time from the sphere of his active labours, and then he would extend his rambles across the Border as far as Liverpool, or across the Channel to the green Isle of Erin, and then returned to his charge with a renovation of health and an elasticity of spirits, which was gladdening and beneficial to his loving and beloved flock. Reader, use your influence with all around you, heartily to accord your minister a "Clerical Furlough" every summer. Once, Mr Story, when on a tour in England, visited the Rev. John Simons, an English Church clergyman of Paul's Cray, in Kent, a very worthy

but in some respects a peculiar man. When he arrived, it was believed that Mr Simons was dying, and his family were gathered around him to receive his blessing. He desired Mr Story to kneel down by the bed that he might lay his hands upon his head, and like a dying patriarch, give him his benediction. His sickness, however, was not unto death, he rallied and was able to go about, so that Mr Story's visit turned out longer than on his arrival he intended. Mr Simons was accustomed to affiliate all his failings, and especially his ebullitions of temper, upon the flesh, in accordance with the saying of Paul, "in the flesh dwelleth no good thing." One day at dinner the joint of meat being underdone, he called up the cook, and after a violent reprimand asked her if "she was not ashamed to abuse God's gifts as she had abused that piece of meat." This done, turning to his guests he said, "Ah, gentleman, it is the flesh, not I—the flesh, not I." Mr Simons must certainly have been a Scotchman by birth from his keen relish for one of our humblest but most wholesome dishes, as the following narrative of the pursuit of porridge under difficulties will show —

"He had conceived an affection for Scotch porridge, or at least for a viand he called by that honoured name. 'That's not what we would call porridge in Scotland,' said Mr Story, the first morning the accustomed mess was introduced. 'Not porridge!' exclaimed Mr Simons indignantly. 'Why, I have eaten it for twenty years, made of the best oatmeal, from the great Scotch meal merchant in the Strand; if it is not porridge, what would you call it, Sir?' Mr Story replied, that 'drammock' would probably be considered the fitter name in the North; and the upshot of the dispute was, that he was led off to the kitchen by his host, who insisted, that since that was not porridge, he should let him see what was. The cook, however, drove them ignominiously from the lower regions. She knew her place and her work, and she would have no gentlemen meddling with *her* business—not she. They retired discomfited to the breakfast room; but Mr Story affirming that he could make the porridge himself if he had but the materials, Mrs Wales smuggled in a pot, meal and water, and the operation began; Mr Simons fidgeting about, and watching the process with intense anxiety. At length the porridge was ready, and duly poured into his plate. With solemn eagerness he lifted a spoonful, tasted, paused a moment, then starting up, exclaimed enthusiastically, 'You've given me a new sensation, Sir! You've given me a new sensation!' The triumph of the real porridge was complete."

Story making porridge in the parson's parlour is a companion picture to Irving and Chalmers dancing the Highland Fling in the Clachan Glen! All the better men were these three, for their ready participation in the arts of cookery and dancing.

Strange characters in the preaching line sometimes wended their way to the manse of Roseneath, where they were always sure to find a ready welcome, and they showed their gratitude for the hospitality they received, by making themselves a part of the family for many days at a time. One of the most remarkable of these was the Rev. R. B. who had once been settled in Ireland in connection with the Synod of Ulster, but his hot-headedness made the place uncomfortable both for himself and all around him, and it was with no small diffi-

culty that he effected his escape. The following account of him will amuse, although, at the same time, it has a melancholy interest:—

“He wandered about Scotland as a preacher, and occasionally, in a case of extreme need, officiated in that capacity at Roseneath, till increasing age and eccentricity forbade his being admitted, to the pulpit. Whenever a forlorn ring of the door bell was heard late of a winter's night, ‘This is B.,’ was the unanimous and almost always correct prognostication. He came when he pleased, and stayed as long as he chose, and was by no means bashful in making known his wants while an inmate. Mrs Story was not quite so tolerant of his ways as her husband, and could not be brought to believe that hospitality required that B. should one day eat all the eggs in the house, raw, to cure a slight hoarseness, or the next be permitted to recline on the drawing-room sofa with his shoes on, and with a small mound of the best bound books in the room under his head for a pillow. She consequently was held in less esteem than the minister himself; a fact which B. took his own way of notifying. One summer we were at Bridge of Earn, and as usual he turned up; he was visiting in the neighbourhood, and considerably came to see his friend, Mr Story. ‘My friends, Mr and Mrs Robertson, of Henhill, said he, ‘were just talking about you last night, Mr Story, and they thought you were very like one of the Patriarchs.’ ‘Indeed, Mr B., and which of the Patriarchs am I like?’ ‘Well, we agreed it was Isaac. You see he was a fine mild, benevolent old gentleman; and then you know’ (with a vixenish glance at Mrs Story) he had a real *birky* of a wife.’

“Poor B., he betook himself at last to medical studies, with a view to becoming a medical missionary; but on his way to Paris to walk the Hospitals there, he broke down in London, and all his money melted away as he lay sick in some obscure lane about Smithfield. Utterly destitute and forlorn, he wrote to the Duke of Argyll, and told him he wanted to get to Roseneath, to die there. The Duke had him sent safely down by rail—he died in a day or two, and was buried in the spot he chose, under the shadow of the large laurel, beside the old Church. And, then, strange to say, one who in other years had known this queer, lonely, helpless creature, and true to his earlier image, had always loved him, came to ask where he was laid, that she might raise a stone to his memory. What broken and twisted chains of love must lie scattered up and down the world, waiting for the time that shall rivet them anew.”

What is called the “Row Controversy,” takes up a considerable portion of the volume, but upon this case we care not to enter further than by noting that the Rev. Mr Campbell, the subject of it, was highly esteemed as an earnest and zealous minister, and Dr Hanna is taken to task for having, in his *Memoirs of Dr Chalmers*, flippantly described Mr Campbell as a “young minister of ardent piety, but of slender theological discrimination.” A cordial friendship subsisted between him and Mr Story, and the latter very narrowly escaped sharing the fate of his neighbour, whose character and cause he defended with great energy and zeal in the several Courts of the Church. Some of his friends fearing what might be the result of his enthusiasm, constantly cautioned him to take care of the language he used in the heat of debate. Poor Campbell was deposed, and nothing could be more touching than the appeal of his aged father in his defence in the General Assembly, when the motion was made for his deposition:—

"It was certainly," said he, "what I never expected, that a motion for his immediate deposition should have come from my old friend, Dr Cook; but I do not stand here to deprecate your wrath. I bow to any decision to which you may think it right to come. Moderator, I am not afraid for my son; though his brethren cast him out, the Master whom he serves will not forsake him; and while I live, I will never be ashamed to be the father of so holy and blameless a son." Although in the Assembly the majority against him was great, being 119 to 6, yet many in the Church felt sorrow at the result, as they thought the so-called "heresy" was more in name than reality. None lamented the deposition more than Mr Story. Writing on the subject to Pringle, he said,—“Even admitting Campbell to have held the errors for which he is condemned, I should have expected some sympathy with his holiness, but that very thing, the singular sanctity of his life and manners, seems to have more than anything else stimulated in many the fiercest animosity. But for the present, let his cause rest with his God.”

Following the Row Case is an interesting chapter on Mary Campbell and the "Gift of Tongues" at Fernicarry. This was one of the greatest delusions to be found in the annals of the Church. Many of the most eminent divines were for a short time put to a stand by the pretensions of that singular woman. The whole affair was discovered to be an imposition, and was at last acknowledged such, and regretted by the impostor herself. Writing to her old minister, Mr Story, she said, "I had, before receiving your letter, come to the resolution to write to you, and to confess my sin and error for calling my own impressions the voice of God. Oh! it is *no* light thing to use that Holy *Name* irreverently, as I have been made to feel." We refer the reader to the volume for the interesting narrative, in which poor Edward Irving comes upon the scene and makes a mournful exit.

Part third of the Memoir embraces the deliberations and doings of the Church during the important years 1834–46. With the ecclesiastical controversies which raged throughout that period all must be familiar, and, therefore, it is unnecessary for us to do more than intimate that here they are succinctly, yet, at the same time, very fully narrated. A spirit of acerbity, however, pervades this portion of the work, which must be not only disagreeable and displeasing to a "certain denomination," but also to those who were not personally or denominationally interested in these discussions, and the unfortunate result to which they eventually led. There has appeared to us something like a bravado, for example, in the analysis which is given of the numbers and characters of the ministers who remained in the Church, and of those who went out. It is a subject whose consideration should have an humbling effect upon the heart, and such an effect is, in our mind, quite compatible with a candid and comprehensive account of all that then took place. Ministers' families surrendered comforts, and made sacrifices, and encountered hardships, for which they deserve other treatment than taunt, and hard sayings, and recalling

bitter griefs which had become partially assuaged under the healing hand of time. And notwithstanding all they suffered, how noble have been their efforts and great their success for the support of their church! We must say that in our opinion this Memoir would have been all the better had it wanted several hits and hard sayings in reference to the members and ministers of the Free Church, with regard to certain things which have now either entirely passed away, or are considerably modified. They are uncourteous and unnecessary, shall we say also unchristian? We are not in ignorance of them. Why should it be told that the Free Church minister in Roseneath refused to pray at any funeral at which Mr Story officiated? It was long the same almost everywhere. Why is the reader's attention directed to "the Laodicean self-complacency with which the Seceders always assumed that they monopolized the Spirit?" or, that they *arrogated* the title of the Free Church of Scotland? Every one knows they did. And in speaking of the inroads made into the parish by reverend lecturers from Glasgow and elsewhere, for the purpose of enlightening the people on the "principles of the Secession," there was scarcely any necessity for saying that "sometimes their orations were rendered more level to the rustic intellect by the interpolation of anecdote and gossip, as the clown of the circus comes tumbling into the ring, between the grander feats of horsemanship, for the delectation of the gallery." Such sayings and doings are now almost forgotten, and thus bringing them up again is like tearing open an ugly wound which was almost healed, and setting it to fester anew. The whole world knows and remembers the anathema that was hurled against the Established Church and all connected with her. There still lingers in the ear the dying echo of the memorable ban—"Let the parish minister be regarded as virtually the one excommunicated man of the district, the man with whom no one is to join in prayer, whose Church is to be avoided as an impure and unholy place, whose addresses are not to be listened to, whose visits are not to be received, *who is everywhere to be put under the ban of the community.*" But why recal this to unwilling remembrance? We sincerely believe that there is not a minister of the Free Church, of respectable standing, but who would shrink to give utterance to such language and such sentiments now. We believe that were it possible, much would be unsaid and undone which the record of those times will transmit to the latest ages, and both parties should therefore remember the adage, *Humanum est errare*. Strange reasons were given by some of the parishioners for leaving the Established Church and joining the Free, some specimens of which we may give. One fellow, notorious as a profane swearer, defiantly shouted, "I'm no gaun to bide in a Kirk whaur I canna' get preevileges." Another clenched an argument with his neighbour thus, "Div ye think I'll stay in a Kirk whaur I'm tell't that if I dinna believe the Almichty's my faither, I'm nae Christian." A coachman, whose master took a prominent part in the local Secession, said in answer to a friend's enquiry, where he intended to go, "I'll gang whaur THE HORSE gangs." An old woman retorted to

the oft repeated assertion, that the Seceders were the "corn," and the Residuaries the "chaff," "Aweel, maybe sae, but I'm feared ye maun be some o' the licht corn o' Egypt, for I ne'er heerd tell in my time o' corn that flee't awa', and cauf that bided ahint." Mr Story, one day conversing with an old dame on what was occurring, said he hoped that those who were going out were making it a matter of conscience—"Bonny on their conscience," she cried, "if ye kent them as weel as I dae, ye wadna say muckle about their conscience. Ony way, conscience is an ill guide wi'oot the Scriptur'; nae doot it was conscience that sent Saul gallopin' awa' to Damascus." Another, being strongly urged to contribute to the fund for the ministers who were going out, replied, "I hae heard o' some that gaed oot langsyne, and they were tell't no to tak' purse or scrip wi' them, but ye're a hantle wiser—ye send the purse and the scrip afore ye." Truly a wondrous witty parish must be that of Roseneath.

But we must draw our notice to a close. We could willingly linger over much which is here recorded, but we must leave the reader with the recommendation to obtain the volume at his earliest convenience, and there enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," in his own undisturbed retirement. A considerable amount of correspondence is incorporated with the other matter of the work, which gives a freshness and an interest to the perusal as we pass along. There are several characteristic letters from Dr Chalmers, who always cherished for Mr Story a warm affection, and who ever welcomed him on his visitation with "Sweet Phosphor, rule the day." These happy meetings are over. Both parties are now gone.

The seeds of disease had been long lying dormant in Mr Story's apparently stalwart frame, and they began to give evidence that they would be dormant no more. While visiting in Edinburgh, in 1858, he became alarmingly ill, but was soon enabled to return home to his manse by the Gairloch. The closing portion of his life is described with great tenderness and pathetic beauty. Peaceful and pleasing was the end of the venerable Pastor of Roseneath, whose biography as here recorded is indeed a "moving *Story*." He died on the 22d of November 1859; raising his hand as if pointing upwards, he drew one or two long sighs, and passed away into the presence of his Lord. "His calm patience and beautiful sublime manliness were a constant lesson."

After thirty-seven years' faithful labour in his Master's vineyard, among a people whom he loved as his own soul, and whose temporal and eternal well-being he ever sought to secure, he sleeps soundly in a retired corner of the old churchyard, overlooked by his own chamber window, where "the thornless rose of Sharon which he had planted above the grave of his first-born and first-lost, sheds its blossoms over his own resting-place, and the shadow of his long-loved home deepens beside it when the sun is in the west." Beautiful, and affectionate, and true, was the tribute paid by his friend and co-presbyter, the Rev. Mr Dunn of Cardross, in a sermon preached the second Sunday after Mr Story's death:—"And over a man of finer, more

graceful mould and form, over a more genial friend and companion, over one whose face and presence threw more light and cheerfulness and vivacity into a social circle, over a kinder and more loving heart, over one with wider and larger sympathies, sympathies with all humanity, with all creatures and created things, enjoying with a keener relish everything enjoyable on earth, with a quicker ear and eye to all sweet sounds and sights of beauty, with a merrier laugh and a more exquisite sense of humour, and a readier tear—over one who took into his bosom so many and so diverse persons, of all variety of temperament, of all sects and denominations, and had room and space for each, and a special nook for all unfortunates and outcasts, cast adrift on life's voyage—over a man who had seen more of human life in all its aspects, in the hall and in the cottage, and who had such a store of anecdotes and illustrations gathered from books and men—the grave of a country churchyard has seldom closed.” To all of which so truthfully and lovingly told, every one who knew the Rev. Robert Story of Roseneath, will warmly and cordially say, “Amen.”

The author of this Memoir has performed his difficult and delicate task with great affection, and much literary ability. He writes in a flowing and graphic style, and his good taste is seldom at fault. He has produced a deeply interesting volume which will maintain a high place in the biographical literature of our Scottish clergy. We would however, recommend him the next time he lifts the pen, to remember one who in the early days of his ministry wished to call down fire from heaven, and destroy all who did not belong to his religious denomination, but who afterwards changed his opinion, and gave as an evidence of his having passed from death unto life, his love for the brethren. This volume would have been all the better had it shown greater love to the brethren, or even had there been less acrimony sprinkled on some of its pages, but youthful authorship may to some extent be pleaded in excuse. Nevertheless it is a charming book and well worthy of perusal.

DR HILL'S COUNSELS RESPECTING THE PASTORAL OFFICE.*

THERE is no more worthy dignitary in the Church, at the present time, than the venerable Dr Hill, Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and there is no one to whom greater deference is paid in the consideration of all ecclesiastical affairs. In framing a standard of qualification for the ministry to those about to enter it—in exercising discipline upon those already in it, for the preservation of its purity; and in otherwise deliberating in the councils of all our Church Courts, he is always looked to, and listened to, with the

* *Counsels Respecting the Duties of the Pastoral Office.* By the late George Hill, D.D., Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews. With Appendix by Alex. Hill, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Thos. Murray & Son. 1862. (Pp. 124.)

most respectful attention, as one whose long experience, sound judgment, distinguished connections, and influential position, well entitle him to be heard. Calm, clear, judicious, in all he suggests or recommends, he is ever taken as an authority when some knotty point is to be unravelled, or some critical position is to be got out of, or avoided. His influence is perhaps most conspicuously seen and felt on certain occasions in the meetings of the General Assembly, when conflicting elements arise, as they sometimes will do, though less now than twenty years ago,—when debate grows keen, and mental excitement waxes, and personalities are introduced, and passion displaces reason, and tumult is merging into anarchy, then, like Neptune raising his placid head above the waves, when he finds the sea in commotion around him, he looks abroad with solemn countenance, and, slowly up-lifting his hand, utters a few soothing sentences in the blindest terms, casts oil upon the troubled waters, and harmony is restored—

“Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, adrectisque auribus adstant;
Iste regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.”

He is the noble son of a noble sire, and a great regret was universally felt throughout the Church, when the Principalship of the University of Glasgow was not conferred upon him at the death of Dr M'Farlane. It would have been a graceful tribute to distinguished merit, and nothing more than was due. Besides, we are much mistaken if the University itself, by such an act, would not have greatly enhanced its own honour, and, what is better still, very much promoted its efficiency as an academic institution. In saying this, we do not for a single moment cast any reflection upon the venerable dignitary who at present holds the office, and our only reason for assigning him not the first but the second place, is, “not that we love Cæsar less, but we love Rome more.” And then, too, the gratification that would have glowed around the good man's heart, at the thought that he had attained like honour in the Church with his revered father, who, through his son's instrumentality, “being dead yet speaketh.”

Professor Hill has conferred a great boon upon the ministers of the church, and consequently also upon the christian public at large, by issuing these COUNSELS RESPECTING THE DUTIES OF THE PASTORAL OFFICE, in a separate form. They originally formed part of a volume, entitled, *Theological Institutes*, which was published in 1803, by the late Principal Hill, of St Andrews. The present editor, Professor Hill, has appended some COUNSELS of his own, as supplementary to points already treated by his father, and also on others to which he has not adverted. These are eminently practical and judicious, and many will be grateful for them on commencing their ministerial career. “In the welfare of my students,” says Professor Hill, with great modesty, and we can testify, with great truth, “and their ministerial usefulness, I have always taken the deepest interest. On their character, and on the fidelity and earnestness with which they

inculcate the truths and precepts of the Gospel, the stability of our Church, and the progress of the Saviour's cause will materially depend." For the attainment of this desirable end, he has himself done much in various ways, and assuredly not the least important benefit he has performed, is in giving these COUNSELS to the rising hopes of the Church.

The following are the contents of the volume:—On Public Prayer—On the Administration of the Sacraments—On Lecturing—On the Doctrinal Part of Preaching—On the Choice of the Subjects of Preaching—On Diligence in the Composition of Sermons—On Imitation—On the Peculiarities of the Preacher's Genius—On Personalities in Sermons—On Delivery—On the Private Duties of the Pastoral Office—On the Character which becomes Ministers of the Gospel. The Appendix contains:—On Singing Praise to God—On Public Prayer—On Reading the Word of God, Lecturing, and Preaching—On the Administration of the Sacraments. These subjects, which are all of the highest importance, are treated with great plainness and minuteness of detail, as well as affectionate earnestness and Christian zeal. In reading them, we feel as if listening to the kind instructions of a father, who has our temporal and spiritual interests profoundly at heart, and whose own happiness will be greatly promoted by our filial obedience to the instructions he imparts.

We shall now give one or two extracts as specimens of these COUNSELS, in the hope that it may induce some to procure the volume, and so reap an advantage which they would otherwise be without. On the very important subject, *Diligence in the Composition of Sermons*, the author says:—

"You are perhaps acquainted with respectable clergymen, who bestow little time upon the preparation of their sermons, yet preach in a manner creditable to themselves, and useful to their hearers. You may be told that it is no object of ambition to preach better than they do; and, from their example, you may hope to fulfil the duties of a minister of the Gospel, although a very small portion of your attention and study be directed to the composition of sermons.

"But you are probably deceived by what you see. You did not know these clergymen in the beginning of their ministry; and they have not told you the labour and exertion by which they attained that facility which you observe. In every condition above those, where the nature of the employment requires a mere repetition of manual labour, in every superior condition, human toil is abridged by that skill and dexterity, which are the fruits of experience. The mechanic improves his ingenuity, by application and habit. A painter finishes his most admired productions, with more ease and readiness, than his first rude essays. Children who groan under the tardy labour of their little compositions, are astonished at the rapidity with which a person who has been accustomed to express his thoughts, covers a sheet of paper; and that person may have a long progress to make before he attain the faculty of writing correctly. In all the kinds of public speaking by which the business of this free country is conducted, at the bar and in the senate, men are prepared by a proper education, and by many laborious, imperfect efforts, for that extemporary eloquence which the

course of affairs requires; and in our profession especially, promptness of execution is acquired by early assiduity. There is that kind of analogy amongst all the subjects of which we treat, that unity of purpose in the whole counsel of God for the salvation of man, and that similarity of character in all discourses suited to the pulpit, which render the general preparation for the profession available at every particular season. But for this purpose, the general preparation must be complete and profound. As you will speak superficially and inaccurately of any particular branch of theology, unless you have formed a clear apprehension of the whole system, so the language of your discourses will be loose, destitute of energy, and deficient in significancy, unless you have enured your pen to the rules and the practice of correct composition."

We fear the following caution is not altogether unnecessary:—

"I must warn you against trusting a great deal to the compositions of riper years. When you are young the subjects of preaching are new to you; novelty of occupation gives a spring to the mind, and you are generally disengaged. But as you advance in life, besides the lassitude which often arises from a repetition of the same employments, there are domestic cares, and spreading connections—often a multiplicity of secular business—and various demands upon your time and attention, which continually interrupt your studies. Prize therefore the morning of life, as being, like the morning of the day, friendly to intense application. Write much, and write carefully during that precious season, and leave it for coming years to correct, to polish, and enlarge your early lucubrations. This is following the order of nature—submitting to drudgery in youth, and in riper years, by an employment which can be performed at vacant hours without any embarrassing exertion, turning to account all the stores that have been collected during the progress of life. To strangers a clergyman thus prepared, appears to do his public work easily; but this facility, is the reward of having long laboured hard, and is connected with a continual increase of knowledge, and a gradual refinement of taste."

Here are some judicious observations on *delivery*:—

"There are some general characters of delivery, which, from the nature of a sermon, are indispensable in a preacher. The first is that articulate pronunciation, in which, without mouthing, every word and every syllable is distinctly enunciated. The slowness of articulate pronunciation, not only has a solemnity that becomes the pulpit, but is required by the condition of many of the hearers who do not follow a long discourse, and are incapable of supplying what they lose when the rapidity of the speaker suppresses some syllables, or runs one word into another. A second general character of pulpit delivery is earnestness—that kind of manner by which a speaker appears to take an interest in what he is saying. The preacher's feelings, when the expression of them corresponds to the nature of his employment, are readily communicated by the principle of sympathy; while a cold dry manner chills the hearts of his hearers, and leaves them unmoved by all the good sense and striking views which his discourse may contain. But delivery from the pulpit, although earnest, should never lose the character of being serious and grave. Gesture may be so violent, or may have so flippant a cast, as to become ludicrous; and there are brisk changes of tone, as well as some kinds of monotony, which provoke laughter; whereas many clergymen, without any gesture, by a proper management of their voice, and a solemnity of manner, are most impressive preachers.

"There is so great a difference between the effect of a sermon repeated and of one which is read, that I advise you to begin your public appearances with endeavouring to repeat; and I am convinced, that by early practice, with such helps as can be used in delivery, almost every man may easily learn to repeat, without embarrassment, a discourse which he has composed with due care. I am aware, however, of the obstacles which arise from real or supposed defects of memory, from diffidence, from the succession of laborious engagements in some situations, and the indolence which steals upon the mind in others. And if you do not feel the desire of attaining that kind of eminence in preaching to which repetition is, in my opinion, indispensable, I have only to say that it is your duty to avoid that slavish mode of reading, which is always uninteresting and offensive. You may hear some clergymen read their sermons so well, that you can hardly distinguish their reading from repetition; but you must remember, that you cannot expect to copy their manner in the free use which they make of their eyes, and the ease with which they collect and enunciate what lies before them, unless you have been careful, by the frequent perusal of your papers, to have the train of thoughts and the turn of expression strongly impressed upon your mind."

Professor Hill appends some very judicious counsels of his own, at all times important but especially so at the present time. On "Singing Praise to God," he complains of the little interest generally taken by congregations in this part of the Temple Service, and considers that ministers are very much to blame for this, in not urging the duty more earnestly and continuously upon their people, and availing themselves of other means within their reach, for the improvement of congregational psalmody. With regard to the introduction of instrumental music in our worship, for which many are so eager, he thinks it is unnecessary, and would not be in harmony with the sentiments of the great body of the people. It would cause irritation, offence, and controversy, and prevent the great lessons of religion from having their desirable effect. Certainly this would be the case in rural congregations, whatever might be experienced in large towns or cities. As to the attitude assumed in psalm-singing and prayer, he considers it a very immaterial point, and would not introduce any change from what has been hitherto practised. "What is of much more consequence," he remarks, "than a change of posture in praise or prayer, and what every earnest and judicious minister is capable of effecting, is to lessen, if not wholly to put an end to, the apparent carelessness and indifference with which thoughtless persons conduct themselves during devotional exercises, gazing about them to satisfy an idle curiosity, and showing by their restlessness, how little they are interested in the exercises in which they are professedly engaged." We are sorry to think that there is too much reason for this admonition and reproof. Perhaps kneeling at prayer might effect a cure of the evil to some extent, if not altogether. There is one omission in this very valuable volume, to which we desire to call attention from its importance, namely, the study of ELOCUTION. Great complaints have, of late, been made on the other side of the Tweed, concerning the defective elocution of the great body of preachers in the Sanctuary service, and it is too palpable that we are no better in this respect

ourselves. No minister in the Church is so magnificent a reader of Scripture as Professor Hill, and a *Counsel* from him on this part of ministerial duty, would have been highly appreciated. We yet vividly remember with what delight he was listened to, five-and-twenty years ago, in his old parish of Dailly, and more recently in the chair he at present occupies. We hope in his next edition he will introduce this desired chapter, and so make his little volume complete. We cannot too strongly recommend it to all students in divinity, probationers, and young ministers, as an admirable guide to the effective performance of the duties of the sacred office.

POETS AND PREACHERS.*

THE four lectures which compose this little volume were delivered in Glasgow last year, before a Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, and are now published by request. They embrace four names which will ever stand bright on the page of history, and receive the admiration of all possessing refined intellect and æsthetical taste. The two Poets selected are William Wordsworth and James Montgomery, and the two Preachers are Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers. These lectures show evidence of hasty composition, and indeed this is acknowledged by the author, but he hopes that "his little work, notwithstanding its many imperfections, may serve, though in a humble degree, to guide the studies and elevate the taste of ingenuous youth, and, even beyond that interesting and important class, to diffuse the knowledge of a few striking and instructive specimens of life and character." We think the short notice the author had for their preparation was much in their favour to render them interesting and popular. Had he been allowed longer time, in all probability they had been more abstruse and disquisitional, which is too often the fault into which amateur public lecturers fall. Having their own choice of subject, and generally their own time to prepare it, they become too abstruse, too learned, too philosophical, dry and heavy. Much of the value of their labours is thereby lost from want of capacity on the part of the audience to understand or feel interested in what is addressed to them. We refer, of course, to that class of lectures delivered in Mechanic Halls for the benefit of the general community. Dr Patterson sets a good example of the manner in which subjects should be treated on such occasions. He talks familiarly, but not flippantly, to his audience, and having secured their attention, he never lets it go. We have not here biographies of the distinguished men brought under our notice, neither have we literary disquisitions concerning them and their times. This it was not the intention of the author to give; but

* *Poets and Preachers of the Nineteenth Century.* By Alexander S. Patterson, D.D. Glasgow: Murray & Son. 1862.

we have a simple sketch of the leading features of their life, in a conversational tone at once pleasing and instructive.

Dr Patterson selects Wordsworth as the subject of his first Lecture, of whose life he gives the outlines, with specimens of his poetry. Here is a nice cabinet picture :—

“To Wordsworth's mind, the outward aspects of material things were marvellously suggestive. The mountain, the stream, the waterfall, the flower, was to *him* a type, a symbol, or at the very least, a monitor and memorial, of something sweet, or of something sad, in the intellectual or moral world. A purple harebell could ring melodious in his mental ear; and before his inward eye even a gathering cloud could flash clear visions of the future, the present, or the past. But humanity was equally suggestive as mute inanimate nature to our poet's mind; and it was very generally to the scenes of human life, and the operations of the human heart, that outward forms and physical objects wafted his thoughtful and imaginative soul away. And here it is that one of the pleasant features of his character appears—his friendly interest in man, and his kind and cordial sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his fellows. What though the garb were mean? What though the trade were rough? What though the wanderer he met among the hills were but a rugged-hearted waggoner, or an idle shepherd-boy, or a helpless idiot-child? He had compassion in his heart, and it may be, cheer and admonition on his lips, for each. His lovely little home was the seat of calm domestic affection; and *he*, its honoured head, was the somewhat stately, but, notwithstanding, mild and meek-eyed shepherd of the flock. . . . His character suffuses his writings with its lambent light and its genial glow. What a minute acquaintance with the shifting aspects of material nature—what a familiar, yet reverential, love for natural objects, from the cloud-capped hill, or rather from the kingly sun himself, to the tiniest flower that blossomed at his feet—what a keen appreciation of honesty, and earnestness, and simple manners, and generous affections—and what kindly, quiet sympathy with man, and woman, and child, more especially in the humbler and homelier walks of life, cast their mild and sober radiance on his pages, to be thence reflected on the thoughtful and benevolent reader's mind.”

This is very beautifully expressed, and how truthful it is, must be evident to every one acquainted with the Poet's writings. We are anxious to give another short extract from the character drawn of his poetry :—

“Throughout his poetry, he generally preserves a simple elegance, and often exhibits an exquisite felicity of style. And yet, it is one of his outstanding and well-known characteristics, that he keenly advocates, and oft exemplifies, homely simplicity, both in the subject he selects, and the diction he employs. The principles he propounds on this subject in his famous Prefaces are assuredly too exclusive, not to say extravagant; and probably he himself regarded them as such when reflection and experience had mellowed and enriched his mind. In realising these principles in some of his early verses, he almost merited, by his feeble and familiar diction and his unimportant and ill-selected incidents, much of the sharp criticism, or rather gleesome ridicule, with which Jeffrey and other critics, with less, perhaps, of kindness than of cleverness, assailed him. Meet it was, or would have been, to tell the poet so much misled, that he had powers which he had failed to exercise, and was summoned by God and nature to a region which he had failed to occupy. During the most flourishing years of his

poetic muse, he, oft and many a time, mounted to higher spheres and gleaned in more fruitful fields. If he was often but

‘The swallow twittering from the straw-built-shed,’

he was sometimes the eagle looking down from the mountain’s rocky height or soaring upwards to the bright blue firmament, and oftener still, the nightingale pouring out his rich, soft music in the woods, and singing in concert with the zephyrs and the waterfalls.”

The second lecture is on James Montgomery, whose life was varied and fitful like April sunshine. We cannot, however, find any of it as here given sufficiently unbroken to present as an extract, and so we pass on to Robert Hall.

The following estimate is given of Hall as a preacher :—

“The preaching of Hall was graceful, and sometimes grand; but it was intelligible, explicit, evangelical, practical, and generally plain. His delivery was quiet, yet fervent—forcible, yet unostentatious—free from show, and apparently free from art. There might be, there *were*, deficiencies and faults. Besides the feebleness of the preacher’s voice—which sometimes required a considerable effort to admit of persons at a distance from the pulpit distinctly following what was said—there was sometimes a want of directness in his appeals, and a vague generality in his representations, which warded off the personal application of the great principles he enunciated, or the practical rules he prescribed. But his appearance, his attitude, his compacted course of thought, his frequent use of graphic illustration, his earnestness, and his simplicity itself, combined to associate, as even with his conversational addresses, so especially with his pulpit discourses, an arresting interest, a thrill of excited feeling, and a sense of superior power. Several of Foster’s letters from Bristol, and many like authorities, clearly indicate that, in seeing and hearing Hall, even when he was not saying much that was in itself uncommon or surpassing, this idea of intellectual and moral power on the part of the preacher was forcibly pressed on the attentive and intelligent hearer’s mind. Hall was not wont fully to write his discourses either *before* or *after* he delivered them. He was accustomed mentally to study his subject beforehand—to arrange certain combinations of words as fitted to express with point and precision, certain of the views which he meant to present—and to jot down an outline to be filled up as the delivery of the discourse proceeded. One of the best forms, I verily believe, of preparation for the pulpit—though not to be rashly attempted, or recklessly depended on, by ill-furnished minds and stammering tongues. The sermons which he himself committed to the press, were, of course, either *before* or *after* delivery, carefully extended. That he published so few, has been, in his lifetime and since his death, a matter of regret. But to *him*, as an invalid suffering under very frequent pain, writing was a trying effort—though he thought and spoke so rapidly, he wrote but slowly—his taste, when he undertook the work, proved painfully fastidious—and from his own works he shrank, as if they were poor imperfect products of his mind.”

The last Lecture is on Dr Chalmers, and is eminently worthy of its subject. It takes up the principal events in that great man’s life, from his birth in Anstruther, till his death in Edinburgh. It considers him as a student, a preacher, a professor, an author, a Churchman, and as a philanthropist. As a preacher he is thus spoken of :—

"As a preacher, he occupied the very highest place. True, his voice was harsh, his accent provincial, and his gesture awkward. But the weight of his thoughts, the beauty of his illustrations, the flow of his language, and the fervour of his manner, combined to render him one of the first of pulpit-orators. It is conceivable that minds peculiarly sensitive to what is harsh and exquisite in sound, especially if trained to a relish for what is merely sentimental in religion, might fail fully to appreciate the power of our departed father as a preacher of the word. The gifted Hemans, for example, before the monitory, and ultimately fatal, hand of sickness had drawn her, as it seems, to the atoning cross, preferred, it would appear, to the thrilling appeals of Chalmers, the silver-tones of Alison. And yet, accomplished statesmen and learned sages have owned, in our Scottish preacher, the magic of moral truth enforced with pungency and power; and I remember to have heard a friend of Canning tell how, when they had gone together to hear him preach, that distinguished man, when asked whether he was not annoyed by the Scotch pronunciation, answered, 'I forgot it after the first few sentences, so absorbed was I by that rushing tide of eloquence.' In his later years, however, partly from the failure of physical strength, partly from the decay of imagination, and partly from greater indifference to the garb in which he clothed his thoughts, his preaching, in respect to mere oratory, was certainly somewhat less vigorous and impulsive than when some of us were wont to hear him, from time to time, in the flush and vigour of his years. I still remember where I stood, and how I felt, when, in childhood, or early youth, I heard him preaching his fearful sermon entitled, 'The Dissipation of Large Cities;' and from along the advancing line over which memory hovers, even though it should be to weep, text after text which his welcome voice illustrated still floats upon our ear. And how scriptural the doctrine which he preached! The corruption of human nature, salvation by the grace of God and the atoning sacrifice of Christ, justifying faith, the duties of the moral law, the influences of the Holy Spirit, the inadequacy of an earthly portion, and the destinies of the world to come—these were his chosen and familiar themes—these were the great central subjects around which his arguments and eloquence revolved."

This is a very pleasant little volume, which we heartily recommend to our readers. It is written in an attractive style, it embraces all the main features of the four distinguished men whose characters it discusses, and treats them with taste and discrimination. We should have liked another quaternary in a similar strain.

THE HEAVENWARD PATH.*

EXTERNALLY this is a very handsome volume, internally it is exceedingly beautiful, and, what is better, exceedingly valuable. We have read it with delight, and we hope also with profit. The title of the subject is attractive, its treatment is equally so. The Heavenward

* *The Heavenward Path: or, Progress and Perfection in the Life of Faith*; By the Rev. Wm. Wilson, M.A., Minister of Monkton Free Church, author of "Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church." Edinburgh: Wm. P. Nimmo 1862.

Path is what all hope they are travelling, or intend to travel, and, next to the Bible, they cannot have a better directory than this. Are any doubtful that they are pursuing the proper course? a reference here will resolve their doubtings; or are they assured they are in the way? here they are enabled to estimate their progress. As a standard for the guidance or the test of the Christian life, there is only one Book, as we have said, superior to this before us. Others are far more voluminous, far more elaborate, far more theological in the technical sense of the term, but this is the great objection to their usefulness for the every day necessities of life. One has neither time nor inclination for plunging into a code of divinity, for consolation in distress, support under trial, encouragement in difficulty, or direction in doubt. Stones necessary for the foundation of a building, are unwieldy and unsuited for the construction of the walls.

The author tells us that his volume owes its origin to a "season of revived religious life and awakening, in the sphere of his ministrations, which seemed to him to have produced a favourable and suitable state of mind, for receiving the lessons of this epistle with interest and profit," and that he embraced this opportunity for imbuing his people's minds with what he considered necessary for them in their critical spiritual state. This is the mark of a faithful minister, of one who feels deeply interested in the welfare of those committed to his care, and it contrasts most favourably with the character and conduct of too many holding the ministerial office. His instruction to his people seems extremely judicious, guarding them against presumption on the one hand, and carnal security on the other. Although we do not homologate the views which were taken and expressed by many with regard to that "religious awakening," and which brought some of its leaders to the bar of the General Assembly, yet we are ready to say Amen to every sentiment which the author has here expressed, and to accord him our admiration for the chasteness and the beauty of the language he has employed. The volume is a very valuable exposition of the second epistle of Peter, in which he has avoided all critical disquisition, except in a few cases where such seemed to be absolutely necessary to bring out the meaning. At the same time, he hopes that he has not fallen into uncritical views, and that he has ascertained and expressed the true sense. His aim has been "to produce a volume which might be especially suitable for youth, as a guide to the knowledge of the Gospel, especially in its relation to the development of Christian character and to the whole life, and as a safeguard against some of the dangers to which, in our day, earnest and awakened minds are exposed." Such an aim is a noble one, and we have not the slightest doubt that in this case it will be eminently successful.

The greater portion of the volume is devoted to the first eleven verses of the epistle, which are considerably the most important, and therefore deserving of the most attention. The *Heavenward Path* consists of five parts, each of which is largely discussed and illustrated. These are, Life in Christ—The Christian Life, its divine

nature and source—Faith and Love, the foundation and consummation of life in Christ—Steps of progress in the life of faith—Perfection of the Christian life—Guidance and Incitements on the Heavenward Path. Each of these, as we have said, consists of several sections, beautifully developing the features of the Christian life. We give the following extract from *Participation in the Divine Nature*. It is on Conversion :—

“ At that momentous change, variously spoken of as a resurrection from the dead, as a new creation, as regeneration, there is communicated to the soul a divine principle of life which, through grace, gradually transforms the whole man. Nothing less will do as a commencing point for the Christian life—as a foundation on which to build a new and Godlike character. You may be pleasing yourself with a Christianity—which has come to you, as you imagine, quite naturally, and without such a change as conversion. You confess that you are not what you ought to be,—little better, you are willing to admit at times, than cumberers of the ground, and even if pressed, that you have been worse than unfruitful, and borne fruit which is bitter and bad. But with a little care and cultivation you think that the tree may come to bring forth good fruit. Transplanted into the kindly soil of favourable circumstances, sheltered from the rude winds of temptation, amid the balmy influences of a religious atmosphere, you think its nature will be meliorated and improved. You try, it may be, with some diligence and assiduity, by prayers and other religious services, to ameliorate the old carnal heart. But it will not do. All the suns and showers of a reviving spring—all the balmy influences of a life-long day of grace, will not fulfil the expectation of gathering from it sweet and wholesome fruit. Nothing short of engrafting it with a shoot from the Tree of Life—with a new principle of life from above—will make it bring forth the fruits of righteousness which are to the praise and glory of God. By God’s overruling Providence and restraining grace and favourable circumstances, the worst outbreaks of sin are often prevented, as, by the physician’s skill, the maladies of an unsound constitution may be mitigated. But only by a renewal of the soul,—by the communication of the life of God,—can we obtain true spiritual health and vigour. Christ then becomes our life. We are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and thus are made partakers of the divine nature in its highest sense, the only sense possible for creatures. We become his children, by the possession of his life and likeness.”

In discoursing upon the passage, “ Add to your Faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge,” &c.—(2 Pet. i. 5-7), which he illustrates under the heading, *Pressing towards the Mark*, he introduces many things which show that he possesses an observant eye, and an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. By “*virtue*” he understands the fortitude and vigour of moral excellence, and he justly declares that faith is the very soul and essence of moral strength, and that the man who has faith in nothing, is entirely destitute of strength. If we add strength to our faith, it imparts strength to the soul. As to the necessity of this virtue or fortitude, he says :—

“ It needs courage to look into the dark chambers of the heart. The hand strengthened by grace alone has firmness to draw aside the veil which covers the abomination of its foul and polluted imagery. Afraid lest further knowledge might show him the necessity of making sacrifices to which he is disinclined, or of engaging in some painful walks of duty, the weakling

basely shrinks from the light which should compel him to quit the couch of self-indulgent sloth. To a most culpable and cowardly extent, many remain ignorant of themselves, of their privileges and duties as Christians. When for the time they ought to be teachers, they have need that one teach them, and, through timid weakness, remain all their days *children in understanding*. Their weakness conjures up a thousand phantoms. New ideas disturb them. Led but a little way beyond their beaten track, they shrink from the difficulties by which they are met, and the mysteries by which they are encompassed, and seek the twilight shades of contented ignorance. And so we have many to whom in charity we cannot deny the name of believers, who are yet of the kind described by the Apostle as *blind and cannot see afar off*. Cowering, bat-like, in the crevices of mouldering notions, they cling to narrow views of truth, and a selfish standard of duty, shunning the light, too strong for their feeble eyes, of the dayspring from on High of clearer vision and larger love that is ever brightening over the world, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and guide our feet into the way of peace."

The chapter on the Progressive Development of the Christian Character, is one of the finest in the volume. Progress is the law of the Christian life as of all other life, and the greatest vigilance is necessary on the part of man to keep this progress active, and not be overcome by that indolence which is natural to the heart, and which is prone to rest satisfied with present attainments, to be contented with things as they are. The stationary Christian is compared to "a stagnant pool, mantled over with slimy webs of scum, instead of a clear, wholesome, joyous, running stream," while the gloom and the unwholesome vapours which enshroud him, admonish him that progress is the law of his life. There is noticed the great mistake into which many fall, that of making their religious experience, thoughts, and feelings, coincide with those recorded of some eminent Christian. No two individuals, even in the family of God are alike. Each has his own particular features, each his own idiosyncrasy, though both preserving a family likeness, both preserving a sameness in the midst of diversity. All the branches of a tree are not of the same development and beauty, yet of every branch it can be told to what tree it belongs. The chapter on the *Coming of Christ*, is very suggestive. Speaking of the Christian's hope, the author says:—

"The life which draws no inspiration from the future, which never stretches beyond the present even in vague yearnings, nor turns a wistful look towards the hereafter, from which the hand of inspiration has half withdrawn the veil, is only half a life; it is a sleep—a dream. Life in its reality, in its earnestness of endeavour, in its deep solemn joy, is enjoyed only by him in whose existence there are pauses in which the Babel-sounds of earth are hushed to hear the awe-inspiring, and joy-inspiring voices, that from the bosom of eternity peal on the listening ear, and whose soul is open to the quickening and hallowing influences of the Hope laid up for us in Heaven. He, in whose soul the lamp of hope has gone out, or shines with dim and fitful ray, drags out a feeble and aimless existence, and is but the shadow of his former better self. The dark and remorseful memories of the past rise behind him. Daring not to look into the future, his prisoned soul builds before itself an adamant wall of stolid and stupid indifference. What might he become if a new dawn of hope were to break

on his dejected soul, and a bright future open on the eye that has been bended on a dark and melancholy present! But the eye of man's hope must take in the sweep of a wider horizon than that which is bounded by our earthly life, in order to raise the soul to its highest range of feeling, and rouse it to its noblest endeavour. It must embrace the objects of the Christian hope. From the future come the strongest and most stirring impulses that we experience; and clear must our outlook on eternity be, and constant, if we would keep our souls from listlessness and sloth.

"The coming of Christ in the glory of His Father is the centre and sum of the believer's hopes. To it the *sure word of prophecy* directs our eye as the consummation of the salvation begun here, and the dawn of the eternal day. Seen in the light of that glorious dawn breaking on the distant horizon of time, this life on earth, by itself so poor, is transfigured and glorified as the mountain mists by the rising sun. Looking forward to the tomb, and seeing the glory that shall be fully revealed at the Saviour's coming, breaking and bursting beyond, to the eye of Faith the gloom of death disappears in that glory, and death itself is swallowed up in victory. In the perspective of the future, the Advent shines as the one centre of light, which flings its rays far unto the endless vistas of eternity, and over the dark and turbid billows of time."

We have been greatly struck in our perusal of this interesting volume, with the profusion of similes with which it is interspersed. Scarcely a leaf do we turn or a page do we run over, but we are arrested by the aptitude and beauty of some illustration introduced to bring home and impress doctrine upon the heart. The author has the mind of a poet, and the eye of a painter, and we venture to affirm that had he not been in the Church, he would have been greatly distinguished as a poet or an artist. But we are glad that he and such as he are in the Church, and give their heart so cordially, and their strength so unreservedly, to the far more important duties of the sacred office which they so creditably fill. The way to heaven we all know, is not strown with flowers, and therefore we think all the more necessary is it that those giving direction for walking in it, should have recourse to every inducement to encourage the timid, and persuade the worldly to venture upon it, and when they have ventured help them along till they safely reach their destination. The author's locality has doubtless been much in his favour in his delineation of the beauties of nature. In sight of his study window, is seen the firth of Clyde stretching far away into the hazy distance on the Irish coast, now sleeping like a helpless child, and anon wild, tempestuous, and raging, like a maddened maniac—far in the rear is Ailsa standing like a sentinel, and giving intimation of approaching foul weather, by putting on his cap—while right across are the craggy peaks of Arran, jutting up like grisly monsters from the sea, and when the summer sun goes down behind them, what a flood of glory like molten gold fills strath and glen, and almost imposes the belief that the mountain tops are on fire! Such a spot must be one highly appreciated by such a mind, and doubtless the author has often thought and acknowledged that his lines have fallen in pleasant places, his is a goodly heritage. Nevertheless we wish him another more remunerative of his labours and more appreciative of his talents. With this, however, we have

nothing to do, and shall therefore content ourselves with wishing him every comfort and blessing, and, to use the language of Paul to Timothy, with a slight modification, not to neglect the gift that is in him.

We have taken the pleasure, we shall not say trouble, of collecting a few of those similes to which we have referred, though in their detached form much of their beauty is concealed, and we shall conclude our notice by presenting them to our readers, in the hope that they shall thereby be induced to apply to the original source themselves.

Grace bestowed on all :—

"What will make you that ye shall not be barren nor unfruitful? The copious showers, and abundant sunshine of grace, it is answered. Yes, most true. The rainless desert has no fruitful tree. Without the summer sun and the dropping clouds, no harvest would wave in autumn, nor bounteous cluster load the bough. But we must not forget, that the barren tree as well as the fruitful, enjoys the rain and the sunshine. And the barren Christian, as well as the fruitful, is not without a share in the means and blessings of grace."

Grace variable :—

"The tide of spiritual influence ebbs and flows. The pools and runnels formed by the copious showers of grace may dry up, and from the drooping and languishing leaf all trace of the refreshing rain disappears. But the believer's heart never becomes as the desert sands. There is a spring within which summer's heat dries not up, which the winter's cold does not congeal, whose waters moisten the roots of his Faith and Love and Hope."

"Grace has its spring of dropping clouds and bursting buds, its summer sunshine and warmth, its autumn of golden sheaves and mellow clusters. But just as spring showers are sometimes falling when we need the strength of summer suns, and the harvest stands unreaped when our farms should have been filled; so alas in grace."

Decayed Christians made to produce fruit in old age :—

"As in autumn we are sometimes visited with mild and balmy showers like those of the spring, and the soft breath of an Indian summer wakes the Earth sinking into its wintry sleep, so over the soul that has lain in decay, there breaks a kindly bloom of penitence, and spirituality, and heavenly-mindedness, which bear their precious fruit; and by this revival of its slumbering life, it is seen that, although many precious seasons of grace have passed away with but scant improvement, the tree needs only to be transplanted into the more genial clime and richer soil of the Paradise above, to bloom into nobler beauty and break into richer fruit."

Requirements of fruitfulness :—

"To be fruitful, all the functions of a tree must be in a healthy, vigorous state,—its roots drawing nutriment from beneath,—its leaves drinking in the dew and the sunshine,—the sap stirring through trunk and branch and leaf. If all its activities are in full and healthy play,—its energies will not be wasted in excessive growths of foliage and useless sprays, but it will in its season bring forth fruit."

Spiritual progress :—

"Progress in the divine life is not gliding down a smooth stream with

folded hands, wrapped in a dream-like trance of pleasant sentiment by the music of the murmuring waters. No. If you would at last drop your anchor in the haven of everlasting rest seen afar off, sunned by the smile of glory, you must spread the sail to catch the breath of the Spirit's grace. But you must also seize the oar and ply it well. You have to row hard against the stream,—you have treacherous currents to encounter. You will make no way without labour. Relax your efforts and you are drifted backwards, drifted away from your course.

"Like a climbing plant in a cluster of wild-wood flowers, intertwining itself around their stems, and wreathing them with its own rich blossoms, which cannot be torn away without destroying the flowers to which its clasping tendrils cling, so is this Heavenly grace (Love.) Rend it from the heart, and the earth-born flowers which it binds and beautifies fall to the ground mangled, drooping, and severed from it; its sister graces are graces no more."

The Christian life a river ;—

"Its spring is Faith in Jesus Christ,—Love is the ocean in which it ends its benignant and glorious course. Far up a river you can trace the influence of the ocean into which it pours its waters in their undulating motion, their colour and taste; and though after a time it ceases to be preceptible, we know that it is propagated up to the very fountain-head—even as we know that the impulse that comes from the source of the river, although it becomes less and less perceptible, reaches to the ocean. So is love felt through every grace, through every part of the life of Faith."

The current troubled :—

"As the river, sweeping on with impetuous speed, dashing down in rapids and foaming into cataracts, becomes dark and muddy and impure; so amid the excitement and bustle of his career, the Christian allows earthliness and worldliness to mingle in his daily life—in the good work of God in which he is busily engaged."

The current pure :—

"And as the waters of the turbulent river, from the pool into which they were lulled to sleep in dark and motionless calm, emerge pure and clear, reflecting heaven in their glassy bosom; so the sin and imperfection that disturbed, defiled, and dimmed the saint's spirit in the turmoil of life's work and battle subside, and from the scene of suffering he issues forth shining in the light of godliness. His soul is chastened into piety. Patience has had her perfect work, and heaven and holiness are seen reflected in his heart and life."

Real and formal godliness :—

"As a stone covered with moss, and all but concealed from the eye by the leaves and flowers of plants around it, such is the formalist's heart. Bemossed all over with a form of godliness, surrounded with a vegetation of religious habits, its cold, dark, stony deadness is concealed."

"It requires the cunning of trained and skilful fingers to mould in wax, or paint on canvass such imitations of flowers and fruits as deceive for a moment the eye. But a seed dropped into the ground by a child's hands will, by the power of the life within, germinate and grow. Its life will weave the texture of its leaves and flowers, and secrete the rich juices of the fruit. So while the mere form of godliness is the product of cunning and labour, the reality of godliness is the product of life."

A pleasanter and a more profitable volume we have seldom seen.

THE MAGLOSKIE :

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND STERLING.

(Continued from p. 319.)

CHAP. II.

The fall of a friend not an unmitigated misfortune.

To resume. There was another of the clerks of whom we have not till now had any occasion to speak, and whose name was Flint. The preference for Leake, which had always been shewn both by the heads of the firm, and by Mrs Divitt, had been the cause of an envious dislike which Flint cherished in secret towards his highly-favoured colleague. This gentleman having just entered the apartment, and seeing Rab on Leake's seat, went over to have a little sport with him, as was his wont when he was in the mood, and circumstances favourable. Rab had been greatly delighted with the handywork of his special friend—as well he might, for the fine hairstroke lines had not only been effectually shaved away, but other hairstrokes put in with so much dexterity that ordinary observation could not detect the change. Never for a moment supposing that anything was wrong, Rab, with his mind full of the subject, could not deny himself the pleasure of making Flint acquainted with it. The rival book-keeper directed his experienced orbs to the entry—looked at it straight down, then sideways, then slantways, then straight down again, and without making any observation facetiously dragged Rab from the stool, pulled his ears, compressed his throat and tweaked his nose, and having thus extorted from the junior clerk a satisfactory regalement of squeaking and spluttering, went over to his own seat. With the most virtuous intentions, no doubt, Flint watched his opportunity for a private and confidential audit, and in the course of a day or two afterwards was in earnest confab in the private room with Rogers. Farther private and confidential examinations took place, and in less than a week Leake was, with his book, summoned to the private room, and there closeted with the two heads of the firm for nearly an hour. Leake came out in a very flurried and agitated condition; soon after he left the counting house and was no more seen in the establishment in Mutton Row. It was a clear case of embezzlement to a considerable amount—he owned it; and got the option of being sent to prison, or to take himself off to another country. He chose the latter. As the amount of the defalcations was not ruinous to the concern the circumstance was kept quiet from the public, but not from Mrs Divitt and the select few in the sphere of a special acquaintance. The good lady was of course astounded, exclaiming “and such a fine young man too—who would have thought it!” Divitt in his peremptory and business-like manner called him an arrant scoundrel. When the facts were communicated to Miss Jessina she quietly remarked that, seeing the opportunities on the one hand and the temptations on the other, it did not at all surprise her. Flint's remark to his

colleague and associate, Nixon, was, that it was always so with these canting, praying, puritanical sinners. Nixon endorsed the remark by a knowing look, and a deep stifled laugh, and in an undertone, lest he should be heard in the private room, put the question to Flint, "What is sanctification?" The reader will no doubt be anxious to know what Rab said, but the fact is that he said little to the purpose, as it was some months after the occurrence that he came to a full knowledge of the case. Had he been fully apprised of it at the time, there is a probability that he would have regarded it as affirmative of the very last metaphysical proposition which Leake had been endeavouring to expound to him, namely, the necessity for a universal doubt until truth should be established by fact. Rab was, however, truly sorry to be thus so unexpectedly deprived of the presence of one who had been so very serviceable to him in a moral and intellectual sense, and whom he so much admired. People, however, generally bear the misfortunes of their neighbours with becoming patience and resignation, and so was it in this instance, especially as the fall of Leake led to a contemporaneous advancement of all the others, Flint stepping into the shoes of the departed, as petty cash-keeper, and Rab receiving a considerable augmentation of his salary.

We have thus arrived at a most important stage in the history of this interesting young man. Important in a family and domestic point of view, as it enabled the Magloskies to remove to a better locality, and to a house of two apartments, and at the same time relieved Mrs Magloskie, to some extent, of that unceasing pressure of soap-suds and smoothing irons which she had borne so heroically for so many years. Oh, it was a long and weary bobbing and bending over tubs and tables; and when the fifteenpence had been earned, then came the domestic work, never carelessly or slovenly performed—everything clean and tidy as if the work had been a labour of love and gratitude to a kind and industrious husband. Mrs Magloskie was by no means of a morose or fretful disposition. She did not aggravate her trials by sullenly brooding over them, and complaining of her hard or bad lot. She was rather closely walled in no doubt, but for all that there were many little chinks and openings through which the genial ray penetrated, and found a passage to her heart. No small comfort was it to her that her son had never, as he grew in stature and in years, forgotten the duty of obedience. His earnings had always been faithfully carried home and delivered over to her in full, and whatever little discount might be going was thankfully received. Nor was she the mother to deny such a son an occasional treat in the manner most dear to his heart, for scarcely a Saturday night passed which did not find Rab on the delectable slopes of a tart or a pie, and in view of the shining summit of something nice on the morrow after sermon. Even the tailor was patched when he ought rather to have been clouted, and ate pudding when he had only earned starvation. Nor were the joys of that fireside only material; for although Rab was never what might be called a don at reading, still he could drone through an easy book to some purpose, and in the

evenings frequently read to her from her favourite—we might say her only, books, the Bible and the Crook in the Lot. We are not, however, going to vitiate our charity by taking it for granted that Rab took to these books through any inherent love for them, or that he always strove to understand what he read; but it pleased his mother, and he had pleasure in seeing her pleased.

Important, too, is this period, from the facts that Rab changed the jacket for the long-tail coat, and began as his mother observed, to turn up his nose at his porridge.

Some may be inclined to regard these incidents too trifling and insignificant for the purposes of exalted biography, but we suspect these parties are not aware of the revolution in thought and feeling which is indicated by these phenomena. A youth never feels himself to be a man until he finds himself in manly habiliments; nor does a Scotchman consider himself taking farewell of low life until he can afford to flourish a fork and knife at breakfast.

There is only one other circumstance to which we feel in duty bound to refer at this interesting conjuncture. Bob's messages to the Place naturally brought him into frequent communication with the ladies down stairs. The cook was fair, fat, and fully forty, and was sometimes inclined to knit her pinky brows. Peggy the table maid was perhaps fifteen years younger, and had followers, not the least favoured of whom was the policeman. Dorothy, whose functions were miscellaneous, was of a more tender age, round as a roll of butter, and had cheeks as ruddy as a newly cut steak, with locks, when well oiled, as deep and rich as polished mahogany. Had her face been turned round, with the cheeks occupying the positions of chin and brow, it would have made little difference on the general contour. She had all along been remarkably kind and attentive to Rab, who had had many proofs of her friendship in bits of dumpling and other choice parings specially reserved for him. Neither Lavater nor Spurzheim would have taken her as a very favourable specimen of the intellectual genus, nor would the artists of her day, who worshipped the egg shaped head and straight nose of the Greeks, have been ready to select her as a model; but posterity, which has put Lavater and Spurzheim and the Greek nose into the shade, and returned to nature and pre-Raphaelism, would no doubt have done her justice. But Rab regardless of philosophy and art, was a law unto himself, and was captivated with the charms and endearments of Dorothy. It was first love, and first love like last love is greatly influenced by pudding. The lovers had already exchanged valentines, and it is impossible to say what the attachment might have ripened into had opportunities continued favourable. There are always unseen agencies around, which frequently counterwork those agencies by which men and women expect to shape their destiny and realize their aspirations. Dorothy sickened; that ruthless scourge of the human race, which, if it does not succeed in destroying life, very frequently blasts the hopes of many a fair one—the small-pox—had set its envenomed claws upon poor Dorothy. The Divitts were greatly alarmed—the

little Divitts were for a season sent away to the house of a relative, and Dorothy to the hospital. The poor girl had a severe struggle for life, but nature or the Doctors prevailed, and in the course of a month she was in a state of convalescence, and sent off to her parents in the highlands, where she soon regained her wonted health, but her bloom was gone—irrevocably. There is no evidence of the attachment having been renewed.

CHAP. III.

A peep at the social aspect of Smeekumblin.

The most approved biographers do not forget to look occasionally aside from their hero to the circumstances under which he was raised, and following their excellent example we will say a word or two about those social institutions, called clubs, for which Smeekumblin was so famous some sixty or eighty years ago, and which have been saved from forgetfulness by the able and affectionate pen of the learned Dinghall. These clubs originated in the days of the jolly old fellows in buckled shoes, small inexpressibles, powdered pates, pigtails, and flapping waistcoats. Jolly fellows indeed, that could be carried home of a Saturday night in the more advanced stages of spirituous unconsciousness, and yet be up betimes on Sabbath morning for worship and breakfast, and duly appear in their pews with visage of the most devout length, and, we are to suppose, hearts attuned for the exercises of the sanctuary. O that Daguerre had come into the world a century earlier than he did! Had he done so posterity for all time coming might have been enriched with faithful portraits of these great wits wallowing in tripe, and sheep's heads, and pig's cheeks, and rum punch, and whisky toddy, at these delectable social gatherings. But the indescribable leer in Provost Macpherson's eye as he related some of his inimitable anecdotes—the never-to-be-forgotten-by-all-who-saw-it humour of Bailie Gleghorn's mouth and teeth, when he was giving in his majestic baritones *The Tinkler's Dochter*, or *Meg wi' the muckle mou'*, or some other of those touching lyrics of the north—the unutterable playfulness and wink of Kilbirnie's eyes as he attempted to direct his twenty-ninth mug-full to his mug—are all lost, for ever lost, save in the memory of those few old stagers, who, from the brink of the eternal world, look back to those days with a fondness which is not equalled by their anticipations of any joys which we hope are before them. Phonography is also a world too late to do anything for the rare sallies of fun and humour with which Wulkinson, (then generally known as "Wabster Wull") kept the table in a roar; or for the exquisite and classically expressed orations of Mucklewhaem the tobacconist, when giving his favourite toast of "*Deil to the French;*" or for the deeply pathetic and unctuous remarks of Driddle, the sugar importer, when proposing the health of the evangelical clergy. All, all, and a great deal more, sunk into the miry sloughs of time, like the pigs' cheeks, onion stews, oceans of punch, and the mortal puncheons that contained them—alas! all gone, and leaving a blank in the records of the intellectual world which can never be filled up. *Tis' pity*, but, as Pat says, *howsomever*.

These clubs, in the earlier eras, had their bagpipers whose duty it was to alternately play and wet their whistles, and the business of the evening was generally considered over when the kilted minstrels sunk hopelessly under the table—pipes and all ; by which time there was seldom any one left sufficiently powerful to be able to give his fallen neighbour a helping hand. Chief of these heroes of the sheep-skin was Mactaggart, who stood, or lay, six feet ten inches in his brogues. His blast was tremendous as his stomach was profound. At one of these club meetings, when he had risen to the climax of one of his most sublime pibrochs, and when the company were luxuriating in the melodious hurricane, this Celtic Apollo was seen to stagger, and in another instant fell dead upon the floor ;—he had a public funeral, fourteen of his most gifted fellow minstrels giving their gratuitous services on that occasion.

By the time that Rab was man enough to approach these social vortices they had begun to degenerate in quality, although not in numbers, for every tavern and public house had its room or rooms, specially set apart for particular parties, which constituted the clubs. That to which Flint adhered, held its bi-weekly sederunts in the Boar's Head in Cambrie Street, and was denominated the "Fish" club. Whether that name had been suggested by the vulgar notion that fish more than other creatures loved liquids, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained, but it is more probable, that it had direct reference to the fact, that the members were expected to make fish the special solid which was to accompany their libations to the chyle regions, as on particular occasions they ate salmon, and that mummified, ossified, or fossilized thing, called speldron, all the year round. The constitution of the "Fish" was liberal, as each member was, on certain occasions, at liberty to introduce a friend.

Flint's philosophy was that Rab had now reached that age, when it was desirable that he should see a little life, and under the neighbourly desire to extend his knowledge and whet his intellect, introduced him to the club. They were an hour late, and Rab's first glimpse of the symposium of which he had heard so much, was, to speak the truth, not very captivating. A thin all pervading haze of tobacco smoke, through which rolled many denser clouds of the cumulus cirrocumulus, and cirro-stratus kinds. Dimly through the haze was seen a table with a candle at each end, and around the edges of the table, glimmered tin jugs, bottles, and glasses, and between these were little piles of fish bones, tobacco ashes, and little pools of spilled liquor, relieved here and there with long-shanked unengaged tobacco pipes. At the farther end of the table, sat a rather cadaverous looking chairman, and around the table were seated a pretty full company of the favoured members, some with pipe in mouth, others mixing or quaffing their liquor, others voraciously worrying at the afore-mentioned mummified creature of the seas, and all at the same time listening to a song, which a shining-nosed member was giving, with special emphasis and effect. The vocalist sat with his eyes half closed and his head thrown back, in order to give his fine tenor apparatus full play, and his mouth undergoing a series of rapid

transformations, in which a sharp eye could have detected the appropriate indications of all the passions, from tender to the most diabolical. It has been said, that the first view of high art generally disappoints the spectator, and, as we have said, Rab was not altogether enchanted with the scene which now made its appeal simultaneously to his visual, oral, and olfactory senses. He had, however, a feeling of security by his proximity to Mr Flint, and took the seat to which he was shown, without hesitation. When the mouth shut, and the melody ceased, and the jingle of applause subsided, Flint formally introduced his friend Magloskie, and expressions of welcome, in the shape of nods and looks, went round the table. At the order of Flint, whisky and fish were brought in by the paunchy host, who linked at it in his shirt sleeves with an alacrity almost equal to that of the heroine in "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk," on the night of a very remarkable reunion.

The "Fish" was composed of book-keepers of the second or third degree, small corks in the shoemaking and tailoring departments of business, small master-masons, foremen, and others in the transition state between common tradesmen and the better class of merchants. A certain witty Englishman has rather spitefully said that Scotch wit consists chiefly in very loud laughing; and if this be applied to particular spheres, such perhaps as the "Fish Club," it is not wholly destitute of truth. What called forth the laugh however, was characterized more by its strength and breadth, than by its refinement or delicacy. The speeches, both as regards subject and illustration, were more homely than classical; the singing more sturdy than graceful, the applause more vehement than discriminating, and the drinking more deep than the sociality of a high-toned moral company would consider either necessary or desirable. That Flint was considered an able fellow, was apparent from the deference shown him when he essayed a remark, which was frequent. Rab, on the other hand, was on this occasion a silent but admiring observer, and there is undoubted evidence of the fact that he quietly, within the recesses of his own mind, demolished the arguments of more than one of the speakers by the application of the Leakantean dogmas which were still fresh in his memory;—he himself mentioned this to Flint, on the way home. It is a curious circumstance that persons of the Jessina class of mind and morals had an inveterate antipathy to these clubs, which, according to the authority we have already referred to, constitute the chief glory of the past over the present Smeekumblindian social complexion. Then it was whisky and song and toasting till oblivion, or "the wee short hour ayont the twal," now it is tea, spouting, and a few songs, ending with the benediction, at not later than eleven.

CHAP. IV.

Mr Divitt's friendly party, and how it was spoiled.

Mr Divitt, as we have shewn, was an eager business man, but however much he loved business, he none the less loved those enjoyments which success supplies the means for indulging in. To the

great majority of business men, success can have no other reward than good eating and drinking under the most agreeable circumstances; but Divitt was naturally hospitable, and had the full enjoyment of his success only when he had his friends about him, to eat with him and discuss the great questions of the day, local, national, and cosmopolitan. Nor did he always seek his company among the wealthy; he was in the habit of inviting his clerks and salesmen to his house, and that not only once a year, as the liberal-minded modern heads of flourishing establishments condescend to do, but scarcely a week passed in which one or more were not to be found enjoying the hospitality of the Place. And Mrs Divitt, notwithstanding her philanthropic tendencies, was no recluse, but had evidently a liking to see people around her table and nice things upon it. The children too were shooting up, three boys and two girls, all very interesting to their parents, who naturally enough thought them equally interesting to everybody else. It was right and proper that the children should see society, and it was no less desirable that society should see them.

Divitt was a member of the Church, and was regular in his attendance in the forenoon, but from motives never fully explained, he refused the eldership. Flint's version of the story was, that in a retail establishment it was of the greatest consequence to the concern that the head should be an elder, and in cases where there was a plurality of heads, it was still farther desirable that they should all be elders, but of different denominations or sects. Next to a minister there was nothing to be compared with an elder for attracting customers—especially lady customers, and in a retail trade the ladies are every thing. Flint could also point you to various instances where this rule had been attended to, and in all cases with happy, and in a few, with astounding effect. He could also refer to various cases in which establishments had been saved from going down by the judicious appointment of an elder to manage the concern, when the real head, or heads, could not themselves with decency be set apart for the sacred office. In the case of a wholesale business, however, it was of less consequence, and in this light did he account for the prolonged secularity of Divitt under circumstances the influence of which was all the other way. Divitt was, however, on good terms with the Church, which did not seek to interfere with his business, nor with his pleasures after business hours, and his esteemed pastor, the Rev. Dr Chicks, was a frequent visitor at the Place. The Doctor was neither an austere nor an extreme man in any respect, unless, indeed, it was in regard to the rights and privileges of the Church, with due respect for the sovereign and all properly constituted authorities. On social occasions he preferred a responding and acquiescent, rather than a questioning or disputatious auditory, and when at the Divitts', he usually found what he desired, save and except when Miss Jessina was present. She was a dissenter, was moderate in nothing in which she thought a principle was involved, and was never silent when her opinion was at variance with that enunciated by any other.

It so happened that, on a particular night when there were a few

friends present, the Doctor unexpectedly, but not disappointingly, came in. Flint, Nixon, and Bob were there; so also were ex-bailie Duff, Miss Jessina, and a few other ladies and gentlemen. The company were in the act of enjoying themselves, all save Jessina, partaking without scruple either of negus, or the more potent national beverage. The so-called temperance principles of our days had then made very little progress in this country, but Jessina, by a special correspondence with friends in America, had become indoctrinated with them in their extremest sense. In the course of the evening Mrs Divitt took occasion to refer to an altercation which had that day taken place between her and one of her servant-girls regarding a piece of bread which had been thrown into the ash-pit, and this furnished a text for disquisition, and some discussion about waste.

"I know," said the pastor, "of no crime short of the greatest that is more to be deprecated than that of a wanton destruction of the mercies of a bountiful providence."

"It was certainly very wrong," said Jessina, "and you very properly, Mrs Divitt, embraced the opportunity to check it."

"I always wish all in my house," said Mrs Divitt, "to have their wants supplied, and we ought to be thankful that we can afford them a sufficiency, but I cannot put up with the waste of food, and especially when there are so many poor people to whom a crust would be a luxury."

"It betokens ingratitude," resumed the pastor, "of the deepest die, and seeing that it is a prevailing sin, especially among the classes who ought to be the most careful, it is no wonder that we are, as a nation, threatened 'with cleanness of teeth.'"

Now when this colloquy was being carried on, the imaginative faculties of Miss Jessina had been silently operating in the expansion of the idea. It is very probable that the rubicund countenance and capacious bodily development of the Doctor, the round florid and jolly face of Mr Divitt, and even the well-rounded bust of Mrs Divitt herself, not to speak of the spiked and purple proboscis of the ex-bailie—we say, it is very probable they were the means of supplying the suggestions, but at all events she proceeded.

"It is all very true, but we are apt to take a partial and limited view of such cases. If a person puts a sudden end to his existence, we call that suicide. If one raises his hand against the life of another, we call that murder. Now if a man ruins his health and shortens his days by a too eager pursuit of business, or by undue indulgence in meats or drinks, why should that not also be called suicide. Or if servants are kept working in unhealthy workshops which destroy life by a slower process than that of a stroke or a shot, should not that also be properly called murder?"

The Doctor agreed to the general truth of the proposition, and instanced the cases of two or three of his brethren whose health had been destroyed and their days shortened, by the parsimony of the peritors and congregations who refused to give them assistants.

"With regard then to waste," replied Jessina, "is not eating and

drinking that which is not required for the nourishment of the body as truly waste as though it were thrown into the ash-pit?"

The atrocity of this assumption can better be conceived than described. It was a personal insult, as much as if she had said, "you, sirs, lay and clerical, are only so many sinks, waste-baskets, ash-pits into which pipes of wine, anchors of whisky, hecatombs of cattle in the shape of roast and boil, have been thrown, and as thoroughly wasted as was that piece of bread which has called forth from you so much elevated sentiment." That it was felt keenly, was evident from the facts that his reverence got more empurpled about the gills, that Divitt's brows were knit, and he plied his *ladle* with more than his usual dexterity, and that there was evident determination to the smooth, pale, and generally placid countenance of Mrs Divitt;

Notwithstanding these ominous manifestations, the imperturbable Jessina followed up her insinuations by saying she considered that, to make the human frame the receptacle for uncalled-for meats and drinks, was greatly more reprehensible than it would be to throw them into the incorporeal waste-basket, as in the latter case they were harmless, while in the former, they were the occasion of much physical and moral evil.

"I am afraid," said the Doctor, "that you, Miss Jessina, like all other persons who make doubtful principles a hobby, are apt to take a very limited, partial, and distorted view of those matters to which you think those principles extend; and I find as the result of a very wide experience, that it is of no use to endeavour to reason with such persons."

"You are very absurd, Jessina, exceedingly absurd," said Mrs Divitt, with some degree of bitterness.

"Confoundedly, outrageously, annoyingly," exclaimed Divitt, and then suddenly quaffed another glassful, as if it had been intended to neutralize a growing acidity which was in danger of eventuating in a still more emphatic expletive.

"It may be so," replied Jessina, "but I cannot see it."

"I agree with you there," said the Doctor, as he looked round with an air of complacency toward the acquiescing portion of the audience, "I quite agree with you there. I would certainly be the last to encourage anything like excess either in meats or drinks, as I would at the same time be the last to disparage the temperate use of those good things, which have been mercifully provided for our social comfort and happiness."

The Doctor then quoted passages, especially that which refers to the marriage in Cana, and concluded by saying, that these absurd doctrines of abstinence were dangerous, in so far as they had the tendency to substitute a pagan asceticism for the restraining influences of the gospel.

This was considered by the most of the company, a complete floorer to Jessina, or any one who should have the temerity to interfere with the national and time-honoured institution of "a dram," and Divitt and his friends, not only verbally deprecated asceticism,

but set vigorously to practically illustrate to Jessina the abhorrence with which they regarded the pagan vice, the resuscitation of which the doctor believed to be due to the infidel tendency of republican institutions.

Here the Bailie struck in, by affirming that Miss Jessina seemed to forget that man was not only a physical and moral, but also a social being, and that the social nature was to be gratified, as well as the physical nature sustained.

Rab, who had for sometime been anxious to have his say in the matter, attempted to support the Bailie, by quoting one of his logical maxims—that although man was an animal, and dogs were animals, it did not therefore follow that men were *dougs*. The reader may not see very distinctly the appositeness of Bob's remark, but he may rest assured, that he sees it quite as clearly as Bob did himself.

It took well, however, and the Doctor improved it.

"There, Mr Robert," said he, lies the gist of the whole matter. The lower animals are guided by instinct. Their nature may be regarded as purely physical; but as our friend the Bailie has well said, man has a social nature, in which lies in a great measure his earthly happiness, and it is his duty to cherish and sustain that social nature by such means as his inclinations, governed by his reason, may direct.

Jessina here asserted that she considered the word social was very frequently used for the word sensual, and that reason was more commonly warped to suit the inclinations, than inclinations made to conform to the reason. She regarded the drinking system as the great social curse of this country, and ought to be discountenanced by rulers and persons of influence, and more especially by the church.

"You may depend on this," said the Doctor, somewhat chafed, "that the church knows its duty fully as well as you can know it, and it might perhaps be more becoming in you to defer your judgment, rather than dictate, to the church.

"That," replied Jessina, "I will never do. The church and the world have now a remarkable family resemblance, and we must learn the path of duty, from a higher standard than the example of the modern church."

That was certainly very bold language to be uttered in the presence of one of the greatest ornaments of the church in Smeekumblin, for although Dr Chicks was not what is popularly called a great preacher, he was considered sound; thoroughly versant with the best commentators, and his opinion much respected in the church courts. It was no wonder that Mr Divitt was angry, as the remarks were a direct attack upon his hospitality, as well as offensive to his at all times welcome guest. It was no wonder that Mrs Divitt was vexed, for the harmony of the company had been disturbed, and the conduct of her dearest and most judicious friends, openly proclaimed to be as reprehensible as that of the girl who had thrown the bread into the ash-pit. It was no wonder that the Bailie was indignant, for it was

well known that his habits, in one or two respects, were not that which should be expected from men who occupy the seat of justice, and profess to be religious. It is no wonder that Flint chuckled, when Jessina made her onslaught upon the church, for although he had nothing to find fault with in the principles or practice of the reverend doctor, and was practically, as well as theoretically, most decidedly opposed to asceticism, still he regarded the church much in the light of an ordinary business affair, and the presbytery a sort of chamber of commerce. The feelings of the Doctor were, however, specially outraged, and without deigning a reply, turned the conversation in a different direction, and Miss Jessina finding herself neglected, and her presence evidently no longer wanted, soon slipped out, Mrs Divitt refusing to give her the usual parting shake of the hand.

Bob and his colleagues, if they did not actually profit by the disquisitions of the learned doctor, had at least got a new word which served all the purposes of a principle, an apology, or an argument, when their social habits were called in question. *Asceticism* came, as the phrase goes, to hand "like the bool o' a pint stoup," and did duty on many special occasions when a plainer word would not suit. It would be unfair to say however, that Miss Jessina's reasonings were altogether lost, as Flint, who was unquestionably the most acute of the trio, and generally regulated their opinions, was considerably tickled with her tact and boldness, and next day, when the business of the previous evening came to be discussed in the counting-room, Flint remarked that after all there was some truth in what she said, not only about the meaning of *waste* but also about the duty of rulers and clergymen, and he gave it as his opinion that if there had been less truth in her remarks they would have gone down more sweetly. "Yon body's face," said he, referring to the Bailie, "always brings to my mind what Falstaff said about the face of his friend Pistol." Here Flint gave the passage with the motions and emphases usually applied to it by the Falstaff of the stage, and both Bob and Nixon were of opinion that its applicability to the Bailie was unquestionable.

It is our duty—our painful duty, to say that Bob's new course of training was not lost upon him. He became a member of the club, soon came to be a connoisseur in fish and and whisky-toddy, and his habits were so irregular that his mother began to get alarmed for the consequences. He had also found his way to the theatre, and so loud and boisterous was his applause, that many a low comedian made grateful and graceful salaams to a power in the shilling gallery which he knew only by its effects.

But disasters were in store. The elder Magloakie, who had, notwithstanding the efforts of Miss Jessina, continued to drink and sink, was ultimately struck with palsy which threatened to be fatal. He however rallied a little, and for the succeeding two or three weeks had occasional gleams of consciousness, during which his mind was not unsuccessfully directed to such subjects as were suitable for one whose life had been unprofitably wasted, and was now drawing to a close.

The dying man was penitent, and eagerly clutched at such consolations as Miss Jessina and the minister held out to him from the first and last and best of books, the words of which are so often on men's lips when its precepts are practically disregarded. He expressed his thankfulness that he had not been suddenly cut off in the midst of his sins without being allowed any moments for reflecting on what was to come, and in a trustful frame of mind turned his face to the wall and was still.

Unprofitable as his life had been, his decease was a sad—a severe stroke to the family. The widow wept as if the event were a calamity, as it was felt to be, for all his faults were forgotten, and the more amiable traits in his character remembered with a fondness which proved that the union which others thought to be so unequal was after all one of the heart. The son too wept, and who will doubt that his tears were the genuine tribute of affection.

Miss Jessina, as may well be supposed, did not allow the event to pass without making an effort to improve it.

"There," said she to Bob, "there are the fruits of what men falsely call sociality. Young in years, yet burdened with the infirmities of age—helplessness at a time when the hand should have been cunning, the limbs vigorous and the mind active, death when there should have been life, and gloom and sorrow when there should have been hopefulness and joy. There, young man, a very solemn lesson for you. Read the book of fate for yourself, and when men talk to you of sociality, remember! What is the grand aim of life but a preparation for triumph at the close; and what are the paltry pleasures of the world when compared with that pleasure which arises from the consciousness that you are humbly yet trustingly doing your duty to your God, yourself, and your fellow men? They, and they only who do so are in the only true condition for enjoying life when they have it, and leaving it without regret when their day is about to close. It is natural nay desirable, that the young should be cheerful and happy, but that happiness should have its source in what is amiable and virtuous, or the results will not be happiness. How awfully sarcastic are the words of the sacred book towards those who seek their happiness in sinful ways—"Rejoice O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, but remember that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment."

These and many other earnest words were spoken in that quiet, yet intense and impressive manner which was characteristic of Miss Jessina, and always convinced the hearer that it was not mere sentimentality, or a love for sermonizing, but a real desire to benefit that was at the bottom of her philanthropy. The impression upon Bob was deep, as the effect of words earnestly spoken under such circumstances usually is on all listeners, but it would be quite another matter to say that it is usually lasting.

Bob laid his father's head in the earth, for the first time heard the hollow rattle of the clods upon a coffin, and returned to his sorrowing mother in a sadder mood than he had ever done before.

CHAP. V

Laying the foundation of a great house.

It is worthy of remark that Mrs Magloskie, notwithstanding the trials she had to contend with, had, by her frugal and self-sacrificing habits, saved a little money from her own and her sons earnings, although the sums received from him had not for sometime previously been so great as they ought to have been. Her toils and trials were now beginning to tell upon her frame, and in order to emancipate herself from the thralldom of the wash-tub, she began to cherish the idea of becoming shop-keeper in a small way. True, her son was in the enjoyment of an income that might have sufficed for their simple wants without any continued effort on her part, but hers was one of those natures which cannot brook the idea of being dependent, so long as she could do for herself; and besides Bob's, habits were not calculated to inspire her with confidence in him as the only source of support. She had for sometime her eye on a small shop which was tenantless in Primrose Street, certainly not the most fashionable part of the town, but it was a populous locality, and articles of clothing of a cheaper description might, she thought, command a sale. Rab for his part strongly recommended an eating-house in preference to cloth. The circumstance was mentioned to Jessina, who not only approved of the clothing, but offered to assist the widow with money to enable her to procure a suitable stock. It is not quite certain whether Mrs Magloskie took advantage of that kind offer, but at all events she availed herself of the influence of Jessina with the proprietors of a wholesale clothing establishment, who supplied her with such articles as their experience taught them as the most likely to commend themselves to the working classes. In about six months after the decease of the elder Magloskie the shop was opened; the widow, in a plain cotton gown, and a white high-backed cap bound with a black handkerchief, took her station behind the counter, and ere the day was over found as much money in the till as gave her reason to hope that her efforts would be successful. That she would become rich was not in her thoughts; her ambition was to make an honest livelihood, and if Bob on his return in the evening found her somewhat elated with her success, it is only what might have been expected. Bob was of course quite as much pleased with the results as she was, and after he had put on the shutters, they retired to the back room which was now their domicile, made a hearty tea, then counted over the proceeds of the day's sales, and spent a not unpleasant hour in discussing the various items in the day's transactions, before retiring to their respective places of repose.

Mrs Magloskie had commenced business at the right time and in the right place. The shop flourished beyond her most sanguine expectations, and what was even more gratifying to her was that her success promised to have a happy effect on the habits of her son. If we are to believe that special and peculiar propensities are transmitted from parents to children, we should expect that, while on the one hand he would have, as the legacy of his father, a strong tendency

to sensual pleasures, he would on the other, as the gift of his mother, have a tendency to frugality and a desire for saving. That the former had hitherto predominated was evident from the tenor of his past life, but the sight of a well filled till, and the evening's recreation of counting out the proceeds into shillings and pounds, seemed to develop an entirely new class of desires and propensities, and had quite a revolutionizing effect upon his character.

Many get credit for virtues which are nothing else than the effects of conflicting and counteracting vices. The philanthropy which loves the platform, has frequently no nobler basis than the vanity which delights in being looked at, and talked of by the public; a slothful disposition is sometimes counteracted by avarice, and liberal bequests to charitable institutions are sometimes the offspring of hate towards poor relatives. The tinkle of the till had a peculiar effect on the tympanum of Bob's ear, and although he had still some lingering desire to spend an hour or two at the "Moniplies," or the "Pig and Bagpipes," or at the "Boar's Head," nevertheless the pleasure derived from counting out the proceeds, entering the amount in the cash-book, tying up the leathern bag, and depositing it the large blue chest, always brought him home at a seasonable hour, while the anxiety for its safety kept him from going out again. Miss Jessina, who was a shrewd observer of human nature, noted the change with no small degree of satisfaction, but also saw that it was necessary to have some safety-valve, or by-wash to save him from becoming a mere money-grub, and occasionally brought with her books or newspapers which she incited him to peruse by entering into discussions with him regarding their contents. That the effects of this artifice were good there can be no doubt, as will be seen by and by.

Life is but a series of successes and disasters. Nations and communities may go on prosperously for centuries, but in the midst of that prosperity how much individual struggling, and failure, and affliction is lost sight of in the aggregate. Smeekumblin is regarded as a highly prosperous city, and her local historians, as we have already said, never weary in figuring out her huge decennial strides in population, rental, commercial enterprise, &c., &c.; but there is another side of the question which these puffing artists "discreetly cast into the shade," and which is at the same time an important part of the real history of Smeekumblin. We mean, of course, the strugglings and failures, and disappointments, and sorrows, and sins which are co-existent with, and to a considerable extent contributing to that prosperity. A very great proportion of her enterprise is failure to the individuals—very much of her success only shows the vastness of her misfortunes. Her pawnbrokers may be numbered by the thousand, many of them rich, and most of them flourishing. She has whole battalions of lawyers of every grade, and the fact that all of them seem to get on well is a sure sign that ruinous game is going on somewhere. Her immense number of drug-shops, her highly prosperous undertaking establishments, and her numerous cemeteries and burying-grounds, all of which go to make up the aggregate of her greatness,

have, when reduced to items, sad tales to tell. These ledgers, which turn up so handsomely to the respective firms, are dooms-day books, every entry being a tale of sorrow to some family. The skull and cross-bones, and the bleeding heart, would be appropriate emblems for the escutcheons of many of those who fare sumptuously and loll in carriages, and figure conspicuously in the aristocracy of Smeekumblin.

The firm of Divitt & Rogers had been for many years highly prosperous, but signs of a rather portentous nature, were now making their appearance in the sky. Heavy losses at home, followed by still heavier losses abroad, brought the indomitable Divitt to bay, and ultimately placed him at the mercy of his creditors. Smeekumblin has of late years been so much accustomed to that sort of thing that its occurrence will be regarded as scarcely worth mentioning, but we can creditably assure our readers, that in those primitive days it created quite a sensation in the town and neighbourhood, and Divitt himself took the matter so much to heart, that it brought on a low fever, which reduced him almost as low as the dividends which are now realized from well managed insolvencies. Our apology for referring to it now is, that it was the means of throwing the junior clerk, Robert Magloskie, out of employ, and as his mother's business was not yet so very extensive as to demand his sole and undivided attention, he considered it prudent to cast about for an opening, and soon found it.

He was duly installed in the counting-house of the well-known Clay & Co., in Radnor Street, but at a salary somewhat less than that which he received at the *late* establishment in Mutton Row. The house was extensive, old Clay was at its head, and two young Clays were as additional eyes, ears, hands, and feet to him. Business at this establishment was conducted on the most rigid and imperious principles of trading. An admirable specimen of the mud god was old Clay. His tread was slow but majestic, and a feeling of awe pervaded the hearts of all within ear-shot of the creaking of his boots. Devotion of soul and body to the interests of the Clays was expected of all in the establishment, from 9 a.m. till such an hour p.m., as the interests of the Clays might demand, and it was seldom that Bob found an hour available for the "Monieplies" or the "Pig-and-Bag-pipes," between the shutting of his books and the time for putting on his mother's shutters. Clay & Co. expected not only work but gratitude—"they have my money," said old Clay. What on earth can outweigh money? No doubt grumbling discontented people might say that Clay had their flesh and bones and brains hashed, ground down, pulpified and wire-woven into bank-cheques for his use; but it is of no purpose to reason with grumblers—they are not sound political economists, and have very shallow notions of the amenities of business or the privileges of capital.

We are very much afraid that Bob, with all his docility, was of the class referred to, and that his gratitude was not commensurate with his privileges. He however remained at his desk for about a year and six months, during which time he had favourable opportunities for noting the development of the Clay system. One instance in par-

ticular cannot be dispensed with in this history, as it came under the direct cognizance of Bob, and for aught we know may have had a marked influence on his subsequent career.

Clay & Co. had been only warehousemen, whose staple was printed calicoes. They had as yet no printing factory of their own, but being in command of abundance of capital, and desirous to have "all within ourselves," as old Clay expressed it, the idea of annexing such a factory was the subject of much cogitation and scheming. Of the two or three factories which worked for them, that of Gilkison at Gartcraig, from its proximity to the town, was regarded as in many respects the most suitable. Gilkison had been a tradesman, but by industry and frugality had saved a little money, with which he commenced business for himself in a small way. For the few years he had been in business he had been tolerably successful, had gradually extended his works as his means would admit, and well the mud-god knew that these works would not be given up unless under a pressure which Clay & Co. could not yet bring to bear upon them. But Clay was great and Aitchison was his prophet. Aitchison had been reared under the Clays, was found to be capable of anything that impudence, sycophancy, low cunning, and a domineering animal activity, could achieve, and had become their confidant and general manager.

It was in secret conclave resolved that the works at Gartcraig should be secured, and in order to get Gilkison under their thumb it would be necessary to tempt him by offers of money to extend the works. Gilkison hesitated, but the proposals were so plausible, the conditions so reasonable, and the end so desirable, that he ultimately agreed to take advantage of their offer. Houses were built, expensive machinery procured, more hands were engaged, and in the course of a few months the whole was brought into harmonious operation for the execution of orders in the most efficient and expeditious manner. In a very short time Gilkison began to perceive that he was now at the short end of the lever. Aitchison not only dictated the prices to be paid for the various class of goods, but also insisted on large deductions for what he pronounced to be bad work, or damages, although it was all the while sold for good work. Gilkison could not recover himself; he was getting more and more involved in the meshes, and the grand denouement was brought about by an offer from Clay & Co. to take the works off his hands, and allow him a salary as their manager. Gilkison, in his indignation, peremptorily spurned the generous offer, became bankrupt, and the works passed easily into the hands of Clay & Co. The whole affair was admirably managed. What is business but a fight, whatever is legal is fair, and Gilkison had been out-marshalled. Nor does it detract from the glory of the victory that Gilkison, after several unsuccessful attempts to regain a position, at length sickened and died, and left a young family totally unprovided for! Unphilosophical sentimentalists there were who dared to stigmatize the conduct of Clay & Co., and attempted to fortify their opinion by what can only be regarded as mere ethical subtleties. Has not capital its privileges, and is superior tact

and enterprise to be denied its reward in the great struggle of life; and did not old Clay make satisfactory terms with his conscience by the magnanimous offer to take the discomfited Gilkison into his employ?

Bob had here a favourable opportunity for the exercise of his logical faculty, in drawing comparisons between the tactics of Divitt, Rogers, & Co., and those of Clay & Co. With reference to those of the former, we should say that there was, comparatively speaking, a weakness; that Divitt had dash and energy enough there could be no doubt—but he had heart, which prevented him from profiting as he might have done by his legal opportunities. Clay, on the other hand, had no weakness of that kind, but adroitly improved all his legal positions. Divitt, like the fly, was guileless and always on the wing; Clay, like the spider, was strategical, and unless something was in his web, was always in his hole. The system pursued by the former had ended in disaster; that pursued by the latter had been attended with success; and success has the homage of mankind.

Bob did not at all relish the long hours and strict discipline of what may be called the silent and grinding system of the establishment in Radnor Street, but his mother's business was steadily on the increase, which gave him hope of emancipation at no distant date. After a servitude of fifteen months, Bob, with the consent of his mother, had the satisfaction of cutting the connection, or in the language of the presbyteries, being "relieved from his charge," in Radnor Street, and finally, was transferred, or translated, to that of his Alma Mater in Primrose Street.

(To be continued.)

DEAN RAMSAY ON THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

WE are glad to meet with this volume on the *Christian Life*, from the pen of the venerable Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh, as well for its own intrinsic value, as for the intellectual and clerical reputation of the author. His former work, *Reminiscences of Scottish Character*, was regarded by many as beneath the character of a clergyman, and especially the dignity of a Dean, and they were ready to designate him as a sort of genteel Joe Miller with his Budget of Wit. Such persons, however, did not know the author, or the object of his publication, in fact they did not wish to know him, lest their standing sarcasm should be destroyed, and they find themselves at a loss for a joke. The Dean has now set himself right, if he was ever wrong, as we do not allow, and we hope the cavillers will dip as deeply here as they did in the other, treasure up as much in memory, profit as largely as they laughed before, and commend as readily as they formerly censured. The mind

* The Christian Life, in its Origin, Progress, and Perfection. By the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Dean of the Diocese of Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1862.

which can rise from a description of Scottish character, to a disquisition on the genius of Handel, and from that to a development of the Christian Life, in its origin, progress, and perfection, is one of no ordinary capabilities, and demands, as it deserves, respectful attention and regard.

We are told that the substance of this volume was delivered as congregational lectures on the Fridays of Lent 1858-61. It consists of four parts, forming a systematic Treatise on "The Christian Life, in its Origin, Progress, and Perfection." The second and third parts have been previously published as separate treatises, entitled "Diversities of Christian Character," and "Diversities of Faults in Christian Believers." They are now republished in connection with the "Christian Life," and constitute a most valuable and interesting work. We know of no work of a similar kind, which enters so fully and thoroughly into the various phases of the Christian character, which analyses or rather anatomizes the human heart, exhibits its deficiencies and redundancies, its beauties and blemishes, in so clear and common-sense a view. The author well says that "no one has a more urgent call to study human nature, under all its varieties of circumstance, than the Christian minister, who will find that appeals, exhortations, and remonstrances, which are well adapted to hearers of one class, may be quite unsuited to hearers of other classes. He must be acquainted with peculiarities of human nature under all its phases, and be able to detect what particular points in individual characters are most likely to be exposed to danger." This the reverend author has shown himself well qualified to do, and the instruction which he communicates to the various characters which come before him, is of such a nature and in such a form that it cannot be otherwise than effective of good. It has been often asked, Why is so little advancement made in the Christian life? With all the teachers, and treatises, and opportunities afforded for growth in grace, why is that growth so often stunted and checked, why does a man's religious life not flourish like the secular business in which he is engaged? We believe that one main reason is, that in business man looks to himself, in religion he looks to others, and we have the strongest belief, that were he to make the latter a personal matter like the other, his religious state would be different from what it is. The great remedy is declared in a single passage of Scripture, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Men are always for cleansing some one else, and so personal religion with them is stagnant. There is a strong tendency in our nature to overlook what is near to us, and to strain after what is remote. And it is part of the same tendency also to *under-estimate* the importance of what comes in daily contact with us, and to *over-estimate* what is beyond our reach, or what must take great endeavours to obtain. In the moral as in the material world it is often found that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and that a near approach has the effect of dispelling the illusion. Constant familiarity with an object blunts our perception to much of its beauty, and blinds us to much of its real merit and importance. Hence it is that no man seems a hero to his own servant, and no prophet has

honour in his own country, and among his own kin. Hence travellers admire, and describe with enthusiasm, foreign landscape scenery which is far surpassed in beauty and in grandeur, by the mountains, and glens, and woods, and waterfalls of their own Highland home, which were constantly before their view, but which on that very account were never appreciated or even perceived. Many illustrations might be given of this tendency to prefer the remote to the near, the alien to the personal, the general to the particular. Men would set their country right in its political relationship to other nations—they would regulate and economise its financial expenditure, while their own affairs are involved in confusion and embarrassment, and they are breaking faith with many around them by whom their integrity is relied on. They would in their wisdom so legislate and administer, that the world might stand upon a pivot, preserving everywhere its equilibrium, this potentate not having too much, and that other not too little, while all would be peace and harmony within; but there is another world far more accessible to their approach, and far more subjective to their influence, where, in truth, they might perform wonders even in their own eyes, and yet it is neglected, often unthought of, and so runs riot in wildest confusion, and that world is within their own breast. There, there is sufficient room and necessity for legislation. There, there are victories to be achieved, triumphs to be gained, and honours to be won.

And as with politics, so with morals and godliness. We are ready to reprehend in others what we overlook in ourselves, and are forward in directing, enlightening, and amending, while we ourselves are still wandering, still spiritually blind, still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. We constitute ourselves the keepers of the vineyards, while our own vineyard we have not kept. We are to bear one another's burdens, and we do this most effectively when we help them on the way to heaven, but while we do so, we must not neglect our own individual burden. We must not stand still while we are pushing them forward. We must not remain cold, while urging them to be ardent. What the great orator said of eloquence, may be said of piety—if we would have others to be godly, we must set the example. We must lead the way, and take them along with us. We must light their lamps at our own. We must first take the beam out of our own eye, and then we shall see to take the mote out of our brother's eye. Is it not great infatuation, therefore, to discontent and vex ourselves about matters which we can neither prevent nor amend, which are in fact beyond our reach, and altogether out of our way, and to leave unheeded our own individual interests, which involve our well-being here, and our happiness hereafter? Is it not infatuation of the most fatal kind, which makes us so busy, and importunate, and officious, about the concerns of others, and so lamentably callous about our own? Men have always been proposing to reform the world, and in some measure restore Paradise to the human race, but they have differed in their views, and quarrelled in their opinions, as to the best way in which this is to be effected, and while they have differed and quarrelled, the world has gone on in its beaten track, and in like

manner, every successive generation has differed and quarrelled as their fathers did before them, and still the world goes on, ever needing, and always about to be amended. Now the world does need reforming, and that in a far more important sense than is usually regarded, and it should and might have been reformed long ago, had the right plan been adopted, and the right method pursued. Now the most effectual way to attain this end is for every one to reform his own life. And as truth is everywhere the same, the regulation of the individual parts will be also the regulation of the whole, and all the parts will be found corresponding in admirable harmony, like the wheels in some piece of complicated machinery, all unerringly formed after a perfect model, so that when all are put into their proper places, and the whole set in motion, the movement goes on as smoothly and as accurately as if there was but one wheel instead of many. The Christian Church is a complicity of combinations—all are members one of another. Let us try then to aid this reformation by commencing with our own selves, our own life.

Dean Ramsay, on this indifference to personal religion, says:—

“ We must consider well the difference between knowledge and consideration—between belief as an act of the mind, and belief as a motive to conduct. Religion, as a great question affecting the temporal and eternal condition of mankind, may be considered in the double nature of a science which men have to learn, or as a rule which men have to follow; in one word, as a theory, or as an obligation. The two points are more easily separable than many persons are aware of. But an observation of facts, as derived from the history of mankind, will furnish abundant proof that such separation has been often made between theory and practice in sacred things. This case, for example, may be adduced: A man who, in the exercise of his calm unbiassed judgment, is ready to expatiate on some question of morals, to depict the beauty of virtue, and point out the harmony of virtuous affections—a man who has well described the loveliness of truth, purity, gentleness, generosity, and all the finer emotions of our nature, shall yet, when followed out of his study, and observed in the actual intercourse of life, be found hard, selfish, immoral, passionate, and worldly-minded. Take another case: A man may possess a clear knowledge of law as a science—may thoroughly understand its great principles, and their specific application to all cases of human conduct; who may discuss in a lofty strain of thought and language, the paramount obligations of the eternal rules of equity and justice; and yet that man may never have brought those great principles home to his actual conduct, so as to prevent his being in his own person dishonest, grasping, and illiberal. What a remarkable example of this inconsistency between knowledge and its application—between the most elevated application of great principles, and the lowest degree of power to resist personal temptation—we have in one of the most distinguished names recorded in the annals of mankind! Lord Bacon, who penetrated with an angel's power of intellect into the great questions of man's rights and moral obligations, disgraced that name by the application of torture to criminals, and by taking bribes as a judge. Hence the description of him by the poet as

‘ The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind ;’

and hence that glowing portrait of his character in the memorable words of the late Lord Macaulay: ‘ It is painful to turn back from contemplating

Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life. He well *knew* the better course, and at one time had resolved to pursue it. Had he done so, we should not thus be forced to own that he who first treated legislation as a science was among the Englishmen who used the rack—that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature, was among the last Englishmen who sold justice; and we should conclude our survey of a life placidly, honourably, beneficently past 'in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries, with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much science.' . . . In subduing, therefore, or endeavouring to subdue, the indifference towards the inner or spiritual life of practical piety, we are not required to investigate abstruse questions in speculative theology; we do not need more knowledge, more learning, more zeal in what belongs to the externals of the Christian religion. We have to ponder well our personal relations to God and to His revealed truth. We are called on to make an earnest consideration of all that belongs to the soul's eternal well-being. We must estimate fairly and truly our need of a Saviour. We are to weigh well what must be the consequence of indecision in the work of salvation. We have to apply to our own case all the promises and threatenings of the Gospel, as they must appear to an awakened intelligence of them in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment."

Our author arranges the diversities in human character under four classes, with illustrations of these, from the four principal apostles. First, there is the Intellectual character, represented by the apostle Paul—secondly, the Impulsive, exhibited in the character of Peter—thirdly, the Affectionate, manifested in the beloved disciple John—and fourthly, the Practical, as seen in St James. To each of these classes of character, a chapter is devoted, and an exposition is given most interesting and valuable. We shall make an extract from that on the Practical character, which is full of limpid truth. The author says:—

"We not unfrequently observe in human life men whose minds and powers are specially adapted for carrying out the execution of details in human affairs, for doing the *practical* portion of every enterprise, and who seem to delight in employment for its own sake. Such men are usually averse to speculative or theoretic views of subjects on which they are engaged; usually, also, they are without much play of fancy or imagination; not necessarily deficient either in reasoning faculties or in strong affections, still the bias is for *action*, and the judgment on any question is rather directed by the practical and tangible result than by any abstract representation of theoretical fitness and ingenuity. From this class we draw the useful and accurate labourers in the various departments of human knowledge and human affairs—in literature, in science, in law, and in political government. In them have been found that intense application, those correct and patient labours, which were necessary to produce many of the results which are so useful and important to the well-being of society and of individuals. From this class comes the correct man of business, and no doubt the man of intense application for *his own interest* and advancement. But from this class also comes the steady and trustworthy of the public, men who are scrupulous as to the fulfilment of every appointed task. And, with natures so constituted, and with dispositions so endowed, the peculiarities of such characters must be obvious, and be quite as apparent in the possessor under *religious* as under social relations. In other words, highly practical

minde are not less marked and developed for the Christian than for the worldly life. Of this we have a proof in the peculiarities which distinguish St James from the three other apostles of whom we have made mention. St James is eminently the *practical* apostolic teacher. When others speculate, he would act; where others theorise, he would come to experience; where others enlarge upon the *nature* of an abstract principle, he would call for proof of its excellence by an appeal to its actual results. The disposition of St James is a marked one, and readily recognised amongst the four varieties of apostolic character; when, for example, we notice how their peculiarities are made manifest in their mode of appreciating the great truths of the Gospel, and in their manner of approaching and adopting them; or, in other words, when we examine their mode of *arriving* at religious truth. St Paul's religion, for example, was the result of reasoning from great principles. He goes back to the primary elements of eternal truth, and he works out from them a living and harmonious image of God's revealed scheme of human salvation. St Peter grasped at divine truth, and adopted what he saw before him, not on reflection but on feeling, and often acted without estimating his own powers. Hence Peter's knowledge was formed through a series of mistakes and falls, corrected by a severe discipline of tears and mortification. St John, again, hardly reasons; he *feels* truth; he loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and that is enough. His heart is so warm and glowing for Christ and His truth, that love takes the place of reasoning, and supplies the motives to a devoted service. St John, if we may speak so, was more *like* the man Christ Jesus than any of his brethren; and of him, perhaps, might it be more certainly said, 'Christ was formed in him.' Then St James comes forward with his practical and common-sense views of what religion is, and of what God requires. With St James, reasoning, impulses, professions of sentiment and affection, are not exactly discouraged, but certainly are not admitted as genuine religion till they have been fully tested by experience!"

The character of the apostle James, affords an excellent illustration of the *practical* phase of the Christian life, and the author thinks that of all the eminent divines belonging to the Church of England, the type of this apostle is to be found in Dr Isaac Barrow, whose "mode of writing is to exhibit Christian truth in all its practical detail and application to human life." In our opinion, with all deference to the Dean, Dr Barrow's writings are of too practical a character, we mean too exclusively practical. They would have been better, had they been interspersed more with the leading *principles* of religion, instead of taking them for granted as he has generally done. Dr Paley is instanced as another of the same type, who "is never carried away by flights of eloquence—never impulsive, imaginative, or sentimental." His chief aim is to carry out great principles, not so much in their abstract character, as in their practical issues. St James, and St Paul, have often been placed in contrast to each other—the one as teaching justification by faith, and the other justification by works. But St James no more excludes faith, than St Paul excludes good works. Our author has stated this very explicitly. Both apostles are looking at the same object, but from different points of view—Paul at the ground of the sinner's justification, faith in Christ—James at the manifestation of the believer's justification, the works of a godly and religious life. From the consideration of these four classes of

Christian character, the Intellectual, the Impulsive, the Affectionate, and the Practical, it is thought that "we may form a tolerably accurate estimate of our fallen nature, and of its various aspects in the economy of grace," and may derive much practical benefit, both with regard to ourselves and to others. The Dean proceeds to form, as it were, a chart of Christian character, somewhat after the manner of a Phrenologist, when from an examination of temperaments and cranial organs, he lays down what is, or should be, the dispositions and tendencies of those who have submitted to the manipulation. Thus we are told that "the Intellectual temperament, when without Christian humility, may produce the sceptical and doubting disposition, always cavilling, always aiming at being wise above what is written. From the Impulsive temperament without discipline, may be formed the restless, unsettled, and uncertain character, always in action, but accomplishing nothing good that is sure and permanent. The Loving character may become indolent—may not discriminate between right and wrong—and may not be sufficiently firm to uphold the right or condemn the wrong. The Practical man of diligence and labour may, if he be not watchful over himself, be tempted to form a worldly estimate of religious questions, and reduce the high and pure principles of gospel salvation, to a mere formal compliance with some external duties of social life." This seems very much according to square and rule, and in theory may look well enough, but is it practicable? And if not, what is its use? Who shall accuse himself of wanting humility, or being without discipline, or becoming indolent, or not watchful over himself? However, it may be effectual in securing much in the Christian life, if it cannot secure all. It is ingenious, and to a certain extent may be practicable.

We shall say that our author is a disciple of the apostle James, as well as those whom he has referred to as belonging to that class. He is eminently practical, and it is for this very reason we so much admire the book before us. There is no skimming the surface of life with him. There is no trimming his sentiments and expressions, so as not to give offence to those addressed. He goes down into the heart of the matter—he penetrates the intricacies of the inner life, shows what is radically wrong, and tells how it is to be righted. Thus he has a most important chapter on Faults of Temper manifested in the course of the Christian life. Every man and woman knows how much *temper* enters into life whether secular or religious—how much it casts sunshine or shadow over intercourse with our dearest friends, or with the world at large, but who has treated of this matter, save in the most general terms, and that only when by accident it came in his way. It is a very disagreeable part of a minister's duty to deal with the various expressions of temper which he may see manifested in his people, but still it is his duty, and our author does not shun the task. Let us hear his own voice. It gives no uncertain sound:—

"Men scarcely estimate the extent and the depth of evils which flow from irregular and uncontrolled temper. And yet it would be a very curious examination, and one productive of striking results, were we to trace back to

this source all the numerous effects which would be found to proceed from it,—were we to show how many of the real evils of social life—how many of its acutest sorrows—how many mistakes of *public* life—nay, how many public evils and abuses, have proceeded simply from an ebullition of bad temper in some *one* or more individuals. Temper makes us lose sight of what is due to the calm remonstrances of prudence, the suggestions of wisdom, the lessons of virtue, and the holy precepts of religion. To gratify temper all else is forgotten, and therefore it often happens that what seems a most inefficient motive to conduct, makes men act contrary to prudence, to wisdom, to virtue, and to religion.

“Now, as it frequently happens that temper makes men form hasty resolutions and embrace rash conclusions, it is also the cause of their adopting, when under the effects of such irritation, the most dangerous course of *action*. The wrong step is taken under this influence; the error may be quickly seen and regretted; but it is too late to retrace—the evil is done, and sometimes irrevocably done. Temper makes men *seem* sometimes to differ more than in truth they do, but the breach is widened, and never entirely healed. Temper gives to the sarcasm or the reproach a sting which rankles in the wound, and which, in some temperaments, cannot be forgotten—it prevents reconciliations in the severe and hard disposition, and hinders composure and comfort in the gentle and the sensitive. Temper often murders peace—it makes misery in families, and often with no want of kindly, liberal, or generous feelings, there is a wreck of domestic peace and joy.

“With regard to its effects on others, we are convinced that persons have, by their temper, chilled many a warm disposition to a cold and turbid indifference—have exasperated to frenzy many a severe and stubborn disposition. Temper has broken many a trusting and gentle heart—most unintentionally, it has not unfrequently brought its victims to an untimely grave. Now we are anxious to observe that the faults of this class come directly and legitimately under the subject of these pages—viz., ‘The faults of Christian believers in their Christian course.’ In fact, such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that even very grievous faults of temper do not come before the offender in their real colours; of course, in their rude, and blasphemous, and murderous outbreaks, there can hardly be a concealment of their true and *sinful* bearing. But there is a form and degree of temper which may be at the root of many of the evils which we have enumerated, and which may yet not appear so really inconsistent with a Christian profession as in truth it is; nor do men admit that indulgence in temper is so contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel of Christ as an impartial, a careful, and conscientious examination of their own hearts would show them. What we mean is, that persons can, to a certain extent, indulge in ebullitions of temper without remorse, and act upon the impulse of temper without seeing how sadly they are violating the great laws of Christian duty. Men, for example, may give way to temper, and yet pride themselves upon their zeal in the cause of God’s truth and God’s Church—upon the liberality of their pecuniary contributions, their labour, and their time. Men may give way to temper, and yet boast of the uncompromising orthodoxy of their opinions, pride themselves upon their strict integrity, their rigid adherence to the Christian laws of temperance and purity. Men may give way to temper, and yet boast of their observance of the Sabbath, and reverence for the public worship of God’s house.”

Part fourth of the volume, which treats of the Christian life in its perfect condition in Heaven, is one of great interest, and will be eagerly perused by all who hope for heaven when they die. We draw the reader’s attention to that portion of it which discourses on the

angelic state and the nature of Angels. We are expressly told in the Scriptures, that believers after death will be "*as the angels of God in heaven*," that is, *like the angels*, as the original term *IBANGELOI* implies. What they are, therefore, we shall be, as to their occupations, their endowments, and their blessedness. Now, is it possible for us to attain any worthy conceptions of these, in their grandeur, magnificence, and glory? We fall far short of the reality, even in our most imaginative flights. Poetry alone affords us a glimmering view through the veil which hangs between us and them. Milton comes to our aid with his seraphic pen, but he only increases our desire for larger, fuller, and clearer comprehension. Describing the archangel Raphael on a mission from heaven to this lower sphere, he says:—

"A seraph winged: six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipped in heaven; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide."

Now we do not think that the reverend author, who makes this quotation, expects in a future world to be clad with three pairs of wings, and covered with "feathered mail,"—it is not in this respect he looks forward to being as the angels, and, therefore, his quotation seems somewhat inappropriate, but we apprehend it is with regard to the resplendent glory with which they are surrounded. From what is revealed of angelic life, he thinks these three things may be inferred—that heaven is a condition of activity, and no state of mere repose and contemplation—that heaven is a condition of adoration, of blessing, and of praise—and that angels are the best teachers in showing us the nature of our high privileges, and in giving encouragement to our efforts in attaining their happiness and sharing their inheritance. The following extract will show in some measure what we are to expect as our employment in the regions of the blessed:—

"We conceive most erroneously of those praises which are heard before the throne of God and of the Lamb, when we consider them as a mere offering of *duty*, or as the mere performance of a service appointed by God, and required from his creatures. No! we would say of them, they are the spontaneous utterance of feelings which cannot be restrained—the outward expression of emotions which cannot be confined within the breast of the glorified and happy servants of God. It is a cold and unsatisfactory notion of the believer's future resemblance to the angels, to represent him as one who goes to join in *their* worship—that he partakes in a duty and shares an office which belongs to *them*. We are sure this has often been injurious to men's ideas of heaven's real state. What we should bear in mind is this,—the glorified *saint* in heaven praises God, because he is himself in perfect happiness. The new song of the redeemed is *simply* the utterance of felt devotional emotions—it is the expression of the raptures which are already glow-

ing within the heart. Perhaps the greatest of which an intelligent being is capable, is at the moment when he is pouring forth from the depths of an exulting spirit the utterance of his love, and of his own intense feeling of grateful praise; and therefore to say that the believer's state in heaven is a state of rapturous and grateful adoration, only expresses the consummation of his own enjoyment, only proves the perfection of his own blessedness. . . .

"The more we think of angelic beings, and of their happy state and condition above, the more we shall perceive how much we learn by a contemplation of their present attributes and nature. From incidental references in Holy Scripture, we are led to conclude that, like ourselves, angels have been subjected to the test of *trial*, and have passed through the state of probation to which we are now subjected. Like men they were created innocent and happy, but we are distinctly assured by St Jude in his epistle, that of the angels some kept not their first estate—i.e., fell from a previous and purer condition. The others, therefore, who are described as being in heaven near to the throne of God, doing his service as ministering spirits, and celebrating his praise in a song of perpetual joy and adoration,—of those we conclude that they *have* kept their first estate; that they are blessed for ever, and through the ages of eternity shall see God in happiness without alloy and without change. These are the beings when in heaven we are to resemble; and we do not know more instructive lessons or more animating motives than those which we derive from a contemplation of the present feelings and condition of angels, and of the likeness which we should now desire and promote. In fact, the angels teach us how to value the salvation which they have secured, and which we are too ready sometimes to throw away. Our blessed Lord has distinctly announced that those happy beings are watchful of *our* spiritual condition, and interested in its safety and advancement; and He assures us that they rejoice whenever they see men return to the paths of penitence and piety. 'Verily I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth.' *Why* do angels feel so much concern about the religious state of their brethren of mankind on earth? Why are they so glad to see an erring and a wandering child of humanity returning from sin and error to the paths of holiness and peace? It is because they know and feel the greatness of the prize that is to be won. They can estimate the value of the salvation which mortals are so ready to despise, and keenly appreciate the blessing of the inheritance which many are disposed to forfeit. They know from actual experience the stupendous privileges which men so rashly and so madly throw away; and therefore when they rejoice over one sinner that repents, they rejoice over one who is determined to avoid the evils they have passed themselves, and to secure the everlasting benefits and blessings to which they have themselves attained. What can, therefore, be more impressive than to look upon these great and solemn questions belonging to the future with just the same feelings and the same emotions as we know angels must regard them? If we are ever to resemble angels hereafter, we must now strive against besetting sins—we must strive against temptation—we must resist all the incentives of passion and of self-indulgence which would draw us from the path of duty, and prevent our attaining the happiness of the seraph."

From the extracts we have given, and the remarks we have made in connection with them, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the nature of this volume on the Christian Life. The subject is entered into in the fullest manner,—the most intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart is manifested, and the soundest counsels are found on every page. In name of the Christian public, we cordi-

ally thank the venerable author for the valuable boon he has conferred on the cause of religion, and we sincerely trust he will see that his labour has not been in vain.

FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Our readers cannot have forgotten the many impressive Poems by J. Le Gay Brereton, with which the pages of *Macphail's Ecclesiastical Journal* have been enriched, at sundry times during the last four years. We have now two more to offer, and can only express our hope that ere long may appear a new and enlarged edition of "Prince Legion and other Poems," incorporating the best of his recent works. There is a strength and fervour in this writer that are not found in many of our home authors; who have too often indulged in conceits of expression, and sacrificed moral and religious aims, in obedience to a sickly vanity and affectation of singularity.]

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

J. W. E.

HYMN TO THE DIVINE SPIRIT OF SONG.

O Spirit of sweet song,
Who fired the prophet-bards and kings of old,
Thou foundest me early, why so long, so long
Faint I for thee, whose childhood was so bold?

Sweet Spirit come again!
Thy absence marks with gloom my songless way,
Lost 'mid the miry ways of worldly men—
O no! not lost, nor wholly gone astray.

Not lost, for Thou canst find:
Me hast Thou found in this small rill of song;
Needs must he suffer who would serve his kind,
Till Thou hast triumphed o'er our common wrong.

How shall I sing of Thee,
Or give a voice to sorrow, unless I bear
A brother's portion in their misery
Whom I would win a brother's hope to share?

Thyself, dear Lord, dost know
The strife of this sad earth, whose breath is swords;
In every citadel a secret foe
Leagued against Thee with Hell's besieging hordes.

Thy feet have opened out
From earth to Heaven, a track of shining light,
Through all the clouds that gather dark about
This troubled orb, a path serene and bright.

And Thou with us dost fight,
Upon the tyrant's neck hast placed thy foot;
Thou biddest us to share Thy joy and might:
Sing, sing my ransomed soul, no longer mute!

Rejoice, my soul, rejoice!
To thee is oped the fount of heavenly song:
Sing to thy captive brothers, with a voice
Of thunder, death to slavery and wrong!

Shall I my kin disclaim?
Then must I lose the hope that binds us fast:
Not one is pure, not one but shares the blame,
And Christ shall triumph over *all* at last.

Begin, e'en now begin!
Purge Thou the plague-spot, Lord, and set me free!
For every soul which Thou hast saved from sin
Is type of what the world shall surely be.

Fill Thou my vacant heart!
Now will I serve Thee better, better sing,
Since now I know Thee truly who Thou art,
Fountain of song, my Saviour and my King!

SYDNEY, *March* 1862.

J. LE GAY BRERETON.

OUTRE-MER.

Over the sea, the wide, wild sea,
Where a night lies dark betwixt thee and me,
Brother, my heart grows warm to thee,—
Over a thousand leagues of sea.

I am not here, thou art not there,
The light of a heaven serene and fair
Encircles us both; we breathe one air:
'Tis there I see thee, my brother, there.

One joy beams bright in either face,
Reflecting the beauty of one sweet grace,
His beauty, the Lord of that beautiful place,
There, where e'en now our spirits embrace.

There, where the cares that perplex us here
Wither, and fall, and disappear;
There, where the flowers of Love's bright year
Have hidden the griefs that made life drear.

This our sorrow hath taught us, Friend,
That soon the world's great sorrow shall end,
And powers that diverse seem shall blend,
And the Spirit of Love thro' all descend.

For this we know,—where doubt and woe
Hemm'd us in, not long ago,
Hath opened a path where bright flowers grow.
And friendly trees wave to and fro:

And the birds that sing in the gardens there
Are the voice of hopes that once distant were;
And every morn they draw more near,
With songs of the spring of earth's second year.

SYDNEY, N. S. W.

J. LE GAY BRERETON.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION, AND THE MODERATOR'S ADDRESS.*

THE time has arrived when it appears to be conceded that Presbyterianism is losing ground. The address of the Moderator at the close of the General Assembly, June 1862, contains a distinct recognition of the existing discontent; and the "*Remarks on Presbyterianism*," published by the Messrs Blackwood, clearly and powerfully sets forth the dangers which beset Presbyterianism in the Colonies, and weaken respect towards the rule of the Scottish Church among those who had been early introduced into her membership.

Moreover, our readers must have observed, in the "Letter to a Clergyman, on the State and Prospects of the Church,"—published in our May number,—that an affectionate regard for the Scottish Church is quite compatible with a desire to assimilate her ritual, to the more ornate and decorous manner of worship used by the early leaders of the Reformation. In short, we have numerous and independent testimonies of disquietude existing within the pale of the Church, because defection from her becomes more frequent with the acknowledgment of presbyterianism having failed to meet the requirements of the present generation.

It is best to examine this matter calmly and honestly, not closing our eyes to the evidence, and, ostrich-like, imagining that the danger is removed if we will only refuse to behold it advancing. The day is past when any farther plunging our head in the sand, or hiding it behind a stone can be permissible. Safety is not to be won by such proceedings. We have no fear of being misinterpreted, and deemed foes of the Scottish Church, while we listen to the complaints which are now brought forward; and leave others to deliberate how to overcome the objections, some of which, no doubt, are well-founded.

The entire address of Dr Bisset is deserving of attention. It is evident, that he has carefully sought for the causes of the existing discontent, so far as lay in his power. The "*Remarks on Presbyterianism*," though open to severe censure on several counts, is important as being the statement of an honest and out-spoken man, who possesses peculiarly good opportunities of investigating the Colonial Church system, in all its practical aspects, both in the East and the West. We may disapprove of much that he says regarding Episcopalians,

* 1. *Remarks on Presbyterianism and Presbyterian Union in the Colonies*, addressed to the Members of the Colonial Committees of the Church of Scotland, of the Free Church, and of the Board of Missions of the United Presbyterian Church: By a Colonial Churchman. With a Preface by the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., of the Barony Parish, Glasgow. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1862.

2. Address of the Rev. Dr Bisset, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, delivered on 2nd June 1862. Published with the Author's consent. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail. Glasgow: Murray and Son. 1862.

3. *Scattered Sheep. How to re-unite them.* Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

and deem him to be by no means the man to obtrude himself as an advocate of Christian Union, howsoever he may be of *Presbyterian* Union, seeing that he is assuredly one whose pugnacity, or antagonism to others, is to the full as strongly developed, as his love for any one body of the visible church. But whilst, on good evidence, believing him to be an earnest and veracious reporter of what he has special facilities of knowing, we may not refuse to accept his testimony, in so far as it proves that Presbyterianism is failing to advance, or even to hold its ground, in the Colonies.

He is willing to concede more than many Episcopalians have ventured to assert, regarding the supremacy of their form of ritual in the Colonies. He says that—"By this time the Reformed Church—by which I mean Presbyterianism generally—should have had a firm hold of all the Colonies." (p. 3.) But he shows that it has not done so. He employs the phrase "Presbyterianism" somewhat loosely, as we may observe, or he would never have ventured to make such an assertion as the following: "There are nearly half as many Presbyterians as Episcopalians, in Great Britain and Ireland."

He declares that, the Presbyterian Church "had a fair field and abundance of material to start with;" adding that, "emigration from the Presbyterian quarters—Scotland and the North of Ireland—has been far greater in proportion, than from England." After showing that "Congregationalists from England have usually in the Colonies been ready to cast in their lot with Presbyterianism," and that "Our church system is also admirably adapted to the state of society in most of the Colonies, from its simplicity, its Scriptural character, and its affinity with civil liberty"—he, having thus far acknowledged the *circumstances favourable to the Church*,—"the Church to which the sensible, the devout, and those who pay homage to the Word of God, have been largely attracted"—proceeds to admit its

"WANT OF PROGRESS.

"Notwithstanding the great advantage of plenty of material, and the best material to begin with—the men of most education, and who have come to the front in every colony—Presbyterianism is nowhere in the condition in which it ought to have been. It is the one Church that has lost ground. In many of the colonies it is wholly unrepresented; in others it has suffered tremendous losses; and of the multitudes who have been alienated from the Church abroad, not a few, having made their fortunes and returned home, have then turned their backs upon the Church of their baptism, and lent their influence to swell the tide which for the last twenty years has been flowing through Puseyism towards Popery. Presbyterianism does not, I believe, hold the same comparative position of influence in the empire that it held a quarter of a century ago."—(*Remarks on Presbyterianism*, &c. p. 5.)

The reasons for this want of progress, are given:—1. The absence of missionary zeal in Scotland in earlier times; when "the Episcopal Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was raising large sums, sending clergymen to all the Colonies, getting up and circulating a compact and suitable Christian literature for Colonial Episcopalians, the Church of Scotland was folding its hands and doing nothing."

He shows some of the difficulties in the path of missionary enterprise. 2. He objects, as we think somewhat unwisely, to "the rigidity as to the education of clergymen;" seeming to require that there should be less demanded in the theological training of those intended for foreign missions, than is now considered indispensable: as though the requirements of learning were less among them! 3. And here certainly with good reason, he indicates, as having "fearfully operated against Presbyterianism in the Colonies, for the last nineteen years," the persistent Disunion. He says, courageously, that "the 'ten years' conflict' absorbed energies and resources which might have been far better employed, and ended in the Disruption, with its sad disasters to Presbyterianism. That event was the worst blow which the Christianity of Scotland has received in this century. It has undoubtedly greatly weakened Presbyterianism, and put it on a lower footing for a time." He likewise mentions, as assisting in retarding progress, that "Scotsmen are not sufficiently instructed in their church polity," and declares this to be punished by the repulse which they meet in competing with the Tractarians and others, who are careful to furnish the Colonies with propagandist literature. Lastly, he speaks plainly concerning the injury resultant to Presbyterianism from the absence of an authorised Book of Prayer. On this topic his remarks must be given in full:—

"Presbyterianism has suffered immensely from the want of an unauthorised Book of Prayer for those who are without a ministry. Go where you will in the colonies, sail where you will, even in Scottish ships, you find the Book of Common Prayer universally had recourse to when laymen wish to join in public worship; although occasionally there are odd mistakes when Scotsmen form the party. Till two years ago, there was nothing else for Presbyterians, and the effect has been gradually to displace their own Church from their minds, and to draw many away from it. In fact, the want of an atmosphere more churchly to surround Presbyterians, when left without a ministry, has had a bad effect upon their piety. The Scotsman is at a great disadvantage, as compared with the Englishman, with his Book of Prayer. I once heard a remark that I cannot forget, made by a sagacious observer of colonial mankind, himself a Presbyterian by birth and baptism—to the effect, that 'though the education of Scotsmen did tell wonderfully in favour of their getting on in life, their religious education and equipment did not appear to tell on their religious character, nor to stand the world into which they are sent out.' In fact, there is not enough to make us realise the idea of the Church as a mother."—(*Ibid*, p. 10.)

Again, near the close of the pamphlet,—after having furnished valuable memoranda, properly classified, regarding the Colonial Establishments, and shewn how little is being done by the Presbyterian, even in places like Ceylon, where formerly there had been numerous communicants—he thus speaks:—

"There ought to be provided one Common Book of Prayer for the use of the Presbyterian laity of the empire. This book should contain a short defence of our Church Government; the Confession of Faith; prayers for Public and Family Worship, and for Special Occasions; and also forms for the Sacraments and Marriage, which if not needed as a guide to the clergy,

as I think they are, would be instructive and interesting to the laity. The book recently authorised by the Church of Scotland is a step in this direction; but though worthy of much commendation, it has defects and needless repetitions, and is not recognised by the other churches [!]. It appears to me that if a few of the clergymen of the different denominations in Scotland—men, like Dr Lee, who are familiar with the liturgies and prayers of the Christian Church in all ages—could be brought to co-operate in such a work, they might fill up the outline of our present usages with a Book of Prayer superior to any in Christendom. And if such a book were to receive the sanction of the three Churches, it would pass at once into an immense circulation and supply a great defect.”—(*Ibid*, p. 37.)

It is not necessary that we should occupy any of our already inadequate space, with the details of the “Colonial Churchman’s” plan for obtaining success in securing union amongst the Presbyterian bodies abroad. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that a hatred uncontrollable and unrelenting towards Episcopacy, and (we are afraid we must add), Episcopalians, animates him more than a desire to extirpate heathenism and sin: At least, we find in pages 28, 29, 30, language employed regarding the Church of England which is altogether indefensible, and which reflects more odium on the utterer, than on the Episcopalians whom it maligns.* But, although useless and blameable otherwise, it shows that it is from no leaning towards the Church of England, its doctrines or its people, that he advocates the employment of something resembling her Liturgy.

Dr Bisset, in his “Address,” as Moderator, speaks favourably regarding the toleration, if not the authorisation, of some Liturgical form of prayer, and other returns to the practice of the early reformers; acknowledging that many pious members of the Scottish Church, seek to express their feelings, by a more devotional and less repulsive form of worship than what is now (nominally) compulsory, he is willing to admit a right of the congregations to make such restorations and improvements as may seem to be most needed and wholly blameless; at any rate, he offers for earnest deliberation, the question, whether or not it be for the interest of the Church of Scotland, that matters which “if there be truth in ecclesiastical history, was at one period at least, left to congregations, and their pastors and rulers,” should be less rigidly enforced or prohibited, seeing that the result of the ordinances heretofore has been the driving from her communion many pious and affectionate children, who were unwilling to depart.

Having spoken, temperately, of the Disruption, though with an energetic protest against those who continue to calumniate the Establishment by asserting that “by any part of our procedure we

* On the absurdity of expecting perfect friendship and co-operation, among the now-discordant Presbyterian bodies in the Colonies, whilst so little sympathy exists amongst them at home, we need not dwell. Union, from a conviction of there being a common aim of sufficient strength and purity to bind together, is one thing: Union, by relinquishing all distinctive principles, which may have sufficed to give vitality, is another and much baser sort. Moreover, Christian love is a safer ligature than is the combination in antagonism to a rival church, such as speaks too plainly here.

have denied the Headship of Christ, or compromised the crown-rights of the Holy King of Zion,"—he thus continues :—

"It may indeed be that the winds and waves of that past stormy period when, according to the late honoured Dr Chalmers, the waters of Israel had become Marah, are not yet sufficiently assuaged to allow us much room to hope for a speedy reunion in one quarter; yet there are others who have gone out from us; and those, who, in some measure, share their sentiments and feelings, are an increasing body because they are dissatisfied, not with our doctrine, but with our external forms of worship, and who yet yearn after an Established Church. Their charge is, that we have departed from the landmarks set up by all the greatest lights of the Reformed faith, and have fallen in *venam peioris ævi*—an age of violence, and rebellion, and maddened passion, from which no good precedents or permanent examples can be safely taken. Their complaint is, that our services are bald and cold; that they are ill-fitted to evoke and sustain the feelings and emotions which become worshippers; that we come together rather as an audience to hear the lecturer or teacher, than to pour forth our confessions, and desires, and prayers, for mercy and forgiveness through the blood of Christ; that when prayer is made, it is rather that of the presiding Minister than of the assembled people; that they are wholly at the discretion of one man, however mediocre may be his gifts; that this is, in no reasonable sense, common prayer; for that they often toil after him in vain; that through our present system they are made passive and silent rather than living worshippers, and are not called to confess within the sanctuary the Lord Jesus with the mouth; though it be written; 'With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;' that while we employ the divine songs of the Sweet Singer of Israel, the man after God's own heart, in our service, we rob them of their fair proportions, and mutilate the praises which his ardent and heaven-directed spirit believed most acceptable to God, inasmuch as to his own voice he is ever invoking the aid of harp, or psaltery, or stringed instrument, whereas we repudiate the rich addition of instrumental music, however solemn the instrument may be; that the position which we take both in singing and prayer, is a manifest contradiction of what is seemly and proper; for that to sit, when sounding the praises of the Lord Most High, is to deprive the voice of half its power; that to stand in prayer is contrary to the practice, whether of the ancient Church or of the first ages of the Reformation, and is at variance with the natural dictates of a mind quickened by God's Holy Spirit to profound veneration. The regulation of these different matters, if there be truth in ecclesiastical history, was, at one period at least, left to congregations, and their pastors, and rulers; and to them, it is humbly submitted, this Church might commit such power with greater security than any other; inasmuch as, if any attempt were made to return to the forms and usages of a better age against the mind of the major part of a congregation, or even to the offending of the honest prepossessions of any considerable portion of it, we have, through the subordination of our judicatories, ample means of granting redress.

"We forget not that our countrymen are suspicious of innovations in worship; and that to make changes here acceptable to our Congregations, they must be satisfied, that they are ordered or permitted by competent authority; that when a deviation from existing practice is sought, we must show that it is a return to the good old ways, and no conceit of any individual following his own devices. In support of most of the changes for which a permissive grant is here solicited, they can quote the great names of Calvin and Knox, who not only approved of, but composed liturgies, and

furnished some very valuable portions of the beautiful Service now in use in the Church of England. The Presbyterian churches of other lands are also heaving with desire of improved worship, both in devotion and psalmody—the one deeper and more ardent, the other grander and richer. We cannot conceal from ourselves that religious opinion (or, if you will, taste, sentiment, or feeling) is in a state of rapid transition—transition, ultimately traceable, perhaps, to the conviction that men owe to the Lord, in every regard, the best of all they possess; that a large proportion of our people, in the most intellectual and refined congregations, sigh for at least a partial resumption of what was in use for a hundred years amongst us after the Reformed faith was introduced, and what, in perfect harmony with free prayer, long operated most beneficially in several of the Continental churches, framed on the same model as our own.

“To frown on such changes, under the plea of a fabled uniformity, in those congregations where a general sentiment in their favour has set in, is, in other words, to declare to our countrymen most advanced in religious sentiment and musical taste, and whose devotional feelings are married, if I may say so, to this more refined and soul-enrapturing concord of sweet sounds, that they must find a resting-place for their spirits beyond the pale of the National Church.”—(*Address*, p. 13).

We find a recognition of the disadvantages of the present system in the suggestive pamphlet entitled, “Scattered Sheep, How to re-unite them,” published by Paton and Ritchie, 1851. The writer says:—

“It was an evil hour when the attempt of an English primate, to force upon our fathers such a ritual as England itself would not have endured, alienated the people of Scotland from liturgical worship altogether. . . . How few on either side of the Border appear to remember, that a partially liturgical worship, with kneeling at prayer, and the audible responsive ‘Amen,’ was in use in Scotland from the Reformation to the Westminster Assembly, and, in some districts, even later; and was discontinued in the vain hope of conciliating the *extrême gauche* of the English Independents; that the very baldness of worship, which is the derision of ill-read Anglicans, and the boast of as ill-read Scotchmen, is in truth not of Scottish, but of English growth.”

Here, for awhile, we pause, leaving our readers to examine further a matter which vitally concerns the Scottish Church. The discontent is increasing and acknowledged: It remains to furnish the remedy.

June 1862.

BEDOUIN.

Marshall's Gospel-mystery of Sanctification; with a Sermon on Justification. Edinburgh: James Taylor. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; and J. Nisbet & Co.

THE Rev. Walter Marshall's Treatise on Sanctification has secured the praise of Hervey, and many others whose commendation is of high value. It is especially directed, not so much “for careless insensible sinners, as for those who are awakened to some sense of the vast im-

portance of the things revealed in the Scriptures of truth." A brief Memoir, and a Sermon on Justification are added. We must mark for commendation that this is one of Taylor's Large Type Library of Standard Religious Works, admirably suited for the eyes of aged readers, no less than the writings are for their matured judgment.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—Lord Aberdeen has presented the Rev. Mr Smith of Greyfriars, Aberdeen, to the vacant charge and parish of Ellon.

Presentation.—The *Glasgow Herald* understands the Earl of Stair has presented the Rev. William Ker, of New Luce, to the church and parish of Stair, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Morrison.

Election.—The Rev. William Menzies, son of the Rev. Robert Menzies, minister of Hoddam, has been unanimously elected to the vacant assistantship in the united parish of Dunoon and Kilmun.

Induction.—The Rev. David Landale, of Auchtergaven, in the Presbytery of Dunkeld, was inducted by the Presbytery of Lochmaben into the church and parish of Applegirth, vacant by the death of Wm. Dunbar, D.D.

Call of the Rev. Mr M'Culloch of Montrose, to Aberdeen.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Brechin, the Committee appointed to inquire into the circumstances referred to by Mr M'Culloch at the previous meeting of Presbytery, in regard to his contemplated translation to the East Church of Aberdeen, reported that they had found the differences in that congregation had no reference to Mr M'Culloch, there being a unanimous feeling in his favour; and that he had adhered to his former resolution of accepting the call. The Presbytery then agreed to the translation of Mr M'Culloch, several members expressing their regret at losing such a valuable fellow-worker.

Died, at Craiglochrie, Perthshire, on the 6th ult., the Rev. Donald Dewar, minister of the parish of Ellon, and son of the Rev. Principal Dewar, Aberdeen.

END OF THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME.

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No. CXCIX.

AUGUST 1862.

AMONG THE POETS:

J. STANYAN BIGG AND DAVID WINGATE.*

I. STANYAN BIGG.

At all times it is delightful to give a word of welcome to the works of a true Poet, and J. Stanyan Bigg had, in one of his former volumes, "Night and the Soul," proved himself to be possessor of the true poetic insight, and of the faculty of writing such verse as by melody and strength was well fitted to abide in the memory of many an admiring reader. His earliest book, "the Sea Kings," dedicated to Sir Bulwer Lytton, remained, until lately, unknown to us, and his prose venture, "Alfred Staunton," though displaying vigour and fine delineation of character that should have secured attention, has found comparatively few readers. Yet, while failing to attain extensive popularity, he has been slowly and quietly, but surely, gaining for himself a reputation that bids fair to survive many ephemeral celebrities.

His new volume is smaller, more varied, and scarcely so impressive as "Night and the Soul." The poem which gives title, "Shifting Scenes," less fascinates the attention than do several of the smaller ones, "Little Jane," "Only a Little House," "Urban the Monk." Of these, "Little Jane" has been already quoted in this Journal (October, 1861), and must have secured many admirers. It has a wierd and saddening beauty. The same power and simplicity are also seen in the poem entitled

* 1. *Shifting Scenes, and Other Poems.* By J. Stanyan Bigg, author of "Night and the Soul," &c., &c. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862.

2. *Poems and Songs.* By David Wingate. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1862

"ONLY A LITTLE HOUSE.

" Only a little house—
 A house by the side of a hill—
 With dances of sunshine gleaming about
 Through tossing branches in and out,
 And the sound of a little rill,
 That, through the tiny garden plot,
 All day long, and all night through,
 Murmurs music ever new,—
 'I am happy—and you ?
 Why not ?'

" Only a little house,
 But a house brimful of life,—
 Busy husband, and happy wife,
 Prattle of babies three :
 Singing of birds, and humming of bees ;
 Shadow and sunshine on the trees ;
 Glancing needles, eager talk ;
 Books, and pens, and the evening walk
 Through the meadows down below ;—
 Thus the summer days go by,
 And we look on, and only sigh—
 We sigh, but do not know.

" Only a little house,
 But a house heart-full of bliss,—
 Plenty of work, and plenty of play ;
 Busy heart and brain all day ;
 And then, ere the good-night kiss,
 The lingering shadow of worldly care
 Wafted off by the evening prayer ;
 And silence falls on the little house,
 Save for the whirr of the midnight mouse,
 Here, and there, and everywhere ;
 And through the tiny garden plot,
 The voice of the rill, which, all night through,
 Murmurs its music ever new,—
 'I am happy—and you ?
 Why not ?'

" Happy ! O little house !
 House by the side of the hill,
 Who can say what an hour may bring ?
 Who would think that the song we sing
 Is the music of coming ill ?
 Little it boots to live and learn
 Lessons harsh and lessons stern ;
 Rather turn to the merry notes
 Of the voice that ever floats
 Through the flowery garden plot,
 All day long and all night through ;
 With its burden ever new,—
 'I am happy—and you ?
 Why not ?'

" Only a little house,
But a house all still and cold,—
Gone the voice of the happy child,
Gone the smile of the matron mild ;
Gone the summer gold
That fell on the gables one by one ;
Gone the human toil and care ;
The daily task, the evening prayer ;
Father, and mother, and babes,—all gone !
And, through the roof, I hear the rain
Dripping on the desolate floor,
And hear the creaking of a door
No human hand shall shut again,
And hear a murmur harsh go by
Through the tangled garden plot,
Where the ragged palings rot,—
' I am wretched, I know not why ;
Would you live, or would you die ? ' "

Here again we have a picture devoid of conventional heightening in colour: a sweet, tender sketch, affecting by its evident truthfulness; alluring us to a contemplation of simple happiness, and making us become a part of what we behold,—a member of that little family in the "house by the side of a hill"—listening to the cheerful voice of the running water, till it has almost made us forget that not for mortals, can there be long continuance of uninterrupted joy. A sweet and tender picture, indeed: not the less so because there is movement in it, healthy motion within and without, auguring well for the resumption of honest labour should some remediable sorrow break in upon the happiness. And if the poem ends when all is darkened over, all the sunshine of summer and smiles of home have faded—all the wholesome action of hand and brain ceased as it seems for ever; and only remain the chill of winter, the drip of rain and creaking of a neglected door, that "no human hand shall shut again;" and even the rill has lost its joyous chant, and only speaks despairingly, while the blast moans through what was so recently a garden, and is now desolate and foul:—we may yield awhile to the saddening impression, and acknowledge the force with which the poet has wrought this contrast of light and gloom, but we will not be so unjust as to class him with the men of morbid taste and narrow vision, who dream that all the lessons taught by life, are thus depressing and melancholy. He is a meditative poet who feels the solemnity of existence, and that it is no phantasmagoria or dream-land sport, but a field of labour in which thorns as well as flowers are growing, needing constant watchfulness and patient work; sowing of seed in trust and hope, tending through drought and flood, and thankful harvesting and garnering when the hour arrives for all the often-threatened grain to be removed, with hymns of gratitude, and not wild storms of wailing or lamentation for what has failed and passed away. A beautiful world, a sad but yet a beautiful world, O Poet! and you who have the eye to see, the heart to love, and the voice to praise whatsoever is loveliest, are of a nature keenly sensitive to every thrill

of foreboding, every sting of unkindness, every suggestion of embittered regret. We hear you sometimes owning, with a sigh, in "Shifting Scenes":—

" Ah! the heavens are too high
And the sunshine, and the light,
And the purple mountains far,
And the moonbeam, and the star,
And the round and rolling white
Of the sun-cloud, sailing bright
Through a sea of molten light,
And the shows of day and night
Seem not what they are."

But you are constant to the brighter hope that tells, immediately after, how

" Evermore a glory breaks
Over peak and over plain,
In the distance, far away;
And the gorgeous skirts of day
Hide the hollows full of pain;
Hide the rents and hide the rain;
Hide the dark funereal train;
Hide the clouds that come again;
But no living thing can say
It hath touched the gorgeous day
Which for ever, and for ever
Glideth on, a golden river,
Far away! Far away!"

Sometimes, with the "Lonely Wife," in your "Shifting Scenes," we hear you tell,

" My day is done, and, like a flower,
Folds all its sweetness up,
The wine of life is rudely dashed
Out of the golden cup;
And all the sunny hours, flower-wreathed,
That danced upon my floor,
Have taken all their garlands off,
And sing and dance no more;
My day is done, my sun has gone
Down to a weary bed;
The night comes shuddering down the heavens—
The night—with all its dead!

" I look into my children's eyes,
I stroke their shining hair,
I kiss their little ruddy lips,
I see *him* budding there;
I go about my household tasks
Blindly, with eyes down-bent;
All night I ask my aching heart
How the long day was spent;
All day I wonder when the night
Will come to cool my brow;
Both night and day I thrust my arms
Through the barred dungeon—now.

"I cannot rest. Some greedy want
Eats all the light away,
And on the pearly bosom of sleep
Gnaws at my heart alway.
The daily heavens blaze like brass
Above my burning head;
And then the shuddering night comes down—
The night—with all its dead."

But he who portrays the "Lonely Wife," can also give us true resemblance of "The Warrior's Babes" in the same poem:—

- "Three little babes are laughing
In among the trees,
Six little eyes are dancing
Glad as summer bees,
In the cool of leaves, in the gleam of springs,
In the shadow and the breeze.
- "Trailing golden garlands
With many a tug and bound,
Breaking off the blossoms,
Showering odours round;
With a laugh, and a shout, and a clap of hands,
Purpleing all the ground.
- "Through the tangled forest,
By the river's brim,
And through the crouching mosses
Beneath the arches dim;
With faces bright, and their hair like light,
They go with ruddy swim.
- "Still laughing and still crushing
Berries in the rout,
Tossing up their garlands
With merry laugh and shout;
Through the sun and the shade with a sudden skip
Bounding in and out.
- "And where the holy silence
A sandalled pilgrim stands,
And communes with the forest,
In hushed uplifted hands,
In the wild sweet glee of their infancy
They break the solemn bands,
- "And carry all their gladness
With sudden turns and dips
Down the dusky silence,
Into the deep eclipse,
Till the grim woods laugh, and the gnarled boughs
Bud out in eyes and lips."

Take the following graphic transcript of what some years' residence in Ireland has shewn to him:—

AN IRISH PICTURE.

- "A smoking swamp before a cottage door;
A drowned dog bobbing to a soleless shoe;

A broken wash-tub, with its ragged staves
 Swimming and ducking to a battered hat,
 Whenever the wind stirs the reedy slime;
 A tumbled peat-stack, dripping in the rain;
 A long, lank pig, with dissipated eyes,
 Leading a vagrant life among the moors;
 A rotting paling, and a plot of ground,
 With fifteen cabbage-stalks amid lush weeds;
 A moss-grown pathway, and a worn out gate,
 Its broken bars down-dangling from the nails;
 A windy cottage, with a leaky thatch,
 And two dim windows set like eyes asquint;
 A bulging doorway, with a drunken lean;
 Two half-nude children dabbling in the mire,
 And scrambling eagerly for bottle-necks;
 A man a-kimbo at the open door,
 His tattered hat slouched o'er his sottish eyes,
 Smoking contented in the falling rain."

It is not too much to say that the poet's skill is shewn scarcely less in this richly-humorous "Irish Picture" than in the glowing presentation of "Summer" in the same volume. There is little awanting, however, to lift it into tragedy:—so grim in its grotesque and photographic minuteness of delineated misery. The ring of the verse is true; not less perfect in the music than in such lines,—

"Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;"

or

"Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves,"—

or even in that melodious embodiment of slumberousness and light:—

"Winking in drowsy splendour all the day :"—

not less perfect, truly, in the irresistible description of

"A long, lank pig, with dissipated eyes
 Leading a vagrant life among the moors."

or the culminating grace which characterised the owner of this stately mansion—one specimen of Dan O'Connell's "finest pisantry in the universe,"—

"Smoking contented in the falling rain."

The sense of humour, hearty and exhilarating, is likewise indicated in two of the three "Little Bits in the Furness (Lancashire) dialect;" which we here subjoin:—

: "AULD GRANFADDER JONES.

"Auld Granfadder Jones is stordy and strang;
 Auld Granfadder Jones is six feet lang;
 He hes spindle shanks, he hes lantern jaws,
 But there's neabody's laugh like his hee-haws!
 He's first at a weddin' an' last at a fair,
 He's t' jolliest of aw, whaiver is there;
 For he keeps a lad's heart in his wizened auld skin,
 An' warks out his woes as fast as they're in;

Ye'd niver believe he'd iver seen trouble,
 Though there's times when t' auld fellow's amaisht walking double;
 He hes corus on his tae, an' t' gout i' his hands,
 An' he shivers an' shacks wheniver he stands,
 He hes t' rheumatiz tu; but whaiver heeard groans
 Frae t' withered auld lips o' Granfadder Jones?"

Something of the moral of Wordsworth's "Old Cumberland Beggar" speaks in Stanyan Bigg's "Auld Man"—but less liable to misconception:—

"T' AULD MAN.

"T' auld man! T' auld man!
 He's eighty year an' mair;
 He wrought secan, wrought leate,
 Wrought hard an' sair;
 An' now he sits i' t' sunshine,
 Duing aw he can;
 Wha wod grudge him house-room?
 Poor auld man!

"Lang afoore we saaw t' leet,
 He was fashing hard;
 Indure, out o' dure,
 I' shuppen, field, an' yard;
 Lang afoore we saaw t' leet,
 He was hoddin t' plough—
 He wrought hard for us lads
 We'se du t' saame now.
 For t' auld man i' t' sunshine,
 Duing aw he can;
 Wha wod grudge him house-room?
 Poor auld man!

"Aw thro' t' summer sunshine
 He watches t' clouds gang by;
 Nin can tell what wonders
 Glour up in his eye;
 For far-off, an' far off
 Aw his leeaks gang,
 Thro' many summer sunshines
 To t' times when he was strang,
 An' laboured leate an' early
 Wi' hoe an' speade, an' plough,
 An' dud' his best for us lads,
 As we are duing now.
 For t' auld man i' t' sunshine,
 Duing aw he can;
 Wha wod grudge him house-room?
 Poor auld man!"

Probably, some readers will be disappointed at there not being a larger proportion of English landscape painted in the volume. Why, it may be asked,—Why waste energies in depicting the gorgeousness of Eastern lands, of which you can only dream, and, at suggestions

of others, convey a second-hand delineation, instead of giving us some life-like studies of the scenery with which you have been familiar since childhood,—your own beautiful Lake-district? In your Novel, “*Alfred Staunton*,” you showed us the romance of the Ulverston sands: we wish to see more of your boyish haunts, the pretty nooks and wild ravines that lend a fascination to the southern and the northern shores of Christon. Something more of the woody pleasures of Conishead, the freedom of the Sands and Fells, and underground vitality of Furness mines. You have grown up under the shadow of the mountains, and must have drawn inspiration from every light breeze that broke away the flaky clouds from brooding in the hollows that overlook the tarns of Westmoreland and Cumberland. All the ‘shifting scenes’ revealed by gleams of sunlight, piercing the mist and rain-drift, must have formed your study in early days, and we are unwilling to lose one transcript of them, such as you can give. You are not ignorant of the fact, that a Poet stands firmest on his native sod, and have yourself shown, how, in the case of Robert Burns, the reward comes to one who has been faithful to the knowledge won at home, and for merely singing what he has seen and felt in his own little circle of duties and affection, a crowd of lovers rise to thank and celebrate him in the after-time. Is it not so with other than Burns? What are your own words?—

“FROM THE ODE ON THE BIRTH OF BURNS.*

“He took his country to his inmost soul,
And sung her joys and sorrows as his own;
And in his verse we hear her wild winds moan,
The rapid rustle of her brooks, and roll
Of her rude rivers, as they dash and foam
In tawny fury round the shepherd’s home.
Her Doric speech, her heart of simple truth,
Her piety and strength, her tales of ruth,
Her fireside legends, and her wild romance
Glitter and gather in a rustic dance,
Laughing in garlands of perpetual youth,
Within the magic circle of his rhymes;
And Scottish faeries ring their silver chimes,
Goblin and ghost, warlock and witch uncouth,
And all the marvels of the olden times
Troop forth at his behest;
And every terror of his native land
Shakes out its elf-locks, bares its bony hand,
And every sportive whim, at his command,
Sits down, the poet’s guest.

“Laughter and tears alike were at his nod,
Humour and wit ran sparkling rich as wine;
And at the rare carousal, half divine,
He sat amid his subjects, like a god
Waited upon by satyrs.

* “One of the six recommended to be published by the judges of the Crystal Palace Competition, on the Centenary of the birth of Robert Burns.”

"Like a bee,
 He sipped sweet honey from the bitterest flower;
 And at his touch the starkest wintry tree
 Rained down its apples in a golden shower.
 Young men and maidens, whispering, still rehearse
 Their joys and sorrows in his manly verse;
 His witching words still well o'er budding lips,
 Mantling soft cheeks in ruddy dimple-dips
 And innocent laughters of the ancient prime;
 And still, at hearthstone, and at rural fair,
 Old men and matrons, heeding not that Time
 Hath furrowed cheek and brow, and blanched the glossy hair,
 Chuckle and murmur o'er the magic rhyme,
 Brimful of life and light, and all youth's dainty fare;
 Nature, full-lipped, was singing in his heart;
 And, though the wounded poet felt the smart
 Of poverty, yet, like a bird in spring,
 Soul-full of music, he did nought but sing,
 And in the choral whole, he grandly bore his part."

Let it not be thought that we would endeavour to restrict a poet to the literal facts of his own experience. We only ask him to remember that with the majority of readers sympathy is keenest where not too much of strangeness is shewn. There must be great vigour, or grace, or witchery of some sort, before the Poet can create a fresh world equal in interest to the world that he has actually known. We scarcely feel much fascination in the adventures of a Sidh Raj, or a Jug Dev Purmar, and their enemies Ameer and Sivar, and might not have much love for Hayti, if it were not that we recognise in her, nothing exotic except the name. The Shifting Scenes form a brief drama, of sufficient plot to permit some vivid description.

"Her stalwart husband's at the war,
 And tongues are false, and friends are few,
 And kings are mortal, and the true
 Can meet no charges when afar:"—

Such is the grand work of the drama.

"Urban the Monk; a German Legend," will meet more enthusiastic welcome. It has a quiet beauty that fits it for thoughtful readers, and a richness of colouring, clear and harmonious, such as may give pleasure under the trees of summer-time. The same idea which is here wrought, has also been employed by Longfellow, in a part of his "Golden Legend;" but all the working-out of "Urban the Monk" is original. None but a Poet of fine instinct and extensive cultivation, could have given us so beautiful a work. At first we view young Urban in the Scriptorium, while

"All through the sunny summer noon,
 When lilies over wall-flowers swoon,
 And in the honeyed heart of June,
 The bee on roses feeds—
 He pores, amid the shadiest nooks,
 Over the gold-illuminated books,
 With earnest face, and eager looks,
 Believing all he reads."

Here amid illuminated missals and mediæval Legends of Saints, and courtly tales of love and chivalry, the young man dreams and labours by turns :—

“ And whether round the abbey blow
The soft south winds, with overflow
Of balm and honey, or the snow
Lies white upon the ground below,
And tempests round the belfrey go,
’Tis all the same to him.”

The rapid indication of what legends Urban studied, shows a master’s hand. He reads of saints and martyrs, among others—

“ How mangled Porphyry dauntless stood
With flayed ribs slowly dripping blood,
Daring the tyrant’s ire ;
How Polycarp, with garments riven,
Went with a holy shout to heaven
On flickering wings of fire.”

With these are mingled, as already told, legends of chivalric fable :—

“ The Cid, Sir Roland, Tristram bold,
Streamed in rich trappings, jingling gold,
Over the crimson sunset wold,
Adown the sinking day ;
And ladies with a silken swim,
Fluttered along the mossy brim,
Of meres, by deep woods hushed and dim,
On to the bright tournáy.”

It is not forgotten,

“ But chief he loved the mystic story
Of saintly knights with faces pale,
Who spurned the earth and earthly glory
And went in quest of Holy Grail.
He followed them on by land and flood—
Sir Perzival—brave and holy knight—
And bold Sir Galahad—the good ;
He heard them clanging through the night,
Over the pavements still and white,
Their studded bridles jingling light,
Flashing amid the soft moonlight,
And saw them skim along the wood—
Up alleys of moonbeams, trembling pale—
Past church, and city, and lordly tower,
And valley, and swamp, and lady’s bower
All in the hush of the midnight hour,
In quest of Holy Grail !”

And after a passage describing where this sacred relic stood, wrapped in white samite, in Titurel’s temple, we are told,—

“ And still he turns the gilded leaves ;
And, rich in faith, the monk believes
Further than logic ere hath got :
His creed soars higher than his sight—
Reason is not his only light ;

Still through the hot bewildered night,
Angels go heavenward, clad in white,
And so he reads, and doubteth not."

This ends the First Part. The second shows Urban when he has entered the gloom of Doubting Castle: when the Bible seems to him not only a mystery, but the teacher of what he cannot believe:—

"For he has read how, unto Him
Who ruleth all things with a nod,
Time is as nought; how unto God
A thousand years are as a day,
Or as a night-watch; and he feels
His heart rock in the stormy 'Nay!'
That *will* be heard, both night and day,
Although he struggles hard to pray
And cannot, though he kneels!"

The convent chapel gives him no peace. The anthems of the choir, the gorgeous gleams of light falling through the east window, and the rapturous out-pouring of the organ cannot give happiness or calm to his troubled spirit.

"Through the east window shines the sun,
With mellow splendour, warm and dun;
Through violet tints and gorgeous streams
Of falling robes, and softest creams
Of rapt saints' haloes—flashing gleams
Of roses dankling—mingling beams
Rich as the silks of Trebizond:—
He marks the sunlight as it paints
That glorious cloud of holy saints,
Until his shuddering spirit faints;
For, though he sees that heaven of saints,
There is no other heaven beyond.

"He hears the golden gust and rush
Of rich and mellow organ thunder,
Now winding heavenward in a gush
Of swelling praise and holy wonder,
Now falling, in a soft rebound,
Rolling deep basses round and round;
Till fluted notes aspire
In lark-like dartings;—from the choir,
With upward flutterings, higher and higher,
One note rich-throbbing in desire
Goes giddy in a whirl of fire
Up shuddering solitudes of sound;
And then returning,
Earthward yearning,
Lo! the luted music falls
Soft as water down the walls
Of sparry grottos, underground;
Then, like sword-blades glancing brightly,
Plunge the sudden notes out lightly,
Till the treble swerves and skips,
And the muffled thunder, low
Rolling inward, heaves and dips,

Like a midnight sea-swell ;—lo !
 Clarion-bugles seem to blow,
 And all the loosened grandeurs go
 Rocking sweetly to and fro,
 In a sumptuous overflow,
 And throbbing harmonies kiss like lips ;
 Still, amid the golden blare,
 Rolling thunderous through the air
 The bannered aisles about,
 Like a curse flung into prayer,
 Hears he hissing his wild doubt ;
 And he feels the holy chapel
 Holier were, were he without."

The Third Part speaks of the "little bird" that Urban hears singing in the cloister-garden when he has passed into it, amid the flowers and sunshine :—

" Out from the books and stifling room,
 Out of the shadows and the gloom,
 Into the cloister-garden bright,
 Into the summer air and light !

" He wanders in the humming breeze,
 Amid the shadows of the trees,
 Himself a shadow, ill at ease."

Fascinated, when he sees the bird, he follows and attempts to touch it, but it lures him on from bush to tree, step by step, until emerging from the garden "into the solitude of the summer-haunted wood." Here he loses sight of the bird :—

" Just about three hundred paces,
 From the little Gothic door,
 Just three hundred, and no more !"

The return is shown in the Fourth Part :—

" Young Urban, musing still, returned ;
 His pious soul within him yearned,
 As in the days of old, to pray ;
 But still he clutched his misery.
 ' A thousand long-drawn years !' quoth he,
 ' I cannot—though I wish it—see
 How centuries can roll away,
 Muffled in silent mystery,
 Just as a night-watch hushed, or be,
 Even to God, but as a day ! '"

But all that he has known has suffered change. The Abbey is thrice its former size, the cloister garden being now absorbed into the vast pile ; and as he attempts to enter, he beholds "a pursy Sacristan, whom he had never seen before ;" wonders salute him on each side. All whom he finds in the Chapter-hall are strangers to him, and terrified at his appearance. He tells them his story ; but even whilst he speaks, he becomes conscious of an enfeeblement as of age,—a something that has marked him separate from humanity :—

" He felt his limbs were growing cold ;
He shook, with palsy like the old,
He saw a silver beard had rolled
Down to his girdle, fold on fold—
The girdle where the keys were hung—
And all the keys, though almost new,
Looked red with rust, and worn out too.

" When lo ! from out a grated case,
With tottering steps and blanched face,
A monk a written parchment bore,
Illumined all, and bright with gold,
And costly crimson ; and it told
How, just three hundred years before,
The young monk Urban first was missed,
And never had been heard of more !

" Deep silence was there as he read—
Silence—and wonder—and great dread.
Quoth the monk Urban, young no more,
Sighing deeply, ' Ah ! I see !
Forest bird that sang to me
In the wondrous days of yore,
Mystic ages rolled away
As I watched thy happy play,
And the little Gothic door
Opened on eternity !
All my faith, I owe to thee ;
And, adoring God, I see
How a thousand years may be
Even as a single day !'

" Then he bowed his reverend head ;—
All the Fathers, gathering near,
Hushed their very breath to hear
Every word that might be said :—
Quoth the Abbot shortly—' Brethren,
Back to prayers—he is dead !' "

The interest of the poem is finely sustained, and as may be seen by our extracts, there is a full flush of colouring that is suitable to the Legend. True reverence speaks in Stanyan Bigg's works: he is a thoughtful observer of nature, but more markedly is he a contemplator of man in his reflective and inquiring activities. The great questions of religion and philosophy have possessed for him absorbing attraction. He is always conscious of the solemnity of the position in which we stand, facing the unknown Future, and with the great mystery of the Past behind us, lately trodden but not wholly comprehended. For him there have ever been presented problems demanding solution, hopes and fears that needed balancing, and a lowly faith that abode, tearfully yet calmly, whilst the enquiring spirit soared upward to the gates of our prison-house, seeking to enter on a knowledge of perfections that may only be viewed in part, by momentary gleams, until this mortal shall have put on immortality, and we who now see through a glass darkly, shall then see " face to face."

We part from him with increased regard ; a true Poet, constant to great aims, unstained with worldliness and unhallowed license ; one content to work in humbleness whatever he can do, and not repine that he is little known or valued, whilst inferior talents are meeting with laudation and rich gifts. He deserves to be more widely known and better loved, and we feel assured that he will be.

We have said nothing of his able Preface, "on the importance of 'Action' in Poetry"—an answer to certain dogmas or doctrines of Matthew Arnold that scarcely required refutation: or of "Zara," a powerful sketch—a condensed drama given in the portrait of a single character; or the highly wrought beauty of the "Island Prince," and many other small works of merit—including the wild—almost phrensiad pathos of his "Here and There," with its melodious and saddening burden:—

" But oh ! for the cold, cold rain—
The rain, and the winds that blow ;
The cold, cold rain, and the colder wind—
The wind, and the rain, and the snow ! "

The fragment entitled "Remorse" is another instance of this author's ability to condense a tragedy into a single scene. His "O Little Child!" is, we believe, in memory of the Son of Mrs Wm. Johnston of Ballykilbeg House, County Down, whose own sweet verses we had the pleasure of introducing to our readers two years ago (August 1860);—a lady who has since passed away from amongst us.

We have already given lengthy quotations from this valuable little volume, but we must take one more extract, the beautiful poem entitled Summer, which alike shows his luxuriance of fancy and artistic skill:—

" SUMMER.

" Lo ! lazy Summer, swarthy in the sun,
Lies panting, with bare breasts, among the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendours into dusky splendours run,
And sultry glory all the heaven o'erfills.

" Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves ;—
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came, flashing through the east, the regal morn,
No throated twitterings gurgle round the eaves.

" Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine ;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow ;
The quaint farm gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasmimed honeysuckle twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

" Amid the glowing heat I lie me down,
And into visions swarms the moted air ;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown,
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare ;

" Lo ! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
 Baalbeck and Babylon :—I see slow streams
 Gliding by mosque and minaret,—see the gleams
 Of seas in sunset—slips of shining strands,
 And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams ;—

" See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
 Of silken courtiers ;—through half-open doors
 Catch the spice odours, and the cool of springs
 Leaping for ever in a maze of wings,—
 See light forms dancing over pearly floors ;—

" Sleeping seraglios, spire, and tremulous dome
 Winking in drowsy splendour all the day,—
 See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,—
 See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam
 Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey ;

" Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
 Above the Aztec city,—see unrolled
 Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak,—
 See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
 And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold ;

" See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
 Laden with spices, up a Persian glen ;
 Or stand on Lebanon 'mid the cedars tall,
 Or hear the soft and silver fall
 Of water down a jut of Darien.

" But lo ! a waking shiver in the trees,
 And voices 'mid the haycocks in the glen ;
 The sun is setting ; and the crimson seas
 Are shaken into splendour by the breeze,
 And all the busy world is up again."

This charming little volume of verse will serve as an introduction, for a new group of readers, to the noble aspirations of "Night and the Soul."

II. DAVID WINGATE.

David Wingate is no less truly a Poet than J. Stanyan Bigg : of a different class, as distinct as Burns from Shelley, but with the spirit of song as powerfully and as sweetly revealed in him. We do not envy the man who can read these "Poems and Songs" by the Collier of Motherwell, without love for the author. A freshness and honesty, a manly strength and genial humour are here seen, and we only regret that grand old Christopher North has passed away from this world, before David Wingate began to sing, as a few words of welcome from the writer of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* would have been the richest reward that could have been given to this real Scottish Poet.

Yet he will not have to complain of absence of recognition. Already he is becoming known more rapidly and widely than almost any of our provincial poets : his book is being purchased, thoroughly read, and reviewed in kindly spirit. And this because his provincialism

is not of a narrow and invidious kind. He speaks in his native Doric, but his thoughts are those which come home to the heart of the whole nation; they will be accepted wherever the English language is spoken. At present there is no inconsiderable amount of attention paid to persons who write ably in dialects, such as Edwin Wauch of Lancashire, the author of "Come Whoam to thy childer and me!"—the Rev. William Barnes, whose "Hwomely Rhymes" and "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset dialect," are gaining for him a reputation which his solid learning and quaintness of humour deserve; we have likewise seen how Stanyan Bigg can disport in the talk of his own Furness fells. But it seems to us that David Wingate is not one whose voice ceases to be strong and spirit-stirring, when his foot is no longer on his native heath. Some of his poems are as pure in their English, as vigorous and graphic, as though he had never written in other form: even as Robert Burns' "Coila's Address" is spoken with classic elegance and strength, such as any of our Southern poets might have been glad to equal, whilst telling of the dawn of poetry in him

"Who walked in glory, and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side!

Very few "provincial writers" appear to be truly poets when they no longer write provincially, but that this David Wingate is one of the exceptions, may be seen on reading his "Fire," which gives, moreover, a good picture of the dangers which beset the life of himself and his present companions:—

" FIRE.

"(The late melancholy accident at the Dykehead Pit, near Larkhall, Hamilton, suggested the following Poem. The incidents are, I think, nearly real.)

- "It was the corning-time—the hour
Of rest had new begun;
The ponies had their rakes brought in,
And been stabled one by one;
Some lucky miners had been sent
To the regions of the sun.
- "The 'oncost' near the bottom sat,
With napkins spread on knee,
Taking their humble mid-day bite,
Drinking their twice warmed tea;
Eating their labour-seasoned meal
In thankfulness and glee:
- "When lo! they heard a sound that made
Their breath for a time retire—
A strange alarming sound—and still
Its note of alarm rose higher.
'Let's see what's wrong,' said one; 'my God!
There drops the signal wire;
The lining-deals are glowing red;
And the shaft's ablaze with fire!'
- "'What's to be done!' thought every one,
As they gazed with fear aghast,

And felt the air around them rush
 With a strong and strengthening blast.
 'What's to be done!' What could they do?
 For the burning wood fell fast,
 And the roar of the fire above proclaimed
 Life's chances hastening past.

"The growing heap of embers red
 There helplessly they watched,
 And they saw the cage drop hissing hot,
 With the severed rope attached.
 Then thicker fell the burning shower,
 And the air-rush ceased anon,
 While a thick white cloud—the breath of Death—
 Began to gather down.

"Fast spread the news, and from the face
 The miners, hurrying, throng;
 They see the smoking wreck, but scarce
 Conjecture all that's wrong.
 And loud and wildly rose their cry
 Up through the smoke and flame,
 'Good God! are we to die like dogs?'
 But still no answer came.

"And oh! the torture of their thoughts,
 As there they sat or stood,
 And saw the stifling, thickening cloud
 Still closer o'er them brood!
 Oft as the long, long hours crept past,
 And no relief seemed near,
 Despair assumed the voice of Hope,
 A neighbour's heart to cheer:

"And when the deadly damp had come,
 When Death was present there,
 Religion with her solace came,
 And breathed the fervent prayer.
 The dead and dying, huddled close,
 In groups together lie;
 Some from the crowd apart have crept,
 In peace alone to die.

"And Memory and Affection stood
 Their closing eyes before,
 And spoke of those they loved, whose smile
 Would never greet them more.
 And when at last the rope came down,
 To grasp it some would leap,
 While some in apathy turned o'er,
 The sleep of Death to sleep!"

[The poem is somewhat long to give entire, but we have no right to mutilate it, and, by giving merely an extract, destroy its complete picture of the calamity attendant on Colliers' work.]

"Meanwhile, above, a mighty crowd
 Has come from far and near;

A few to lend their aid have come,
 The rest to see and hear.
 And sad indeed is the sight they see,
 For ruin rules the scene ;
 Yon heap of ashes tells where once
 The scaffolding had been ;
 Yonder the naked engine stands,
 And the pit's somewhere between.

" And fathers, mothers, wives, around,
 Wait for their own dear dead,
 Whose winding-sheets at home are out,
 And ready to be spread.

" And has there been nought done, the fate
 Of those dear friends to know ?
 Oh yes ! the mining chiefs have long
 Been hurrying to and fro.
 Their hundred plans confusion breed,
 For each his skill must show ;
 Meantime the precious hours haste on,
 And the poor men die below.

" Die ? No, not all—for hark ! a voice
 Is heard from the ruined pit,
 A desperate human wail. 'Oh, haste,
 They may all be living yet !'
 And the angel Hope comes down among
 The mourning ones to sit.

" A rope was lowered ; but how describe
 The agony of thought
 That chilled the hearts of those who ne'er
 Could find the friends they sought,
 As one by one the living, dead,
 And dying, up were brought ?

" And still the tumult louder grows ;
 Here some for whiskey cry,
 There brutes endowed with speech crack jokes
 As the dead are carried by ;
 And curses, bandied to and fro,
 'Mid tears and misery fly—
 What cares the thoughtless crowd for those
 Poor mourners listening nigh ?

" At length the last of all the dead
 Is from the ruins borne
 As stars begin to fade, and night
 Gives place to smiling morn.
 And miners, as they hurry home,
 Thus musing, sadly say,
 'Their turn was yesterday, and ours
 Perhaps will come to-day :'
 And the desponding answer is,
 'God knows ! perhaps it may.' "

The man who writes thus, is no ordinary versifier. The nervous

strength and vividness with which the scenes of his ordinary life are described; the blythe spirit wherewith he regards the beautiful upper-world—"the regions of the sun"—to which these miners only come up for rest and air, from their dark nooks of toil and danger; the sweetness of his little love-ballads, and the quaint humour of delineated character, thoroughly Scottish and broadly marked: all these, with the easy flow of rhythm, and unaffected simplicity of style, are of a rank far above what is looked for among clever self-educated men. Noteworthy is the absence of that querulous tone of complaint that has been common in some who were "superior to their station," and who deemed themselves creditors of society,—to be exalted and made comfortable at the public expence. This is a brave honest fellow who scorns to creep into notice by any indirect means. Listen to his short and hearty Preface:—

"I confess that I see no reason why I should write a preface, and, unadvised, would probably have left it unwritten. But some friends—men of learning and taste—assure me it is absolutely necessary.

"What can I say? shall I tell you I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critic, 'Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life?' No, indeed! on the contrary, I say, Weigh the book alone. My peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar), have no right to go in with it. If I have sung badly or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year.

"Probably the fact of my being a collier should have been suppressed altogether; but I thought if any reader wishes to know what I am, the information is here for him.

"If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die."

"If a groundless vanity has given birth to and sustained my long cherished dream of something better than the pit, do not hesitate to tell me so. It may serve to convince me that I am in my proper place; and teach me to be content. God save me from that charity which refrains from calling me a blockhead because my face is covered with coal-gum!"

Many gleams of illumination does he cast into the life of a pitman. His "Song of 'King Coal'" rises above imitation of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" into an independent and impressive poem. We extract a few stanzas:—

" 'Lords in costly halls,
Princes on gilded thrones,
Hear ye e'er, by your cheerful hearths,
A miner's dying moans?
We dig in a starless gloom,
To be shunned as a vicious crew;
And dig—untimely graves for us,
While we dig for warmth for you.

" 'Yes die! where no children's tears
May fall on the chilling cheek,
Where we may hear no sigh that tells
The tale that no tongue can speak;
Nor earnest prayer breathed
By the pious for our behoof,

Among the Poets :

Nor aught save our dying comrades cry
And the crash of the falling roof.

“ ‘The strain of racking toil
We day by day endure,
The endless gloom, were trivial things
Could we feel our lives secure.
Even now, relentless Doom
His wings may o’er us wave,
And the gloom around becomes at once
Of a hundred men the grave.

“ ‘Spurned, despised, crushed,
Like soulless things, together,
Here, in the June of life,
Like autumn leaves we wither.
Wither—unlike the leaves—
Slowly and painfully ;
Wither, with scarce a gleam of hope
That thus ‘twill always be.’ ”

Remembrance comes of the homes above ground, where are anxious thoughts each day, lest the ever-impending accidents of the seam and shaft may destroy the “bread winner” of the family :—

“ ‘Oh ! to be with our hearts,
In our homes on upper earth,
With loving ones that feel how much
Our lowly lives are worth !
Dear are we to the hearts at home
As life, or the light of day,
Though some may think us scarcely worth
The weight of ourselves in clay.

“ ‘The slaves of other climes
Have a sun ‘neath which to toil—
Some showy cloudlet’s antique form
May care of power beguile.
No sun or cloudlet here see we,
To put our cares to flight ;
Eternal dread hangs o’er us still,
With the gloom of endless night :

“ ‘True, we may see the sun
Start from the east *one* day—
May hear the blackbird’s song, and see
The dew on the blossomed spray.
Ah ! but the beam of joy
That scatters our cloud of sorrow,
Fades fast before the fear of what
Awaits us here to-morrow.’

“ Thus, with an aching heart
And a sweating, clammy, brow,
A miner, in his dusty rags,
Sang in a mine below—
A place that a ghost would shun,

A worm-detested hole;
 Thus, with a voice of sorrow deep,
 That might have made old Nero weep,
 Sang he this song of 'King Coal.'

As studies of character, cheerful in spirit, we ask nothing better than "Honest Tam Camfill that comes frae Larkha'"; "The Dominie's Oe;" "My Auntie Nannie;" "The Deein' Fisher;" "My Little Wife;" "The Elegy;" and that bold transcription of "Peg Lindsay's Prayer when Jock was drunk," which would have come more startlingly upon us, and, alone, made a reputation for the author, if no Rabbie Burns (with even more daring directness of language), had preceded Wingate, and sang of a certain "Holy Willie." Of course, there is no profanity here intended, but Peg Lindsay, amid her perplexity and sore aggravations of temper, speaks her wishes and complaints without any conventional softenings of phrase. She had been severely tried, poor woman! we may well believe.

"PEG LINDSAY'S PRAYER,

WHEN JOCK WAS DRUNK.

- "O THOU wha made the sun and moon,
 Wha stamacks put puir folks within,
 Wha gied us feet without the shoon,
 And bodies sarkless,
 And maybe means oor Jock should win
 Eternal darkness—
- "Thou wha hast gien us weans to feed,
 That deave us wi' perpetual need;
 Thou wha provides oor meal and bread
 (Whiles michty scanty,
 Though some need never fash their head,
 Yet aye hae plenty)—
- "Thou wha hast gien puir women men
 That roar like lions but and ben,
 And a' their hard-won siller spen'
 In drucken rantin',
 While bairns at hame, they brawly ken,
 Their brose are wantin'.
- "Thou wha permits the swurd and knife,
 Wha lets men meet in deedly strife,
 Wha strew'st sae thick the lea of life
 Wi' weeds o' care,—
 I'm puir Jock Lindsay's lawfu' wife;
 Oh, hear my prayer!
- "O teach oor Jock to understaun'
 His duty in a Christian laun',
 And gar him toil wi' eident haun'
 Sax days ilk week,
 Or else his bairns will soon be gaun
 Their meat to seek.

"Lord, let him hear them aab and greet;
 And tell him could, here, hackit feet,
 When Wintey sands his hail and sleet,
 Are hard to bear;
 For Satan's den and fiery speet
 Jock doesna fear.

"O tell him o' the dark rent-day,
 The water-folk—the gas-man tae,
 And show him jinglin' in his way
 The felon's fetter;
 Or if the hulks thou'det for him spee,
 He might do better.

"O gar him hate that filthy quean
 Wi' whom he's been aae aften seen:
 Oh, I could blacken baith her e'en,
 The shameless jade!
 Her like on earth has never been—
 But Jock's as bad.

"In some daft spree he's like to leave me,
 But weel thou kens that sair wad grieve me;
 I'd rather hae him curse and deave me
 Wi' pest-house slang;
 Sae dinna o' my Jock bereave me,
 But spare him lang.

"He'll maybe yet gie owre his drinkin',
 May yet on Peg and bairns be thinkin',
 May yet hae weel-hained guineas clinkin':
 My heart grows fain;
 The star o' Houp is o'er me blinkin',
 Amen! Amen!"

Let us hope that the poem at page 33, "Come Sober Hame at E'en," is sang by poor Peg Lindsay in the after-time, when Jock has given up all his evil ways, and become a sober husband and honest industrious man, to the great joy of his wife, who can contrast the present comfort of their well-replenished home, with the sad days of old:—

"There ance was woe at oor fireside,
 And want as weel as woe;
 Sair, sair we toiled, but ne'er had ought
 But poornith for't to show:
 For John was unco foolish then,
 And aft for weeks I ween,
 Wad traik wi' worthless men, and ne'er
 Cam' sober hame at e'en."

In this volume are many useful enforcements of the lesson that happiness is attendant on temperance and industry, that misery and degradation are associated with drunkenness. May they profit the men of Motherwell!

Of the tender little songs, that devoted to affectionate remembrance of a child, "Agnes," will be a favourite.

" No Agnes now to greet me when the daily task is done,
 With many a pretty story, understood by her alone ;
 No more the little cheek is laid so trustfully to mine,
 No more the little dimpled arms her mother's neck entwine.

" She came to us when linties sang their blithest spring-time lay,
 And when the seasons circled once, she pined and went away :
 It may be that she wearied, of her native heaven bereft ;
 What all our love when weighed against the glory she had left?" . .

It thus concludes :

" Oh, Agnes ! ever innocent, we look to where thou art,
 Convinced of all the grossness of an erring human heart :
 Fain would we see thy face again, fain with thee ever be ;
 But oh ! how pure must be the life that wins a home with thee !"

The following has the sweetness and quiet melody fitting for a love song. Especially admirable, and marking a true poet, is the confession that he can

" never think that face is fair
 That bears no trace of thine."

"SONG—LILY LEE.

" I think o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
 At gloamin', noon, and morn ;
 I think o' thee and o' thy smiles,
 Forgetting a' thy scorn ;
 I think o' thee when ithers praise
 The charms they deem divine,
 And never think that face is fair,
 That bears nae trace o' thine.

" I think o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
 Whene'er, wi' care oppressed,
 I breathe my sorrows in thine ear,
 And lean upon thy breast.
 And though that priceless joy it ne'er
 Has been my lot to pree,
 The sternest sorrow lightly leans
 Whene'er I think o' thee.

" I think o' thee, dear Lily Lee,
 When pleasures round me flee ;
 I think how sweeter far they'd been,
 Had they been shared by thee.
 I paint the joy-flush on thy cheek,
 Its sparkle in thine ee,
 And fancy a' that lovers wish
 Wi' thee, dear Lily Lee.

" It weal may be, dear Lily Lee,
 That, happy as thou art,
 A glow of sympathy for me
 May never warm thy heart ;

And could we meet as long ago,
 Still scornful ye might be;
 But ne'er the less should my delight
 Be still to think o' thee."

"My Little Wife" is delightful—the "outcome" of a thankful and affectionate heart, fondly looking back to the early days of courtship, and loving to recal the girlish beauty and innocence of her who is now wholly his own. A frank fearless spirit is shown in the concluding verse:—

"My little wife is not always quite sure—
 Sweet little, dear little, hearth-cheering Jane,—
 That joy will not tarry where people are poor,
 But only where Wealth and her satellites reign.
 In each baby-treasure
 She finds a new pleasure:
 If purse and demand should by chance disagree,
 She smiles, bravely humming,
 'A better time's coming.'
 And trusts in good health, in the future, and me."

Similar in tone is the message brought by "There's aye something better before us," and in the "Epistle to R.W.," which contains some fresh portraiture of scenes known in boyhood. Few of the poems could be spared, and we might speak of "the Burn in the Glen," "the Gloamin' Hour," "Little Brother" (a charming lament—"a Song for Little Children"), "Spring" and others, but must draw to a close, and give this last extract, as showing alike the picturesqueness and the quiet humour of David Wingate, when adventuring as a landscape-painter with no loftier subject than

"THE GREEN-MANTLED POOL.

"Thou art no rippling ocean, the white pebbles washing;
 Thou ne'er wast the star of a fisherman's dream;
 No broom-bordered burnie adown the hill dashing,
 And glittering in gold 'neath the fast-setting beam.
 But thou'rt dear to yon rushes—
 Yon aloe-blossomed bushes;
 And the breeze of the evening, so fragrant and cool,
 Hath left yon green mountains,
 With all their bright fountains,
 To sigh o'er thy bosom, thou green-mantled pool.
 "What though thou art shunned by the gull of the ocean?
 The duck to thy treasures comes waddling from far;
 Though bard never praised thee with soul-sung devotion,
 The lark sings thy praise to the night-chasing star.
 And though the proud lily,
 And tulip dressed gaily,
 Might shun thy rough borders as noxious and foul,
 Yet the seggan waves o'er thee,
 And reverend before thee,
 Still bend yon sweet pinkies, dear green-mantled pool.
 "No far-travelled salmon, among the weeds roaming,
 Hath braved, for thy sake, towering dam and fierce flood;

But joyous within thee, the frog croaks at gloaming,
And thousands of tadpoles delight in thy mud.
Though ne'er in fit weather,
For evenings together,
An angler above thee his rod waves by rule,
O'er thy weed-cumbered billows
Yon tuft of tall willows
Droops guileless and snareless, dear green-mantled pool.

" 'Tis like thou wert never a nymph-haunted fountain,
Where gods in the morning came amorous to woo,
But my Jessie lives near thee, sweet maid of the mountain,
Far fairer than all the nymphs Jove ever knew.
No burn singing ever,
No sea-seeking river,
No lake of the hills ever fresh, ever full,
Could I place above thee,
As something more lovely;
Thou'rt the sweetest of lakelets, dear green-mantled pool."

It is not likely that Wingate will be left unaided to struggle as a Collier. What can be done for his benefit, is, doubtless, already a question with many who have been attracted by his worth. He is not the sort of person to be led astray and spoilt by favour, as others of our "Poets of lowly lot" have been. There is the carle stalk of hemp in Wingate, and he will choose a brave and independent sphere of action.

We trust that our readers will not be inclined to rest content without a more intimate acquaintance with J. Stanyan Bigg, and David Wingate. While such men are able and willing to sing, we hope to be often sitting as a listener "Among the Poets."

NIRGENDS COLLEGE, *June 1862.*

KARL.

HANNA'S LAST DAY OF OUR LORD'S PASSION.*

THERE is a sad and solemn fascination in this volume which carries the reader irresistibly onward from beginning to end, and when the last page is finished, he could turn back and commence anew. The subject is a mournful one throughout its entire course, as all themes of undeserved indignity and suffering are, and it is treated in a manner singularly appropriate, interesting, and instructive. From the garden of Gethsemane to the mount of Calvary, from the betrayal to the burial, it moves along in mournful majesty, like the funeral procession of some departed hero to the "Dead March in Saul." It is said that the evening and the morning was the first day of creation, and regarding the death of Christ as the commencement of a new era superlatively important to man, the evening and the morn-

* *The Last Day of Our Lord's Passion.* By the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1862.

ing was also the first day of redemption. All the circumstances connected with that death, were comprehended within the space of twenty-four hours. The period was short, but it was thereby the more momentous. Suffering and sorrow were concentrated into a focus. The wrath to be visited upon a sinful world, was now mingled in one bitter cup. This evening He is eating the Passover with his disciples—to-morrow at the same hour He is lying buried in a stranger's sepulchre. Every night-watch, and every day-quarter, had its events and its additional anguish, till he said, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. During the first watch, beginning at six in the evening, which may be regarded as preparatory to what followed, the Saviour eats the Passover, institutes the Sacrament of the Supper, washes the disciples' feet, and foretells his betrayal and death. The second watch arrives, nine till twelve,—he prays with the disciples, gives them a farewell address, sings a hymn, passes the Kedron to the Garden of Gethsemane and prays there. Midnight brings the third watch, when he is betrayed by Judas, bound and brought to Annas in Jerusalem. The fourth watch comes, three o'clock, when he is led to Caiaphas and tried by the priests—denied by Peter, and the Sanhedrim agree to his condemnation. It is now the first hour of day, and he is brought to Pilate—Judas hangs himself in remorse—the Saviour is taken to Herod, sent back to Pilate, and kept in custody while Barabbas is released. It is the third hour, and he is scourged, crowned with thorns and covered with a robe in mock royalty, brought forth and nailed to the cross. Mid-day has come, the sun is darkened, an earthquake is felt, the rocks rend, graves are opened, the veil of the temple is rent,—the Saviour dies. At the ninth hour he is found dead, his side is pierced with a spear, the body is taken down, wrapped in linen, and buried in Joseph's new sepulchre. The crowd have left Calvary, the crucifixion is over, Jerusalem is now at rest. When was there so much suffering and sorrow before, in so short a time, in the experience of one individual? "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

We are presented with fourteen subjects, all possessing the deepest interest, and treated in a manner intensely fascinating and highly instructive. There are no critical or doctrinal discussions, like rugged rocks, to interrupt the onward flow of the dark-rolling river. The author purposely avoided this, as well as references to the sources whence he obtained information on certain points which arose in the treatment of his subjects. The volume is one which will obtain a circulation beyond what many may think probable, or even possible. It has not been got up in haste without careful consideration. Scripture has been compared with Scripture, evangelist with evangelist, and the different accounts of the Saviour's passion have been minutely considered and harmonized, so that the most implicit confidence may be placed in the various narratives as they come before us.

The first subject illustrated and analysed is the Betrayal, with its dark accompaniments, and its mournful results. The scene is vividly drawn. We feel as if present on the spot, and silently beholding all

that is going on. We see the motely multitude, armed with swords and staves, and carrying torches and lanterns, stealthily making their way over the Kedron to the place where they are informed their victim is sure to be found. But why torches and lanterns? The moon is at the full, and is shining clearly far over Olivet. True. But the moonbeams cannot penetrate the shady retreats of the olive gardens, and it is thought he may seek refuge there, and so escape. This shows the determination with which they sought their prey, and when, in opposition to their expectation, he came out to them in the clear moonlight, and instead of attempting to flee, he asked them whom they sought, and again as he calmly told them that he was Jesus of Nazareth, they were so struck with astonishment, that they all, Judas included, went backward and fell to the ground.

Dr Hanna belongs to that class which has lately looked upon Judas as not so utterly depraved and dark in character, as is generally believed. Why did Judas betray his Master? For the money he was to receive from the Jews for doing so? And how much was that? Less than five pounds of our money. Now, our author asks if it is likely he would do so for such a trifling sum, if money was the object. By remaining with his Master, he could soon have pilfered more than this out of the bag which he carried as treasurer. It is thought, therefore, more likely that it was to "expedite what, to his covetous, ambitious heart and hopes, had seemed to be that slow and meaningless course to a throne and kingdom which his Master had been pursuing." This is thought to have been the motive by which Judas was influenced.

The loneliness of Christ, is a subject on which all great preachers have delighted to dwell, and while they acknowledge their inability to reach it in all its vastness, still they have attempted to give its outline. One of the most magnificent of Caird's discourses is on the subject, and Robertson of Brighton has also a most suggestive sermon on the same theme. Dr Hanna thus briefly but forcibly alludes to it:—

"It was only during that hurried march from the garden to the judgment-hall that Jesus was left literally and absolutely alone—not one friendly eye upon him; not one friendly arm within his reach. But the temporary outer solitude, was it not the type of the inner, deeper solitude, in which his whole earthly work was carried on?—not the solitude of the hermit or the monk—he lived ever with and among his fellow-men; not the solitude of that pride which sullenly refuses all sympathy and aid; not the solitude of that selfishness which creates around its icy centre a cold, bleak, barren wilderness; not the solitude of that sickly sentimentality which is for ever crying out that it can find no one to understand or appreciate. No; but the solitude of a pure, holy, heavenly spirit, into all whose deeper thoughts there was not a single human being near him or around him who could enter; with all whose deeper feelings there was not one who could sympathise; whose truest, deepest motives, ends, and objects, in living and dying as he did, not one could comprehend. Spiritually, all throughout, the loneliest man that ever lived was Jesus Christ."

Here is a tender picture of the downcast spirit of Peter, after his

lamentable fall. It is beautifully expressed, and every one on reading it feels its truth. Doubtless Peter felt as humbled now as he had been boastful before, and he did not require a single syllable to be uttered to rebuke him for what he had done. The look of his dear Master, for he was still dear, was sufficient—sufficient to induce him to make a hasty retreat into retirement, and weep such tears as he had never shed before. The bold, generous, devoted, warm-hearted son of Jonas bathed in tears, was a sad evidence of the consciousness of his mournful fall. He went out and wept bitterly. What passed in his inmost soul, as he thought of the past and looked forward to the future, none can ever tell. Whither went he till the dismal scene was over, none can know, but it is cheering to find that he was afterwards recognized by his risen Lord, and restored to the favour and the position which he had forfeited as a chosen disciple. Poor Peter! our author says of him:—

“When and how he spent the two dismal days which followed we do not know. After that look from him in the judgment-hall he never saw his Lord alive again. But as on the third morning we find John and him together, we may believe that it was from the lips of the beloved disciple—the only one of all the twelve who was present at the trial before Pilate, and who stood before the cross—that Peter heard the narrative of that day's sad doings; how they bound and scourged, and mocked and spat upon the Lord; how they nailed him to the cross, and set him up there in agony to die. And at each part of the sad recital, how would that heart, made so tender by penitence, be touched; how would it grieve Peter to remember that he too had a share in laying such heavy burdens on the last hours of his Lord's suffering life. That Master whom he had so dishonourably and ungratefully denied was now sleeping in the grave. O but for one short hour with him—a single interview—that he might tell him how bitterly he repented what he had done, and got from his Master's living loving lips the assurance that he had been forgiven! But that was never to be. He should never see him more. Never! grief-blinded man? Thine eye it sees not, thine ear it hears not, neither can that sorrow-burdened heart of thine conceive what even Jesus is preparing for thee. The third morning dawns. The Saviour rises triumphant from the grave; in rising sets the angels there as sentries before the empty tomb; gives to them the order that, to the first visitants of the sepulchre, this message shall be given: ‘Go, tell the disciples *and Peter*, that he is risen from the dead.’”

Dr Hanna takes a more lenient view of some of the actors in the great tragedy on Calvary than has been usually adopted by those who have endeavoured to describe them. We have seen what he thought of Judas, how he sympathized with Peter, and in turning to his estimate of Pilate, we find it in the same spirit. Pilate has been accused of great cruelty, injustice, oppression, and vacillation—of being a stranger to all moral feeling, and honourable sentiment, disguising murder with the formality of law, and pandering to the depraved passions of an excited populace. Nay, more, it is said that he meant to deride the Saviour in the very inscription which he affixed to the cross. Dr Hanna takes another view of the man and his doings, and while he does not vindicate what he did, yet he thinks

there is room for a mitigated opinion. Pilate was no worse than other governors before him, and better than some :—

“Let us look a moment at the faults and at the virtues of this man. The fact that it fell to his lot to be Governor of Judea at this time; and to consign the Saviour to the cross, inclines us to form exaggerated notions of his criminality. He was not, let us believe, a worse governor than many who preceded and who followed him in that office. We know from other sources that he frequently showed but little regard to human life—recklessly, indeed, shed human blood, when the shedding of it administered to the objects of his ambition; but we have no reason to believe that he was a wantonly cruel man, or a particularly oppressive and tyrannical governor, as governors then went. His treatment of Christ was marked by anything but a contempt for justice and an absence of all human feeling. He showed a respect, a pity, a tenderness to Jesus Christ that, considering the little that he knew of him, excites our wonder. He struggled hard to evade the conclusion to which, with such unrelenting malignity, the Jewish leaders drove him. No other king, no other ruler, with whom Christ or his apostles had to do, acted half as conscientiously or half as tenderly as Pilate did. Herod, Felix, Agrippa—compare their conduct in like circumstances with that of Pilate, and does he not rise in your estimate superior to them all? There is something in the compunctions, the relentings, the hesitations, the embarrassments of Pilate—those reiterated attempts of his to find a way of escape for himself and for Christ, that takes a strong hold upon our sympathy. We cannot but pity, even while forced to condemn.”

This is the bright side of Pilate's character, but yet it intimates that there was something deserving of condemnation. What was it? He was false to his own convictions, says our author, he was satisfied that Christ was innocent—he exhibited a sad degree of vacillation, inconsistency, indecision—he allowed others to dictate to him, and worldly interest to predominate over the sense of duty. Sad enough, —but perhaps many, if not all, of ourselves would have done as Pilate did.

The chapter which is likely to excite most interest, and perhaps some dissatisfaction among a certain class of Bible readers, is that *On the Physical cause of Christ's Death*, in which a view is given which is not original or altogether new, but yet we believe is very little known. How was it that the crucified Saviour died so soon on the cross, in the short space of only six hours? Crucifixion was not a sudden but a lingering death, and unless violent measures were adopted to hasten the end of those crucified, as in the case of the two malefactors on the present occasion, they lingered in agony and exhaustion for two or three days, and sometimes longer, ere their sufferings terminated. Where the body was healthy and strong life has been known to linger till the sixth day. But here six short hours closed the scene. It should be remembered, that beyond the suffering arising from the piercing of the hands and feet with the nails, crucifixion in its early stages was not so painful as many consider it. The body did not hang from these nails alone. Its weight would in certain cases have been too great. The flesh would have been lacerated and torn from the nails. The body was supported by a piece of projecting wood,

astride of which the person crucified sat, which considerably mitigated the pain of suspension. But yet, thus supported, strong in body, healthy in constitution, and in the prime of manhood, six hours closed the Saviour's sufferings. He died of exhaustion, say some. He was so worn out with mental and bodily agony in the garden, before his accusers, and upon the cross, that death had little left him to do. Doubtless all these must have had their effects upon him as upon others, but still he showed no signs of debility, when on his way to Calvary he turned and addressed the daughters of Jerusalem on the doom which awaited themselves and their city; and immediately before he expired *he cried with a loud voice*, which is not in accordance with one's idea of death from exhaustion. But say another class, those to whom we have referred as likely to be dissatisfied with the view Dr Hanna has given, there is no need for seeking difficulty in the matter, for Christ just died of his own free will when the hour was come that he should so, for he himself says, "No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." No one doubts that such a power was possessed by the Saviour. Had he chosen, or had it been consistent with his own and his Father's will, he could at any moment have come down from the cross and escaped from his persecutors, as easily as he once came down from the porch of the temple, through the midst of them and went his way, when they were determined to have his life; and he might, therefore, have surrendered life at any moment he chose. But supposing he had done so, what must have been said of him? It would have been asserted that he failed in the hour of trial and suffering, and freed himself from the endurance of bodily pain, which the two criminals at his side submitted to, and which they could not escape. In short, it would have been asserted that he shrunk from the bitter cup which the Father had given him to drink. Such persons as those now referred to, forget that Christ's giving himself for sinners, his voluntary submission to death, was not confined to the cross. He voluntarily submitted himself when at his betrayal he presented himself to the multitude, and asked of them, whom seek ye? and when they said, "Jesus of Nazareth," he replied, "I am he." He thus surrendered himself into their hands at a time when he might have escaped, and there were several other prominent instances of a like submission. Whatever view may be taken of Christ's death, that it was "entirely voluntary, submitted to of his own free will and not under any outward pressure or constraint, is universally conceded. This entire voluntariness, however, it will at once appear, is sufficiently covered and vindicated, when we believe that whatever the physical agencies were which combined to effect the death, it was an act of pure free will in him to submit to their operation." The view which Dr Hanna takes of this event is, that Christ died of rupture of the heart, induced by the weight of mental anguish which pressed upon him; that it was literally true as said in Scripture, "Reproach hath broken my heart." Extreme sorrow, or intense joy, has been known, both in ancient and modern times, to produce such an effect.

And where was there ever sorrow like unto his? But let us hear Dr Hanna:—

"It is now some years since a devout and scholarly physician, as the result, he tells us, of a quarter of a century's reading and reflection, ventured to suggest—dealing with this subject with all that delicacy and reverence with which it so especially requires to be handled—that the immediate physical cause of the death of Christ was the rupture of his heart, induced by the inner agony of his spirit. That strong emotion may of itself prostrate the body in death, is a familiar fact in the history of the passions. Joy, or grief, or anger, suddenly or intensely excited, have been often known to produce this effect. It has been only, however, in later times that the discovery has been made, by *post-mortem* examinations, that in such instances the death resulted from actual rupture of the heart. That organ, which the universal language of mankind has spoken of as being peculiarly affected by the play of the passions, has been found in such cases to have been rent or torn by the violence of its own action. The blood issuing from the fissure thus created has filled the pericardium, and, by its pressure, stopped the action of the heart. In speaking of those who have died of a broken heart, we have been using words that were often exactly and literally true.

"If this, then, be sometimes one of the proved results of extreme, intense emotion, why may it not have been realised in the case of the Redeemer? If common earthly sorrow has broken other human hearts, why may not that sorrow, deep beyond all other sorrow, have broken his? We know that of itself, apart from all external appliances, the agony of his spirit in Gethsemane so effected his body that a blood sweat suffused it—this result, identical with what has been sometimes noticed of extreme surprise or terror, having bathed the human body in the same kind of bloody dew. Why, then, should not the agony of the Saviour's spirit on the cross—which we have every reason to regard as a renewal of that in the Garden—have told upon his physical frame in a way equally analogous to other results verified by experience? Still, however, had we nothing more positive to go upon, it could only be regarded as a conjecture, a thing conceivable and quite possible, that Jesus had literally died of a broken heart. But that striking incident, considering the nature of it, and the singular testimony regarding it, puts positive evidence into our hands; and the precise weight of this evidence every recent inquiry into the condition of the blood within the human body after death has been helping us more accurately and fully to appreciate. Let me remind you, then, that within an hour or two after our Saviour's death (it could not have been more), what the skilful knife of the anatomist does upon the subject on which it operates, the Roman soldier's spear did upon the dead body of our Lord—it broadly and deeply pierced the side, and from the wound inflicted thus there flowed out blood and water; so much of both, and the water so distinguishable from the blood, as to attract the particular observation of John, who was standing a little way off. We cannot be wrong in fixing our attention upon a fact to which the beloved Apostle so especially summons it in his Gospel."

The work to which Dr Hanna here refers is a treatise, *On the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ*, by Dr Stroud, published in 1847, but which is now out of print. It will doubtless be soon again in circulation, from the prominence which has been given to it in the present volume by Dr Hanna, and the testimony borne to its merit by three eminent medical authorities, whose letters appear in the appendix,

namely, Dr Begbie, and Dr Simpson, both Physicians to the Queen in Scotland, and Dr Struthers, Lecturer on Anatomy, Surgeons' Hall. These agree with the views of Dr Stroud as stated above, and mention some additional points of interest in corroboration of these. Dr Walshe, Professor of Medicine in University College, London, who is the latest English authority on Diseases of the Heart, says, when writing of the symptoms indicating death by rupture of the heart: "The hand is suddenly carried to the front of the chest, a piercing shriek uttered, &c," which observation will readily recall to the reader's mind, the "crying with a loud voice," by the Redeemer on the cross at the moment when he expired. From the fixed extension of the arms, it was impossible for him to raise the hand to the chest, and perhaps this movement was expressed by the only other possible way, the sudden bowing of the head upon the breast.

Should it be asked what benefit is to be derived from such an enquiry as this, it may be answered, that whatever tends to elucidate the truthfulness of Scripture, must be deserving of attention, and worthy of investigation, and this view shows in a remarkable degree the veracity of the four independent witnesses who give account of this extraordinary event. But besides this, there are positive benefits to be derived from it :—

"There are positive benefits attendant on the reception of that view of the Saviour's death which I have now unfolded to you. It serves, I think, to spiritualise and elevate our conception of the sufferings of Calvary; it carries our thoughts away from the mere bodily endurances of the crucifixion; it concentrates them on that mysterious woe which agitated his spirit, till the very heart that beat within the body of the agonised Redeemer, under the powerful impulse of those emotions which shook and wrung his soul, did burst and break. If the bloody sweat of the Garden, and the broken heart of the cross, were naturally, directly, exclusively the results of those inward sorrows to which it pleased the Saviour to open his soul, that in the enduring of them he might bear our sins, then how little had man to do physically with the infliction of that agony wherein the great atonement lay? If we have read and interpreted aright the details of our Lord's sufferings in the Garden and on the Cross, these very details do of themselves throw into the background the corporeal part of the endurances, representing it in fact only as the appropriate physical appendix to that overflowing, overwhelming sorrow, by which the spirit of the Redeemer was bowed down under the load of human guilt. This spiritual sorrow formed the body of that agony of which the corporeal was but the shadow and the sign."

The last chapter is the *Burial*, and it is written with pathetic tenderness. In it we are shown how Divine Providence interposed with regard to the body of Jesus, at a time when to all human appearance, the words of Scripture were not to be held true. It had been prophesied of him that he was to make his grave with the rich in his death; but looking to the nature of that death, and the imputed crime for which it was inflicted, we are almost ready to say, the fulfilment of the prophecy is impossible. And why? The bodies of those crucified were sometimes given over to friends and relatives to be buried as they wished. Those guilty of high treason were never

so given over but were disposed of according as the law prescribed. Now this was the very crime for which Christ was condemned, and granting that it had not been so, where was there one sufficiently influential to obtain the body from the authorities? It must, therefore, be soon roughly taken down by the soldiers and removed. No. The Scripture must be fulfilled. At the very moment necessary, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, approach the cross, and seeing life is extinct, they beg the body from Pilate, and receiving permission they carefully take it down, prepare it with spices, wrap it in linen and carry it to the rich man's tomb. How wonderful is this! And what an evidence of the special Providence of God!

"At length the worst is o'er, and thou art laid
Deep in thy darksome bed;
All still and cold behind yon dreary stone
Thy sacred form is gone.
Around those lips, where peace and mercy hung,
The dews of death have clung;
The dull earth o'er thee, and thy friends around,
Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral-raiment wound."

Great as was the name which the author gained for his admirable Life of Dr Chalmers, he will gain a much higher one here. No subject can be more deeply interesting than that he has chosen, and none could have treated it, in all its details, with greater taste and discrimination.

THE LIFE & WRITINGS OF RICHARD SIBBES, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF THE "BRUISED REED," "SOUL'S CONFLICT," &c.*

"When we consider the beauty of Sibbes' language, and the gentleness of his temper, in both which respects he almost deserves the name of the Puritan Leighton, we cannot but wonder at the general neglect which has obscured his memory."—*Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, Comm. to the Cambr. Antiq. Soc., 1st December 1856.*

THIS is the most important volume of the truly valuable series of Puritan Divines, hitherto published. It forms the commencement of the second year's issue, and will be welcomed by many who have felt less interest in the works of Adams, Ward, and Goodwin, but by whom the author of the "Bruised Reed," and "The Soul's Conflict" is held dear. There are to be given three volumes of Sibbes' during the present year, and, judging from the first, we have every reason to anticipate a gratification of no ordinary kind. We have here, complete, the Description of Christ,—the Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax

* The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D., Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; Preacher of Gray's Inn, London. Edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Balloch Grosart, (Cor. Memb. Soc. Antiq. of Scotland) Kinross. Vol. I. Pp. 568.

Nichol's Series of Standard Divines. Puritan Period. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. Dublin: W. Robertson. 1862.

—The Sword of the Wicked—The Soul's Conflict—the Saint's Safety in Evil Times—Christ is Best, or St Paul's Strait—Christ's Sufferings for Man's Sin—the Church's Visitation—the Ungodly's Misery—the Difficulty of Salvation—and the Saint's Hiding-place in the Evil-day. Truly, a treasury of earnest thought for all who are disposed to profit by it.

The introductory memoir of Sibbes, by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, of Kinross, displays an exactitude and unwearying perseverance such as should distinguish an editor. It is evident that he has spared no pains in the endeavour to render this a standard edition of Sibbes' Complete Works. It is a labour of love with him, and he appears to possess the learning and opportunities which are necessary to be conjoined with such affectionate regard for his author, and such laborious industry, before they can be turned to fullest profit. To any who are acquainted with the numerous imperfections in the early editions of Sibbes' works, it will be easily understood that the task which has fallen to Mr Grosart is far from light. The Aberdeen edition of 1812, in three vols, is understood to contain a mere fraction of the treatises, &c., which had been separately and often hastily published by Sibbes; and even these which were included in the Aberdeen edition, are said to have been "mutilated and most carelessly printed." These imperfections are referred to by W. Pickering, in a reprint of the "*Bruised Reed*," 1838. There can be no question that the present issue, by James Nichol, is the first worthy edition of Sibbes that has ever appeared, and all persons engaged upon it are doing their best to make it so near perfection, as to leave small chance of being surpassed hereafter.*

Born in 1577, at Tostock, Suffolk, four miles from Bury St Edmunds, and dying 5th July 1635, Richard Sibbes lived during more than half a century of a troubled time in England's State and Ecclesiastical politics. His own existence was singularly free from stain; his gentle and pious nature winning affection from men of most opposite opinions, so that for him no formal vindication from aspersions was ever needed, since aspersions were not made. This partially explains the scantiness of materials existing for a Memoir; conjoined with which fact must be remembered his own unaffected modesty; this would, of itself, have sufficed to prevent him from committing to writing a personal biography, whilst more important subjects waited to engage his pen. The words in which he refers to the unhappy passion for notoriety and posthumous renown are worthy of remembrance. They are as follows:—

* "Every quotation and reference, coming within the general rule laid down for this series, has been verified or filled in, as the case may be. Occasional casual references and allusions have been traced. It is believed that no quotation of any moment has been overlooked. This does not apply to the mere pointing of a sentence, or barbing of an appeal with a saying introduced after the fashion of the age, as 'one saith,' or 'the heathen saith.' But when traced, even these have been given."—(*Preface*, p. xiv.)

The binding is of the highest class, and the typography and paper of such excellence, as makes the cheapness of price a marvel.

"Let us commit the fame and credit of what we are or do to God. He will take care of that, let us take care to be and to do as we should, and then for noise and report, let it be good or ill as God will send it. . . . If we seek to be in the mouths of men, to dwell in the talk or speech of men, God will abhor us, and at the hour of death it will not comfort us what men speak or know of us, but sound comfort must be from our own conscience and the judgment of God. Therefore, let us labour to be good in *secret*. Christians should be as minerals, rich in the depth of the earth. That which is least seen is his (the Christian's) riches. We should have our treasure deep; for the discovery of it, we should be ready when we are called to it; and for all other accidental things, let them fall out as God in his wisdom sees good. So let us look through good report and bad report to heaven; let us do the duties that are pleasing to God and our own conscience; and God will be careful enough to get us applause. . . As much reputation as is fit for a man will follow him in being and doing what he should. God will look to that. Therefore we should not set up sails to our own meditations, that unless we be carried with the wind of applause, to be becalmed, and not go a whit forward, but we should be carried with the Spirit of God, and with a holy desire to serve God and our brethren, and to do all the good we can, and never care for the speeches of the world. . . . We should, from the example of Christ, labour to subdue this infirmity, which we are sick of naturally. . . . We shall have glory enough, and be known enough to devils, to angels, and to men, ere long. Therefore as Christ lived a hidden life—that is, he was not known what he was, that so he might work our salvation, so let us be content to be hidden men."—(*A Description of Christ*, p. 31.)

Again:—

"There will be a resurrection of credits, as well as of bodies. We'll have glory enough by and by."

The Rev. Mr Grosart visited Tostock, the "primitive hamlet," which Catlin affirms to have been the birth-place of Sibbes, on "one of the finest of September days," and his "Scottish eye and heart were touched with the quiet English scenery, long familiar by the 'landscapes' of Suffolk's Gainsborough and Constable, and her poets Bloomfield and Crabbe." We are told by this pilgrim biographer that Tostock,

"THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIBBES,

"remains to-day very much as we may, suppose it to have been two hundred years ago; except perhaps that 'it's tide of work has ebbed away,' and it is now wholly rural. It is a small sequestered village in Thedwestry hundred, about four miles from Bury St Edmunds, and about thirteen miles from Sudbury.

'A gaunt, old, gabled place
With Church stamped on its face.'

Exactly such a 'village' as 'Our Village' has made dear to us all. Its few picturesquely scattered houses cluster around an unenclosed 'common' (once abundant in 'merry England' but now sparse), and present fine specimens of what every year is seeing disappear—the peaked-roofed, mossy thatched, or saffron-tiled 'homes' of our forefathers of the 16th and 17th centuries, with every 'coign of vantage' of the over-hanging upper storeys and lozenge-paned windows,

'Held by old swallows on a lease of love
Unbroken, immemorial;'

and little gardens a-front flinging out into the air the breath of old-fashioned flowers. It is pleasant in our day to come upon such a virgin spot:

' For it is well, amid the whirr
Of restless wheels and busy stir,
To find a quiet spot where live
Fond, pious thoughts conservative,
That ring to an old chime,
And bear the moss of time.

' And sweeter far and grander too
The ancient civilization grew
With holy war and busy work,
Beneath the spire and round the kirk,
Than miles of brick and stone
In godless monotone.'

The church, lichened and lady-ferned, but in excellent preservation, is approached by a fragrant lane that strikes off from the rectory,

' Where the budding purple rose
Prolific of its gifts, the long year through
Breaks into beauty."

"It is dedicated to St Andrew.

' Nor gargoyle lacks, grotesque and quaint,
Nor saintly niche without its saint,
Nor buttress lightsome, nor the tower
Where the bell marks the passing hour,
And peals out with our mirth,
And tolls our earth to earth.*

"The 'font'—from which no doubt little Richard Sibbes was baptised—is noticeable. . . . But Sibbes was very soon removed thence to Thurston, a similar hamlet only about three miles distant."—(*Memoir of Sibbes*, by Grosart, in vol I.)

The father of Sibbes was a wheel-wright, a skilful and painful workman, and a good sound-hearted Christian, as Catlin testifies. Richard received his education at the Grammar School, "the school near Pakenham Church," and the Free School at Bury; and record is kept by Catlin, the worthy Vicar of Thurston, of the studious habits and gentle disposition of the boy, who walked, reading and meditating, to and from his home each day. It was not an easy matter for him to gain leave and support from his father, for the amount of schooling which he required, previous to his entrance on College life. We read of sundry hindrances and interruptions:—"his father at length grew weary of his expenses for books and learning, took him from school, bought him an axe and some other tools, and set him to his own trade, to the great discontent of the youth, whose genius wholly carried him another way," thus again Catlin writes. A few friends, however, rescued Sibbes, and sent him to Cambridge, "without his father's consent, to some of the Fellows of St John's College of their acquaintance, with letters of recommendation; where, upon examination, he was so well approved of, that he was presently entertained as a Sub-sizar, shortly after chosen Scholar of the house, and at length came to be Fellow of the College, and one of the taskers of the University; his

* The Bishop's Walk and the Bishop's Times. By Orwell. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1861.

father being hardly brought to allow him twenty nobles a year towards his maintenance at Cambridge, to which some good friends in the country, Mr Greaves, Mr Knewstub, and some others, made some addition for a time, as need required." Thus sayeth Zachary Catlin, whose manuscript account of Sibbes, having been in possession of Mr Grosart, is now presented to the University Library of Cambridge.*

The tendencies of Sibbes towards learning being thus recognised, and his disposition being no less evidently of that kind most befitting a preacher of the gospel of peace, purity, and love, we do not think it required any powerful convulsion to bring him into closer relations with holiness; that is to say, whatever motions of religious fervour led him to dedicate himself to the ministry, these were in harmony with his own previous state of feeling. He had been like Timothy, early acquainted with the scriptures, and throughout his youth devoted unselfishly to the acquisition of wisdom. For such men we need not expect the agony and horror which attend the awakening to a new life in the case of such a one as Bunyan. There is something worthy of remembrance in the reverential silence of Sibbes, regarding his own conversion; strikingly in contrast with the publicity and obtrusiveness, adopted by Dr Thomas Goodwin, and some others. Mr Grosart observes, regarding Sibbes:—"An event, or more accurately, the one great event and 'change' in every man—his conversion. . . . in all likelihood led him to decide to serve God in the ministry of the gospel of his Son. Paul Bayne (sometimes Baine and Baines), one of the most remarkable of earlier 'doctrinal Puritans' . . . had succeeded Perkins as preacher at St Andrews, Cambridge, 'and it pleased God' says Clarke, 'to make him an instrument of the conversion of that holy and eminent servant of Christ, Dr Sibbes.' Sibbes himself is reverently reticent on the momentous matter,† even in his preface to Bayne's 'Exposition of the first chapter of Ephesians' (published separ-

* This valuable document, "the original holograph with signature," is printed entire, *verbatim et literatim*, in the Appendix to the Memoir by Mr Grosart. He mentions two copies of this Memoir as being preserved at Cambridge, "one among the Baker MSS. (xxxviii. 441-446) the other, recently presented, in University Library. That by Baker has been edited with scrupulous fidelity by Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. [Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge]; and forms one of the "Communications" of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. . It is to be regretted that it abounds with the most singular misreadings; for which Baker, not Mr Mayor, must be held responsible. Mr Mayor's notes, characteristically full of out-of-the-way reading, are appended. They are marked "M," in the present publication of "Puritan Divines."

† We must be permitted to express our entire concurrence in the words of rebuke and warning administered by Mr Grosart, as regards the unseemly and irreverent, not to say blasphemous self-proclamations which have lately startled the Church in connection with supposed "Revivals" and "Strikings down." After mentioning the reticence of Sibbes in this matter of his "conversion," Mr Grosart adds—"This is quite in accord with Sibbes' declared sentiments. I would refer the reader to 'The Description of Christ,' pp. 80, 81. There he will find not more sound than admirably-expressed counsels and warnings as to the 'vainglory' of publishing abroad things too solemn to be so dealt with. I assume the responsibility of affirming that at no period have these warnings been more demanded than the present. Every one who 'loves the Lord,' who prays and

ately in 1618), making no allusion to it; but it probably took place somewhere about 1602-3. In 1602, having passed M.A., he shortly thereafter became a 'preacher.' By 1608 'he was a preacher of good note.' Where he did preach we are not informed."

According to the records and registers of St John's College, Cambridge, Richard Sibbes passed B.A., in 1598-9; was admitted Fellow 3d April 1601, commenced M.A. in 1602, taxer (the "tasker" of Catlin) in 1608, was elected "College Preacher," feast of 1st March 1609, and graduated B.D. in 1610. In the last named year he was invited by the churchwardens of Trinity parish, to use their church for his lectures, as offering better accommodation than his "accustomed place of exercise." Sibbes held his lectureship and other honours without molestation for five years. In 1615 he was deprived both of lecture and fellowship, but was at once benefited by having the preacher'ship of Gray's Inn, London, made over to him. Mr Grosart comments on the fact of Bacon having chambers in Gray's Inn at that date, and being a permanent resident after his fall,—that when it was dark with Bacon, he had Sibbes for his 'preacher'; and asks,—

"Am I wrong in thinking that the touching appeal of the stricken Lord Chancellor to his peers, recorded by every biographer, 'I am a *bruised reed*,' may have been a reminiscence of the golden-syllabled words which he had heard from the 'preacher' of Gray's Inn?"

"I know not that the author of the *Bruised Reed* is once named in all Bacon's writings, but then neither is Shakespeare. Still, I cannot help rejoicing that in his closing years of humiliation and penitence, while he was building up the Cyclopean masonry of his '*Novum Organum*,' he had Richard Sibbes to lift his thoughts higher. I delight to picture to myself the mighty thinker, and the heavenly preacher walking in the '*faire gardenne*' of the Inn, holding high and sanctified discourse.* I fancy I can trace the influence of Sibbes on Bacon, and of Bacon on Sibbes. There are in Sibbes many aphoristic sayings, pregnant seeds of thought, felicitous '*similies*' (so marked on the early margins), that bear the very mintage of the '*Essays*'; and again there is in them an insight into Scripture, a working in of its cloth of gold with his own meditations, an apposite quotation of its facts and words, that surely came of the sermons and private talk under

longs for the coming of 'the kingdom,' who mourns the worldliness and coldness of all sections of Christ's divided Church, must rejoice in the past two years' awakening and 'revival.' I would gladly recognise the work of the Spirit of God in much that has taken place. I verily believe very many have been 'born again,' and more who were half asleep have been stirred and quickened. At the same time, it were to be unfaithful and untruthful to blink the 'evil' that has mingled with the 'good.' It becomes every reverent soul to protest against these premature declarations of '*conversions*,' and publication of '*experiences*' that have got so common. It is perilous to forget the Master's words, Luke xvii. 20. Paul was fourteen years a 'servant' of Christ before he made known his ineffable rapture and vision. Modern 'converts' do not allow as many hours to expire ere their whole story is blazoned in the public prints. Surely a thing so awful and so sacred, unless in very exceptional instances, is for the ear of God alone. The Tract Societies would act wisely if they circulated by thousands as a '*Tract for the Times*,' Sibbes's priceless words of '*Vainglory*.'"—(*Memoir*, p. xxxv.)

* "One asks wistfully if they took any note of William Shakespeare, who within three months of the appointment to the 'preachership' at Gray's Inn, was laid beside his little Hamnet by the Avon! (Died, 23d April 1616.)"

the elms with Sibbes. It is something to know that two such men knew each other.

"The 'Bruised Reed' and 'Soul's Conflict'; and indeed nearly all his works, present specimens of the kind of preaching to which the auditory of Gray's Inn listened from Sunday to Sunday. One is gladdened to think that such men [as those whose names have been cursorily mentioned in a former page of the memoir,—Ashley's, Audley's, Amherdt's, Bacon's, Boyle's, Chetwind's, Drake's, Egerton's, &c.,] heard such preaching, so wise, so grave, so fervid. . . . There grew out of it life-long friendships."—(*Memoir*, p. xlii.)

In 1626 Archbishop Ussher sought to have made Sibbes Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; but even at the same time Sibbes was chosen to be Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. This was in many respects a preferable position. In accepting the mastership, without resigning the preachingship at Gray's Inn, there seems to have been an evasion of the statutory directions, which forbade the Divinity-reader of the Inn holding any other "ecclesiastical preferment, other than a prebend without a cure of souls." But it does not appear that there were any difficulties in making the fresh arrangements.

Thenceforward Dr Sibbes of Catherine Hall, and Dr Preston of Emmanuel, sworn friends and brothers, labour on side by side during "troublesome times." We have not space, or need, to enter into details of the existing discord; of the efforts made by Laud to uproot Puritanism; and of the words and actions often indefensible, by which many of the Puritans aided in bringing on the bloody Rebellion. We are glad to know, as it increases our love for him, that Sibbes was not one of the malignant fanatics.

SCHISM AND CONTROVERSY NOT SOUGHT BY SIBBES.

"We do not find Sibbes mixed up with the controversies of the day. There is in his works a noteworthy absence of those fires of intolerant passion, that burn so fiercely in many of the writings and actings of his contemporaries. Never once do we meet with him in the ante-chamber of 'the Court', or mingling with the venal crowds that in unholy rivalry bade high and higher, or more properly low and lower, for place, seeking to cover their 'multitude of sins', not with charity, but lawn sleeves. He lived serenely apart from the miserable, squabbling, and personal resentments, and exacerbations of the semi-political, semi-theological polemics that agitated State and Church. He was loyal, even tenderly charitably to those in authority; and true to the Church, if only the Church would be true to him, by being true to its Head."—*Memoir*, p. lx.

We do not agree with Mr Grosart that "Sibbes has sarcasms that perhaps might have been spared, against those who even then felt they could not remain within her [the Church's] pale." They could not be spared. Sibbes' own words are "Fractions always breed factions." And again: "What a joyful spectacle is this to Satan and his faction, to see those that are separated from the world fall in pieces among themselves. Our discord is our enemy's melody. *The more to blame those that for private aims affect differences from others, and will not suffer the wounds of the Church to close and meet together.*"*

* Sibbes's "Bruised Reed," C. xvii.

A full account is given in the memoir of the manner in which Sibbes and his companions, Davenport and Gouge, &c., came into collision with Laud, as regarded the "Impropriation Feofees." This may be passed aside, with the remembrance that although Sibbes shared the Star Chamber sentence of reprobation, he appears to have in no important particular suffered persecution on this account.

In 1627 Sibbes passed D.D. King Charles I., on the resignation of Dr Thomas Goodwin, presented Sibbes to the Vicarage of Trinity, in the town of Cambridge. This was in 1633.

The notices of his private character are all favourable especially that interesting memoir by "chatty Zachary Catlin, Vicar of Thurston, which must ever remain the most interesting biography of Sibbes." He was a dutiful and not ungenerous son, a loving friend, and conscientious preacher of the Word. Not easily will we find so beautiful and spotless a name among the men of that time. He chiefly resided, as well as preached, at Gray's Inn, ever warm in his resistance to the encroachments of Popery, but not turning the sweet waters of counsel into bitterness, as many of the personal enemies of the King and of Laud were too ready to do. He loved the Church with a sincere and abiding love, nobly shewed what a faithful expositor of the gospel can perform, avoiding profane and profitless occupations, and devoting himself wholly to the service of his Master.

The two last sermons preached by Sibbes were on the texts, John xiv., 1, 2, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." That same night, June 28, he fell sick. "Feeling that he was indeed dying, he, on July 1, put the finishing touches to his 'Address to the Christian Reader,' for the 'Soul's Conflict.'" On the 4th, he revised and altered his last will and testament." On a Sabbath morning, 5th July 1635, in the 58th year of his age, the good and well beloved man entered on his rest. "An entry in the 'Register' of St Andrew's Church, Holborn, (within which parish Gray's Inn is situated), tells us he was buried there on the next day:—'1635, July 6, Richard Sibbes, D.D., sometime preacher in Gray's Inn, died in his Chambers at Gray's Inn, 5th.'"

The value of this commencing volume of his Works, further enriched by the biography of the man, needs no farther comment. As originally of Leighton, so of now Sibbes, it is said in the words of Orwell:—

"God made him beautiful, to be
 Drawn to all beauty tenderly,
 And conscious of all beauty, whether
 In things of earth or heaven or neither :
 So to rude men he seemed
 Often as one that dreamed.

"But true it was that in his soul
 The needle pointed to the pole,
 Yet trembled as it pointed, still
 Conscious alike of good and ill ;

In his infirmity
Looking, O Lord, to Thee.

"Beautiful spirit! fallen, alas,
On times when little beauty was;
Still seeking peace amid the strife,
Still working, weary of thy life,
Toiling in holy love,
Panting for heaven above.

"I mark thee, in an evil day,
Alone upon a lonely way,
More sad-companionless thy fate,
Thy heart more truly desolate,
Then even the misty glen
Of persecuted men.

"For none so lone on earth as he
Whose way of thought is high and free,
Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,
Beyond the clamour of the crowd,
Moving, where Jesus trod,
In the lone walk with God."

July 1862.

BEDOUIN.

PREVALENCE OF GREEK IN PALESTINE, IN THE TIME OF OUR LORD.*

THAT this volume of "Discussions on the Gospels" is deserving of most careful consideration among Biblical students, is a conviction certain to be felt by all who are capable of appreciating the honesty and skill with which the Rev. Alexander Roberts has set forth his views, and marshalled the evidence in their support. We gladly welcome it as a work of sound scholarship, and clear exposition of opinions that, if well-founded, cannot fail to lead to important results. Free from sectarian bias, it appeals to the sympathies of the whole Christian Church. Those who are earnestly seeking for Truth, and are willing to accompany the author in his investigation of subjects hitherto involved in doubt and difficulties, need not fear that their time will be ill spent. Even if, at the close, his array of proof be insufficient to establish both of his theories, we do not think it possible that he can have failed to demonstrate conclusively the weakness of arguments advanced by antagonists in support of their own hypotheses. He has certainly shewn that no reliance can be placed on the assertions frequently made, and heretofore deemed incontestable, to the effect that Hebrew, (that is to say,

* Discussions on the Gospels: In Two Parts. By the Rev. Alexander Roberts, M.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, St John's Wood, London. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street. 1862. Pp. 505.

the Aramæan, or Syro-Chaldaic) was the language spoken almost exclusively in Palestine at the time of our Lord's ministry. We believe Mr Roberts to have wrought to such purpose as, at least, to have left the preponderance of evidence in support of his views, and many will feel that he has done much more than this, and established them on satisfactory foundations.

The two parts into which the volume is divided are,—1. "On the Language employed by our Lord and his Disciples;—2. "On the Language of St Matthew's Gospel." "The origin of the Gospels" is also considered in the second part, but not exhaustively. It will not be thought that Mr Roberts has over-rated the importance of the first inquiry, for its result will be, if successful, to establish that Greek was the prevailing language of Palestine in the time of the Saviour and His apostles: not that the native dialects were unemployed, but that "Greek was widely diffused, well understood, and commonly used for all public purposes in Palestine, during the period spent on earth by our Lord and His apostles." If Greek was thus generally known, it was not unlikely to be employed by Jesus in His intercourse with mankind. In this case, the words which are recorded as having been spoken by Him, his apostles and disciples, are no longer to be considered only as substantially representative of the actual words employed, but are the words themselves,—*ipsissima verba*. How greatly this circumstance would aid to assure believers in their acceptance of the Gospel tidings, must be evident to all.

Every scholar knows that it is well nigh impossible to convey the precise meaning of words, without addition or diminution of matter, in any transference from one language to another. There are niceties of expression, minute differences or limitations, delicate shades of separation between ideas, recognisable and demonstrable in each language, but for which there are not often corresponding facilities of expression in another. What can be exactly embodied by a single word in the speech of one country and time, may require to be represented (in the absence of a fitting equivalent), by a circumlocution or group of words in another. It is this well-known fact that causes perfect translation to be almost, if not entirely, an impossibility; it is this fact, also, which lends especial value and certainty to critical investigations into the originality of documents, as may be seen in the examination of the question regarding St Matthew's Gospel, as to whether the Greek *εὐαγγέλιον κατὰ Ματθαῖον* was, or was not, a translation from the Hebrew. Whilst yielding due praise to the labours of our English translators of the Bible, for having in a creditable manner performed their most arduous task, it is necessary that acknowledgment be made of their frequent deficiencies in their interpretation of Scripture: some of these are attributable to mistaken views in grammar, &c., owing to imperfect scholarship of their time, and others to the insuperable difficulties of language. This is almost universally conceded. No one, possessed of sufficient acquaintance with the subject to be qualified to speak, would for a moment assert that a student of the New Testament does not hold an inestimable

advantage in the perusal of the Greek, instead of being limited to the English translation from the *textum receptum* of 1663. On the commonly-received supposition that the Evangelists have recorded in Greek the conversations and sermons which were originally spoken in Aramaic or some kindred dialect, a modern reader of the Greek Testament has access to the Evangelists' own translation of such discourses of our Lord and his disciples; while the mere English reader has nothing save a translation of that translation. Therefore, a reader of the Greek New Testament possesses the less adulterated memorial, even on this view, and such is a great advantage. And this advantage being his, even on the supposition that the Evangelists have recorded, in a foreign tongue (Greek) what had been spoken in Hebrew (*i. e.* Syro-Chaldaic), the advantage does not disappear, but is positively increased, should it be established that not Hebrew but Greek was the language usually employed by the Lord and his apostles: In which case, indeed, it may be held that the words given by the Evangelists are the actual words that were spoken, and not merely corresponding to them. Belief in this would be great gain, if satisfactorily established, and nothing less than demonstration of this is the attempt of Mr Roberts in the book under review.

The greatness of the issue must not, however, be allowed to blind our judgment. There is naturally a fear that the new theory may be "too good to be true." The gain to all Christians would be so immense, if this theory could be substantiated, that we must beware lest we, in rashness, yield acceptance to so gratifying a proposition, and believe merely because we desire to believe, bribed by the hope of securing such a prize, instead of holding firmly by reason in the investigation of evidence. It is Truth that we are searching for, not the victory of disputants—the uprooting or fresh-sowing of opinions. Once for all, let us bear testimony to the scrupulous honesty with which Mr Roberts has performed his task, free from acrimonious and irritating assaults on those who conscientiously dissent from his views, and not impatient or presumptuous to force a meaning on words that promise to strengthen his position, beyond what is legitimately authorised. His assiduity in accumulating evidence is equalled by the clearness of his reasoning, and the modesty with which he confines himself to warrantable deductions. He appears to be a safe guide in the disentanglement of questions which have become needlessly interwoven, and conducts us to the conclusions with the quiet confidence of one who has long sought his way carefully, and knows whereunto it has led him, and what it has gained. By him the two inquiries have been very properly kept distinct, so that if either be considered unsatisfactorily answered, the failure need not damage the other. It is true that both are thus far closely connected, as that the successful establishment of the first proposition materially strengthens the probability of the second being correct: Since,—if we believe the general usage of the Greek speech in Palestine, by our Lord and those who conversed with him, we see it to be unlikely that St Matthew would have written his Gospel narrative in Hebrew, for the sake of

Jewish converts, who could equally well understand Greek, the language in which, by first hypothesis, the Saviour himself had proclaimed salvation to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." Nevertheless, the second inquiry is pursued independently, and by an examination of the evidence, internal and external, which conducts to a result harmonious with that which attended the first investigation.

To the acceptance of the hypothesis, that "*the language employed by the Lord and his apostles was Greek*," the chief obstacle is the long-existent prejudice that Hebrew was almost the sole language spoken in Palestine at the epoch in question. This had been assumed as beyond dispute. One notable dissentient is named, viz., Diodati, who, in 1767, published a treatise at Naples, with the contrary statement that Greek alone was employed in Palestine at the Christian era, and had "entirely supplanted the old Palestinian dialect, and was, in fact, the only language then generally known among the people." But by making his demands too exorbitant, he failed to obtain credit, it being sufficiently open to proof that Hebrew* continued to be spoken, in direct refutation to his assertion of the undivided supremacy of the Greek. Hardouin, a Jesuit priest, with even less probability of success, attempted to shew that Latin, and not Greek or Hebrew, was the language prevailing in Palestine, and employed in the New Testament books with few exceptions: this attempt was made in 1741, and was supported in a work entitled *Palæoromaica*, by Black, in 1822. But the Latin hypothesis appears to be wholly untenable, and never gained many adherents. "The object, of course, which such a theory tends directly to serve, is to exalt the Vulgate to a superiority over the canonical Greek Gospels, as containing the *ipsissima verba* of our Lord and His apostles. But it is too palpably absurd to be accepted." The failure of these endeavours by Diodati, Hardouin, &c., to overturn the received impression of Hebrew having been the language employed in the Holy Land, served to strengthen the credit of its impregnability. But that this impression was merely an assumption, and not an opinion grounded on proof, is now beginning to be admitted, though it is still hard to remove.

This assumption ought not to be permitted to hinder our attaching due weight to the strong array of facts that are opposed to it. It is not denied that the first proposition will seem opposed to probability, for those who choose to take for granted that Hebrew alone was understood by the "common people" who heard the Saviour "gladly," and also by others. It wars with our habitual impressions of associating a Hebrew language with the Jews, to learn that any one asserts the common acceptance of Greek among the residents in Judea and Galilee. And yet if, with patient attention, we examine the proofs advanced in support of this assertion, we can scarcely resist the conviction that there is sufficient evidence of Greek having been habitually employed in much of the public business of the period, not only in the intercourse between Jewish and foreign nations, but also for

* By "Hebrew" here and throughout this article, the Aramæan, or Syro-Chaldaic, is meant; unless the *ancient Hebrew* is expressly mentioned.

the internal management, and even in the familiar communication of the natives of different districts, who, however possessed their own native Hebrew dialects. The latter retained a grasp on their affection, doubtless, as more closely connected with their ancient and national history, and suitable to be used as a mother-tongue in their household intercourse, although for literature and commerce, as well as probably in judicial proceedings, the language may have been almost invariably Greek. In short, the people were, with few exceptions, in the habit of speaking the two distinct languages; even as in the present day the inhabitants of the Channel Islands, the Canadians, and others, retain in use a former speech of the country after having acquired a new one, which is employed chiefly for intercourse with strangers. This is what is contended for in the "Discussions;" and, further, that our Lord and his followers generally spoke in Greek, and only occasionally in Hebrew. Mr Roberts maintains that the Greek language was almost wholly available in the Saviour's public discourses, and leaves the *onus probandi* with those who affirm that "Hebrew was used on some occasions when the discourses have been reported in Greek." Not that he denies or disbelieves that some such occasions may have occurred; but these he regards altogether as exceptional. He urges, with justice, that though there are a few instances recorded of Jesus availing himself of the Aramaic, these must not be wrested from their proper significance, and proclaimed as proofs that He invariably, or at least generally, employed the Aramaic. In proper place we are furnished with a natural explanation of the causes which may have conduced to the employment of the Hebrew rather than the Greek on these occasions; reference being here made to the Aramaic words,—*Talitha cumi* (Mark v. 41), spoken to the daughter of Jairus,—*Ephphatha* (Mark vii. 34), to one deaf and dumb, the contemptuous term *ῥακά* in the Sermon on the Mount, (Matt. v. 22), or *Μαμωνά*, (Luke xvi. 11, Matt. vi. 24), and that cry of agony on the Cross, *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?* That these are not to be regarded as proofs of the Saviour *always* speaking in the Hebrew tongue is a warrantable decision. It is true that the occurrence of them in the Sacred Record has greatly fostered the general belief that Hebrew was the language spoken by our Lord, as people at once concluded that these phrases were to be taken as specimens of the customary speech. In like manner, certain expressions occurring in the Acts and Epistles were unhesitatingly received as leading to the same conclusion, of Hebrew being the language employed; among such were the introduction of the Aramaic word *Aceldama* (Acts i. 19), in the account given to the assembled apostles, by St Peter, of the death of Judas. But this is conclusively shown by Mr Roberts to be far from furnishing ground of objection to his theory: on the contrary, it powerfully strengthens his argument, inasmuch as it is introduced in St Peter's recital of events in such a way that (unless antagonists adopt the forcible and vicious expedient of supposing the words *τῇ ἰδίᾳ διαλέκτῳ αὐτῶν*, and *τουτίστι, χωρίον αἵματος*, to have been interpolated by Luke) we have no option but to regard it as a proof that St Peter translates into the

Greek of his discourse an Aramaic appellation, thereby showing that he is aware of some, if not the majority, of his hearers in Jerusalem being unacquainted with the Hebrew. In this, and in almost all the examples producible, it must be declared that an explanation afforded on the supposition that Greek was the prevalent language employed, is less complicated or strained than the explanations proposed by the upholders of the other,—the Hebraic, hypothesis. It is impossible to regard as satisfactory the entanglements into which the latter has led its advocates; the self-contradictions; the irreverent and unsubstantiated statements of passages having been interpolated and mis-translated by apostles and transcribers, which are deemed requisite; the irrational and palpably humiliating assumptions, and indefensible torturings of meaning out of words in explicit declarations, in order to bring all these into harmony with each other, and form a scheme of interpretation based on the *à priori* ground of Hebrew having been the only language generally known in Palestine during the first century. It is not wonderful that many earnest men have shrunk back dismayed at the difficulties of explaining obscure passages of Scripture, when they found commentators with few exceptions willing to descend to the trickeries of sharp legal practitioners of the lowest grade. Evangelical Christianity may well be deemed in an unhealthy condition while it tolerates the "pious frauds" that are popularly advanced and deemed worthy of adoption. Condemnation is especially due to a crowd of preachers and favoured commentators, who disparage the value of exegetical inquiries, and have not unfrequently declared their aversion to that deep searching into the ancient languages which is one safeguard of scriptural knowledge. Although few dare go so far as to state it in words, the impression among this class of persons seems to be, that it is dangerous to meddle with these matters at all; that the authorised translation from the *textum receptum* is, or ought to be, quite sufficient for all who desire to learn the truth; that there are perils by the wayside for all who do not walk the beaten track of the Evangelical multitude; and that,—as much study is a weariness of the flesh,—the paths of learning are thorny, and the heights of intellectual greatness very chilling and solitary,—there can surely be no necessity for any one troubling himself with such labourious investigations.

Other objections to the hypothesis of a prevalence of Greek, are founded on the account given by St Paul, that at his conversion the Lord spoke to him "in the Hebrew tongue," Τῇ Ἑβραϊδὶ διαλέκτῳ (Acts xxvi. 14); and on the assertion that "when the Jews heard that Paul spoke to them in the Hebrew tongue, they kept the more silence," (Acts xxii. 2): both these incidents fairly admit of the interpretation which is given in the Discussions, p. 290-4, and therefore strengthen the Greek hypothesis. Less may be safely argued from the question addressed by the Roman officer to St Paul, "Canst thou speak Greek?" Ἑλληνιστὶ γινώσκεις; &c., (Acts xxi. 37, et seqq.,) and the answer, wherein St Paul evidently implies that it is not to be accounted strange that a Jew (though in his case an extra-Palestinian)

should be versed in that language: "I am a Jew of Tarsus, . . . and I beseech thee, suffer me to speak to the people:" following such a request it seems natural that the Roman must have expected the address to be made in Greek, instead of in Hebrew as it proved to be. Hazy notions about dialect, were floating through the mind of the Roman leader (Χιλιάρχος); not much aided by his remembrance of the seditious Egyptian, towards a correct estimate of what St Paul's capabilities in speech might be. It appears certain, that although this Roman captain believed (whether justly or otherwise matters little,) the Egyptian unlikely to have been acquainted with Greek, he retained no incredulity concerning Paul's ability to converse in that tongue, after the declaration of his being a Jew of Tarsus. Now, was it the fact of Paul's being a Jew, or the mention of his native country, which removed the doubt of his being likely to speak Greek; this is almost the only difficulty? Whatever uncertainty rests on the matter, the presumption is to the full as favourable to the Greek hypothesis as to the Hebraic. If not a proof of the correctness of Mr Roberts' view, it may not be considered as making anything for his opponents.

Much more clearly is the inference to be drawn in support of the former theory, in the case of the Syro-Phenician woman, (Matt. xv. 22-8, Mark vii. 25-30). The evidence cited from Josephus, is unimpeachable, to the effect that Greek was extensively spoken in the country of Tyre and Sidon; moreover, this woman is plainly designated Ἑλληνίς by St Mark, (vii. 26.) In the absence of everything contradictory—beyond mere assumption on *à priori* ground—we are therefore entitled to believe that she uttered her supplications to Jesus in the Greek language.

There can scarcely be deemed any weight in the objection founded on the statement, that Hebrew was one of the three languages in which was written the accusation of our Saviour, as "King of the Jews." The explanation furnished in the "Discussions," is satisfactory.*

We have here briefly recapitulated some of the chief objections, urged against this theory of Greek having prevailed in Palestine, and having been usually spoken by our Lord and his apostles. The volume of "Discussions on the Gospels," forms an interesting accumulation of historical proof, drawn from profane as well sacred records. The same conclusion, as to the Greek having been extensively adopted, is deducible from the writings of Philo and Josephus; from the

* "The statement made, (Luke xxiii. 38), that the superscription over the Redeemer's Cross 'was written in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew,' does, in fact, form an excellent illustration of the views set forth in this work, as to the relation then subsisting between the languages of Palestine. There was, first of all, the Greek, almost universally understood and employed, especially for all literary purposes, and on all public occasions. There was, next, the Hebrew or Aramaic, commonly made use of in familiar intercourse by the natives of the country, but the employment of which was scarcely a matter of absolute necessity to any. And there was, last of all, the Latin, a tongue scarcely ever heard among the Jewish inhabitants, but employed by their Roman rulers, as being the imperial language, for all official purposes."—(*Disc. on the Gorp.*, p. 298.)

numerous extant inscriptions, numismatic and architectural ; from the fact of the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament being in Greek—and in Greek only, with the exception of two books ; from statements in the Mishna—"the most ancient and trustworthy of the Rabbinical writings ;" and, generally, from the public events in Judea, which followed the conquests of Alexander, and preceded the destruction of Jerusalem. Greek was, there can be little doubt, employed as a speech common to most of the races at that time intermingled. The Jews have been considered exceptional in this, as in other matters, but apparently without sufficient authority. Lightfoot declares, speaking of the early Rabbis :—"The Jews do well near acknowledge the Greek for their mother-tongue even in Judæa."* It would, indeed, require that the opponents of the Greek hypothesis should bring a sufficiency of proof, that Palestine was an exception to what is known of the Roman world, before compelling belief in their statements. Jewish history, both before and during the time of the Herods, fully indicates the influence which the Gentiles were steadily acquiring in Palestine, as they had done elsewhere. The numerous previous changes, had each favoured the spread of the Greek language, which had become absolutely necessary for public business, during more than a century preceding the Christian era. Egyptian, Syrian, and Roman, one and all needed, and employed, that language in common ; it was, as Dr Wordsworth says, "the vernacular tongue of the whole world," (Greece, p. 119). The Roman predilection for the Greek language and literature, at that time, is amply testified, and wherever Romans became paramount its importance became further recognised. It was spoken in all portions of their Empire, by their consuls and chief warriors, their magistrates and orators ; it being used officially abroad, in preference to the Latin.† Consequently, Roman preponderance naturally encouraged the diffusion of the Grecian language, spoken and written, although its purity would decline in exact inverse proportion to its extension among alien peoples. In this manner the peculiarities of the so-called Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament are explicable. The Herodian family in the most marked manner had shown a partiality by uprooting the strictly Judaic customs and language. Most of their predecessors had led the way to this system. In the 1st and 2d Books of the Maccabees, we read concerning Antiochus Epiphanes, how he endeavoured to enforce the adoption of Gentileism, that the people of Jerusalem and other cities "should walk after the strange laws (*νομίμων ἄλλοτριων*) of the land," (Macc. i. 44), and "sent an old man of Athens to compel the Jews to give up the customs of their fathers, and no longer to live according to the laws of God ; and also to pollute the temple at Jerusalem, and to name it that of Jupiter Olympius, . . . and there went forth a decree against the Jews, that those of them who would not make the required change to the *Grecian customs*, should be put to death." (2 Macc. vi. 1, *et seqq.*) Tacitus

* *Lightfoot's Works*, by Pitman, vol. xi. 25, cited in Disc. on the Gosp.

† *Vide*, p. 28, *et seqq.* for authorities.

and Josephus are explicit in their statements, confirmatory of those regal tendencies; and we learn from the latter that Aristobulus the son of Hyrcanus, (circ. 100 B.C.,) "that he yielded so much to Hellenic influences as to obtain the name of Φιλέλλην, 'a lover of the Greeks.'" The same writer declares regarding Herod Antipas, the Tetrarch over Galilee during the Saviour's public ministry, that "he openly professed himself more friendly to the Greeks than Jews." (*Antiq.* xix. 7, 3.) These, and other circumstances, lead to the conclusion that Greek as well as the native Aramaic was spoken in Palestine during the time of our Lord. It is this which is contended for in the volume of "Discussions," and which it seems to us is certified, as far as by demonstration could be expected.*

The proof from a general survey of the New Testament; the special proofs from the Gospels; from the Acts of the Apostles; and from the Epistle to the Hebrews, (entering also on the *questio vexata* of its authorship), have claims on the attention, but we may not linger on these. The careful survey of evidence assailing the long-accepted supposition of a Hebrew rather than a Greek origin of St Matthew's Gospel, and the light thrown on the origin of the Synoptic Gospels generally, deserve a separate notice. Perusal of this volume cannot fail to be gratifying, and must assist in clearing up many doubts that have too long perplexed mankind. The second Part yields foot-hold more safe than had been hitherto afforded respecting the literary foundations of our faith in the Gospel. These inquiries we believe to be of great value, even if no other result were attained than the overturning the specious but unwarrantable sophistries which have been advanced to explain supposed inconsistencies, or palliate violence done to the text of the Sacred Volume.

If the labours of Mr Roberts be deemed successful, and the hypothesis which he advances takes its place in time as an acknowledged truth, the gain to the Christian world will more than repay the cost

* To what conclusion the evidence is believed to lead may be gathered from the remarks of Credner, at page 41. These we append:—"Ever since the times of Alexander the Great, the Jews had emigrated in great numbers from Palestine to Greek countries. In these lands, even the more learned among them, such as Philo, forgot their mother tongue; and this happened all the more readily, since, from their sacred books having been translated into the Greek language, provision had thus been made even for their religious necessities. Nevertheless, these Grecian Jews, known as Hellenists, remained in unbroken communion with their native country. Jerusalem was always regarded by the Jews as their capital; the Sanhedrim of that city was, in all religious points, their highest authority; and thousands of Greek-speaking Jews travelled annually to Palestine in order that in the national sanctuary at Jerusalem they might present their supplications, and pay their vows to the Lord who dwelleth in Zion. At the same time, first the Greek and then the Roman conquerors filled the land; and from the time of Herod, not only were Greek artists and artisans to be seen at work in Palestine, but Greek colonies were also, in no small numbers, to be found. The combined influence of these circumstances had, in the time of Christ, brought about this peculiar condition of things in Palestine, that the Greek language was generally (*ziemlich allgemein*) understood, while the properly Jewish language was understood only by the strictly Jewish inhabitants; so that one may say, *almost all the dwellers in Palestine understood Greek, but not all their own vernacular language.*"—(*Credner*, Einl. in das N. T., § 75.)

of the inquiry. We shall then be entitled to believe that, in almost every case where the speech of our Lord is recorded, we possess the very words that fell on the ears of his disciples: the words themselves, and not merely a Greek translation of an Aramaic original that has wholly perished. We have the veritable ancient Hebrew in which the messages from Jehovah were delivered to the Jews of old by Moses and the Prophets; our interpretation of these being obscured only by doubts arising from conflicting theories about the Masoretic points. Now, in addition to this, if the newly-advanced hypothesis be correct, we possess the veritable words in which was conveyed the *later* message to mankind:—Confirmation of which would truly be great gain—greater than we can well express our sense of in these closing lines.

And what if it be otherwise? It may be that the words—the *ipsissima verba* of Him who spake as never man spake, have faded from the earth. We need not fear but that their meaning is in most cases correctly preserved to us. We are not imperiled even if it be that, for some divinely-wise, yet uncomprehended reason, the original has passed away. We are told that, while the spirit giveth life, the letter killeth; possibly the self-satisfied possession of the exact form of Scripture was not deemed better for us than to hold by the less-defined but hallowed remembrance of His teaching, as gathered from all His utterances in desert or in city, by the lake-shore and in the village street; from public Sermon on the Mount, and from occasional words of loving guidance, or rebuke of hypocrites, as He passed along His way. He is speaking to us, we may be assured, in the simple English words that are read this day with grateful eyes in many lowly cottages; as effectively for the peace and happiness of worshippers, if the aid of the Spirit of Truth be sought prayerfully, as when He is speaking to us in the noble language of ἡ Καὶνὴ Διαθήκη, on which scholars like Ellicott, Alford, Wordsworth, and others are bravely spending a life-time to purify the text, as far as human skill can suffice, from all the flaws that may have gathered in it during centuries of turmoil, since the accents of the Redeemer were first heard proclaiming, in whatsoever tongue He may have spoken:—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."—"He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life."

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, *Cambridge*, 1862.

J. W. E.

THE GREAT YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE

LORD ARDMILLAN AGAIN AT THE BAR.

THERE is an excellent Scottish proverb—they are generally excellent though not according to our notions of propriety—that "a bonnie bride is easily buskit." We suppose that with other personal char-

acteristics, there will be difficulty in the beautifying. It is a kindred maxim that we suspect the entire accuracy of any story which needs a long and toilsome defence. Truth, if it ever did tumble into the well, could be reached easily by a straight line, and be far more easily rescued than many could ever imagine, for there is generally in their procedure, more anxiety and attempt at display of ingenuity than simple sagacity to attain the object. We have before us a remarkable instance of this nature. A question which is pretended to be very simple, and it really is so, is made curiously complicated, —is inconsistently shifted from point to point, needs excuses and volunteered explanations from the bench, as if the judge himself were at the bar and making the best of his position.

O, it is easy to moralize. How wise we are—how far seeing—how considerate. But, take that very spirit into the scrutiny of our own lives, and how will we stand? How will we endure it? No doubt, it is a very comforting assurance, that by the Yelverton Marriage case, however it may be finally adjusted, an infamous law is doomed. It cannot remain on our statute-book. But what broken hearts—what pale-faced pure mothers, keeping an awful secret from their little children—what domestic misery—what impious and human visiting of the iniquity of fathers on the children, have been caused by that law? They will one day be all read when the misery is over. But are our readers aware of the law we refer to? It is the Act, 19th George II. chapter 13. We must see its title. “An Act for annulling all marriages to be celebrated by any Popish Priest between Protestant and Protestant, or between Protestant and Papist, &c. &c.” The title could have been simpler, as our readers will at once perceive. Vows, taken at the altar of God, were to be of no force—the law which ought to appear in simple majesty to protect the oppressed and nurse the helpless, was converted into the device of the seducer; and by law, the heartless betrayer of woman’s love and honour, was to profit by his own flagitiousness. No matter, how solemn had been the marriage vow—how it had been associated with years of respectful solicitude—how it had been consecrated by parental blessing—how it had been undertaken in the name and presence of the Judge of all the earth, if the parties were Protestant—or Protestant and Papist before a Roman Catholic Priest, the vow attested by Almighty God, whose book of remembrance never waxes old or becomes obsolete, was annulled by the Irish Statute! It is scarcely credible—it is atrocious, but so stands the law, and so it cannot longer stand. Of course there is the old saying, *ignoratio legis non excusat*, but however true and venerable the phrase is, there is something truer and more venerable in the duty of the lawgivers to make righteous laws and promulgate them. What right have we, who are our own legislators, to punish those who, by our fault, are ignorant of an offence, and therefore are innocent so far as we are concerned? We are the culprits. It is nothing to say that the law of marriage must be presumed to be known by all the citizens. If that law is repugnant to common sense, inconsistent with every religious sentiment, and

plainly immoral, we should be thankful that it is unknown to the community, and we should erase it from the tables. Most people had thought that the law of Scotland as to marriage, was very simple, founded on the holy purpose of defending the innocent and protecting virtue, and so we still think it, though this extraordinary case has covered the law with mist—not from any uncertainty as to the law, but from a bungling and confused application of its principle to facts. The fault does not rest in *our* law.

The Yelverton marriage case has been of such prolific interest, that after its preliminary explosion in Dublin, there has been reserved a second grand exhibition to be gone about with Scottish gravity in our metropolis. The same question was the vital element, but we were to discuss it without the mercurial excitement of our Hibernian brethren. There were to be no wigs flung in the air; but they were to be worn to nurse and foster the brains below them. The case in Scotland was to exhibit a model legal incubation, and the presiding fowl was to observe with equanimity the process of development. We therefore read with the deepest interest the reports of the evidence, listened with mingled feelings to the pleadings of counsel, and perused with elevated eye-brows and a visage of irrepressible astonishment the note of the judge. We speak with all respect of the Senator of the College of Justice who has in the first instance decided this case. But that respect does in no way prevent us from reviewing his judgment, and indicating the scale in which public opinion is sure to be found, and to which it will give irresistible weight. In spite of our national gravity, there has been great excitement about this case. There are newspaper leaders on it by the score. There has even been something like a party contest. But public opinion is omnipotent, and we do our best to keep it right.

Again, we say that the long and very irrelevant note of Lord Ardmillan, suggests that his recorded judgment is more the result of his ingenuity and anxiety to appear profound and have a little niche with some great names in notorious marriage cases, than the clear-sighted perception of the merits of the case. We do not believe that a wise and shrewd judge could need to vindicate his opinion by roods of manuscript apology, as to any point which is so simple as he actually wishes to represent it. He “found it impossible to arrive at any other conclusion”—but the extraordinary procedure and duration of his wordy tournament, call on us to enquire how he has withdrawn from the lists. He is his own trumpeter, and we will receive his note with more fairness than we think he has blown it. Whatever is the final issue, there can be only one opinion as to the note. It would have better suited the bar than the bench. For it cannot be denied, that the document under review is neither judicial nor judicious, and must impress all intelligent persons with its being a one-sided, special, unfair pleading, not very remarkable for literary or logical excellence, and not very consistent with itself.

We will not debate about the law. We accept the rule laid down by Lord Ardmillan, but we deny his statement of the facts. And we

beg to hand him back with all courtesy and unreservedly, the expressions of condolence and sympathy with the lady, with which he eventually found it necessary to modify his statement. No judge in our country has a right to say what he has done:—"This judgment has been reached after much anxiety, and not without sympathy for the sad fate of the pursuer, but with a clear conviction that it is according to the truth of the case. For the conduct of the defender there can be no excuse, but he was not the seeker, the seducer, or the betrayer of the pursuer. The story of the pursuer, her charms, her talent, her misfortune—even the intense and persevering devotedness of the passion by which she was impelled—must excite interest, pity, and sympathy. But she was no mere girl—no simpleton—no stranger to the ways of the world—no victim to insidious arts. She was not deceived. She fell with her own consent." Now, my Lord Ardmillan, whether or not she were a mere girl, a simpleton, or a victim to insidious arts, this had not only nothing to do with the only legal question at your bar, but by your own statement, your sympathy was misplaced. Do not smite under the fifth rib, when you salute. Is it insinuated that some one else than Major Yelverton was "the seeker, the seducer, or the betrayer?" Is that some one deserving of your sympathy from the bench?

It is an old recollection now—"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"—it brings before us a cloud of honest, manly, chivalrous faces, many of whom we shall never meet again in this world. But when the quotation suggested itself, it also summoned to our upper chamber a vision of dear old friends, who would have rather died than done an unfair thing. They could not, and we do not love that method of quotation, which, whether intended or not, suggests evil and unfortunately neglects what could explain it. To suit the theory of Lord Ardmillan, Mrs Yelverton must be represented as insanely impulsive, *scarcely* feminine in her ideas, a fair-haired Amazon, an unblushing wooer, a lady who forgets her own ladyship, and something worse. We protest out and out against the forgone conclusion. It is not reached by any fair and logical process, but is first assumed, and then produced as the reason for itself. There are many excellent circles—great, small, refined, literary, select, exclusive,—but do not reason in a circle. For example, we cannot find any rational ground for Lord Ardmillan's charge. There is a word printed in *italics* in every copy of the note which we have seen, and which is not in *italics* in the print before the court. It is the word of the quotation which is most essential to support Lord Ardmillan's theory, and he apparently turns it to the greatest account. Let us look at it. Miss Longworth, in a letter to Major Yelverton dated Rome, March 10th, 1854, says: "It is just probable that Alcide may throw up his civil, and take a military position; in that case I want to go with him; I had some thoughts of devoting myself to humanity in the shape of a *Sœur de Charité*; I think it is a sort of vagabond life would just suit me; but a *vivandière* I think might be a little more exciting. Wouldn't you be glad to see me, with all my plaster and bandages and charming little barrel, when you were half

choked with smoke and powder; what an ange de misericorde I should appear to you under those circumstances." There is nothing but innocent pleasantry in this. Yet could not Lord Ardmillan, with his microscopic search for something wrong, have read the next sentence and quoted it? It proceeds: "Well, to return to common sense, &c." And could not his lordship have seen that the jest about the vivandière, was a stereotyped one in the correspondence? It occurs again in a letter of the 15th January following, and again in a letter from Major Yelverton of 17th February. He says: "The English have no vivandières. I wish we had, and that you were here, one of them. I would ride to Cherson, and bring you your eau de vie." After Miss Longworth had gone as a sister of charity to the east, she, in a letter from Galata to Major Yelverton in England, dated August 15th 1855, referred to the same jest:—"I have turned vivandière!!! Now I mean to protest that it is all your fault (if fault it is); in the first place, you said once that you wished that I were one, &c., &c."

About this correspondence we have a few things to remark. It was written in the unreserved confidence of persons avowing the sincerest mutual affection. It is profaned, and will be misinterpreted by being subjected to other eyes; while its true character cannot be justly decided on, by what is undoubtedly an *ex parte* production. Even if every letter had been produced, we should have held ourselves bound to have considered them *confidential*, not to be regarded as technical documents to be subjected to a severe construction, not as written with lawyer-like purpose to fix obligation, but in the free intercourse of affection, whose very fondest terms may have the least reference to legal formality. It has happened to many men to peruse the letters of affection, between those whom they had every reason to regard as the excellent of the earth. How endeared—how artless—how mysterious! But every man of common sense, of a good heart, of sensibility, knows that he must look on such letters with reverence. With regard to these, the MAN must instruct, warn, and guide the judge. They were never intended for his perusal, and it is always a misfortune when they are made public. We do not, in saying so, insinuate anything unbecoming, as to what we imagine to be the usual character of such a correspondence, but we are sure that in every case, the opinion of a third party will be unjust. Without omniscience he cannot judge fairly. Even in writing to a friend, how much do we commit ourselves to his own personal knowledge? If the thought occurred to us when writing, that another eye would see our epistle, it would effectually chill the friendship. Alas, in the best sense, every judge is not a man, nor is every man a judge. There will in such letters be continual allusions which can only be truly interpreted by the correspondents. But if this is so in ordinary friendship, we must revise our standard and act accordingly, when affection is solemnly pledged. What man of accomplishment has not owed much to his friendship with the gentler sex? Who has not felt that by this influence he has thought, spoken, and acted under a better in-

spiration, and that a lady correspondent unconsciously educates him where the university fails? In this way, what we now speak of is of value to the whole world. It is of consequence that many a correspondence now being carried on, as pure, as kind as anything on earth can be, should not be terrified into silence by a lawyer's **WHEREAS** and **AFORESAID**. But at the same time it is all the more the duty of a gentleman, in writing however confidentially and affectionately to a lady, to do so circumspectly, to see that what he writes could not easily be misinterpreted, and to be careful never to mislead his correspondent. When writing to a married lady, do we not write in the happy belief that no one but herself and her husband, has anything to do with our note? When writing to an unmarried lady, every gentleman knows that he has to respect her position and only write with the approval, expressed or understood, of those to whom she should hold herself responsible. He knows that by so writing, he bids the guardians of the lady believe, nay, he makes the world his witness to the fact, that he acts in honour. A fatherless, motherless young lady—no, we need not refer to that fact; but my Lord Ardmilman, although you cleverly forget it, the correspondence between Major Yelverton and her who was Miss Longworth, was by means of her own sister and relations. (*See Printed Correspondence*, 26, G. 29, A. 4c.) For the sake of humanity we will assume, in spite of your note, that one of the parties at your bar was the Honourable William Charles Yelverton.

But the whole force of the injudicious note is poised on the idea, that Miss Longworth was the suitor in an unbecoming degree. It is not for us to speak of the miseries of unrequited or rather unacknowledged love, yet we do not hesitate to say in the face of the world that many a wife's happiness is marred in the future, by a mistaken reserve at first. A man's affection is sometimes sported with, and that is not wise. A lady needs not pass the sacred bounds of her own prerogatives to allow any one to know whether his kindly attentions are worth more than every day civility. Now we want to know, not so much the beginning of this correspondence,—for we will assume, like the Lord Ordinary, that it was accidental,—but who forced correspondence into terms of intimacy and endearment? We do not see that the greater part of the note has to do with the simple legal question, but we will follow his Lordship by a path which he did not take. As to the merely mechanical beginning of the *correspondence*, both parties are practically at one. We do not need in the meantime to refer to steamboats, or the debris which his peripatetic Lordship has left behind him. We shall say something more about the letters by and by. Whose is the first letter in the printed copy of the correspondence? It begins, "My dear Miss Longworth." It is dated, Valetta, March 22d 1853, and is subscribed, "William C. Yelverton." Whose is the second letter? It begins "My dear Miss Longworth"—and very kindly offers to forward a letter safely to a friend of Miss Longworth. This letter has no date—but it has been of necessity admitted second in order. Whose is the third letter? It is dated

Naples, June 22d, and begins "My dear Captain Yelverton." Gentle and fair readers, be so kind as look at the ominous change which is now to be introduced into the style of address. We can safely leave the true interpretation with you. The letter is dated from his father, Lord Avonmore's house, Belle Isle, August 20th 1853. It begins "My dear Theresa;"—we would print the words in italics, or capitals, but tricks of that sort form no part of our argument. On the same day, from Naples, Miss Longworth wrote, "My dear Mr Yelverton."—Whose is the next letter? It begins, "My dear Theresa," but though it is not dated, it is admitted to be in its place in the correspondence. Whose is the next letter? It is dated Marseilles, 31st October, and begins "My dear Theresa." Whose is the next? It is dated, Naples, 22d December, 1853, and begins, "My dear Mr Yelverton."

We have a faint idea, that any one except a learned Lord would see some significance in these facts. Surely every man would be sensitive to the progression. We, at least, can thankfully own our acknowledgment of it. If we could here print a most startling railway-whistle-note we would do it, but we cannot, for our type-founder has not yet supplied us with the lead. Yet, without the whistle, how goes the correspondence? Would you believe it, there is something wrong, for the next letter begins "My dear Miss Longworth." The next is from Rome, 27th January 1854, and proceeds, "My dear Mr Yelverton." But March 2d of that year retrieves the stiffness, for let Mr Yelverton tell his own grievance of that date:—"My dear Theresa, I have told you repeatedly that I don't like being called Mr Yelverton by you, and I am not going to analyse that or any thing else, but give you your choice between either of my other god-father and god-mother's bestowed appellations, or any other cognomen in any language you please except German (which jargon I positively prohibit in this case.) I called you Miss Longworth, to see if you liked it; now, you may do unto others as you would they should do unto you." We do not indulge in *italics*, but this quotation could be made very telling by such a type. And yet without it, we can our round unvarnished tale deliver, and safely leave the verdict to our readers. There are letters amissing, for we don't see any opportunity of an interview in which Mr Yelverton could tell her repeatedly that he did not like being called Mr Y. by her. Very well, we shall be civil enough to keep this in mind.

But Miss Longworth did not allow us to forget it. For the next letter, being from her, she showed some ladylike hesitation in it to adopt all at once Mr Yelverton's direction. In Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or in any tongue since Babel, the translation of our comely word "dear" is literal but not equivalent. And, therefore, in re-translation we are on no account to be misled. Italian, Spanish, French, German, Russian, give us words of kind courtesy, which, if translated unskilfully, are represented in English by more than they are worth. Every accomplished person knows this well. Superlatives are not homely to us. It costs us a violation of habit to reach

them. For many of our readers, it was quite unnecessary to make this statement, but those who can best appreciate what we have said, will be the most ready to pardon our explanation. So, the next letter is from Rome, and commences naturally in the local dialect,—“Carissimo Carlo mio.” The writer, however, is uneasy at her common salutation, for obviously the idea occurred to her, that the reader did not think in Italian. Therefore she proceeds—“Does that suit you? or will you have an *S* to it and make it Spanish? Well, *pour retourner à nos moutons*, your name. You will always remain Captain Yelverton to me, though I write you Charles or William to eternity.” The next letter is from England. “Caro Carlo mio—I do not know if this form of address pleases you, you are so fastidious in the matter, but I do not like it. It is too familiar, more than I can feel to such a myth as you are to me. . . . I do not see why I am to form the exception from the rest of the world who call you Captain or Mr Yelverton.” Next comes a letter, “Caro, Carlo mio”—the next—“Carlo mio Caro”—the next—“Cara Theresa mia,”—the next, “Caro mio Carlo,”—the next, (Sebastapol, Feby. 8d 1855), “Cara Theresa mia,” “by the bye, I suppose it is this very simple argument of monotony that makes it impossible for a man and woman being married to continue acting in the same manner towards one another. Let us imagine a *case*, &c., &c.”

How was it, that Lord Ardmillan did not notice this letter, and seems unconscious of its existence? It was before him as well as the letter from which he quotes, but if he had noticed the epistle from Sebastapol which now looks us in the face in good round type, his theory would have shared the fate of the docks, or the Russian ships. He must have overlooked this letter, which certainly rebukes the judge who treats a *reply* as a volunteered statement on the part of the lady. Lord A., under this delusion, introduces the lady's letter in this way—“The pursuer, who takes the lead throughout all this correspondence, as the most frequent and the most urgent letter-writer, writes a long letter to the defender on the subject of marriage, and of the disappointment, satiety, and the love of change which sometimes follows marriage.” *N.B.*—We are not answerable for his lordship's attention to the common rules of grammar, but we think it very unfair on his part to suppose, or allow it to be supposed, that the lady's letter, “on the subject of marriage,” was ultroneous. This may be the turning-point in his decision, and if so, it is all a mistake. For Major Yelverton pointedly, very boldly, introduced the subject of marriage. His letter is at page 28th of the printed correspondence; there are two intervening letters, and that from which his Lordship quotes is at pages 32-3. We do not question Lord Ardmillan's anxiety to do justly, or his unimpeachable honour as a judge, but as he deserves this acknowledgment he will the more readily own that we give no just cause of offence in declining to hold him infallible.

We may leave our argument on the correspondence here, for, as the case presents itself to us, it needs no help, and would only be made suspicious by an accumulation of a stronger series—which, cer-

tainly, we could give. At the threshold of Lord Ardmillan's edifice, we tell him on the authority of the facts before him, that he has built not even on sand. Our view of the case could be strengthened mightily by the mill-horse labour of going round and round in the correspondence. But it is unnecessary. We have seen enough to demonstrate the true state of things. Out of a whole wilderness of letters we have taken up the first handful, and remembering that Major Yelverton was not in a lunatic asylum, we have ascertained that in the eye of the law, and common sense, and common practice, the "seeker" was not the person imagined by the judge. Stay a moment. May there not, at the first, be letters awaiting—must there not be *many* letters awaiting to which reference is made in the correspondence? More of this immediately. Meanwhile, is it not time to ask, was there no implied matrimonial engagement in the fact that in one of the letters already past, Miss Longworth promised that she would not again flirt with Mr Roe? We know a little of the world's ways, and conform ourselves accordingly, and we therefore indignantly ask, by what right, except that of such an engagement, did Major Yelverton dare seek an explanation on this subject? In the case of a sister or daughter of a brother-officer, he would have needed no pen-and-ink question of this kind from us. But perhaps Miss Longworth was a poor, ignorant, unsophisticated beggar girl, and the Honourable William Charles Yelverton, from charity, patronised, befriended, and advised her. This might give a new aspect to the affair. We must, therefore, be cautious, very cautious, in forming an opinion. Ahem!

As we do not challenge the law as laid down by the judge, but only the application of it to the facts of the case, we may remark, that with all the voluminous documents of Record, Correspondence, and Proof, we desiderate much that we consider infinitely important. The judge acknowledges that the correspondence is "not complete." This is a misfortune, for every reason. But may we not suggest, that as Major Yelverton had the whole correspondence under his power, for months at least, we should not visit the incompleteness on the lady? And as the production of much of the correspondence (Pursuer's Proof, 26 D.) was through the hands of Mrs (Forbes) Yelverton, we are environed by facts which demand more than common circumspection. This will commend itself to every mind that is worthy of being listened to. Nay, more, the Dublin trial, fresh in our minds, and quite apart from its romantic and histrionic episodes, suggests many thoughts for grave consideration, which have been allowed no place in the present action.

About the status of the lady—for we wish to leave nothing untouched—the judge very naturally, and righteously, refers to the relative social position of the parties, as indicating nothing antecedently improbable in their union. But we cannot allow the attempted story of Major Yelverton to pass with a simple reference. What did he want to make out, and why so? To begin with the beginning, he takes us back to Miss Longworth's infancy. We are introduced to

the pretty little darling in long clothes. We are led into the nursery to see her looked after. No, Major Yelverton takes us to another house and another baby. We must make sure of this. Is there not such a person as ABIGAIL WOODNETT, daughter of Thomas Woodnett, Weaver, Flixton? She swears (Defender's Proof, 12, E. F.)—"It is five-and-thirty years since Theresa lived in our house. Theresa's father was Mr Longworth. I don't know where he lived. Theresa lived in my mother's house five or six months. She was sent to my mother's house to be suckled by my mother. When Theresa was brought to my mother's house, she was in long clothes." Really? How very extraordinary! Ann Woodnett, the mother, widow of Thomas Woodnett, weaver, Flixton, swears, (Defender's Proof, 13.) that she nursed or suckled several of Mr Longworth's children, and among the rest, Theresa. If it were so, we hope that no harm was done. But, what is the object in bringing up these witnesses? The marriage cannot be made invalid, though it were classically proved that the infant had been suckled by a she wolf. Yet to show Mrs and Miss Woodnett every courtesy, we do not dismiss them until we introduce an elderly person whom they ought to know, and who has something to say about the baby. Mrs Jane Greenrod, you are seventy years of age. (Pursuer's Conjunct Proof, 5. E. F.) You were in the service of the late Mr Longworth, the pursuer's father, for thirty years, and therefore knew the family well. You, a confidential domestic, can tell us all about the children. You swear that "Mrs Longworth only nursed one of her children, that was the pursuer." (6 E.) You again swear that Theresa Longworth was suckled by her mother, that she was the only one of her family that Mrs Longworth suckled, that you nursed Mrs Longworth at her confinement, and saw her suckle that child. (11 A.) We may now dispense with the presence of Widow Woodnett and her amiable daughter, and in saying good bye to them, we may express a hope that they have been recompensed as they deserve. But, Major Yelverton, why did you bring these witnesses here? We do not like this.

The gossip of Mrs Elizabeth Carter or Alsop—though again we regret Major Yelverton's acquaintance with the witness—is annihilated by witnesses of the highest respectability. If there be any objection to Mr Thelwall, we can request him to retire. But in his absence we have the same truth to the lady's honour verified, by witnesses beyond suspicion. It were merely a waste of paper and time to analyze the rubbish which has been admitted as relevant in this simple legal question. Admit that the lady was of the obscurest birth, and surround her infancy with every misfortune,—you lose nothing. Admit that the lady was the daughter of a duke, and cover her cradle with cloth of gold,—you gain nothing. The legal question remains in its original dignity. But we accept Lord Ardmillan's statement as just, that the pursuer "appears from the evidence to have been born, bred, and educated as a lady," and we may add that if his Lordship had kept this fact in mind, it would have spared him the trouble and con-

fusion of nine-tenths of his note. In reviewing it, we cannot legitimately get access to the evidence at Dublin—to the admissions which were there wrung from Major Yelverton, to the letter about the honeymoon, to the explanations which on oath he had to make, and which were considered and decided on by a jury. But to test the truthfulness of Major Yelverton, and the weight to be given to any statement by him, we need not refer to anything extraneous, or even to his own conduct as described in his condescendence in this case. Such conduct leaves no alternative as to the opinion of every honest man. Yet, to give to Major Yelverton the justice which Lord Ardmillan has not given to Mrs Yelverton, we fairly own that the soldier has in many ways been truthful. He has even wronged himself. But we will not hear any whispers from Dublin or anywhere else. We have to do with getting at truth. We will not take Major Yelverton's word against himself any more than we will against his wife. And there is a nice little story in the Scottish case which gives us a key to some things in the whole matter. Major Yelverton, in consequence of a *communication* which he received from Dr Ramsay, Minister of St John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, and who had the misfortune to preside at the ceremony between the Major and Mrs Forbes, waited on the Doctor "within a very few days" after the ceremony. The object was to tell the whole truth, about which Dean Ramsay was now uneasy, on account of what had been represented to him. (Pursuer's Proof, 124.) Major Yelverton waited on Dr Ramsay "more than once or twice as to this matter." (124 B.) And what did the Major say? Before answering that question, we will say that Dr Ramsay is incapable of uttering an untruth—that he has earned his venerable position in the community by his own personal worth, and that men of all sects in the kingdom will receive with confidence any word from the lips of that clergyman. Dr Ramsay's evidence as to what was stated at these interviews is fearfully significant, and we must have it in his own words:—"I communicated the import of the document to Major Yelverton, explaining that what I had seen purported to be a regular certificate in Latin from the register of Rosstrevor, of a marriage between William Charles Yelverton and Maria Theresa Longworth. Major Yelverton said it was all a falsehood. Interrogated, Did he say he had ever been before a Roman Catholic priest with Miss Longworth? depones, yea. Interrogated, What did he say had taken place? depones, he said he and Miss Longworth went into a schoolroom—that the priest held up his hands and said 'God bless you, my children,' and that that was all that had taken place" (Pursuer's Proof, 124 C. D.) With this evidence before us, we will dispense with the presence of Major Yelverton, and will refer, as sparingly as we can, to the chapel, the prayer-book, the ring, the vow, the bishop, the priest, and everything that is Major Yelverton's. But, as we dismiss the gallant officer, we may say once for all, that all the acts of all the Parliaments in the world, cannot annul the vow taken before Father Mooney in the chapel at Killowen,

and that the record of that marriage-vow is kept beyond the reach of mortals. Even the hangman cannot touch it.

We can gather up the tangled and twisted threads of Lord Ardmillan's note (knot) in very small compass, for the real case can go through the eye of a needle. We do not need the steamer from Boulogne, as we prefer walking on sure ground. Neither do we need the many letters between the parties. No doubt, we might attempt to say something complimentary about the heroism of the lady who went to Stamboul for the purpose, not imagined by Lord Ardmillan, as dates, facts, log books demonstrate. We only need the testimony of a very few people. General and Lady Straubenzee, could speak of their guest, and the attentions paid to her by a Captain in the artillery. Mr and Mrs Thelwall could explain their domestic arrangements, when Major and Mrs Yelverton visited them at Hull. Any theory but one would convert that visit into the most awful conglomeration of crimes—which, for the sake of humanity we will not believe. What about the passport for Mrs Yelverton—what about the remarkable and plain statement made at Hull in Major Yelverton's presence, of his wife's having been twice baptised and twice married, and that if she died abroad, he would bring her coffin home, and thus she would also be twice buried—what about the marriage ring procured in Ireland, and altered at Major Yelverton's wish at Hull—what about the letters addressed by him to *Madame Yelverton au soin de Madame André*, Bordeaux, in one of which he writes, "entreat your sister to keep our marriage secret?" What about the letters between Mrs Yelverton's sister and him, as to his wife's health at Bordeaux, which letters he now owns to having destroyed? (Pursuer's Proof, 14 D. E.) What about the married life openly practised in Edinburgh—what about the previous statement to Mrs Gemble in presence of the young lady, about his marrying her, (Pursuer's Proof, 36 G.), a statement forgotten or unnoticed by Lord Ardmillan? What about Mrs Stalker's evidence that she had addressed the parties as Mr and Mrs Yelverton, (40 F.) and referred to the lady in his presence, and under very peculiar circumstances, as his young wife? (40 A.) What about the assertion and explanation reiterated to Mr Goodliffe at Dunkirk—"yes, she really is my wife, but we have been married secretly or privately?" (88 D.) What about the entry by Major Yelverton in the visitors' book at Doune Castle—"Mr and Mrs Yelverton?" (62 G.) What about the many other instances in Scotland, in which he expressly represented her as his wife? (59 E., 52 C., &c., &c.) What about the categorical admission of the fact of the Scottish marriage made to Miss Crabbe by Major Yelverton? (114 D.) What about the Irish marriage, whatever it may be worth, for it establishes the Scottish one, in as much as all parties there depone to an *avowed renewal of consent*—what about the letter regarding duty, love, and a legacy of the facts if death should happen? We could stake the case on this last question alone. Major Yelverton, we are all frail, sinful beings, but we never propose legacies of dishonour. The desiderated secrecy of the marriage

was no bar to its legality. The agonizing doubts of the lady when in a state of great nervous depression and bodily weakness, cannot be lawfully used to prove that she never believed herself truly married. Her expressions may be inconsistent, but these facts account for them. It is iniquitous to call up the sighing despair of a sick chamber in a far country, and confront it with words spoken in health in the light of day. Had Miss Gordon, who established her marriage with Mr Dalrymple, no inconsistent statements, as divergent and contradictory as any quoted in the Note against Mrs Yelverton? Sir William Scott, (p. 69) in the former case, quotes a very strong statement made by Miss Gordon to her own sister—"you will never see me Mrs Dalrymple," yet the Judge and the House of Lords found that at that moment, notwithstanding her hours of doubt and despondency, she was the wedded wife of Mr Dalrymple. But the natural and certain effect of Lord Ardmillan's Note is to do that very evil against which the Scottish Marriage Law has been specially maintained. So far from tending to morality, the Note would give a man the full benefit of his own flagitiousness. (Lord P. Boyle, Elder, 8 S. D. 56.) Knowing what we do of the spirit, intention, and letter of the law of Scotland, we sympathize with the Honourable Theresa Yelverton, wife of Major Yelverton. If she is not his wife by every provision of our legislature, the law is a dream, the lady is a victim, and our administration of justice is a snare.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Poems of Truth and Fancy. By STEPHEN RICHARD REDMAN. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862.

THIS volume has a modesty and neatness in printing and binding, which are in harmony with the unobtrusive character of the verses within. Although we find little deserving of high praise, we also find nothing deserving of censure. On the contrary, we feel how truly it may be stated, that while it "has been the author's endeavour to direct the attention to thoughts of holiness, the path of usefulness, the simplicity of truth, and the grandeur of nature; nothing will be found within its pages to wound the delicacy of any, or sully the purest mind." We learn from the author's Preface, that these verses "have

* By a technical rule there has been much valuable evidence excluded, for instance, what was deposed to by M. Cyprian Loppe, and what was the other day forced on public recollection, by the letter of Madame Lefebvre, published in the *Scotsman* of 28th July, complaining of the *Times* not publishing a statement to the same effect furnished to that Journal! Madame L. asserts that to her own knowledge, Mrs Yelverton received a letter at Bordeaux from Major Yelverton, in which the words occurred, "*entreat your sister to keep our marriage secret.*" Madame Lefebvre had this letter in her possession, showed it to M. C. Loppe; and Major Yelverton could probably explain what eventually became of it. This, however, forms no part of Lord Ardmillan's case, but it essentially does of Mrs Yelverton's, and the whole world will recognise it.

been composed under circumstances far from favourable to the cultivation of the poetic art; namely, while pursuing my daily avocations and during my leisure hours, which have been but few." Also that "encouraged by success, I was stimulated to fresh exertion, and began to find a new pleasure in poetry, to which I had hitherto been a stranger; it beguiled my hours of toil, caused me to take an interest in things which before I had disregarded; and raised my mind to an exalted appreciation of the great, the good, and the beautiful."

One of the most vigorous is that which is entitled the "Black Rock :"—

"It is a tale of grief and woe,
Of suffering and pain,
Of those who left their happy homes,
But ne'er returned again."

The poem on the "Dangers of the Mine," describes the New Hartley Colliery accident, but we need not expect the vivid picture that is furnished by such a man as Wingate, who is not only the possessor of true poetic genius, but is personally acquainted with all the labours and perils of the Pit. We give the following as a specimen of S. R. Redman's abilities :—

"THE MERRY SPRING TIME.

"We greet thee, merry Spring time
Who com'st with footsteps gay,
Laughing through the meadows,
To deck the Queen of May.
Beneath thee blossoms springing,
Their fragrant petals rear;
Welcome, merry Spring-time,
The glory of the year.

"We greet thee, merry Spring-time,
Who peep'st the boughs between,
Climb'st the sloping hill-side,
Robed in brightest green;
Beauties around thee flinging,
With lavish, wanton hand;
Welcome, merry Spring-time,
The glory of the land."

The volume is dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, literally and idiomatically translated out of the Original Languages. By ROBERT YOUNG, author of several works in Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Gujarati, &c. Edinburgh and London: A. Fullarton & Co. 1862. In twenty fortnightly parts, V. to XV. Pp. 480.

THIS valuable and arduous undertaking has advanced to the eighth

chapter of Jeremiah, and continues to display the exactitude which this author's former labours had warranted us to expect. The system here employed—of printing the Prophets, the Psalms of David, the greater part of Job, Songs of Deborah and Hannah, &c., so as to indicate the poetic rhythm of the original, and dividing the historical books into paragraphs suitable to the connection of events, instead of breaking the sense by imperfect verses as in the Authorised Translation—is felt to be a great benefit. There can be no doubt this work will be valued highly when completed. In the fly-sheets are given examples of the lax translations of King James' Revisers; Newcome's rules of translation, and some remarks by eminent grammarians on the peculiarities of the Hebrew, in reference to the Preterite and Future. The Old Testament will be completed in the course of a few weeks, and the entire publication will be issued before the close of the year.

The Countess of Mar's Arcadia or Sanctuary: containing Morning and Evening Meditations for the whole week. By Mr JAMES CALDWELL, sometime Preacher of God's Word at Falkirk. First printed at Edinburgh in 1625. With an Historical Introduction, by Rev. JAMES YOUNG, author of a 'Comment on the Common or Godie Band of 1557,' &c. Edinburgh: James Taylor, 31 Castle Street. London: J. Nisbet & Co. Glasgow: D. Bryce. 1862

THE present work is, in chief, a reprint from an original, which had become so rare that only one perfect copy, the property of David Laing, Esq., was known to exist. From the late Principal Lee's library was purchased another, and somewhat defective copy, completed in *fac-simile*. A third, also defective, was "recently acquired by a lady of this city," who was so much gratified as to desire its republication, after being collated, and further, enriched by the addition of an interesting Historical Introduction, by the Rev. James Young. The latter extends to 36 pages.

Of the Meditations we need merely quote, as correct, the description here given:—"They not only abound in vigorous thoughts and diction, but make plenteous use of that best vehicle of prayer, the delicious language and imagery of Scripture. Besides, they are venerable from their age; are perfumed by the blessed memory of the writer; and were 'mighty through God' to the instruction and enjoyment of the earliest owner and expositor."

A *fac-simile* portrait is given of Marie Stewart, (born about 1573, daughter of Lord D'Aubigny; married in 1592 to John, Earl of Mar, and died in 1644.) She appears to have been very beautiful, even as her namesake and kinswoman, the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The volume is tastefully and effectively produced, and forms an excellent gift-book.

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CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE CLASSICS.*

DE QUINCEY, in his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," says, in his rapt and glowing style, "I have been every night of late transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia

* The Chinese Classics: with a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena, and Copious Indexes. By James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. In Seven Volumes. Vol. I., containing, The Confucian Analects, The Great Learning, and the Doctrine of the Mean. Hong Kong: at the Author's. London: Trubner & Co. 1861.

is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and by the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impress upon me," &c.

If the vast antiquity of China as a kingdom, its immense population, together with their singular language and ways of thinking and living, do not oppress the minds of the majority of intelligent persons in exactly the same manner as they did poor De Quincey with his highly imaginative and sensitive nature, they yet never fail to impress with awe and to excite solemn wonder. Intense curiosity and eager inquiry, respecting the present intellectual and social condition and the amazing past history of the Chinese people, are the feelings with which we should imagine every philanthropic mind and student of human nature should regard that vast concourse of human beings. But to look on them as mere barbarians, to treat them, as some do, their manners and customs together with their venerable language and literature and history with contempt, to pronounce them a set of wretched vermin for whom the only things that are good are cannon balls and opium, is what every lover of his species should reprobate and condemn, and what even a heathen play-wright, with his "*humani nihil a me alienum puto*," would indignantly denounce and disclaim. Humanity must, indeed, deplore the miseries with which that empire is at present afflicted, and hope for a brighter and sereener day to follow its present agonized and tortured night. And we entertain no doubt that when the wild dreams of ignorant and bloody fanatics, and the distempered visions of lawless and heated enthusiasts, have been swept away and forgotten, a new and better future will dawn upon China and its people.

Meanwhile, to leave the distracted present and to go back three and twenty hundred years into the peaceful past to Confucius and his times, under the guidance of that eminent Chinese scholar, Dr Legge, of the London Missionary Society, is a pleasant relief and a treat of no ordinary magnitude. For there we meet with great names of sages and heroes, and from that stand-point we look as much farther back on another and dimmer antiquity filled with still more venerated names, the veritable Golden Age of China. The book which we are now about to review, and on whose rare and remarkable contents we are about to comment, is truly a *magnum opus*. We venture to predict for it more than a European fame, and we have not the least doubt that in the estimation of sinologists, or scholars of the Chinese language and literature, it will take

its place as a work of the highest excellence and of standard authority. The circumstances in which it was called into existence are themselves remarkable and worthy of being related, as they are alike creditable to the zeal, learning, and industry of the author, and to the munificence of one of our Chinese merchant princes, a Scotch gentleman, to whose generous kindness it is owing that a work of such magnitude and cost has been published at all. But we shall allow Dr Legge himself to relate the simple facts:—

“The author arrived in the East as a missionary towards the end of 1839, and was stationed at Malacca for between three and four years. Before leaving England he had enjoyed the benefit of a few months’ instruction in Chinese from the late Professor Kidd at the University of London, and was able, in the beginning of 1840, to commence the study of the first of the Works in the present publication. It seemed to him then—and the experience of one and twenty years gives its sanction to the correctness of the judgment—that he should not be able to consider himself qualified for the duties of his position until he had thoroughly mastered the Classical Books of the Chinese, and had investigated for himself the whole field of thought through which the sages of China had ranged, and in which were to be found the foundations of the moral, social, and political life of the people. Under this conviction he addressed himself eagerly to the reading of the Confucian Analects, and proceeded from them to the other Works. Circumstances occurred, in the mission at Malacca, to throw various engagements upon him, which left him little time to spend at his books, and he consequently sought about for all the assistance which he could find from the labours of men who had gone before. In this respect he was favourably situated, the charge of the Anglo-Chinese College having devolved upon him, so that he had free access to all the treasures in its Library. He had translations and dictionaries in abundance, and they facilitated his progress. Yet he desiderated some Work upon the Classics, more critical, more full and exact, than any which he had the opportunity of consulting, and he sketched to himself the plan of its execution. This was distinctly before him in 1841, and for several years he hoped to hear that some experienced Chinese scholar was preparing to give to the public something of the kind. As time went on, and he began to feel assured as to his own progress in the language, it occurred to him that he might venture on such an undertaking himself. He studied, wrote out translations, and made notes, with the project in his mind. He hopes he can say that it did not divert him from the usual active labours of a missionary in preaching and teaching, but it did not allow him to rest satisfied in any operations of the time then being. In 1856 he first talked with some of his friends about his purpose, and among them was the Rev. Josiah Cox, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The question of the expense of publication came up. The author’s idea was that by-and-bye he would be able to digest his materials in readiness for the press, and that then he would be likely, on application, to meet with such encouragement from the British and other foreign merchants in China, as would enable him to go forward with his plan. Mr Cox, soon after, without the slightest intimation of his intention, mentioned the whole matter to his friend, Mr Joseph Jardine. In consequence of what he reported of Mr Jardine’s sentiments, the author had an interview with that gentleman, when he very generously undertook to bear the expense of carrying the Work through the press. Mr Jardine expressed himself favourably of the plan, and said, ‘I know the liberality of the merchants in China, and that many of them would readily give their help to such an

undertaking, but you need not have the trouble of canvassing the community. If you are prepared for the toil of the publication, I will bear the expense of it. We make our money in China, and we should be glad to assist in whatever promises to be of benefit to it.'"

The work is accordingly and appropriately inscribed to the memory of that generous benefactor of learning who freely laid down no less a sum, it is believed, than £8000 for the publication of the work, whose decease is here lamented so soon after the work was commenced, and but for whose prompt and munificent assistance Dr Legge says "it might never have been published."

Any one who takes up this large and beautiful book, will be astonished to learn that it has been printed in China, and that the only workmen employed upon it have been Chinese. In bold and elegant Chinese type, the original classic occupies the upper half of the page. This is succeeded by an elegant and masterly translation, while the notes at the foot are so full and copious, and display such a varied amount of critical learning, and such abundant evidence of enlarged yet close acquaintance with the different schools of Chinese commentators, from before the Christian era downwards to the present time, that even a superficial reader stands amazed, and feels convinced that the author must be one "who scorns delights and lives laborious days." The patience which could wade through such huge mounds of Chinese lore, the untiring industry, the fidelity to truth which shines throughout, the judgment with which the *textus receptus* has been weighed amid the claims of different readings and the authority of rival codices, and finally the retentive memory which could grasp, lay hold of, and never let go again, the name and form and meaning of every obscure character and every obsolete Chinese word that comes in his way,—each and all of these qualities excite our highest admiration for Dr Legge as an author, translator, and commentator. But how modestly, almost humbly, does he speak of the performance himself:—

"Of the style and manner of its execution it is for others to judge. It originated in the author's feeling of his own wants. He has translated, annotated, and reasoned, always in the first place, to satisfy himself. He hopes that the volume will be of real service to missionaries and other students of the Chinese language and literature. They have been foremost in his mind as those whom he wished to benefit. But he has thought also of the general reader. The Chinese is the largest family of mankind. Thoughtful minds in other parts of the world cannot but be anxious to know what the minds of this many-millions people have had to live upon for thousands of years. The work will enable them to draw their own conclusions on the subject. The author will give his views on the scope and value of their contents in his prolegomena to the several volumes. Some will agree with his opinions, and others will probably differ from them. He only hopes that he will be found to advance no judgment for which he does not render a reason. To think freely and for himself is a source to him of much happiness; his object is to supply to others the means of realizing the same for themselves, so far as the subjects here investigated are concerned. He hopes also that the time is not very remote, when among the Chinese themselves there will be found men of intelligence, able and willing

to read without prejudice what he may say about the teachings of their sages."

It is to the Prolegomena that the general reader will most eagerly turn for a comprehensive view of the Chinese Classics, and here he will find abundant information on all possible subjects connected with them—every thing in short to gratify and instruct. In these learned disquisitions, most ample information is given on the authorship of the several classics, on their authenticity and authority, on their date, on the formation of the text, on commentaries, on various readings, and on their scope and value. And as if all this were not enough, interesting though brief notices are given of a long list of native authorities, consisting of scores and even hundreds of volumes, which have been consulted and studied in the preparation of this work, consisting of "Annals," "Histories," "Records," "Cyclopædias," "Biographical Dictionaries," "Commentaries," "Collected Writings," "Commentaries and Explanations," "Paraphrases," "Supplements," "Digests of Supplements to the Commentary, and additional Suggestions," "Literary Discussions," "The Four Books for Reading," "The Four Books for Daily Lessons," "The Four Books with the Relish of the Radical Meaning," "The Four Books Punctuated and Annotated," "The Topography of the Four Books," "The Analects, with plates," "Sacrificial Canons," and "Family Sayings," most of them exceedingly voluminous, superb, and profound works. Of only one of these immense and astonishing native productions, we find it stated that it cost Ma Twan-Lin twenty years' labour, and was first published, in many volumes, in 1321, and that Remusat calls it a library in itself. The book now before us is the first fruits of Dr Legge's learned and severe labours in this field, and we venture to say it is without a parallel in literature. When complete, in ten or twelve volumes of equal size with the present, for some of the latter volumes are to consist of two parts, it will be a monument of the ability and erudition of the author, and will take its place in philology as the great work of the age.

The classical books now recognised as of the highest authority in China are the *Five King*, and the *Four Shoo*. The "Five King" are the five canonical works, containing the writings of the greatest sages of China, sages to whom Confucius himself looks back with admiration and reverence. They are the *Yih-King*, or Book of Changes, the *Shoo-King* or Book of History, the *She-King* or Book of Poetry, the *Le-Ke*, or Record of Rites, and the *Tsun-Tsew*, or Spring and Autumn, a historical chronicle, the last of the Five being the composition of Confucius himself. His name is generally associated with all the classical books, but he is by no means the author of them all. He was the editor and compiler merely of the greater part of the Five King. He collected and preserved these venerable treatises, annotated upon them, and transmitted them with his high imprimatur to future ages. The antiquity of some of these works, for which he revived the interest and increased the reverence of his countrymen, must be very great. He himself lived 2400 years ago, and the wise

sages and early emperors whose sayings he has preserved, lived more than two thousand years before the Christian era.

It is with the Four Books, or the "Four Shoo," that Dr Legge begins in the present volume. These writings confessedly all belong to the Confucian age, and are the record of the sayings and doings of the great sage himself, or of his more immediate disciples and successors. We have here accordingly the Lun-Yu, or Digested Conversations, or very properly "Confucian Analects," the Ta Hëo or Great Learning, and the Chung Yung or Doctrine of the Mean. Respecting the second of these, the Ta Hëo, the production of a philosopher named Ma Yung, its great object is to set forth the principles of moral science as developed in the conduct of civil government. Its first paragraph is as follows:—"What the Great Learning teaches is—to illustrate illustrious virtue; to love the people; and to rest in the highest excellence." Its political aim is self-evident. It sets the masses on the one side, and "the son of Heaven," the Emperor, delegated by Heaven together with his ministers to govern them on the other. It states that if the lessons of the treatise be learned and carried into practice, the result will be that "illustrious virtue will be illustrated" throughout the empire, which will then be brought, throughout its length and breadth, to a condition of happy tranquillity. The method laid down for the attainment of this grand and good object consists of seven steps:—the investigation of things; the completion of knowledge; the sincerity of the thoughts; the rectifying of the heart; the cultivation of the person; the regulation of the family; and the government of the state;—the different steps forming a *series* according to some, and culminating, if not logically, yet rhetorically, to a climax in the tranquillization of the empire. There is a vagueness and vastness in all this, felt even by thoughtful Chinese themselves, which renders the treatise unsuitable for the purpose to which it is applied in all Chinese schools, namely as the basis of their national education, for which it is but ill adapted. And yet although it is undoubtedly "strong meat" for the ingenuous youth of China, it affords also much excellent nutriment when broken into fragments. Many sage maxims and wise principles are enunciated, and praiseworthy exhortations are given to all classes of persons in all the different relations of life. Filial piety, fraternal kindness, obedience to rulers, and beneficent rule on the part of those in authority, are throughout inculcated. In summing up the merits of the Ta Hëo, Dr Legge justly observes:—

"First, that the writer conceives nobly of the object of government, that it is to make its subjects happy and good. Second, the insisting on personal excellence in all who have authority in the family, the State, and the Empire, is a great moral and social principle. Third, still more important than the requirement of such excellence is the principle that it must be rooted in the state of the heart, and be the natural outgrowth of internal sincerity. And Fourth, the striking exhibition which it gives of the golden rule, though only in its negative form."

The "Chung Yung," or the "Doctrine of the Mean," or according

to others, "The Golden Medium," or the "Invariable Mean," is universally ascribed to Kung Keih, the grandson of Confucius. It commences by enunciating the following propositions:—"Man has received his nature from Heaven. Conduct in accordance with our nature constitutes what is right and true, or is a pursuing of the proper path. The cultivation or regulation of that path is what is called instruction." It contains much that is really good. "Making the thoughts sincere" is enjoined. It says, "the superior man is watchful over himself even in solitude," and "if a state of equilibrium and harmony of thought and feeling exist in perfection, then will a happy order prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish." As to what is meant by following the Mean, a quotation will suffice. "The Master said, there was Shun (B.C. 2254):—He, indeed, was greatly wise. Shun loved to question others and to study their words, though they might be shallow. He concealed what was bad, and displayed what was good. He took hold of their two extremes, determined the Mean, and employed it in the government of the people. It was in this that he was Shun." The text of it might be the old adage "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" One of the Chinese commentators on the Chung Yung says, "The relish of it is inexhaustible. The whole of it is solid learning. When the skilful reader has explored it with delight till he has apprehended it, he may carry it into practice all his life, and will find that it cannot be exhausted." Dr Legge's own opinion of it however, is much less favourable. It is not only, in many places, vague, confused, and obscure, but it exalts the Chinese sages to an inordinate pitch, and has eminently contributed to nourish the national pride of the people. The ideas with which this Confucian author was imbued, as gathered by Dr Legge, are as follows:—1st, "Man has received from Heaven a moral nature by which he is constituted a law to himself. 2nd, Over this nature man requires to exercise a jealous watchfulness. 3d, As he possesses it absolutely and relatively in perfection, or attains to such perfection of it, he becomes invested with the highest dignity and power." To account for such high-flown notions, it is to be remembered that in the Confucian school, the doctrine that human nature is now in a lapsed, fallen, and corrupt state, holds no place. In that school it is considered an axiomatic principle that the heart of man is originally good. Proceeding on this false principle, that human nature is entirely good, and is only led astray by external influences, the sage of China and his followers always attribute to instruction and to the influence of parental example, a power which we do not find that they actually possess.

It is remarkable that we find in the Chung Yung, the Golden Rule again propounded in its negative form. The words of Confucius, as here quoted and dwelt upon by his grandson, are as follows:—"What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." Thornton, in his History of China, as quoted in the Prolegomena, says on this subject:—"It may excite surprise, and probably incredulity, to state that the golden rule of our Saviour, 'Do unto others as you

would that they should do unto you,' which Mr Locke designates as 'the most unshaken rule of morality, and foundation of all social virtue,' had been inculcated by Confucius, almost in the same words, four centuries before." The remarks which follow from Dr Legge on this point are so admirable for their candour and discrimination, that we cannot resist giving them entire :—

"I would be far from grudging a tribute of admiration to Confucius for it. The maxim occurs also twice in the Analects. In Book xv. 23, Tze-kung asks if there be one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life, and is answered, 'Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others.' The same disciple appears in Book v. 11, telling Confucius that he was practising the lesson. He says, 'What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men;' but the master tells him, 'Tze, you have not attained to that.' It would appear from this reply that he was aware of the difficulty of obeying the precept; and it is not found, in its condensed expression at least, in the older classics. The merit of it is Confucius' own. When a comparison, however, is drawn between it and the rule laid down by Christ, it is proper to call attention to the latter,—'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' The lesson of the Gospel commands men to do what they feel to be right and good. It requires them to commence a course of such conduct, without regard to the conduct of others to ourselves. The lesson of Confucius only forbids men to do what they feel to be wrong and hurtful. So far as the point of priority is concerned, moreover, Christ adds, 'This is the law and the prophets.' The maxim was to be found substantially in the earlier revelations of God. But the worth of the two maxims depends on the intention of the enunciators in regard to their application. Confucius, it seems to me, did not think of the reciprocity coming into action beyond the circle of his five relations of society. . . . Confucius delivered his rule to his countrymen only. . . . The rule of Christ is for man as man, having to do with other men, all with himself on the same platform, as the children and subjects of one God and Father in heaven. How far Confucius came short of the standard of Christian benevolence, may be seen from his remarks when asked what was to be thought of the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness. He replied, 'With what then will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.' The same deliverance is given in one of the Books of the *Le Ke*, where he adds, that 'he who recompenses injury with kindness, is a man who is careful of his person.' Chung Heuen, the commentator of the second century, says that such a course would be 'incorrect in point of propriety.' This 'propriety' was a great stumbling-block in the way of Confucius. His morality was the result of the balancings of his intellect, fettered by the decisions of men of old, and not the gushings of a loving heart, responsive to the promptings of heaven, and in sympathy with erring and feeble humanity."

We now come to the *Lun Yu*, or the Confucian Analects, by far the most interesting of the translations in this volume. And we now propose, from the *Digested Conversations* themselves, and from the very full and learned *Prolegomena* of Dr Legge, to lay before the reader in a condensed form what may we think with truth and propriety be called a new and complete history of Confucius, the greatest of the Chinese sages and philosophers. Of Confucius we may justly say that, to use an American phrase, he was a most remark-

able man. Of all men that have ever lived, none has exerted a greater influence on succeeding ages, and on such vast masses of the human race, as he has done. For four-and-twenty centuries, his teachings have moulded the intellect and influenced the conduct of the millions of what may in respect of population at least be called the greatest nation on the globe. Looking at the volume before us as a whole, it is Confucius that is the great subject-matter of it. Whoever or whatever else may for the nonce be introduced, it is still Confucius that looms in view of the reader—Confucius's sayings and doings, Confucius's moral teaching and sage example. He is the great prominent feature throughout the whole system of Chinese philosophy, politics, and morals. And though not the author of all the Chinese classics, some of them having an antiquity almost as great as that which dates from our time to his, he is the central figure in them all, round whom everything is made to revolve, the resting-place in the vast duration between, in Buddhist phrase, "the divided eternity" of a former and a latter antiquity. He is the bright particular star, about which all earlier and later lights circle as mere satellites. Everywhere throughout these works, it is either Confucius moralizing himself, or Confucius quoting and lauding the sages and moralists of the golden age, or Confucius's disciples applauding him, looking up to him, treasuring up his sayings, and writing in his spirit. Both antiquity and posterity, together with a crowd of admiring contemporaries, like the sun, moon, and eleven stars, bow down and make obeisance to him.

Confucius's ancestry is traced in genealogical tables, common in China, from Hwang Te, the inventor of the Cycle, B.C. 2687. We confess we do not see more difficulty in accepting this as fact, than in being called on to credit another fact equally extraordinary and quite indubitable, that his descendants the Kungs, the chief of which tribe is the only hereditary Duke of the Empire, live and flourish to this day, to the number of 10,000, in the province of Shantung. There, where his tomb still stands, the genealogical tables of his descendants unroll themselves well nigh as far down into the Christian era, as those of his ancestors before it. His forefathers had been ministers and soldiers of Loo and Sung, and, without any difficulty, he himself traced his ancestry to the imperial house of Yin. His father, at the age of 70, sought a second wife from the Yen family, to raise up children to himself. There were three daughters in that family, the youngest of whom was named Ching-Tsae. Their father said to them, "Here is the commandant of Tsow, whose ancestors were descended from the sage emperors; I am very desirous of his alliance; which of you three will be his wife?" The two eldest being silent, Ching-Tsae, said,— "Why do you ask us, father? It is for you to determine." "Very well," said her father in reply, "you will do." Ching-Tsae accordingly became the wife of Shuh-leang Heih, and in due time gave birth to Confucius, B.C. 551.

There are some curious and pleasant legends given by the ancient writers respecting his birth, and we shall here entertain the reader

with one or two of them, reminding him, however, to distinguish carefully between them and the authentic records of his history. His mother, fearing lest she should not have a son, ascended the Ne-kew hill to pray for the boon. As she went up the hill the leaves of the trees and plants all erected themselves, and on her return bent downwards. That night she dreamed that the black TE appeared and said to her, "You shall have a son, a sage, and you must bring him forth in a hollow mulberry tree." After that, she fell one day into a dreamy state, and saw five old men enter the hall, who called themselves the essences of the five planets, and led an animal which looked like a small cow with one horn, and was covered with scales like a dragon. This creature knelt before Ching-Tsae, and cast forth from its mouth a slip of gem, on which was the inscription, "The son of the essence of water shall succeed to the withering Chow, and be a throneless king." When her husband was told of it, he said, "The creature must be the Ke-lin." As her time drew near, Ching-Tsae asked her husband if there was any place in the neighbourhood called "the hollow mulberry tree?" He told her there was a dry cave in the south hill which went by that name. Then she said, "I will go and be confined there." On the night when the child was born in the cave, two dragons came and kept watch on the right and left of the hill, and two spirit-ladies appeared in the air, pouring out pleasant odours, as if to bathe Ching-Tsae; and as soon as the birth took place, a spring of clear water bubbled up from the floor of the cave, which dried up again when the child had been washed in it.

To return to facts, recorded by the biographers, it is related that as a boy he used to play at the arrangement of sacrificial vessels, and at postures of ceremony. He tells us himself that at fifteen he bent his mind to learning, but the condition of the family was one of poverty. When people were afterwards astonished at the variety of his knowledge, he said, "When I was young, my condition was low, and therefore I acquired my ability in many things." When nineteen, he married a lady of the state of Sung, and in the following year his son Le was born. On this occasion the Duke Chaou of Loo sent him a present of a couple of carp, and to mark his sense of the prince's favour, he called his son Pih-yu (Fish Primus.) He had also a daughter. When about twenty years of age he received his first public employment as intendant of public fields and lands. As keeper of stores he was faithful and conscientious, saying, "My calculations must be all right—that is all I have to care about;" and of the public fields, "The oxen and sheep must be fat and strong and superior—that is all I have to care about." In his twenty-second year he commenced his labours as a public teacher, and his house became the resort of young and inquiring spirits, who wished to learn the doctrines of antiquity. All he desired of his pupils was an ardent desire for improvement, and some degree of capacity. "I do not open up the truth," he said, "to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain him-

self. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." After the death and burial of his parents in Fang, the first home of the Kungs in Loo, he mourned for the required period of three years, and continued his own researches into the history, literature, and institutions of the Empire. At twenty-nine years of age he studied music under a master named Ssang, and at thirty he tells us "he stood" firm, that is, in his convictions on the subjects of learning to which he had bent his mind fifteen years before. Five years afterwards he was invited to the court of Chow, his fame having preceded him there. But China was at that time in a troubled and unsettled state, from the turbulence of powerful vassal princes under the emperor *King*, somewhat like Europe in feudal times. So that Confucius made no long stay in Chow, but returned to Loo and continued his work of teaching. His fame was now greatly increased, and disciples came to him from different quarters, until their number amounted to three thousand, and the master hereafter continually moved about amid a company of admiring pupils.

Disorders arising in Loo, he repaired to the neighbouring state of Tse, under the government of a duke, "who had a thousand teams each of four horses, but on whose death his people did not praise him for a single virtue," and at whose court the music of the ancient emperor-sage Shun was still preserved. When he arrived in the capital, and heard the strains of the ancient imperial music, he was so ravished by it that for three months he did not know the taste of flesh. "I did not think," he said, "that music could have been so excellent as this." Various interesting notices are recorded of his relations with this ducal court. As he was on his way to Tse, he saw, by the side of the Tae mountain, a woman weeping and wailing beside a grave. Confucius bent forward in his carriage, and after listening to her for some time, sent Taze-loo to inquire the cause of her grief. "You weep as if you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow," said Taze-loo. The woman replied, "It is so. My husband's father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also; and now my son has met the same fate." Confucius asked her why she did not remove from the place, and on her answering, "there is here no oppressive government," he turned to his disciples and said, "My children, remember this, oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger." Dr Legge mentions this as a good specimen of the way in which Confucius turned occurring matters to account in his intercourse with his disciples. Finding his doctrines not much relished in Tse, he returned to Loo, and for the long period of fifteen years he remained without any official employment. It being a time of great disorder, he studiously kept aloof from political affairs, and occupied himself in prosecuting his researches into the history, poetry, ceremonies, and music of the empire. It is said that about this time he divorced his wife, but it is a disputed point, and the weight of evidence is against it. When he died, his son Le mourned for her even beyond the usual time. One of the disciples one day asked of

Le, "Have you heard any lessons from your father different from what we have all heard?" "No;" said Le, "he was standing alone once when I was passing through the court with hasty steps, and said to me, 'Have you read the Odes?' On my replying, 'Not yet,' he added, 'If you do not learn the Odes you will not be fit to converse with.' Another day, in the same place, and the same way, he said to me, 'Have you read the Rules of Propriety?' On my replying, 'Not yet,' he added, 'If you do not learn the Rules of Propriety, your character cannot be established.' I have heard only these two things from him." The disciple was delighted, and observed, "I asked one thing, and I have got three things. I have heard about the Odes. I have heard about the Rules of Propriety. I have also heard that the superior man maintains a distant reserve towards his son."

About this time, one Yang Ho, one of the aspirants to political power in the state of Loo, wished to see Confucius, but Confucius would not go to see him. On this, he sent a present of a pig to Confucius, who, choosing a time when Ho was not at home, went to pay his respects for the gift. Ho met him however on the way. "Come, let me speak with you," said the officer. "Can he be called benevolent who keeps his jewel in his bosom, and leaves his country to confusion?" Confucius replied, "No." "Can he be called wise who is anxious to engage in public employment, and yet is constantly losing the opportunity of being so?" Confucius again said, "No." The other added, "The days and months are passing away; the years do not wait for us." Confucius said, "Right; I will go into office." Towards the end of the year B.C. 501, he became chief magistrate of the town of Chung-too, and here he produced a marvellous reformation of the manners of the people in a short time. He enacted rules for the nourishment of the living, and all observances to the dead. Different food was assigned to the old and the young, and different burdens were assigned to the strong and the weak. Males and females kept apart from each other in the street. A thing dropt on the road was not picked up. There was no fraudulent carving of vessels. Inner coffins were made four inches thick, and the outer ones five. Graves were made on the high grounds, and no trees planted about them. Within twelve miles the princes of the states all about wished to imitate his style of administration. The Duke Ting, surprised at what he saw, asked whether his rules could be employed to govern a whole state, and Confucius told him they might be applied to the whole empire. On this the Duke appointed him assistant superintendent of works, in which capacity he surveyed the lands of the state, and made many improvements in agriculture. He was afterwards made minister of crime, and the appointment, it is said, was enough to put an end to crime. No offenders showed themselves.

Some pleasing incidents are here related, showing Confucius's skill in foiling, and his courage in defying the lawless barons and chiefs of the different states. As a minister of state, he, with the assistance of two of his disciples who had also entered into civil employment,

boldly aimed at the destruction of the fortified cities and castles of these audacious and turbulent chiefs, and in this he did for China what Richelieu did for France; he curbed the power of the nobles, and strengthened that of the sovereign. His own authority in the state became thus greatly increased. "He strengthened the ducal house, and weakened the private families. He exalted the sovereign, and depressed the ministers. A transforming government went abroad. Dishonesty and dissoluteness were ashamed, and hid their heads. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of the men, and chastity and docility those of the women. Strangers came in crowds from other states. Confucius became the idol of the people, and flew in songs throughout their mouths."

As the fame of the reformations in Loo went abroad, the neighbouring princes began to be afraid. The Duke of Tse said, "With Confucius at the head of its government, Loo will become supreme among the states, and Tse, which is nearest to it, will be the first to be swallowed up." By a crafty device of one of this Duke's ministers, a present of eighty of the most beautiful girls, with musical and dancing instruments, and a hundred and twenty of the finest horses, were sent as a present to the Duke Ting of Loo. The bait took. The prince was captivated. The lessons of Confucius were forgotten, and the sage himself was neglected. "Master," said Tsze-loo to Confucius, "it is time for you to be going." And the sage went forth to thirteen years of homeless wandering. We find him next in the state of Wei, in his fifty-sixth year, sad, melancholy, and depressed. The reigning Duke of Wei, though a worthless, dissipated man, could not however neglect a visitor of such eminence as Confucius, whose fame had again preceded him, and he assigned to Confucius a revenue of 60,000 measures of grain. The Duke of Wei was married to a lady of the house of Sung, named Nan-tsze, notorious for her intrigues and wickedness. She sought an interview with the sage, and though doubtless himself innocent of all thought of evil, his disciple Tsze-loo complained that his master should even reluctantly have been in the company of such a woman. But Confucius, to re-assure him, swore an oath, saying, "Wherein I have done improperly, may Heaven reject me! may Heaven reject me!" In riding through the streets of the capital one day, which he had been invited to do by the Duke, the ducal conveyance in which was Nan-tsze going first, and Confucius following in his carriage, he was ashamed at hearing the people cry out at sight of the incongruity, "Lust in the front; virtue behind;" and observed, "I have not seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty." At the house of an old friend where he had formerly been entertained, he found the master dead, and the family weeping, and went in to condole with them. On coming out, he told Tsze-kung to take one of the horses from the carriage, and give it as a contribution to the expenses of the occasion. "You never did such a thing," remonstrated Tsze-kung, "at the funeral of any of your disciples; is it not too great a gift on this occasion of the death of an old host?" "When I went in," replied

Confucius, my presence brought a burst of grief from the chief mourner, and I joined him with my tears. I dislike the thought of my tears not being followed by anything. Do it, my child."

Confucius did not remain long at Wei, and went next to the state of Chin. On his way thither, he was attacked by an ill-minded officer of Sung, who heard of his practising ceremonies with his disciples under the shade of a large tree, and who sent a band of men to pull down the tree and kill the philosopher. The disciples were alarmed, but Confucius observed, "Heaven has produced the virtue that is in me; what can Hwan Tuy do to me?" After their escape from this danger, Tsze-kung found himself separated from his master, and, when looking for him, was told by a native of the district that there was a man standing by the east gate, with a forehead like Yaou, a neck like Kaou-yaou, and altogether having the disconsolate appearance of a stray dog. Tsze-kung knew it was his master, and after rejoining him repeated to his great amusement the description which the man had given of him. "The bodily appearance," said Confucius, "is but a small matter, but to say I was like a stray dog—capital! capital!" On leaving Chin to go to the state of Tsou, their provisions became exhausted by the way, and he and his disciples being reduced to extremity, Tsze-loo said to the master, "Has the superior man indeed to endure in this way?" Confucius answered him, "The superior man may indeed have to endure want, but the mean man when he is in want gives way to unbridled license." Then he proceeded to She, the chief of which dependency being puzzled about his visitor, asked Tsze-loo what he should think of him, but the disciple did not venture a reply. When Confucius heard of it, he said to Tsze-loo, "Why did you not say to him,—he is simply a man who in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgets his food, who in the joy of its attainment forgets his sorrows, and who does not perceive that old age is coming on?" On the duke asking afterwards about good government, Confucius replied, "Good government obtains when those who are near are made happy, and those who are afar off are attracted." Arrived at Tsou, the ruler of that great fief of the empire, who called himself a king, received the philosopher with great honour, and proposed to endow him with a considerable territory, but was dissuaded by his prime minister, who said to him, "Has your majesty any officer who could discharge the duties of an ambassador like Tsze-kung? or any one so qualified for a premier as Yen Hwuy? or any one to compare as a general with Tsze-loo? The kings Wan and Wou, from their hereditary dominions, of a hundred *le*, rose to the sovereignty of the empire. If Kung-Kew (the Chinese name of Confucius), with such disciples to be his ministers, get the possession of any territory, it will not be to the prosperity of Tsou." On this remonstrance the king gave up his purpose, and we soon find the philosopher back again in Wei, where he remained for five or six years. About this time his most beloved disciple Yen Hwuy died, on which occasion Confucius exclaimed in grief, "Alas! Heaven is destroying me! Heaven is destroying me!"

His disciple Yen Yew having about this time conducted some successful military operations against Tse, in the service of Ke Kang, the head of the great Ke clan of Loo, was asked by the chief how he had obtained his military skill—from nature or by learning? He replied that he had learned it from Confucius, and entered into a glowing eulogy of the philosopher. The chief declared that he would bring Confucius home again to Loo. "If you do so," said the disciple, "see that you do not let mean men come between you and him." On this, three officers were sent to Wei, with appropriate presents, to invite the wanderer home. The invitation arrived at an opportune time. The philosopher had just been consulted a little before by an officer of Wei, where he was residing, about how he should conduct a feud with another officer, and disgusted at being referred to on such a subject, he ordered his carriage and prepared to leave the state, exclaiming, "The bird chooses its tree, the tree does not choose its bird." The officer endeavoured to excuse himself, and to prevail on Confucius to remain in Wei, and just at this juncture the messengers from Loo arrived. Confucius was kindly received at Loo by the Duke Gae, but he no longer had weight in the guidance of state affairs. The same year of his return to Loo, Ke Kang sent Yen Yew to ask his opinion about an additional impost which he wished to lay upon the people, but Confucius refused to give any reply, telling the disciple privately his disapproval of the proposed measure. It was carried out, however, in the following year, by the agency of Yen, on which occasion, says Dr Legge, "I suppose it was that Confucius said to the other disciples, 'He is no disciple of mine; my little children, beat the drum and assail him.'" In the following year, B.C. 482, his son Le died, which event he bore with more equanimity than he did that of his disciple Yen Hwuy. Confucius was now 69 years of age, and during the remaining five years of his life, he addressed himself to the completion of his literary labours. He wrote a preface to the Shoo-king; carefully digested the rites and ceremonies determined by the wisdom of the ancient kings and sages; collected and arranged the ancient poetry, and undertook the reform of music. Then the pieces in the Imperial Songs and Praise Songs all found their proper place. He devoted much study to the Yih-king, saying, "If some years were added to my life, I would give fifty to the study of the Yih, and then I might come to be without great faults." During the two last years of his life, he completed his history of the Tsun Tsaw. These two words signify Spring and Autumn, and the book is a historical summary of the principal events occurring throughout the empire, every word in it being expressive, it is said, of the true character of the actors and events described. Mencius compares the composition of it to Yu, the Chinese Noah's, regulation of the waters of the deluge, and makes the one as great an achievement as the other. He says also, "Confucius completed the Spring and Autumn, and rebellious ministers and villanous sons were struck with terror."

The manner of Confucius's death, with Dr Legge's reflections

thereon, we extract entire from these learned and interesting Prolegomena :—

"Early one morning, we are told, he got up, and with his hands behind his back, dragging his staff, he moved about by his door, crooning over,—

'The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break;
And the wise man wither away like a plant.'

After a little, he entered the house and sat down opposite the door. Taze-kung had heard his words, and said to himself, 'If the great mountain crumble, to what shall I look up? If the strong beam break, and the wise man wither away, on whom shall I lean? The master, I fear, is going to be ill.' With this he hastened into the house. Confucius said to him, 'Tsze, what makes you so late?' According to the statutes of Hea, the corpse was dressed and confined at the top of the eastern steps, treating the dead as if he were still the host. Under the Yin, the ceremony was performed between the two pillars, as if the dead were both host and guest. The rule of Chow is to perform it at the top of the western steps, treating the dead as if he were a guest. I am a man of Yin, and last night I dreamed that I was sitting with offerings before me between the two pillars. No intelligent monarch arises; there is not one in the empire that will make me his master. My time has come to die." So it was. He went to his couch, and after seven days expired. Such is the account which we have of the last hours of the great philosopher of China. His end was not unimpressive, but it was melancholy. He sank behind a cloud. Disappointed hopes made his soul bitter. The great ones of the empire had not received his teachings. No wife nor child was by to do the kindly offices of affection for him. Nor were the expectations of another life present with him as he passed through the dark valley. He uttered no prayer, and he betrayed no apprehensions: Deep-treasured in his own heart may have been the thought that he had endeavoured to serve his generation by the will of God, but he gave no sign. 'The mountain falling came to nought, and the rock was removed out of his place. So death prevailed against him and he passed; his countenance was changed, and he was sent away.'

A deeply interesting chapter follows, on Confucius's influence and opinions. Respecting the former, it is stated :—

"Confucius died, as we have seen, complaining that of all the princes of the empire, there was not one who would adopt his principles and obey his lessons. He had hardly passed from the stage of life, when his merit began to be acknowledged. When the Duke Gae heard of his death, he pronounced his eulogy in the words, 'Heaven has not left to me the aged man. There is none now to assist me on the throne. Woe is me! Alas! O venerable Ne!'"*

Ere long his authority began to prevail throughout the whole land. Emperors made pilgrimages to his tomb, knelt in the dust in adoration of the sage, and erected temples for his worship. In the year of our Lord 1, the Emperor Ping conferred on Confucius the honorary designation, "The Duke Ne, All-complete and Illustrious." Five hundred years afterwards this was changed to, "The Venerable Ne, the Accomplished Sage;" and in later ages to, "Kung, the Ancient Teacher, Accomplished and Illustrious, All-complete, the Perfect

* "Ne"—another name for Confucius.

Sage;" and finally to, "Kung, the Ancient Teacher, the Perfect Sage." At his worship, the spirit of Confucius is supposed to be present, and is thus invoked by the Emperor at the Imperial College:—

"Great art thou, O Perfect Sage! Thy virtue is full; Thy doctrine is complete. Among mortal men there has not been thine equal. Thy statutes and laws have come gloriously down. Thou art the Pattern in this Imperial School. Reverently have the sacrificial vessels been set out. Full of awe, we sound our drums and bells. . . . I, The Emperor, offer a sacrifice to the philosopher Kung, the Ancient Teacher, the Perfect Sage, and say, O Teacher, in virtue equal to Heaven and Earth, whose doctrines embrace the past time and the present, thou didst digest and transmit the six classics, and didst hand down lessons for all generations. Now in this second month of spring, (or autumn), in reverent observance of the old statutes, with victims, silks, spirits, and fruits, I carefully offer sacrifice to thee. With thee are associated the philosopher Yen, continuator of thee; the philosopher Tsang, exhibitor of thy fundamental principles; the philosopher Tse-tse, transmitter of thee; and the philosopher Mang, second to thee. Mayest thou enjoy the offerings."

The whole body of the people of China also do homage to his memory. For two thousand years he has reigned supreme, and his authority undisputed. He is taught in all the schools and colleges of China. His works, together with the other classics, are the textbooks. Every boy at school, every literary man, every mandarin, have their minds thoroughly saturated with his thoughts and imbued with his principles. "Whatever the other opinions or faith of a Chinese may be," says Sir John Davis, "he takes good care to treat Confucius with respect." His immediate disciples have made him out to be far superior to Yaou and Shun, and have designated him "The Equal of Heaven." The Duke of Tse once asked one of his disciples how his master was to be ranked as a sage. "I do not know," was the reply, "I have all my life had the heaven over my head, but I do not know its height; and the earth under my feet, but I do not know its thickness. In my serving of Confucius, I am like a thirsty man who goes with his pitcher to the river, and there he drinks his fill, without knowing the river's depth." A chief of Loo having spoken revilingly of Confucius, Tse-kung said, "It is of no use doing so. Chung-ne cannot be reviled. The talents and virtues of other men are hillocks and mounds which may be stepped over. Chung-ne is the sun or moon, which it is not possible to step over. Although a man may wish to cut himself off from the sage, what harm can he do to the sun and moon?" And finally, in the Chung Yung his eulogium is thus pronounced:—

"He may be compared to heaven and earth, in their supporting and containing, their overshadowing, and curtaining all things. He may be compared to the four seasons in their alternating progress, and to the sun and moon in their respective shining. . . . It is only he, possessed of all sagely qualities that can exist under heaven, who shows himself quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intelligence, and all-embracing knowledge, fitted to exercise rule; magnanimous, generous, benign, and mild, fitted to exercise forbearance; impulsive, energetic, firm

and enduring, fitted to maintain a firm hold; self-adjusted, grave, never swerving from the Mean, and correct, fitted to command reverence; accomplished, distinctive, concentrative, and searching, fitted to exercise discrimination. All-embracing is he, and vast, deep and active as a fountain, sending forth in their due seasons his virtues. All-embracing and vast, he is like heaven. Deep and active as a fountain, he is like the abyss. He is seen, and the people all reverence him; he speaks, and the people all believe him; he acts, and the people all are pleased with him. Therefore his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom, and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ships and carriages reach; wherever the strength of man penetrates; wherever the heavens overshadow and the earth sustains; wherever the sun and moon shine; wherever frosts and dews fall; all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honour and love him. Hence it is said,—“He is the equal of Heaven.”

Confucius's own estimate of himself, however, is much more moderate. In the 7th Book of the *Analects* he says:—“The sage and the man of perfect virtue;—how dare I rank myself with them? It may simply be said of me, that I strive to become such without satiety, and teach others without weariness.” “In letters I am perhaps equal to other men, but the character of the superior man, carrying out in his conduct what he professes, is what I have not yet attained to.” “I am not one who was born in the possession of knowledge; I am one who is fond of antiquity, and earnest in seeking it there.” “A transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients, I venture to compare myself with our old Pang.” In forming an estimate of the character of his teaching, it is to be observed, that while there is very much that is good, there is much that is defective, and somewhat that is erroneous. As a specimen of the latter, he inculcates revenge as a duty; and of the former, he altogether ignores and passes by in utter and studied silence, the teaching of the earlier sages respecting SHANG TE, the Supreme Being, and his attributes, together with all allusion to a future state.

Many of the sayings of Confucius in the *Lun-Yu*, or *Analects*, are worthy of observation, especially those in the 4th Book on the subject of perfect virtue. For example:—

“The Master said, It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighbourhood. If a man, in selecting his residence, do not fix on one where such prevail, how can he be wise?—The Master said, A scholar whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with.—The Master said, The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort.—The Master said, The mind of the superior man is conversant with righteousness; the mind of the mean man is conversant with gain.—The Master said, When we see men of worth, we should think of equalling them; when we see men of a contrary character, we should turn inwards, and examine ourselves.—The Master said, The faults of men are characteristic of the class to which they belong; by observing a man's faults, it may be known that he is virtuous.—The Master said, The reason why the ancients did not readily give utterance to their words, was that they were afraid lest their actions should not come up to them.—The Master said, Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practises it will have neighbours.”

His utterances are often pithy, and display much knowledge of

character. Thus, "Tze-loo asked how a sovereign should be served. The Master said, Do not impose on him, and, moreover, withstand him to his face." "Fan-che asked about benevolence. The Master said, It is to love all men. He asked about knowledge. The Master said, It is to know all men." "Tze-loo, on his first interview with his master, was asked by him what he was fond of, and he replied, 'My long sword.' Confucius said, 'If to your present ability, there were added the results of learning, you would be a very superior man.' 'Of what advantage would learning be to me?' asked Tze-loo, 'there is a bamboo on the southern hill, which is straight itself without being bent. If you cut it down and use it, you can send it through a rhinoceros' hide. What is the use of learning?' 'Yes,' said the Master, 'but if you feather it, and point it with steel, will it not penetrate more deep?' Tze-loo bowed twice, and said, 'I will reverently receive your instructions.'" The sage could also be sarcastic and severe at times:—"Yuen Jang was squatting on his heels, and so waited the approach of the Master, who said to him, 'In youth, not humble, as befits a junior; in manhood, doing nothing worthy of being handed down; and living on to old age:—this is to be a pest.' With this he hit him on the shank with his staff."—"A youth of the village of Keueh was employed by Confucius to carry the messages between him and his visitors. Some one asked about him, saying, 'I suppose he has made great progress.' The Master said, 'I observe that he is fond of occupying the seat of full-grown men; I observe he walks shoulder to shoulder with his elders. He is not one who is seeking to make progress in learning. He wishes quickly to become a man.'" Further, "The Master said, Anciently, men had their failings, which now, perhaps, are not to be found. The high-mindedness of antiquity showed itself in a disregard of small things; the high-mindedness of the present day shows itself in wild license. The stern dignity of antiquity showed itself in grave reserve; the stern dignity of the present day shows itself in quarrelsome perverseness. The stupidity of antiquity showed itself in straight-forwardness; the stupidity of the present day shows itself in sheer deceit. The Master said, Fine words and an insinuating appearance are seldom associated with virtue. The Master said, Of all people, girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility. If you maintain a reserve towards them, they are discontented."

In the Tenth Book of the *Lun Yu*, we find some interesting personal notices of the sage, descriptive of his ways and manners in a variety of circumstances. This chapter is headed "The Village." It contains hardly any of his own sayings, and is very Boswellian:—

"Confucius in his village looked simple and sincere, as if he were not able to speak.—When he was waiting at Court, and speaking to the officers of the lower grade, he spake freely, but in a straightforward manner; in speaking to the officers of the higher grade, he did so blandly, but precisely. When the prince was present, his manner displayed respectful uneasiness; it was grave, but self-possessed. When he was carrying the sceptre

of his prince, he seemed to bend his body, as if he were not able to bear its weight. His countenance seemed to change, and look apprehensive, and he dragged his feet along as if they were held by something to the ground.—He did not use a deep purple, or a puce colour in the ornaments of his dress. Even in his undress he did not wear any thing of a red or reddish colour. In warm weather he had a single garment either of coarse or fine texture, but he wore it displayed over an inner garment. Over lamb's fur he wore a garment of black; over fawn's fur, one of white; and over fox's fur, one of yellow.—He required his sleeping dress to be half as long again as his body.—When fasting, he thought it necessary to have his clothes brightly clean, and made of linen cloth. When fasting, he thought it necessary to change the place where he commonly sat in the apartment.—He did not dislike to have his rice finely cleaned, nor to have his minced meat cut small. He did not eat rice which had been injured by heat or damp, and turned sour, nor fish or flesh which was gone. He did not eat any thing which was not in season. He did not eat meat which was not cut properly, nor what was served without its proper sauce. Though there might be a large quantity of meat, he would not allow what he took to exceed the due proportion for the rice. It was only in wine that he laid down no limit for himself, but he did not allow himself to get confused by it.—When eating he did not converse. When in bed he did not speak. Although his food might be coarse rice and vegetable soup, he would offer a little of it in sacrifice with a grave, respectful air. If his mat was not straight he did not sit down on it.—When the villagers were going through their ceremonies, to drive away pestilential influences, he put on his court robes, and stood on the eastern steps.—When he was sending complimentary inquiries to any one in another State, he bowed twice as he escorted the messenger away.—The stable being burned down when he was at court, on his return he said, 'Has any man been burnt?' He did not ask about the horses.—When any of his friends died, if he had no relation who could be depended on for the necessary offices, he would say, 'I will bury him.'—When he saw any one in mourning dress, though it might be an acquaintance, he would change countenance; when he saw any one wearing the cap of full dress, or a blind person, though he might be in undress, he would salute them in a ceremonious manner. To any person in mourning, he bowed forward to the cross-bar of his carriage; he bowed in the same way to any one bearing the tables of population.—On a sudden clap of thunder, or violent wind, he would change countenance.—When he was about to mount his carriage, he would stand straight, holding the cord. When he was in the carriage, he did not turn his head quite round, he did not talk hastily, he did not point with his hands.—When he was eating by the side of a mourner, he never ate to the full.—He did not sing on the same day in which he had been weeping.—On four subjects he did not talk:—Extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, and spiritual beings.—There were four things which he taught:—Letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness.—He angled, but did not use a net. He shot, but not at birds perching.—The Master was mild, and yet dignified; majestic, and yet not fierce; respectful, and yet easy."

Finally, it is said that he was tall in person, and swarthy in complexion. Images of him in China represent him as very dark in colour.

Thus have we presented the curious reader with a *resumé* of the contents of this remarkable volume. Of the vast amount of labour and study involved in its preparation, we can have no conception. We most heartily thank the learned author for the gratification which

his work has afforded us. We believe that the life of Confucius, as related by him, drawn from original sources, and merely skimmed over by us, will be regarded as altogether a new life and history of the sage, such as has never before been given in any European language. Dr Legge's own estimate of the sage is not so high as that which many of his readers will be disposed to form. The reasons which he gives are weighty, and it is very evident that all his conclusions on the subject have been carefully and independently formed. But, after all, there must have been something extraordinary and wonderful in the character of a man who has wielded so vast and undeniable an influence over so many hundreds of millions of the human race, and that for so many hundreds of years. It would be a pity, too, if the more we know of Confucius, the less highly we are to think of him. For human nature loves to have its heroes and great men to look up to. But although we may regret it, we are not surprised to hear Dr Legge confessing that Confucius appears less of a sage to him now, after having "seen him at his table, in his bed-chamber, in his undress, and in his carriage." Probably this may be but another illustration of the proverbial effect produced by familiarity, and perhaps also to our own view of his hero distance may be lending its usual enchantment. At all events, we never could think Johnson less a great man even after being trotted out by Boswell. And let it be remembered that Confucius has had scores of Boswells, who, with untiring patience and affectionate zeal, have recorded his most trifling peculiarities. In the character of both these illustrious men, veneration was a leading feature, but most certainly the foibles of Johnson were much more numerous and ridiculous than any we find recorded of Confucius. And since the Chinese sage has, on the whole, come so well through such an ordeal of ardent attachment and almost blind idolatry on the part of his disciples and biographers, we may justly conclude that if he is not to be considered a great man, he was yet one of the greatest that China has produced.

THE STORY OF THE HON. MAJOR AND MRS YELVERTON.*

WE are about to enter on a most interesting and curious investigation. The title of our article may seem to be out of date and exhausted, but what we have to say on it has never been said before. The lawyers have had their own time of the case, and done their best to strangle it, but our time comes now. We have given them every attention—we have listened with the rapt wonderment of a three years'

* The references in this Article are to the unabridged report of the Dublin case of *Thelwall v. Yelverton*, published by Vickers, London; and to the several printed papers in the case, *Yelverton v. Yelverton*, now before the Court of Session, on its way to the House of Lords.

child, to writs of summons, bills of exception, closed records, revised condescendences, pleas in law, statements of facts, conjoined actions, declarators of putting to silence, and other outlandish and heathenish weapons of the lawyers, and have been none the better but much the worse in understanding what they really aimed at. It is very hard that these estimable gentlemen cannot go through their simplest country dance, without persuading themselves that they are wearing hand-cuffs and fetters. If brother Roundabout lift or stretch his foot by the estimation of a single hairsbreadth beyond the statutory provision, brother Sitstill takes convulsions, and on recovering, protests against it, as such an outrageous violation of propriety and rule as will certainly bring the law and lawyers into contempt. So, round they go, like dervishes, and dance their measure, and ruin families and break hearts, and all according to law. Hark ye, law is iniquity when it inflicts or protects a wrong; and it is a bitter thing to be the grindstone on which what is acknowledged to be a rusty nail, is filed off. But we have no quarrel with the law—it is of our own making—it is intended for the vindication of the right, and the administration of justice between man and man. In a country like ours, however, and a civilization like ours, the active profession of the law has a tendency towards *monomania*. The enthusiastic lawyer tries to divest himself of his humanity and common sense, and often succeeds too well in doing so. He puts himself on an intellectual railway on which alone his engine can work. He can move backwards and forwards, but he can do nothing else. The garden of Eden may be on his right hand—he cannot reach it; the valley of Hinnom may be before him—he cannot avoid it. His very professional habits gather round him a cloud which eclipses everything but the imperfect and iron directory of statute. This accounts for the portentous fact that a good lawyer is rarely, if ever, a good legislator; for the qualities most needed in the one capacity, deteriorate those most valuable in the other. We are proud to remember that in this country there have been lawyers distinguished for every accomplishment in the whole circle of knowledge, but they were the men who knew and saw the danger of their professional studies, and with a higher resolve conjoined their devoirs to Themis with a deep and respectful attention to Minerva. The mere lawyer is an intellectual machine—a cunning serpent coiling itself in a tube. Do not suppose that we think more hardly of the legal profession than of any other. It is the narrow-mindedness, the dark tunnel-path of a single pursuit that we dread. The mere physician is a walking medical dictionary—an ill-favoured repository of disagreeables—a man whose talk is physic—but with general accomplishment, who so welcome and valued in educated society? The mere clergyman is in the same condemnation. He is a scarecrow on the road of life, and runs a thousand chances to one of becoming a Pharisee. He is greatly helped by his intercourse with his people, and by the amenities of social life, but he would be more than human if, with the pulpit all to himself, and the reverential respect universally paid to his office, he did not sometimes lord it over

the heritage, and assume an authority which he never received. We venture to assert that the clergy who do most good, are those who think least about the prerogatives of their office—men thoroughly human as our Divine Master was, men brotherly in all their intercourse with others, and eschewing that professional jargon which, when it means anything, means what is not right. There is nothing more offensive than clerical slang—but *pour retourner a nos moutons*.

We mean to hold a court. One feature of the laws of the Medes and Persians shall be ours, for as our judgment is come to with most careful deliberation, we shall never alter it. We shall throw aside the stilts on which some learned persons have been performing—we shall even tear up the rails on which they have for weary years taken their little daily drive—and we shall walk hither and thither over the whole field of investigation, demanding explanations where we choose, calling what witnesses we think best—and asking no man's leave. Our jury is every man and woman of common sense and intelligence. A certain lord of Session may hold up his hands in amazement at our procedure, but this is our court and not his, and should he prove obstreperous, we shall certainly commit him as flagrantly as he has committed himself, and probably send him to a boys' school to study the rudiments of Italian during the vacation, for the benefit of future Yelverton cases. But there is some stir in the court. Make way for my Lord Chief Justice Monahan from Dublin, whom we are delighted and honoured to see. My Lord, there is a seat for you on the bench.

Lord Chief Justice.—Before this court proceed with this remarkable case, I may be pardoned for mentioning that I presided at the trial in Dublin of the case *Thelwall v. Yelverton*, which, virtually, is the very same with this action. A most intelligent jury found that there were both a Scottish and Irish marriage, and the verdict of that jury is still the rule of law in the Queen's dominions.

A most important and pertinent remark my Lord, for which the court has to thank you. We shall not lose sight of it.

Who are all these people, apparently a little nervous, and waiting in the adjoining room? That young lady, with fair hair, blue eyes, oval face, sprightly and blithe expression, and *very smart bonnet*, is Miss Crabbe, a most lady-like person. You cannot but observe considerable force of character in her face, but it is open and honest. She is the companion of Mrs Yelverton, and we will hear more of her in a little. The dark-eyed, dark-brown, straight-haired, starched, artificial female behind her, thin and so short that she must stand on tiptoe to get a glimpse of the court, is Miss Macfarlane, a nun who might almost be accounted well-looking were it not for her mouth. You see that tall, ill-shaped, angular old maid, with dark hair, dark little piercing eyes, and a distressing expression of helplessness—she is Rose Fagan from Rathcoffey, but it is not likely that she will be examined to-day. The other woman visible in the doorway, with a round, white, puffy face, deeply marked with small-pox, grey eyes that will not look straight at you, course dark hair,

pug nose, and sensual mouth, is Biddy Cole from Rosstrevor. But who is that gross, dark, sallow, narrow-headed man behind her—he has a most forbidding look? Hush, ask no more questions, but since you have asked this one, we may tell you that he is the Reverend Father Bernard Mooney, priest of Kilbroney, in the diocese of Dromore. The person at his back,—small, dry, wiry, bloodless, seeing without looking and feeling without touching, is Bishop John Pius Leahy of Dromore. You must now gather all your information from what takes place before us.

The case is between the Hon. Major William Charles Yelverton, of the Royal Artillery, and Maria Theresa Longworth or Yelverton, who alleges that she is his wife.

“But that cannot be,” says Mrs Forbes Y., “for he was married to me at Newhaven on the 26th June 1858. I can call Dean Ramsay, and many others, who can speak to my marriage, besides Lord Ardmillan.”

Officer of court, remove Mrs Forbes Y. She has no title to appear here at present. Shut her up with her eldest child, about whose exact age we may afterwards be curious to enquire. Major Yelverton, what have you got to say?

I have to say that the case should not be gone into at all, and that I have evidence to offer which will make all farther procedure unnecessary. I propose to call several gentlemen whom I have met in society, and with whom I have dined, who will swear that up to June 1858, they believed me a bachelor. Here is Mr John de Burgho Dwyer, nephew of General Dwyer of Ballyquirk Castle, in the County Tipperary, who has known me for twenty years,¹ and as during these twenty years we have rarely met, and I have been little in that county, he cannot know much evil of me. Here is Mr Thomas Butler Stoney of Portland, in the same county, who saw me in the parish church of Lorrha, with my father's family, in the year 1837.² Here is Major Harrington Hawes, all the way from Corfu, of Her Majesty's 9th Regiment of Foot, and who married my sister. He can tell that “on several occasions,” I accompanied him to church.³ Here, also, is Mr James Blackwood, Stockbroker, Edinburgh, who became acquainted with me through Colonel Hamley of the Artillery, and who met me several times in society at his brother's house, and at Leith Fort, and who regarded me as an unmarried man.⁴ Here is also the gallant Lieutenant Arthur Rait, who knew me pretty well, and looked on me as a bachelor, though the fellow lets out with a benediction that I was sometimes away from Leith Fort, and that I did not mess at the Castle.⁵ Here too is Major Francis Chalmers of Larbert House, with whom I visited no less than twice,⁶ and as I said nothing on the subject he believed me unmarried. Here too is Mr J. Forbes Walker Drummond, who met me “not very often, but several times,” and who regarded me as a single man.⁷ I have only two more witnesses on this matter in my list. The one is Captain,

¹ Defender's Proof, p. 49, D.

⁴ P. 108, A.

⁵ P. 108, E.

² P. 50, G.

⁶ P. 108, G.

³ P. 52, F.

⁷ P. 117, D.

the Hon. Charles Wrottesley of the Staffordshire Militia, who was in Edinburgh from December 1857 till August 1858, who met me in society and considered me an unmarried man.¹ The other and the last is Mr John Blackwood, Publisher in Edinburgh, in whose house I have dined "occasionally," who has dined with me at the Castle and Leith Fort, but who scurvily will not remember of meeting me otherwise in society, and who regarded me as "a single man."² This is what I have to say—and I think it proves that I was a Protestant, and a bachelor till June 1858.

Major Yelverton, your protestantism is in the mean time let alone, and the evidence on the other matter is of no value. If you had been designated a *singular man*, instead of a single one, it would have been more to the point. We recently had the honour of being present at the marriage of a fair friend, when many of the guests, who might have known better, insisted, to the infinite enjoyment of the hostess, that we were still on the list of bachelors. Do you mean to argue that the belief of those casual and "occasional" acquaintances, to which they would all swear, could unmarry us and send us back to the wilderness of celibacy? We cannot allow this procedure. It is not only irregular, but futile: for though all your witnesses should swear to what you say, they would not bring us one inch nearer the real question. Let these gentlemen go home.

Lord Ardmillan.—I must take the liberty of saying—

My Lord, take no liberties. You have an unfortunate and lawless power of speech which seems often to run away with your reason. We have ever thought so, since we once heard you threatening a jury with the ghost of the prisoner, if they dared find him guilty. Major Yelverton, have you anything farther to say?

Yes, I have, and of a preliminary nature still. I have some ideas, you may call them prejudices if you like, as to birth. I must have gentle blood in my wife, and I will make out that as this person has not gentle blood, I could never intend to marry her, and that she could not possibly be my wife, any vow or ceremony notwithstanding.

Go on Sir, we will hear you.

I propose then to call Ann Woodnett, widow of Thomas Woodnett,³ weaver, (a base, plebeian occupation) in Flixton, who will tell you that she suckled this person. Her daughter Abigail will confirm her statement to the best of her recollection, though, to be sure, she makes some very injudicious admissions.⁴

Major Yelverton, what, in the name of all that is reasonable, has this to do with the question of your marriage? We see that the lady has something to remark on what you have said, and in fairness we must hear her.

I am the youngest child of the late Thomas Longworth, Esq., of Smedley Park, Lancashire; and what my husband has now offered to prove is not true. I have with me Mrs Greenrod my nurse, now more than seventy years of age. She attended my mother at my

¹ Defender's Proof, p. 117, F. ² P. 118, C. ³ P. 18, E. ⁴ P. 18, B.

birth, and she can swear that I was suckled by my own mother. Mrs Greenrod was thirty years in my father's service. As to his respectability I can offer evidence to satisfy any human being. My family is not of yesterday, and its credit does not all hang on the prestige of a single individual. Am I taunted about my ancestry? And by whom? My forefathers were men of note when the progenitors of the Viscounts of Avonmore were hewers of wood and drawers of water. Carlo, you need not look so fiercely, for no one knows better than you do, that Burke's story about your connection with the extinct Earls of Sussex is worse than a fable, and does not need to be extinguished. Devonshire Frank, of last century, begins your authentic genealogy. Who, pray, were the Yelvertons in the seventeenth century, when my ancestors were wealthy and powerful, as I show by this important and valuable lease between Hugh Longworth, and James Sigswick in 1654, from our Charter-chest?¹ If the court wish special information as to my father's position, Mr George de Launay swears that "he held a first class position in Manchester,"² and that "the Longworths associated with the best people there."³ Is it necessary that I should refer to any farther witness?

No, madam, not in the least. Up to this moment, Major Yelverton, we cannot conceive what relevant object you can have in forcing these extraneous matters into this simple case. What have you farther to say?

I admit that I have made rather a mess about the parentage, but there is something wrong, for she told me at Galata that her mother died in early life, and that her father was dead—the atheist.⁴

Shame! Shame! Major Yelverton. How unworthy of a gentleman and a man! We would have rebuked this from a petted girl. Go on, Sir, with your case.

Her conduct before I met her was of a light and indelicate kind. I foolishly asserted in a letter,⁵ that her conduct had been blameless. If I had known what was before me I would have taken care to say nothing. I propose to call Mrs Elizabeth Carter or Alsop, and her excellent father, Mr John Carter, public-house keeper in Bolsover.

What is that extraordinary noise in the court? The door is being driven in. It is the entrance of Mr and Mrs Thelwall, Mr C. J. Goodwin, the Countess de Prinssay, Mr Cyprian Loppe, Miss McFarlane, General and Lady Stranbenzee, Sir James Close, the Hon. W. Yelverton and his lady, the ladies of the Ursuline convent at Boulogne, and a host of others. From what some of them are prepared to say, it would be as well that "Liz Carter" should escape by the back entrance, and return instant to her "groceries, tobacco, and fancy goods," and that the excellent John Carter should at once betake himself to his beer-shop. Major Yelverton, we do you a service in dismissing these witnesses. What farther?

I have some doubts as to her legitimacy.⁶ Were her parents

¹ Conj. Proof, p. 8, G.

² P. 11, F.

³ P. 11, G.

⁴ Report, p. 79.

⁵ Corresp. p. 49, F.

⁶ Def. Proof, p. 88.

really married? Here is my respectable friend Mr George Cambell, of 39 David Street, Salford, formerly a rope manufacturer in Manchester, who knew the late Mr Longworth by sight, and has heard it said, that a daughter of Mrs Fox was the mother of his children. He owns however that he also heard that Mr Longworth was married.¹ Rather awkward this! But here is my especial and intimate friend Mr Stephen Richardson, umbrella and parasol maker, of 92 Deansgate, Manchester, who was nineteen years in Mr Longworth's employment. This is the kind of witness for me. But unfortunately he says he knows nothing, though he admits he had heard some scandal.² Here however, is the worthy Mr Thomas Daniel, of 122 Oldham Road, Manchester, but who being interrogated—"so far as you know, was Mr Longworth an unmarried man? depones, I did not know anything about it."³

Major Yelverton, you are getting deeper into the mire by every step. Not only have you proved nothing, but if you had succeeded in proving all that you proposed, it would have been of no avail. Are you not aware, Sir, that your own witnesses contradict you on every point? Mrs Woodnett remembers old Mrs Fox, "the mother of Mrs Longworth,"⁴ and the same fact is even more definitely sworn to by Thomas Consterdine.⁵

Mrs Yelverton. May I not vindicate my mother's honour? I have witnesses by the dozen.

Quite unnecessary, Madam. The case is clear, and we must not squander time.

Lord Ardmillan. I think it due to myself to say—

Nothing, my Lord. You see how you have pompously bungled this case, by admitting allegations and evidence which have nothing to do with it, and perversely excluding valuable evidence under the hallucination that you were dealing with a simple action, instead of two conjoined actions of Declarator. If you say another word, we shall ask the Chief Justice to rebuke you—

Lord Chief Justice. Or send for Mr Whiteside, and Mr Hennessey. Go on Major Yelverton.

Well, I protest that there is no such place as Smedley Park.

Now, Sir, for once listen to reason. Suppose that you prove that there is no such place, what effect will this have on the validity or invalidity of your alleged marriage? But, take your own course.

I produce Mr Thomas Glover, Commission Agent in Manchester, who swears that he never heard of Smedley Park, though to be sure he has often heard of Smedley where Mr Longworth lived.⁶ Here also is Mr Samuel Kershaw, estate-agent in Manchester, who is not aware of any place called Smedley Park.⁷ Here then are two witnesses.

But do you not remember that your own witness, Thomas Daniel, swears that Mr Longworth lived at Smedley Lodge, and that it was a beautiful rural spot?⁸ Mrs Greenrod swears that after his wife's

¹ Def. Proof, p. 89, C.

² P. 88, C.

³ P. 90, C.

⁴ P. 88, F.

⁵ P. 91, F.

⁶ P. 86, D.

⁷ P. 13, F.

⁸ P. 91, D.

death, Mr Longworth went to Smedley House.¹ Mrs Bellamy and Mr de Launay, both swear to the same thing.² Is it of any moment whether we call it Smedley House, Smedley Lodge, or Smedley Park, or even simple Smedley? Take your choice of the names, but do not flatter yourself, Sir, that all this rubbish which blundering people have allowed you to gather, will prevent us from reaching and inspecting the innermost nook of your case. We shall make your darkest recess open to the light of day. Proceed therefore on this understanding.

Well, well! since my out-posts are driven back, and one of my batteries unserviceable, I must even retire upon the main body. At once I deny any marriage or even promise of marriage between this person and myself at any time.

This is coming to the point. But Major Yelverton, there are some letters and facts of a very tender character to be soon before us, which make it painful and harsh to hear you describe the lady beside you as "this person." "*Carissima Theresa mia, penso a te. Addio, carissima, sempre a te. Sempre a te carissima mia, mille baccia et da capo. Sempre penso a te carissima mia.*" But this is merely a question of taste and propriety for yourself. Major and Mrs Yelverton, it may save time and trouble if we make a short statement of certain facts, as to which you are both practically agreed. You met each other for the first time in the year 1852, on board the steamer from Boulogne to London. By the arrival of an excursion train from Paris, a great many persons had come on board before you started. The vessel was much crowded, and on this account you were thrown the more together. Your acquaintance began by an incident about a shawl—you remained on deck during the night—you were both for a time protected by the same plaid, which afterwards occupies a romantic place in your history. Was not that plaid divided, each of you keeping the half and speaking fondly of the time when they would be re-united? You look incredulous, Major Yelverton, but we shall favour you with your own written words on the subject. You wrote to Miss Longworth about the plaid on February 16th 1855, and you said—"It shall be sacred"³—You again referred to it on July 26th⁴. And Miss Longworth feelingly reverts to this ceremony of betrothal in her letter to you from the Stromboli—"I am about to work some spell with the half plaid that will ensure its being made one before we see another new year in together."⁵ Sir Walter Scott has immortalized a similar ceremony in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, which, alas, had also a sad ending. But the case now before us is in every respect as affecting and beautiful as the story in our old song—

"He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa
An' he ga'e me the half o't when he gaed awa!"

We proposed to speak of facts about which you are both practically agreed, but we find it more easily proposed than done. Your voyage

¹ Conj. Proof, p. 5, G.

² P. 8, C; p. 11, F.

³ Corresp. p. 31, G.

⁴ P. 42, G.

⁵ P. 80, D.

from Boulogne to London cannot last for ever, yet no sooner do we land you, than your respective narratives are contradictory. Major Yelverton, your story is that you told Miss Longworth who you were—that you had to go to the Junior United Service Club, and return to London Bridge, in order to go to Woolwich—that she asked you to come to her lodgings where you might have a dressing room—that you accepted this invitation—that you remained about two hours at the house—and that you did not pay any visit afterwards at the same place.¹ You are certain that you never called there again.

Mrs Yelverton, you dissent absolutely and entirely from this statement. You swear that Major Yelverton did *not accompany* you to your lodgings—you also swear positively that he did not come to your house and dress himself there, but you believe that he called next day.² We have thus conflicting statements, and we look about for a solution. Major Yelverton's story is intended to suggest an unfavourable impression about Miss Longworth, but it is very circumstantial, and forces into notice a portmanteau, and a dressing-room in a strange house. Can any one give us information? Not that the matter is very vital, but that it is one of those points by which a man's veracity is best tested. Can Major Yelverton, whose resources and success, with the humbler and less reputable members of society, cannot be denied, produce a Miss Rose Fagan, or a Miss Biddy Cole, who saw him enter that house with Miss Longworth, or knew of his presence there? Any trick here would undoubtedly be attended with great risk, for the actual domestics might be produced. Since then Major Yelverton produces no witness, and leaves this salient point on his own word, we respectfully request the attendance of Mrs Bellamy, with whom Miss Longworth came to live on the occasion referred to. Here is the testimony of that lady—

“The first and only time I ever spoke to Major Yelverton, was when he called *the day after her return from Boulogne*, at the house where I, with my brothers, sister, and cousin, had been for some time residing—but that he occupied any one of the rooms therein, either for dressing or other purpose than conversation with myself and sister, *I positively deny*. He remained some little time, and after offering his services in various ways he left.”³

Major Yelverton, in this court we speak plainly and say what we mean. We do not believe your story, and you know that we are right.

Lord Ardmillan. If you will only refer to my note—

That we shall, my Lord, by and by, in a way which you will not relish. Even your maudlin sympathy with the lady was in bad taste. It was like Calcraft on the scaffold shaking hands with the poor wretch whom he had pinioned, and whom he was there to execute. Proceed Major Yelverton.

In the spring of 1853, she abruptly opened a correspondence with me, by sending a letter from Naples, where she then was, to me at

¹ Closed Record, p. 2.

² Report, p. 20.

³ Mrs B.'s Letter to *Morning Advertiser*, July 12, 1862.

Malta, desiring to have a letter which she enclosed posted at Malta, for a person at Monastir.¹

Well, Major Yelverton, what of that? Do come to something that really bears on your case.

A correspondence ensued, in which I was dilatory and unwilling, leaving many of her letters unanswered.² On the outbreak of the war with Russia in 1854, I went to the Crimea on military duty, but having received promotion I had to return to England in the spring of 1855. She however had gone to Constantinople, *some months before this*, ostensibly as a nurse,³ but in reality to pursue me.

Most happy and enviable of men! But your statement again suggests evil. Is it true, sir? Mrs Yelverton, was this really the state of things?

It is a gross and intentional perversion of facts. Before I went to Constantinople and joined the French sisters of charity, my husband had returned to England with no probability of being sent back to the Crimea. The dates are sufficiently instructed by the following document:—

Copy letter from Captain John Gray, Liverpool, to the Hon. Mrs Yelverton. "Great Britain, S.S., Dec. 7th, 1859. Dear madam, Replying to your letter I beg to say that I have commanded the Great Britain S.S. for the past five years, and perfectly remember Major Yelverton as a passenger from Malta to England in the Great Britain S.S. On referring to the log-book, I find that Major Yelverton embarked at Malta, March the 24th 1855, and landed at Portsmouth, April 4th 1855. I also perfectly remember your proceeding by my ship from Marseilles to Constantinople, when you were going to join the French nurses. On referring to the log-book, I find that you embarked at Marseilles on the 21st May 1855, and landed at Constantinople on the 28th of that month, &c."

When Major Yelverton said that I had left England or France, with the intention of proceeding to the East before I knew of his return home, he stated what can be proved untrue under his own hand, for here is a letter from him before Sebastopol.⁴ "8th March 1855. Cara Theresa. . . . I am promoted and consequently ordered home. . . . Please, write me a line to Malta if time permits." Here is my reply,⁵ dated "Boulogne, 4th April 1855. . . . By a singular fatality I am about to traverse the road you have just left; but for a delay, we should have passed somewhere in the Mediterranean. . . . However I thank God for your safe return." I wrote again from Marseilles on May 10th,⁶ "I trust in heaven they will not send you back to Sebastopol, you must have had quite enough. I was going out in the suite of the Emperatrice, now I shall go with a batch of Soeurs of Charité." I wrote again from Kadi Kenyu. "July 9th,⁷ Bellamy (my brother-in-law), tells me, much to my surprise, *that you have asked for my address*." I beg also to call the attention of the court to Major Yelverton's letter to me from Alderney, dated July 15th.⁸ "I am

¹ Revised Cond. III.

² Ibid. IV.

³ Ibid. IV. p. 4.

⁴ Corresp. p. 84, D. ⁵ P. 84, G. ⁶ P. 87, G. ⁷ P. 40, A. ⁸ P. 41, F.

to depart to-morrow or next day for Sheerness, and from thence eastward again. . . . I wonder where you will have escaped to, when I reach the Bosphorus."

Major Yelverton, what you stated about Miss Longworth's time and reason for going to Constantinople is not true. Your own letters convict you of falsehood.

Perhaps so. But at all events, it was at her own urgent invitation, that I called on her in the hospital at Galata.

Not so fast, sir. We observe in your last letter quoted by Mrs Yelverton, something which gives a new meaning and character to that invitation. It was not ultroneous as you insinuate, for you wrote—"It will be possible for you to let me know your whereabouts on my arrival in the Bosphorus, by leaving a note in care of the Adjutant, Royal Artillery, Scutari, to be kept till called for. Major Chermiside, R. A. is now in that post. I will try and make my coming known to you through the medium of Mr Grace, of whose care I have small opinion."¹

Again, Major Yelverton, your statement was unfair and incorrect. Proceed, sir.

About the letters—

Yes, Major Yelverton, this is more to the point, but as hitherto you have invariably proved yourself in the wrong, we think it reasonable in this instance to call on the lady for an explanation, as some characteristics of the letters require it from her.

Mrs Yelverton.—I am thankfully glad of the opportunity. In a certain note, I am accused of taking the lead throughout all this correspondence, as the most frequent and urgent letter-writer. This is not the case. In the printed correspondence, there are in all one-hundred-and-twenty-two letters, and only fifty-six of these are mine. It does not surprise me that the writer of that note should be as peculiar in his arithmetic, as in his logic and law. But it is alleged that the correspondence is not discreet or becoming. So far as I was concerned, it was carried on in the openness of my heart, and I hope that in judging it, you will not forget the circumstances of my education, and my early motherless life, and also that you will consider that these letters were never intended for other eyes than our own. The standard of propriety is very uncertain and varied. In my homeless wanderings I have had to unlearn in one city what I had been carefully taught in another. What is regarded as strictly correct here, is gross indelicacy elsewhere. But I only refer to this. I appeal to a standard higher and universal. Fathers, brothers, husbands, is not the whisper of tenderest love like the music of an angel to the loved one, and the subject of ridicule and scorn to every one besides? I therefore will not argue or defend myself, but leave this part of my case to the kind hearts of those who have been humanized by woman's love, and who have felt the thrilling and tumultuous joy of receiving fond letters from a darling friend, perhaps in danger and far away. I am accused too of forgetting maidenly delicacy in addressing Major

¹ Corresp. p. 42, B.

Yelverton by his Christian name. I only did so after his repeated expostulation, and even then I had some misgivings—so much so, that I never at first used our own language in the address, but selected a foreign one. If you knew how ready I have been to censure myself—if you would really consider the correspondence fairly, your judgment would be gentle. Yet to do justice to myself—if I, wronged, misinterpreted, condemned beforehand, can venture to claim justice, I am on this charge altogether innocent. Will you listen to a few facts? On 20th August 1853 he addressed me, “My dear Theresa”¹ and in that letter said, “Return good for evil, and write soon.” But I still addressed him as Mr Yelverton.² Again he wrote “My dear Theresa,”³ and spoke of my sister Mrs Bellamy as “Sara,” and expressed fear that I was displeased at his mode of addressing me, as I persisted in “Captaining and Mistering him.”⁴ I need not go through the correspondence, or quote its universal evidence of my self-respect,

“That would be woo’d and not unsought be won,”

and yet this correspondence, on which I could safely found, is mangled and incomplete. He could tell what he did with many of his own letters which he saw in my possession at Rosstrevor. But on this fraction of the correspondence which has been spared by himself, and which has passed the second and deadly ordeal of a lady’s hand whose interest is antagonistic to mine, I fear not to accept the world’s verdict. I am also accused, accused by one on the judgment seat, of volunteering a long letter to Major Yelverton on the subject of marriage. This was cruel. It was false in the sense in which it was given. My letter is dated Boulogne, March 1st 1855,⁵ but it is a *reply* to a letter on that subject from Major Yelverton, dated Camp before Sebastopol, Feb. 3d, 1855.⁶ That correspondence, mutilated as it is, can sufficiently prove that I was earnestly, honourably, and most perseveringly courted. Woman as I am, I can yet afford to acknowledge that possibly our want of direct personal communication with each other, may have invested me with charms which owed their existence more to his imagination than to myself. But with this admission, I was still the *reality* with whom he so lovingly corresponded—whom he so tenderly counselled—for whose society he so ardently longed. I was “*his own Theresa*,” to whom he allowed himself to be indebted for many little favours, such as presumed mutually requited love. These favours were asked and not volunteered. Such was the nature of our intimacy, that though far apart, we solemnly in spirit began each new year with each other.⁷ Ours was a holy and romantic love. It was a real affection though the object was unseen—it grew intenser though the hearts were far distant. The correspondence proceeds as such a correspondence usually does; but I hope that I have satisfactorily explained the development of the terms of address, and showed that I was honourably sought and woo’d. If my expressions are warm and passionate, are

¹ Corresp. p. 4, A.
² P. 32, C.

³ P. 4, F.
⁴ P. 28, G.

⁵ P. 7, F.
⁷ P. 56, G.

⁴ P. 8, C.

they not merely the echo of the burning words with which my heart was courted, and the natural language of the vow which he had constrained me to undertake? Many of those letters were written in a strange land, when I was surrounded by strangers—by sighs unseemly and unnerving—by the convulsed and mangled bodies of brave men—by the terrors of fever and plague—by the wild groans of suffering which would only be hushed in the long, long sleep—by the dying—by the dead—and I clung with all a woman's heart to the hand that now clasped me, and that for years had been groping for me on the dark waves of the Mediterranean. There was music for my heart in the deep voice at Galata, that melted into tenderness as it spoke of all our separate wanderings and promised me a happy home. Do not think me pedantic, though I seek utterance for my thoughts at that time in the untranslatable words of Andromache, which in happier days I was taught to read—

Εμοὶ δὲ πῃ περὶον ἱστῇ,
 καὶ ἀφαιμαρτύνει, χλοῖα θυμῷ· οὐ γὰρ ἐστ' ἀλλὰ
 ἔσται θάλασσαν, ὡς· αὐτοὶ ποτὶς ποτὶς ἴσως,
 ἀλλ' ἀχί· οὐδὲ μοι ἔσσι πάτερ καὶ ποτὶς μητὴρ.*

Mrs Yelverton, the court is satisfied with your explanation of the correspondence. You have put it in a new and proper light, and in particular, you have proved by unimpeachable evidence that Major Yelverton's insinuation about his visit to the hospital is unfounded. We come now to that visit and to what then took place. We are really getting on. Major Yelverton give us your account of your visit to the hospital.

I called upon her in the French Hospital. The interview was short, but in consequence of her advances, great familiarities ensued.¹

Manly and honourable Major Yelverton! This statement is very vague and general—though, Sir, you should have been ashamed to make it. But we desire to know what took place at this interview. Were you alone? Did you make any proposals to the lady, or any arrangements as to your future correspondence or relation to each other? You are suddenly incommunicative, Major Yelverton, and at this point it is suspicious. We will therefore hear Mrs Yelverton's story.

He said that he had come purposely to see me, and made me an offer of marriage.² He urged me to leave the hospital, lest I should take fever or some other disease. But I said that I could not leave the hospital till the war in the Crimea was over.³ Upon this footing an engagement to delay the marriage was entered into between us.

Major Yelverton, you are very inconsistent in your different state-

* Ere he shall meet his doom,
 'Tis all I ask of heaven, an early tomb;
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

¹ Rev. Cond. IV.
 VOL. XXXIV.

² Report, p. 16.

³ Rev. Cond. p. 40.
 G

ments as to what took place at Galata. At Dublin, before my Lord Chief Justice, who now hears you, you swore that you were for some time in a private room with the lady—that you referred to the probability of your meeting again if she came to the Crimea—that you made some love—that you told her you were under considerable pecuniary difficulties, and that you did mention marriage but did not propose it.¹ In your cross-examination you contradicted yourself essentially, for you swore that marriage was *not mentioned at all*—that no reference was made to your pecuniary circumstances—and that your sole thought and purpose, in that interview in the hospital, were dishonourable and infamous.² You cannot escape from our hands so easily as you did from the feeble grasp of the Lord Ordinary. You swore, in answer to my Lord Chief Justice, that at Galata you did speak of marriage to Miss Longworth—you swore, in answer to Serjeant Sullivan, that marriage was never mentioned:³ you swore, in answer to Serjeant Armstreng, that you then explained to her your pecuniary embarrassment; and you again swore, in answer to Serjeant Sullivan, that these embarrassments were never once referred to. What, sir, have you to say for yourself? There is foul falsehood here by your own oath; and there is no escape from it. Which is the truth? It is not so difficult to be detected as might be supposed. In the convent at Galata, you sat with her on a divan or a sofa during the interview. She refers to this in a letter—"In truth, I am not friends with you Mr Carlo, and you shall never sit on my divan again until you fulfil the promise better that you made there."⁴ "If there is that in *your* position which renders our correspondence painful or burdensome, I say with pain let it cease—*voilà votre épingle de retour*."⁵ But her next letter is far more important and clear:—"I am getting quite sanguine about the money difficulty; if you will only trust me, far less than I have, and am willing to trust you, I feel persuaded I can manage it; women have far more ingenuity and resource than men. I have written to my sister all about it, and I am sure she will find a way out of the labyrinth for us when she finds I will not go alone: besides, by Bellamy's last accounts, there is every prospect of our doubling our income in two or three years. In the mean time, Alcide, who was here still when I arrived, offered me a £100 a year, if I would go with him and be his secretary, write his despatches, and read up the Blue Book. This occupation would just suit me, and then I should not *be able* to spend sixpence. Now supposing you to break through your bond with your uncle, which he has no moral right to impose upon you, for it is tantamount to placing you on the high road to ruin, any just man would pronounce it unrighteous and iniquitous, and the non-fulfilment can leave no stain on your honour or conscience. Nevertheless, you are bound to pay your just debt to him, which we could do in time. I suppose there would be the original debt, the yearly premium on the life policy, and the interest on the premium. The policy could be sold if he does

¹ Report, p. 70, 71.² Corresp. p. 55, C.³ P. 78.⁴ P. 55, D.⁵ Pp. 71-78.

not wish to keep it; and had this been done before the peace, would have brought much more. We could soon pay the original debt, and surely he would wait a little, and not proceed to extremities? . . . After all, it would come nearly to the same thing, whether you lived on your own and gave up mine, or lived on mine and gave up your own."¹ Was there ever letter so conclusive? It is truth itself venturing, in all simplicity, among dangers, where the least deviation from the narrow path could be infallibly discovered and exposed. The money difficulty! your bond with your uncle! the life policy!!! the *we*, who were to pay the original debt!!!! This letter is impregnable. You cannot explain it away. It is one of those weapons which the Judge of all the earth, the God of all truth, leaves on the almost obliterated footpath, that the innocent may find it and take courage. This letter, recovered from the very hands of Major Yelverton, demonstrates, by artless, undesigned, irresistible coincidences, the relation in which you stood to each other after the interview at Galata. It is no longer a question whether you spoke of marriage and proposed it, and were accepted. The domestic economy of your married life was minutely discussed—your mutual resources were carefully estimated—the nature of your money-difficulty was by no means concealed—and there was even more than a common matrimonial engagement established between you, for it was such a deliberate and perfect covenant as led Miss Longworth to provide for the payment of your debt, and to hold her own fortune at your disposal. Is there any human being, with this letter and the antecedent circumstances before him, who doubts for a moment the engagement, the confidential consultation, the consideration of money-difficulties, the plans about marriage? Major Yelverton, the next time you are examined on this matter it would be more consistent to swear that you never were at Galata—that you never wrote to Miss Longworth—and that you never heard of such a person.

You also swore at Dublin, in answer to Serjeant Sullivan, that when you were calling at the convent at Galata, Miss Longworth mentioned that Lady Straubenzee, who had previously known you at Malta, was in the convent at the time.² You could not recollect that you were also told that her Ladyship had asked Miss Longworth to visit her in the Crimea, or that Miss Longworth had consulted you about the safety of making Lady S. your *confidante*. But on a letter being produced, your memory recovered its consciousness, and you had to own the fact. The letter was dated, Galata, August 15, 1855—"Tell me, can we trust Lady Straubenzee? &c."³ Trust her in what? There can only be one answer, Major Yelverton. It could not possibly be your alleged proposal of dishonour and crime. It could only be the matrimonial engagement which you entered into at Galata. It could only be such a secret as you dared mention to a lady. But, proceed, we are all attention.

"She came without intimation or solicitation from me to the Crimea, professedly to visit Lady Straubenzee, the wife of General Strauben-

¹ Corresp. p. 59, B. E.

² P. 80.

³ P. 44 F. G.

zee, but in reality to throw herself in my way. I was displeased with her for coming to the camp on such an errand."¹

Most high and mighty heir of Avonmore, doff the blue uniform of the Royal Artillery, and assume purple and gold. We knew not in our simplicity, that the Crimea was your park, Sebastopol your shooting lodge, Balaclava your boat house, Eupatoria your stable, Inkermann your pheasant preserve, Yenikaleh your larder. May it please your all-possessing majesty, it was unheard of impudence in any one to set foot on the Crimea without your sovereign permission. But you must not be too hard on the Queen for having invaded it. Take your own will, however, at the Emperor of the French, and it might be well to send your friend Mr Roe in his yacht to destroy Cherbourg, Brest, and Marseilles. By all means, send Crosby your servant, with a drum, revolver, and your bowie-knife to take possession of the Tuilleries and Versailles. It is almost incredible that Miss Longworth could be guilty of venturing into your domain without invitation or solicitation from you. True, she was invited by Lady Straubensee, but even her ladyship was a trespasser; and her husband was only Brigadier-General, commanding the light division of the British army! while you were no less than MAJOR in the Artillery! This disregard of gentle blood and supreme authority is very shocking.

Now Major Yelverton, your gentle blood, whatever it be worth, is unfortunately of no account here. Even the "Honourable," before your name, which ought to be associated with reality, gives you here no privilege. It is of no moment to us whether you are a private soldier or the commander-in-chief, you shall have justice, plain, even-handed justice. Tell us then by what title you had any right to be displeased with Miss Longworth for coming to the Crimea on a visit to General and Lady Straubensee or any other friend, except on the matrimonial engagement which you would now fain repudiate, but which you completed at Galata? Apart from that engagement, your expressed displeasure was insufferable insolence. But who, think you, suggested that very visit to the Crimea? Could it be you, sir, who swore at Dublin, in answer to Serjeant Sullivan, that in your conversation at Galata with Miss Langworth, you spoke of the probability of meeting her again in the Crimea?² Who wrote the letter dated "*Camp before Sebastopol*, February 3d 1855, Cara Theresa Mia, do not write such melancholy accounts of yourself. I have presentiments. I am not to be extinguished by the Russians, and we are to meet again HERE!"³

Lord Ardmillan.—I stated in my Note—

For your own sake, my Lord, no more of that trashy Note, which many have praised without reading it, and which you wrote without having intelligently read the case,—as we are step by step demonstrating. Proceed Major Yelverton, and, we entreat you, go warily. Yourself, your own letters, and your witnesses, have contradicted you.

¹ Rev. Cond. IV.

² Report, p. 78.

³ Corresp. p. 28, F.

"I met her by invitation about a fortnight after her arrival in the Crimea—I admit that I saw her on several subsequent occasions—that during her visit I dined very often at General Straubenzee's—but there was no marriage engagement or promise of marriage between us, and I did not lead her to expect marriage."¹

We do not like your phraseology, Major Yelverton—it is cunning and diplomatic, and needs to be watched. By whose invitation did you meet Miss Longworth? You have ungallantly accused her of invading the camp to throw herself in your way. Did she force an entrance into your hut, or send Mercury to command your attendance?

Oh no! the invitation was from General Straubenzee.

Then why did you not say so in a straightforward way? In considering the facts alleged, we are to keep in mind the consultation which has been proved, as to taking Lady Straubenzee into their confidence. The General swears that Miss Longworth, on Lady Straubenzee's invitation, visited them in the Crimea after the Russian evacuation of the south side of the fortress—that it was understood that Major Yelverton and Miss Longworth were engaged to each other—that on this understanding Major Yelverton was asked frequently to dine during her visit—that he frequently called and rode out with them. "Interrogated, While Major Yelverton visited your hut at this time, did you consider him as a suitor of Miss Longworth? Depones, *I did certainly.*"² And the General adds, that he never saw anything in Miss Longworth's conduct or manner that he could disapprove of.³ He also swears—"Had I suspected Major Yelverton, of any other intentions than what I have deponed to, I should certainly not have received him. In point of fact, I never saw anything in his manner that could give rise to such a suspicion."⁴

This is very strong evidence against you Major Yelverton, but we would trust much to the fine and delicate instinct of a lady in such circumstances, and we must do ourselves the honour and satisfaction of hearing Lady Straubenzee also. She became acquainted with Miss Longworth at Galata, when she was in meek, devoted, and unpretending attendance on the wounded soldiers in the hospitals and ships. She discharged those solemn duties carefully and zealously. They are duties which the sick man remembers with trembling and tearful gratitude, and the world never hears of. Lady Straubenzee saw her in that ordeal, and respected and loved her. Other witnesses could speak of her devotedness, such as the Rev. R. Vincent Molloy, who was a Roman Catholic Missionary in the East during the Crimean War.⁵ Lady Straubenzee had promised that if she went up to the Crimea, Miss Longworth should see the camp. She was invited, and came. During her visit, Major Yelverton called and dined frequently with them, but he had only called once before she came. "During that time I regarded him as a suitor to Miss Longworth. His manner towards her was that of a gentleman

¹ Rev. Cond. IV., V.

⁴ P. 119, B. C.

² Pur. Proof, p. 119, B.

⁵ P. 113, C. D.

³ P. 120, A.

to a lady in such circumstances. I only remember one occasion on which I left Major Yelverton and Miss Longworth together, but there might have been more. I did so, looking upon them as engaged parties."¹ Major Yelverton, you swore at Dublin that these arranged and private interviews occurred two or three times.²

We hold it thus satisfactorily established by the correspondence and facts in evidence that there was not only a matrimonial engagement between you at the date of her visit to the Crimea, but that by your conduct and demeanour, Major Yelverton, you authorised the world to believe that you were her accepted suitor. Your attentions and their reception were made the more marked by the unsuccessful wooing of a rival who at that time ardently courted the lady.³ You remember the French officer Fauquignon, and your exultation at carrying off the prize from him? But, proceed.

"When I understood that she had made some communication about our engagement to her sister Mrs Bellamy, I wrote to that lady intimating that no such marriage could ever take place."⁴

Major Yelverton, you, by your own story, having never spoken of marriage, or an engagement connected with it, at any time to Miss Longworth, how came you to know or think of such a communication to Mrs Bellamy? Your statements, hitherto, have not only been contradictory, but an attempted combination of irreconcilables. Mrs Bellamy emphatically denies your statement regarding her—she received no such communication from you—but she was made privy to your engagement with her sister—was consulted as to arrangements for increasing your income when married—and resolutely opposed the private marriage which you had suggested.⁵ Go on, sir.

I could tell a disgraceful story about her departure from Balacava, and our leave-taking, after General Straubenzee and his brother had gone away—only I am in doubt whether I should tell it, for I was utterly confounded by a sketch produced to me by Sullivan at Dublin, representing me on my knees, and her pushing me away⁶—a sketch which gave my story the lie direct; and as I don't know where that sketch is, and would not wish it to be produced here, I will say nothing now of the steamer at Balacava. But after my return to this country it is all plain-sailing for me, as Lord Ardmillan has so kindly and ingeniously shown. He can, indeed, be blind at noon, if the fit come upon him. She pursued me to Edinburgh. She "came to Scotland, *uninvited, unsolicited, and unexpected*, for the purpose of meeting with me."⁷

These, Major Yelverton are your very words in your revised confession. And Lord Ardmillan says, "the pursuer and defender met in Edinburgh, where the pursuer followed him." Of what age is his Lordship? Is he subject to fits of abstraction or aberration?

Major Yelverton your charge is false. She came to Scotland in-

¹ Pur. Proof, 121, A. C.

² Rev. Cond. V.

³ Report, p. 83.

⁴ Report, p. 81.

⁵ Pur. Proof, p. 121, F.

⁶ Letter to *Morning Advertiser*.

⁷ Rev. Cond. VI.

vited, solicited, and expected by you. After leaving Constantinople, she was the guest of the family of Sir James Close for six or eight months abroad.¹ On her arrival in England you were stationed in Edinburgh Castle; and immediately on hearing of her arrival you wrote to her to come.² You swore to this at Dublin.

Lord Ardmillan.—That would be a very important letter. I wish that I had seen it. Was it in the print?

You will see it my Lord in a few minutes. But is it credible or creditable that a printed document of such consequence in this case, for a fair understanding of the conduct and relations of parties, should be overlooked? It was well sifted at Dublin. You were asked "what time did you first see her in Leith in 1857 after she had left Balaclava? At the end of January or the beginning of February. Had you told her before that, or written to her that she would be welcome in Edinburgh if she came? *I had written a small sentence to her in Italian to that effect. . . . I wrote her this when I heard of her arrival in England.*" I wrote it from Edinburgh Castle, where I was then stationed."³

So, Miss Longworth came to Scotland uninvited, unsolicited, and unexpected! Major Yelverton, your ideas of veracity, and of the meaning of words, are very singular. You are surely the founder of a new sect, on whose tables the ninth commandment is either omitted or reversed. You should have appropriate heraldry, and it could be finely significant, *e.g.*, Sable, a gibbet, or. Crest. A roaring lion, passant-regardant, gu., bearing in his teeth a half-plaid, proper. Supporters, Lord Ardmillan and Biddy Cole, regardant gu, langued, or. Motto, *Carissima Theresa mia*. Seats, Divan in convent in Galata. General Straubenzees hut, Crimea. Mrs Gemble's drawing-room, Edinburgh.

Now for the letter. It is dated Edinburgh Castle, 5th January 1857. "*Carissima, che cosa vuoi. Addio, penso a te. Sei la ben venuta. Carlo.*"⁴

Major Yelverton, it is fair to take your own translation on oath of this invitation. You know that your proposal for a private marriage had been opposed and withstood, and that Miss Longworth insisted on a marriage according to the forms of her own Church. Do you not refer to this resolution on her part, and your readiness now to accede to it, in these words—"Dearest, *whatever you wish?*" Could any other meaning be attached to those words in your prompt invitation to her to come to Edinburgh? "What is the translation of *Sei la ben venuta?* It is the ordinary expression of welcome in Italian. Is it not 'Be thou the welcome one?' It is a familiar welcome."⁵ Exactly so. Major Yelverton no sooner heard of his fiancée's arrival in England, than he wrote, calling her his *Dearest*, promising to do whatever she wished, and bidding her "a familiar welcome" to Edinburgh. And the same Major Yelverton charges her with coming "uninvited, unsolicited, and unexpected," and Lord Ardmillan abets the charge! This is marvellous.

¹ Rev. Statement, IX.

² Report, p. 85.

³ Report, pp. 84-5.

⁴ Corresp. p. 81, A.

⁵ Report, p. 84.

Up to this point, it cannot admit of doubt that you, Major Yelverton, were the accepted suitor of Miss Longworth—that you in consequence assumed some control over her movements—and that your engagement was not strictly secret. We have now a new question. Did this courtship and engagement continue after she joined you at your desire in *Scotland*? You are now both in Edinburgh, and we have means, comparatively easy, of ascertaining facts. When and how did you see each other? Who can speak to the character of the intercourse? Call Miss M'Farlane, who was Miss Longworth's companion during her stay in Edinburgh.

Miss Arabella Emily M'Farlane, novice with the Sisters of Mercy, Blandford Square, London, you solemnly swear that you came with Miss Longworth to Scotland in February 1857—that you lodged with Mrs Gemble, that you and Miss L. occupied one bedroom and two sitting-rooms, that you shared that bedroom with her, that you saw Major Yelverton in your lodgings almost daily, that he came about three and remained till six, that he never remained all night there, that he and Miss L. frequently rode out together, but never walked together alone, that his manner towards her was "polite, respectful, and attentive," and that you regarded him as her suitor.¹ You remember also having a Church of England Prayer Book, which used to lie on the table of the little drawing-room, and that there was some conversation about that book. That will do in the meantime, Miss M'Farlane.

Call Mrs Mary Gemble. You, madam, swear that Miss Longworth and Miss M'Farlane came to reside in your house in February 1857—that Major Yelverton visited Miss Longworth at your house almost every day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted—that it was in consequence of a statement made to you by Miss Longworth, as to an engagement between them, that you allowed his visits—that you knew the footing on which they were now to each other—that they acted in every way respectfully, such as a lady and gentleman would do who were engaged to each other—that you have a distinct recollection that Major Yelverton *never called on any occasion when Miss M'Farlane was not at home*,—that generally you were in the room two or three times in the course of each of his visits—and that one day in her presence he said to you, "When I marry Miss Longworth, I will marry the cleverest lady in Edinburgh."² You may now retire Mrs. Gemble.

Of all cases this is a clear one. The engagement formed at Galata is not broken—the courtship continues with a growing intensity—it is no secret, but openly avowed to the landlady of the lodgings by Major Yelverton himself, that he is to marry Miss Longworth. There is no unsound or twisted link in the whole chain. And it is only due to the lady to acknowledge that she has been scandalously wronged in the whole history of this case, and that we are impressed with her most lady-like self-respect and true sense of propriety. What next, Major Yelverton?

You do not know all. She, a lady, visited me at Leith Fort!

¹ Pur. Proof, pp. 105-6.

Pp. 28-9, 30-32, 36, G.

And you should have been proud of it, sir. But, Mrs Yelverton, be so good as explain this.

I will do so very simply. He was ill, and unable to leave his room. He therefore wrote me this note, "Carissima, I returned yesterday, but have lost my powers of locomotion, *pro tempore*, and oscillate between arm-chair, sofa, and bed, as ennui dictates. . . . Kind regards to Miss M'Farlane. Will you come and pay me a visit if I send *my carriage*? Addio. Penso at te. Carlo."¹ He wrote me a second letter—"Carissima, I cannot leave my sofa until *after* the doctor comes," &c.² He sent me a third letter—"Carissima, do not come if you are not well. . . . Tell my servant at what hour you would like to start. . . . Kind regards to Miss M'Farlane. *The you's are in the plural above.*"³

How circumspect and prudent! Mrs Yelverton, you have most satisfactorily explained this matter, and in spite of Major Yelverton, placed it in a light not only undeniably true, but highly creditable to yourself. We should like to hear your account of your intercourse and relations with Major Yelverton during this stay in Edinburgh.

During my stay in Mrs Gemble's, Major Yelverton again proposed that we should be married privately, without the proclamation of banns, or the intervention of a clergyman, and that as soon as he could safely do it, there should be a public marriage. I was still averse to this on religious grounds. But one day, at his solicitation, we solemnly acknowledged each other as husband and wife, and we read together the marriage service of the Church of England. At the conclusion of it he said to me—"This makes you my wife by the Law of Scotland."⁴

Major Yelverton.—I never said anything of the kind; and I deny the whole story. There never was a marriage, or an engagement, or a promise of marriage between us.

Preserve your temper, Major Yelverton, for as the case now presents itself to us, you will need all your equanimity. We are by no means sure that proof of your formally taking each other, in express words, to be husband and wife, or reading the marriage service together as a mutual marriage-vow, is at all essential *in this case* to establish a marriage. There are other elements which by themselves may be sufficient. But it is our duty to attend, in the meantime, to the proof offered of the marriage-vow undertaken in Mrs Gemble's house. As to your allegation that there was no engagement of marriage between you, we may state two things—1st, No intelligent man who has attended to the case will believe this; and 2nd, We have proved to demonstration that there was such an engagement. We have now to deal with an actual marriage. There was a Book of Common Prayer in the rooms at Mrs Gemble's, containing the marriage service. This is one valuable point established. Mrs Gemble swears that she recollects one afternoon of hearing Major Yelverton reading in the room with Miss Longworth.⁵ It appeared to be earnest reading and in a

¹ Corresp. p. 84, D.

⁴ Rev. Cond. XI., XII.

² P. 84, F.

⁵ Pur. Proof, p. 30, A. B.

³ Pp. 84, 85.

religious tone, such as she did not hear before or afterwards. She also swears that Miss Longworth said something about the form in which she wished her marriage with Major Yelverton to be celebrated.¹ This is another element of some value. Miss M'Farlane gives us no help. She has been prevented from doing so. It is not to be forgotten that Major Yelverton's counsel *did not ask* Miss M'Farlane, who had been in the adjoining room, for any explanation she could give of Major Yelverton's earnest reading in a religious tone, or of what Miss Longworth said to her immediately after it ceased—though they would not allow her to answer questions on these matters when put on behalf of Mrs Yelverton.² This means volumes. They would not encounter this ordeal, and they fought on a technical question, and avoided any approach to facts. But it was their privilege to conduct their case as they thought best for their client, and we leave it so.

We are now in quest of any collateral or indirect evidence about this Scottish marriage in Mrs Gemble's. At the outset, we may inform you, Major Yelverton, that you have ruthlessly shaken into fragments, small and separate as sand, all faith we can have in your truthfulness. This is a very hard thing to say of any human being. But be yourself the judge. Shall we ask your opinion *now*, of the unsolicited visit to Edinburgh? Shall we revert to the *animus* in which you accused Miss Longworth of visiting you at Leith Fort? Shall we recal your contradictory evidence on oath at Dublin? Shall we anticipate the lie direct which we see looming at a very short distance? Shall we anticipate the vow in the chapel,—the vow spoken in the special presence of the living God,—the vow, which, whatever be its Parliamentary value, bound you by obligations which the Almighty shall not forget when He enquireth after blood? No, Major Yelverton, be you the falsest man on earth, or the most truthful and "honourable," you shall only receive justice and equity at our hand.

Suppose then that we pay a visit to the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, as it was presided over by our distinguished friend the Lord Chief Justice. Major Yelverton, you are in the witness-box, and being examined by your own counsel. You swear—I did not at any time in Edinburgh propose a Scottish marriage to her. I did not *say that a marriage in Scotland could be constituted by mutual consent*—she did not say that she should be married by a Catholic Priest³—I did not at any time get her to read the marriage ceremony with me from the Church of England prayer-book, and I did not say "this makes us husband and wife by the Law of Scotland." Very well; there is nothing like a good cross-examination for getting truth out of a faulty or faithless witness, so we listen to you under the Ithuriel spear and searching catechism of Sergeant Sullivan—"Did you ever speak to her of how people were married in Scotland? *No!* On any occasion? I recollect on one occasion speaking of what I had seen at a Railway station coming up to London—I mean a notice to the effect that border marriages were done away with; and I had a recollection then of an Act of Parliament which had passed in the session before, and

¹ Pur. Proof, 31, C.² P. 106, F.³ Report, p. 78.

my belief was—and I recollect a conversation in which I told that belief to Miss Longworth—that these marriages *were not done away with*, and that Scotland and England were more assimilated with regard to marriages. You had this conversation with her about Scottish Marriages? Yes, naming that fact. Where did that conversation take place? In Mrs Gemble's house. Was there ever a prayer-book there? Yes, Miss M'Farlane's prayer-book."¹ That is to say, Major Yelverton had a conversation about Scottish marriages with Miss Longworth, though he denied it. His denial is very suggestive, and his subsequent confession is equally so. What could have led to the interesting conversation as to the way in which marriages could be effected in Scotland?

You are getting on admirably Major Yelverton, and are the best witness for your wife that could be put in the box; but excuse us for calling off your attention from your own complacency, and requiring it to several incidents which cast some light on what took place in Mrs Gemble's drawing-room. You remember assuring Dean Ramsay, that in Ireland you had gone with Miss Longworth into a schoolroom, and that a priest held up his hands and said God bless you, my children, and that this was all that took place.² It was indeed a pity that you imagined the crucifix to be a black board; the altar, to be a sofa for the schoolmaster, the sacred furniture to be desks and benches, and the candles to be something else; but it was the unkindest cut of all to regard Father Mooney's religious ceremony, his Latin prayers and service, his invocations of the Virgin, his affecting rubric, his plain prescription of the marriage vow in our mother tongue—and his touching admonition, to be a mere God-bless-you. But we are keeping his reverence, Father Bernard Mooney standing too long. Your reverence, tell the court what occurred at Major Yelverton's visit to your "schoolroom."

And with your leave, it was no schoolroom at all, at all, but the consecrated chapel of Kilbroney. Broney was—

With your leave, Father, we will hear the legend at another time. Do tell us what took place at the chapel.

"The gentleman when he came in, looked all round the chapel; he then came forward to where I was, and the lady along with him, and said 'Mr Mooney, there is no necessity for this; it has all been previously settled or arranged, but I will do it to satisfy the lady's conscience,' or words to that effect. Interrogated, did you make any reply? depones, yes. I said I am perfectly aware of that."³ Interrogated, when you said I am perfectly aware of that, to what did you refer? Depones, to what the lady had previously told me with regard to the marriage in Scotland. Interrogated, what did you understand his observations to refer to? Depones, *I understood them to refer to the previous Scottish marriage.*⁴ . . . I then believed them, *from the statements made by both, to appear before me as man and wife from a previous marriage in Scotland.*⁵ There can be no mistake

¹ Report, p. 87.

⁴ P. 99, C.

³ Pur. Proof, p. 124, D.

⁵ P. 99, B.

² P. 99, A. B.

about this, for at Dublin, Major Yelverton would not swear that he had said nothing about a previous Scottish marriage. "Was there anything said between you and Mr Mooney, or between you and Mrs Yelverton at Rosstrevor, about a prior marriage in Scotland? *Not with Mr Mooney.* Will you swear that there was nothing about a prior marriage in Scotland, or about something that amounted to a marriage with Mrs Yelverton there? No. Will you swear you had no conversation about a prior marriage having taken place in Scotland—a conversation with either Mr Mooney or Mrs Yelverton before your marriage at Rosstrevor? No."¹ There never was a clearer case.

The averment as to a Scottish marriage, has assumed an authoritative position. We have now valuable corroboration of Mrs Yelverton's statement as to what took place at Mrs Gemble's. That there had been *de facto* a Scottish marriage was assumed by all parties, Major Yelverton included, in the transaction in the chapel. But we have by no means ended our investigation. Call in Miss Crabbe, who notwithstanding some flippant and depreciatory remarks regarding her, is as worthy of credit as any witness who has been examined. Miss Crabbe, you saw Major Yelverton at Cork, in October or November, 1859. You swear that in conversing with him, he said "It was shameful of Mrs Yelverton to put that reading into her Scottish pleading; I said she has not done so, has she? He said, oh yes, she has. She took advantage of me in a moment of weakness, and now she is trying to use it against me; but it will do her no good, for supposing she gets it, no one thinks anything of an irregular Scottish marriage."² Miss Crabbe, you may withdraw.

We have advanced materially by this evidence, and find Mrs Yelverton's averment amply and sufficiently supported. But we have something more that is available. Mr Thelwall swears that in his house at Hull, in Major Yelverton's presence, Mrs Yelverton supposed the case of her being killed and buried abroad, and Major Yelverton coming to bring her body home, "in which case, she said, that having been twice christened, and *twice married*, she would also have been twice buried. Whereupon the Major laughed."³ He will not laugh now, for this reference to the two marriages is unambiguous and irresistible.

We have therefore no possible hesitation in finding that a Scottish marriage took place in Edinburgh as averred by Mrs Yelverton. The evidence is more full, direct, and complete, than in most of the reported cases. The assiduous and persevering courtship, the frequent visits, the progressive terms of endearment in the correspondence, all the antecedent circumstances, prepare the way for this most natural issue. The evidence of Mrs Gemble—the whole procedure at Killowen or Kilbroney, the pettish admission of Major Yelverton at Cork, the reference to two marriages in his presence at Hull, leave no reasonable doubt of the truth of Mrs Yelverton's averment, that in Edinburgh they solemnly took each other for husband and wife, and thereby effected a marriage, valid by the Law of Scotland.

¹ Report, p. 99.² Pur. Proof, p. 144, C. D.³ P. 68, Q.

We might here close our investigation. Truth has been earnestly and successfully traced—the lady's honour is vindicated, and her heartless persecution exposed to the world. But, *quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. Major Yelverton, to make his eventual condemnation the more signal, and to furnish from his own lips, his severest denunciation, is not content with a manly answer to the evidence brought against him. If he had done so, the special elements of cowardice, treachery, and petty malice, would not have entered into the deadly cup which he has mingled for himself. We cannot call him a stag at bay—for the stag is a noble animal, and in his very fall commands admiration. But there is a very small quadruped with a long tail, which, when caught in a trap, or hunted into a corner, will turn on its pursuer. To such a specimen of vermin, and to nothing else, can we liken the — William Charles Yelverton. We speak strongly, let every one listening to us reserve his opinion till he hear the grounds of our judgment. We shall abide by the verdict of the great jury.

Being baffled about the Scottish marriage, and having caused her untold misery, you, Major Yelverton, conceived the atrocious and dastardly design of blasting the character of the lady. You said to Mrs Stalker, that you “did not know about the laws of God, but you knew the laws of man.”¹ It was true. You knew not that there is a fatherly Providence presiding over the innocent and oppressed—causing the very wrath of man to praise Him—and vindicating, by the very snare of the oppressor, the cause of the poor and needy. Unwarned by what had taken place in the Dublin trial, you adhered to an infamous charge against Mrs Yelverton, which you there, by your own oath, deposed to be untrue! For you say in your revised condescendence (vi), “In February 1857, or about that time, sexual intercourse between them was begun, and this was repeated as opportunity offered during her stay. The exact dates of the several acts cannot, from want of precise recollection, be specified by the pursuer. The house of Mrs Gemble, No. 1. St Vincent Street, Edinburgh, in which the defender then lodged, and where the pursuer frequently called upon her, was the place in which this intercourse occurred.”²

At such a charge, legions of angels wheel around us. The scene in the chapel at Kilbroney becomes vivid. A hoarse voice speaks of tender regard “to satisfy the lady's conscience!” There is a handwriting on the wall inscribing in letters indelible, what Major Yelverton wrote to her after she left Edinburgh: “How are you getting on in health, Carissima? and how do the dreams progress? *what and when is reality to be?*”³ We hear whispers of a religious ceremony carefully pre-arranged before she left Edinburgh.⁴ We see a letter addressed to him from Wales “Caro mio Carlo, I have said the word; will do all you ask me, and name the time and place as soon as I am able.”⁵ We also see a letter referring to the Scottish marriage, but

¹ Pur. Proof, p. 41, E.

² P. 7.

³ Corresp. p. 98, C.

⁴ Report, p. 91.

⁵ Corresp. p. 95, G.

the lady's determination that before entering on married life, another ceremony should be observed—"I do earnestly believe you would continue to tyrannize, were I fifty times married."¹ We need no farther evidence to prove the utter falsehood of your charge. But in your moral insanity, you will not leave us alone; and since you insist on it, you shall have the scorpion application of your own sting.

You, deliberately, say that the lady "on leaving Edinburgh went to England or Wales, and while there, she, with reference to the sexual intercourse which had passed between them, and which she intended should be resumed, and on the pretence of scruples which she professed to entertain, *renewed a suggestion* which she had made on previous occasions, that some form might be gone through which would satisfy her conscience and would leave him perfectly free."

This is not what you swore to at Dublin. You expressly swore that before she left Edinburgh, it was arranged that there should be some religious ceremony by a minister of her church, a foreign one, and this arrangement was determined on to make the marriage ceremony more secret.² You swore that this arrangement was laid aside, that it was then proposed that you should meet at Chester, that you afterwards proposed Liverpool;³ and that it was your final arrangement that you should meet at Waterford. But to revert to the charge of immorality at Edinburgh—you are the most reckless mortal that was ever cursed with the power of speech. Do you know the single witness whom Mrs Yelverton will produce to convict you of falsehood? We say nothing of Mrs Gemble's deposition that you never called on any occasion when Miss M'Farlane was not at home, though that deposition meets you in the face. Neither do we say anything of Miss M'Farlane's deposition as to your demeanour, and her infallible knowledge as to your intercourse. We can afford to dispense with this evidence, and yet retain a weapon of your own forging that will annihilate your slander. Who, Sir, was that Major Yelverton who made affidavit in Dublin, that such intercourse at Edinburgh first commenced in February 1857⁴—who afterwards swore at Dublin that he did not recollect of making such an affidavit,⁵—who swore, that if he had done so "it was a great mistake"—who again swore to a different date,⁶—and who again on oath at Dublin, repudiated anything like a repetition of crime in Edinburgh, and who emphatically and repeatedly swore that he had sinned "*once only*?"⁷ Do you think that such a person could be believed on oath? Would you listen to any charge he would make even against your dog?

Mrs Yelverton farther states, that notwithstanding the Scottish marriage, she was distressed in mind and could not conscientiously agree to Major Yelverton's solicitation that they should now live as husband and wife. She persistently refused to do so until a religious ceremony should be observed. On this account she left Edinburgh.⁸

¹ Corresp. p. 91, E.

² Report, p. 90.

³ Report, p. 85-86.

⁴ Rev. Cond. VII.

⁵ Report, p. 108.

⁶ P. 86.

⁷ Report, p. 91.

⁸ Report, p. 86.

⁹ Rev. Statement, XIII.

Important facts are quickly gathering round us; but Lord Ardmillan never saw them. He gravely says—"if this statement is true, that notwithstanding the alleged private marriage by reading the service, she refused to cohabit with Major Yelverton and left Edinburgh to avoid him, surely some indication of the fact, and of her feeling in regard to it, must have appeared in her letters." Very probably it would. But we have two answers to this sapient observation,—1st, where are all the letters? Those in Major Yelverton's custody, were recovered through Mrs Forbes Y., which is unfortunate, and he also confesses to having destroyed many. But, 2nd, even in this imperfect collection of letters, we have abundant indications of the fact desiderated by Lord Ardmillan. Alas! his education was sorely neglected, or he would have seen important meaning in—"Notte e giorni sei sempre vicino da me ma non posso togliarvi. Ah si tu sapessi quanto il cuor mio e mesto per te non posso scrivervi—perche non che via per mandare lettere e non mi fido del ambasciadore quanto e lungo il tempo addesso, caro mio tanta tanta caro, ricordati di me, ricordati ch'io sono a te la mia sorte vita felicità e fra le tue mane non lasciami scendere in tomba allora piangermi invano—quando finiro il mio supplizio, &c."¹ The answer by Major Yelverton is perfect. "Carissima, domani vi direi che cosa voglio, dite mi dove ed il quando. Sempre a te, Carlo."² Dearest, to-morrow I will tell you what I wish; tell me the where and the when. Ever thine.

When Mrs Yelverton left Edinburgh as already explained, did he not write to her in these terms?—"I shall be anxious to hear from you when you have been about a week at Aberg—y."³ Did she not refer to her Scottish marriage, and her desire to have the proper religious ceremony performed, in the following letter? "Write by return, and tell me if it must be before the end of this month, or if you have obtained fresh leave, and until when? I must see my French sister—is it to be before or after? My ears ache to hear the mia, though I am convinced you might say it with perfect truth now, and for exactly three months past."⁴ What would Lord Ardmillan's morbid appetite desire more? We shall leave this matter to his Lordship's leisurely reconsideration, and present him with three pieces of evidence which somehow escaped his notice, and which establish the fact that Mrs Yelverton left Edinburgh, as she says she did, in circumstances reflecting on her the highest credit. You say, my Lord, that the lady "had lost command of the position," and you have said other things equally rash and unfounded. We remind you, first, of the sketch by Major Yelverton enclosed in his first letter to the lady after her departure. Don't look incredulous, my Lord. He had it in his hand, he identified it, he swore to it at Dublin, and he deposed that it represented a lady rejecting a gentleman's advances, actually "running away from a man" who was pressing on her.⁵ This is worth a score of notes and a thousand assertions. It is the true story of her departure told by himself. We next quote a sentence from a letter of expostulation on the same subject from Mrs Yelverton after

¹ Corresp. p. 92, E. F. ² P. 92, G. ³ P. 90, F. ⁴ P. 96, E. ⁵ Report, p. 88.

her departure—"Why should you debase your soul and lose your hope of eternal bliss *because you cannot have all your own way*, simply because you have been, and still are wickedly selfish, and you have told me that you know it is a punishment?"¹ And we finally quote a little sentence, written also after her departure, and which is very solemn and significant—"Carlo, *I have sacrificed all but God to you.*"² The case does not admit a doubt.

The history of the expedition to Ireland can be briefly told and disposed of. Again, the whole force of Major Yelverton's case is concentrated in an attack on the lady's character. He is never satisfied without impeaching the honour and virtue of the lady whom at the very time he was addressing in the fondest terms of endearment. There is a diabolical consistency in the spirit of every argument he frames, and even in the false and contradictory allegations he makes. He, however, has his reward. He must wound her through her parents, but the stroke recoils upon himself. He must stab her early reputation, but he bruises himself on the buckler of innocence. He must misrepresent her self-denial and heroic devotion as a gentle nurse of the sick and dying, but his own hand convicts him of falsehood. He must accuse her of obtruding on him in unmaidenly sort, but the echoes of his own voice return upon him, bearing his request that she would come. He must charge her with impudently pursuing him to Scotland, "uninvited, unsolicited, and unexpected," but his own hand-writing comes out visible, and terribly distinct as that which recorded the doom of Belshazzar on the palace-wall, and it supplies us with his very words of invitation. He must bring a foul accusation on her virtue in Edinburgh, but his own oath at Dublin recants and contradicts the accusation, and brings forth innocence more wondrously than the story of Susannah and the elders. He must insinuate evil as to her departure, but her vindication is found in a playful sketch traced by his own fingers. Major Yelverton, you said truly that you did not know about the laws of God. He who takes the wise in their own craftiness, and claims to Himself the titles of the Father of the fatherless and the orphan's Shield, has so over-ruled and defeated your devices, that your own testimony establishes the innocence and purity of your victim. You still attempt to strike in Ireland. You know the reason, the sole cause, why you met there. It is inconsistent with your new insinuation. You gather round you William Shaw, Fanny Walshe, Rose Fagan, Biddy Cole, and some others. But, sir, we will not examine them for certain insuperable reasons: 1st, Their evidence is self-contradictory, and is essentially different at different examinations;³ 2nd, The most important of the witnesses cannot identify the parties; 3d, Their evidence, even if true, has nothing to do with the merits of this case; and 4th, We do not believe them. Let them all go home, and for their own sakes, the sooner the better.

Mr Joseph Martin, Jeweller, Aston's Quay, Dublin, you swear that you sold to Major Yelverton a marriage ring on the 25th July 1857;

¹ Corresp. p. 96, F. G. ² P. 89, F. ³ Dublin Trial and Edinburgh Case.

and the fact is impressed on your mind by the difficulty you had in finding a ring of the size.

Bishop Leahy, you swear that you gave permission to Father Mooney to perform such a religious ceremony, as was requested by Mrs Yelverton. As to "a marriage ceremony, or renewal of marriage consent," you held both terms in this case equivalent.

Father Mooney, you swear, in addition to what we have already heard from you, that on the 15th August 1857, Major and Mrs Yelverton came by appointment to your chapel at Killowen¹—that they knelt down before the altar—that Major Yelverton repeated after you the words, "I, William Charles, take you, Maria Theresa, to be my lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, if Holy Church will it permit, and thereto I plight thee my troth"—that the lady repeated the same vow—that when doing so their hands were united—that Major Yelverton, during the ceremony turned round a ring on the lady's finger—and that after the vow, the parties still kneeling at the altar, you gave them an exhortation.²

We ask any father or mother, any husband or wife, whether this was not, in every way, a satisfactory ceremony—whether they would not hold such a service as putting their relationship in an invulnerable position—whether, with such a solemnized rite, they would not regard their children as infallibly safe? But there is an Irish Statute—it is the 19th of George II., chapter 13—which makes void any marriage ceremony before a Roman Catholic priest, when the contracting parties are Protestants, or where one of them is so. This statute is iniquity framed by a law. But it is not yet repealed. If therefore Major Yelverton were a professed Protestant within the twelve months previous to August 15th 1857—or rather, if he were not a professed Roman Catholic during that time, the religious vow at Killowen is declared void and null by the statute. Mr Mooney knew that it was felony for him to solemnize marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic. But he received such an answer from Major Yelverton as authorised him to proceed. It was no casual or hasty impression on the mind of the priest, for, some time afterwards, he assured Mr Waldron Burrowes, a magistrate in the County Down, that everything was right, and that the marriage was a perfectly valid one.³

But, Major Yelverton, you must be prepared for what we must now say. Your life and conduct have been such that we will not enquire as to your *religious* profession. Your being a Protestant or a Roman Catholic could only make all sincere persons of either faith blush at your companionship. You undertook a vow in the special presence of God, and you claim the benefit of an Irish statute to release you from your obligation to the Almighty! Take all the benefit it can give you. Will it help you when the keepers of the house tremble? We are now silent on the marriage at Killowen. We are silent in

¹ Pur. Proof, p. 98, F.

² P. 100.

³ Report, p. 52.

horror, that a man could be found who would acknowledge such a vow, and plead such an escape from it.

Nay more, Major Yelverton, we will now meet you on other ground. We shall attach no weight whatever to any oath, vow, or promise, you ever made. You know why we cannot do so. And, putting aside your marriage at Edinburgh, and your marriage at Killowen, blotting them out of remembrance, we have *materiel* to establish a marriage between you and Theresa Longworth. Are you not thankful that when your word or oath fails, there are facts remaining which are unmistakable and irresistible?

We bid a tender adieu to Dublin, and set sail from the Green Isle. Major and Mrs Yelverton have been travelling for several weeks in Ireland, and Major Yelverton has gone to pay a short visit to his relations in that country, while Mrs Yelverton proceeds to Edinburgh and takes up her abode in the lodgings of Mrs Stalker in Albany Street.¹ She is joined there by Miss Macfarlane. She receives a visit from Mr and Mrs Thelwall of Hull, who observed a wedding-ring on Mrs Yelverton's finger, and were consequently informed by her of her marriage. Major Yelverton arrived in Edinburgh the evening before the Thelwalls left. We must now hear his account of what took place. It is his object to make out that he saw very little of Mrs Yelverton, and did not give reasonable occasion to any one to believe that they were married persons.

Major Yelverton, you swore at Dublin that you had known the Thelwalls before this meeting at Edinburgh—that you remained on that visit about an hour in Mrs Stalker's—that *you did not pass the night in the house.*²

Call Mrs Stalker. You swear that Major Yelverton came to your lodgings the evening before the Thelwalls left, and passed the night in your house,³ and for several weeks occupied the same bedroom with Mrs Y., they representing themselves as husband and wife.

Call Jane Stewart, who was in Mrs Stalker's service at the time. You swear that Major Yelverton came on the evening referred to, remained in the house all night, and only went out the next morning after breakfast.⁴ "Had you ever any doubt that the pursuer and defender were married persons? No."⁵

Call Mr Thelwall. You swear that the evening before you and Mrs Thelwall left Edinburgh, Major Yelverton arrived about eight or nine o'clock, that he remained all night in the house, that you breakfasted together next morning, and that he went out immediately thereafter.⁶

Major Yelverton, you did pass the night in that house, you remained there for weeks as the avowed and reputed husband of Mrs Yelverton,⁷ you and the lady were addressed as Major and Mrs Yelverton,⁸ and it was only on the unequivocal understanding that you were married persons, that you were allowed to remain in these lodgings.

You are no longer in Ireland, with its penal law of marriage—you

¹ Rev. Statement, XIX.

² Report, p. 75.

³ Pur. Proof, p. 33, B.

⁴ P. 46, G.

⁵ P. 48, C.

⁶ P. 66.

⁷ P. 39, B.

⁸ P. 40, F.

are not in England, where the law restricts the evidence of the marriage-vow—you are in Scotland where the law is framed for the protection of virtue, and where habit and repute are held sufficient proof. That there was a *promise of marriage*, followed by cohabitation, is already demonstrated. This is enough: YOU ARE, *de facto*, MARRIED. That you represented yourself as Mrs Yelverton's husband, and as such occupied apartments in a respectable lodging-house, is also proved. This by itself is also enough. It proves your marriage. But you insinuate that Mrs Stalker and her domestic servant were the only persons deceived in this matter. If this were the case, it would not materially help you. Their evidence is complete. But how does the case really stand? What says Miss M'Farlane?—"During the time you were in Mrs Stalker's lodgings, did you associate with the pursuer and defender as husband and wife? depones, I did. Interrogated, If you entertained any other belief, would you have left the house? depones, *Instantly*."¹ What says Mr Thelwall? You swear that Major Yelverton, as the husband of Mrs Yelverton, was invited to your house, and did so visit you—that you were asked by him to get a passport for Mrs Yelverton for going to the Continent, and that he told you to put the name *Mrs Theresa Yelverton*.² You also swear that at this time she had an available passport in her maiden name, and that her now being married was the necessity of applying for a new one.³

Major Yelverton. "I admit that a passport was obtained in the name of Mrs Theresa Yelverton, as we were to travel on the continent together. I explain that *my passport was separate from hers*."⁴

What do you gain by that explanation? We are not quite so blind or stupid as you suppose. You were absent on leave, sir, which would soon expire, and you would require to leave Mrs Yelverton on the continent and return to Scotland for a time. Separate passports were therefore necessary by your circumstances, and your own arrangement.

One word Mr Thelwall, before you withdraw. "On what footing did you receive them into your house? depones, as husband and wife. I would certainly not have received them on any other footing."⁵

Call Mr John Goodlife, who met Major and Mrs Yelverton at Dunkirk, in 1858. Had you any conversation with him about the lady? "I put the question directly to him, well Yelverton, is this all right? and he said yes, she really is my wife, but we have been married secretly or privately. He added 'I am obliged to keep it secret from my family.'"⁶

The avowal of marriage was therefore not confined to No. 81 Albany Street, Edinburgh—but was consistently carried out at Hull and Dunkirk.

Lord Ardmillan. I restricted the case to Scotland, and I mentioned that by our law, something more was required than a pretended avowal of marriage at an Hotel for the mere purpose of carrying on illicit intercourse.

¹ Fur. Proof, p. 108, E.

⁴ Rev. Statement, Ans. 25.

² P. 68, G.

⁵ P. 69, G.

³ P. 69, C.

⁶ P. 88, D.

True my Lord, very true. You state the law correctly. But we do not see its application. Was Miss M'Farlane the keeper of an hotel? Were Mr and Mrs Thelwall the landlord and landlady of an inn? Was Mr Goodliffe the waiter at a chop-house? But to come back to Scotland, was even Mrs Stalker the landlady of an hotel in the sense in which you used the word? My Lord, you were for some years Sheriff of Perthshire. On the border of that county, there is a romantic building called Doune Castle. Had you ever an adventure there like Mr Marlow's at Mr Hardcastle's. Did you mistake Doune Castle for an inn? And did Lord Moray precipitate your exit?

Major Yelverton. I beg to call attention to what is stated about this in the revised Statement of Facts, Stat. XXI. "In the course of their said tour, the pursuer visited Doune Castle, and there the pursuer (Major Yelverton) wrote their names in the visitors' book as Mr and Mrs Yelverton.

Ans. 21. Denied."

Again, Major Yelverton? what can possess you?

Call Donald McDonald, keeper of Doune Castle, and require him to bring the visitors' book. You swear that you perfectly remember a lady and gentleman coming on horseback to the Castle in November, 1857, and that you thought they were man and wife. You saw the gentleman enter their names as "Mr and Mrs Yelverton."¹ The book is produced and the entry is in the hand-writing of Major, the *Honourable*, William Charles Yelverton.

Was there ever a case like this?

It is in some respects the most extraordinary we ever encountered. On the merits it is clear as noon-day. With the *reading* at Edinburgh, it is clear. Without it, the case is equally clear. But very meagre ability is sufficient to confuse the clearest case. It is beyond question that a Scottish marriage was completed in Edinburgh, and acknowledged by Major Yelverton in different parts of the world. To avoid the force of the acknowledgment at Cork, Lord Ardmillan coolly ignores the evidence of Miss Crabbe. Will it be believed that by his own record, there was no question whatever put to her as to the alleged facts on account of which he holds her disqualified? And this is a judicial procedure!

Our investigation is closed. We are not conscious of leaving out of view a single point of any value for the righteous decision of the case, but we have omitted many things which mightily corroborated the judgment to which we have deliberately come. We have traced a respectful and persevering courtship for years—carefully considered the correspondence and averments of the parties—heard Major Yelverton's direct confutations of his own story—been satisfied, beyond all doubt, of the marriage at Edinburgh—been awestruck by the ceremony at Killowen, and its consequences—attended to the after-history of the parties in Scotland, which, apart from all ceremonies, established a valid marriage, and it now only remains for us to thank the audience for their attention, to dismiss them with our best wishes, and to *anti-*

¹ Pursuer's Proof, p. 62, F., and additional Print, p. 11.

mate to Major Yverton, that he wrote eternal and unalterable truth, when, with his own hand, he inscribed in the visitors' book at Doune Castle, the all-important words—

MR AND MRS YELVERTON.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE AGE.*

WE are not inclined to proclaim satisfaction with the present state of Society, any more than is the author of the "Unpopular View of Our Times," and certainly in surveying the relation of man to man, and the bearing of man towards his Maker, there is not enough evidence to justify some new Maitre Pangloss asserting our own to be "the best of all possible worlds." Not many persons venture to disbelieve the existence of Evil or the possibility of lightening many of the oppressive burdens which are causing sorrow and shortening the lives of human beings. Occasionally, it is true, are found books which revive the seductive theory that evil is merely good in-the-making: a half-developed good, which ought not to be rashly misjudged and accounted evil, by the "fools and bairns" who are proverbially unfitted to estimate the value of work during its period of incompleteness. Such books, with optimist fallacies, are mostly the productions of one or other of two classes; either of the languid and dreamy speculators, who possess little real knowledge of the world that is busily at work around them; or else, of the warm-hearted and ingenuous, whose own active beneficence is employed in the mitigation of suffering, and who cling to some notions of All being for the Best, because their own exertions are continually bringing to view how often happiness and goodness become ere long revealed, where misery and vice had at first alone been recognisable. The second of these two classes deserve our affectionate respect, and, even though differing from them in choice of means to be used, we may find that there are not important differences of opinion between us. Persons of the first-mentioned class, however, are not likely to do much injury, beyond encumbering the path, and leading a few hearers to imagine there is sense in the objections urged against whomsoever attempts to benefit mankind by overthrowing injustice and cleansing the heart of impurity and selfishness. In

* I. Tracts for the Thoughtful, on matters relating to the Religious Condition of the Age.—1. The Strife of Sects; 2. The Bible and the Believer; 3. Saints and Sinners; 4. The Means of Grace; 5. God's Work and Ours. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street, E.C. 1862.

II. An Unpopular View of Our Times: being the result of a free enquiry into the existing sources of demoralisation, and the causes that have rendered inefficacious the schemes of social reformers, lay and clerical. By Patrick Allan Fraser. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail, St David Street. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Glasgow: T. Murray & Son. 1861. Pp. 695.

III. Life-Work; or the Link and the Rivet. By L. N. R., author of "The Book and its Story," and "The Missing Link." London: James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street 1861. Pp. 243.

practical life, we repeat there are not many who assert that "things are very well adjusted, and need not be meddled with."

But, on the other hand, we are as far from joining company with that disagreeable tribe of railers who are perpetually deafening the world by denunciations of everything and everybody everywhere. Grievance-mongers are intolerable. They mistake cause and effect: declaring that they are ill-tempered because they see all things to be mismanaged; whilst the actual state of affairs is this, that they imagine everything to be bad, because they are out of temper. Preserve us from a multitude of geese, all desirous to draw attention to their own sweet voices, on pretence of a willingness to save the capitol. Perhaps, on the whole, a larger amount of damage is done at present by indiscreet interference, than by leaving-alone; injury seems inseparable from the state of excitement which the nineteenth century deems necessary. Self-conceit is the parent of most of this noisy direction of affairs. Everybody who desires to tinker the national kettle, is, at all events, capable of knocking a few extra holes in it, to encourage trade and shew his own dexterity, or because it appears a good preparatory step to bringing about a general re-bottoming.

If we take up the "Unpopular View of Our Times," by Patrick Allan Fraser, and the "Tracts for the Thoughtful on matters relating to the Religious condition of the Age," we find much sensible writing in protest against many of the indiscreet activities, "pious frauds," and conventionalities, which the world is at present accepting instead of honest work and brotherly love. On several questions P. A. Fraser's decision is not acceptable to ourselves, and we think that he fails to estimate so highly as he ought the abilities and the labours of the clergy, although he indicates with wise discrimination more than a few of those imperfections in their habits of thought and of action, which are most injurious to the extension of benefit in the community. He does not appear to have been fortunate in the company which he has studied, or he might surely have seen a closer approximation to the lofty standard of the ministry, such as it ought to be, and sometimes is, directed against sinful indulgence. He is disposed to over-rate the theological capacities and religious impressions of laymen in general, and this partly explains the dissatisfaction expressed, as related to the priesthood. One passage from his volume we make room for, as reprobating a very widely spread abuse:—

"I would have clergymen to keep in view that, while it is the duty of laymen to respect their religious instructors, it is also unquestionably the duty of clergymen to see that they do not, by their conduct, make the performance of such duty by the laity an impossibility; for, whilst clergymen may have their difficulties in persuading the irreligious to abandon their evil ways, laymen have certainly imposed on them, through the inconsistency of clergymen, great obstacles to their belief in clerical sincerity. For example, When the laity observe, as they occasionally do, churchmen heaping full measure of godly reputation upon men who are known not to be over particularly moral in their conduct, but who subscribe liberally to church funds, and justifying this questionable charitableness on the plea that we are not permitted as Christians to judge uncharitably

of the motives of our fellow-men—yet, while professing this forbearance, unhesitatingly judging censoriously of the motives of those who do not contribute so largely as they [the clergy] consider they ought to do; and both from the pulpit and platform, ascribing parsimonious or other unworthy motives to those who, for aught they know, or apparently care for knowing, may simply prefer to be less pharisaical than may suit the purposes of their publicly-benevolent denouncers—most men naturally disbelieve in such charitableness. When a layman cannot perceive that by merely subscribing money and forwarding the schemes of clergymen, he necessarily forwards the well-being of society, why should they consider that they show their charity in denouncing him as unchristian? Such conduct is certainly not the natural fruits of that charity which the Bible teaches, but infinitely more the effect of disappointed covetousness. Possibly many clergymen conscientiously believe that they do contribute to the true interests of religion when they aid in accumulating funds to supply the present and future wants of the church; but such forethought is not only directly prohibited by the Great Master whom they profess to serve, but there is in the pecuniary devotedness exhibited by some clergymen a tendency to increase covetousness in their minds, to lessen the existence of reciprocal confidence between the laity and the clergy, and, consequently, to injure both: the interchange of gratitude being just as essential for the true well-being of the latter as for the former.”—(*Unpopular View*, p. 461.)

Profit may attend a perusal of the remarks on popular preachers,—on our liberality in providing for their temporal wants,—on the building of churches not being necessarily a proof that we are Christians,—on the causes of the demoralisation among the working classes,—on Sunday schools, and their failure to accomplish the object for which they were established,—on the encouragement given to Pharisaical godliness by the clergy being an increasing source of fanaticism and hypocrisy among the laity,—as also on the encouragement of revivalism by clergymen, being an evidence of their unfitness for their office. Even those who differ from Mr Fraser will be ready to own that they have gained much from his suggestions, and will thank him for the honesty with which he has spoken his convictions.

Nor will the reader of the “Tracts for the Thoughtful” consider his time ill spent. Here, also, there is confession made of many existing evils in the religious world, as well as in that portion of society which openly stands in opposition to religious teaching.

We know the writer, or writers, to be reporting truly the acknowledged imperfections of the system. The language is bold, and unsparing are the censures dealt to offenders. There are indications, we think, that the Dissenters rather than Churchmen are addressed as chief readers of these Tracts; but the errors denounced are common to both. The topics discussed are numerous, too numerous for farther recapitulation here, but we desire to furnish one extract, which happens to associate well with the remarks already quoted from the “Unpopular View :”—

CONCERNING CHAPELS.

“I would not say a word to damp the chapel-building zeal which now seems somewhat prevalent throughout a certain section of the Christian Church, even though this zeal should be somewhat alloyed with a base ele-

ment of strife and vain-glory. The maliciously disposed may perhaps opine that if the Lord's recommendation,—‘Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth!’—had been strictly carried out in this case, the thousands might have dwindled to hundreds, the hundreds to tens; but we will not give place to this calumnious spirit. I hail with delight this chapel-building zeal, or any zeal which diverts men's cash or men's attention from purposes of mere self-indulgence to what is even *fancied* to be an object of public advantage. True, one can hardly help wondering that so intelligent a body of persons as those bearing the name of Independents should have thought so much of the chapels and so little of the preachers who are to occupy them,—that it should not have occurred to them more forcibly that the real efficacy of a chapel in accomplishing any good purpose upon this earth can only arise from what is carried on within its walls. If any man should have fancied, through want of steady reflection upon the matter, that the one work which God cares most of all to have done in this world is church-and-chapel building, and that all other matters affecting human interests appear in His sight as of comparatively trifling importance, I would strongly urge upon such a one that he should carefully reconsider the grounds of this opinion. Especially would I have him search the Scriptures for the authority on which we may conclude that God delights so greatly in chapel-building. ‘But Solomon built Him a house. Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands!’ This does not help us far towards the chapel-building doctrine. If any man will bring me a single passage in the New Testament which seems to indicate that the building of places of worship is the one great work which God desires above all things to have done in this world, I will close my mouth for ever more.”—(*V. God's Work and Ours*, p. 37.)

In the volume entitled “Life Work” by L. N. R., (Mrs Ranyard?) are instructive details connected with the working of “Bible-Women” and other Mission agencies that may assist to ameliorate the condition of the poor. It shows with what success one fresh organization of labour has been brought to bear where other efforts had failed, for the introduction of the Bible and its teaching into the houses of squalour and improvidence, of misery and vice, which may be cleansed and brightened in time by the new influences. Yet there is a taint of mercantile jobbery in some parts of the scheme as herein indicated, and in others (*e. g.*, the case of poor “Marian” who did so much for the “Missing Link” Mission, in its first year) a harsh, ungenerous, and unloving spirit of domination makes itself visible; nevertheless, there is no doubt that good can be done in the ways recorded by “Life-Work.” The attempt to bring the blessing of the Gospel within the reach of the sufferers in our crowded cities deserves praise and assistance, and there is an earnest call for co-operation that is unlikely to be disregarded. By those who in station had hitherto been removed from contact with the poverty-stricken, a summons ever and anon is heard; a summons not always disregarded, we know. When once awakened fully to the misery that may be softened by their aid, such as are gently-born and nurtured, are oftentimes the most assiduous and unselfish in their ministration. We must never forget how much is done by many of the delicate ladies who quit the circle of fashionable frivolity, in which by wealth or beauty, or accomplishments, they might have continued to shine,—and devote the best part of their

lives to befriending the poor. And we must also give due credit to the "Bible-Women," the "Missing Links," who are frequently well fitted to be advisers and friends to the wives and mothers whom they visit. Let the reader search for himself into the record, and he will see some aspects of the Religious condition of our age that is not devoid of hopeful augury. Even dismissing from consideration the scheme of co-operating societies, (which is often a delusion and a snare), we may be assured that individual efforts will do much service, in extending a knowledge of the Gospel. Let these words be studied, calmly and humbly, and the lesson they teach be acted on, and we cannot but think that the work of sympathy that is offered to each of us who dares accept it, will be better than any amount of railing at the short-comings of the age:—

REDEEMING THE TIME.

"'Oh to go back,' says a new-born soul, 'to that weary round of dress, meals, visits, and amusements—all without a purpose, save to pass away the long hours; to dwell among those who are ever seeking something further than the present, and, when that is found,

'Still seeking—all unrest,'

whose very atmosphere creates

'A sense of emptiness, without the sense
Of an abiding fulness anywhere.'

. . . "We believe there are a great many of those hidden ones—known to the Lord who has bought them—to whom He will manifest more grace. . . . Meantime we would remind them that the deepest streams have stillest sources, that there lies before them now a life of WORSHIP and of WORK, and that the *first*, which is the root of the *second*, can be begun in secret. They will begin to redeem the time for soul service—to the soul's best Friend; in this land of liberty they have His BOOK, hitherto a 'dead letter,' an unprized possession, now 'a pearl of great price,' or rather a treasury of pearls, an inexhaustible mine of the gems of truth. Of this mine the key of prayer will unlock the door, and bring the heavenly Teacher to their side, by night or day. With the Old and New Testaments in their hands they can never again feel they have 'nothing to do.'

. . . "Little have those studied that book who have even loved it for a lifetime. How few Christians, hitherto, have been 'mighty in the Scriptures!' Are they few or many amongst his flock, comparatively speaking, that a devoted pastor can bring and say, 'These, my spiritual children, know and love their Bibles—they are always studying them. Let the Lord take them and use them for the various ministries of life—they are prepared—they know how to wield 'the sword of the Spirit.' Now, we can only be safe teachers as far as we are learners here; we can only give to drink of the water of life, as we ourselves go daily to the fountain.

"But when the Lord has caused you to drink, He will make you lead others to the living stream. Your very countenance will tell that you have found peace in Him, and you will not be able to help, in some way or other, saying—'Ho, every one that is thirsty, come ye to the waters.' Spiritual life *must* diffuse itself—it *will* find a channel—your Master will find it for you. Oh to have a Master always to work for, who will never let us be out of work, abroad or at home! He is one for whom it is worth while to redeem the time! He will go with us. He will not send us upon a warfare at our own charges. He is 'the chief among ten thousand—the alto-

gether lovely.' His yoke is easy, and His burden is light, and He says, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Before we enter on the fields of work which lie open, without limits, before a devoted Christian mind, which has enjoyed the advantages of education and position, we will place you in relation to one of our earnest Bible-women, and tell you in her own words, from a journal that was never written for your eye, what has been her six months' work this year. It may shew you a little of what remains to be done among the poor of our great city."—(*Life-Work*, p. 69.)

The maze of Life is bewildering to most of us, but one clear thread runs through it all, and is the clue to guide us if we choose to follow it with faithfulness.

August 1862.

BEDOUIN.

SIBBES AND OWEN.

The Complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D., Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; Preacher of Gray's Inn, London. Edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. A. B. GROSSART. Vol. 2. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. Pp. 518.

Life of John Owen, D.D. By ANDREW THOMSON, D.D. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.

THE preceding volume of Nichol's admirable series of Standard Divines contained all the works of Richard Sibbes published by himself, together with related portions restored to their proper place (*e.g.*, "The Description of Christ," and "The Sword of the Wicked"). The present volume gives the larger Treatises of Sibbes from the Old Testament, and also some lesser Sermons of similar nature. The Commentaries on portions of the New Testament will follow. Almost half the present volume is devoted to the earnest Expository Sermons on Canticles, iv. 16, v., vi., quaintly entitled, "Bowels Opened":—"an appellation no doubt derived from the Hebraic idea of the seat of the affections being in the 'bowels,' Cant. v. 4; and compare 1 John iii. 17," as Mr Grossart notes. We also find "The Spouse, her earnest desire after Christ," "A Breathing after God," "The Returning Backslider," Hosea xiv., and "The Glorious Feast of the Gospel," Isa. xxv. 6-9. These are characterised by the same excellencies which make Sibbes' "Bruised Reed" so dear to religious readers:—Grave, impressive tenderness and simplicity, and a fulness of Gospel comfort, that alike displays his acquaintance with Scriptural truth, and his genuine sympathy with anxious inquirers. The language is devoid of affectation, either of recondite learning, or of rhetorical eloquence, yet we feel that his knowledge is wide and sound, and that he possesses a fervour which not unfrequently rises into a strain of impassioned beauty almost sublime. A more intimate acquaintance with Sibbes, cannot fail to benefit modern readers.

In connection with the above it will be profitable to peruse the ex-

cellent Memoir of Dr John Owen, by Dr Andrew Thomson of Edinburgh. It is one of the most admirable specimens of condensed and judicious biography. The career of the eminent Puritan, his character and influence on associates, are displayed in the compass of one small volume, reprinted from a standard edition of Owen's Works. It affords an interesting view of the Cromwellian times, and of a man who occupied high position in the theological and political world. It is, indeed, a model biography. The concluding lines we append:—

THE OLD PURITANS.

"John Owen belonged to a class of men who have risen from age to age in the Church, to represent great principles, and to revive in the Church the life of God. The supreme authority of the Scriptures in all matters of religion,—the headship of Christ,—the rights of conscience,—religion as a thing of spirit, and not of form, resulting from the personal belief of certain revealed truths, and infallibly manifesting itself in a holy life,—the Church as a society distinct from the world;—these principles, often contended for in flames and blood, were the essence of that Puritanism which found one of its noblest examples in Owen. Puritanism, it has been finely said, was the feeling of which Protestantism was the argument. But even then, it was an old spirit under a new name, which, heaven-enkindled, has ever borne the two marks of its celestial origin, in blessing the world and being persecuted by it. It was the spirit which breathed in the Lollards of Germany, in the Hussites of Bohemia,—in those saints, who

'On the Alpine mountains cold,
Kept God's truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones;'

in the Huguenots of France; and in the stern Scottish Covenanters;—and which God has sometimes sent down since, like a benignant angel, when the Church at any time has begun to stagnate in a cold orthodoxy, to trouble the waters of the sanctuary, that the lame might be healed. It is a spirit which the inert orthodoxy, and the superficial evangelism of the Church even now greatly need to have breathed into it from heaven. And the laborious and prayerful study of the writings of the Puritans might do much to restore it. Only let the same truths be believed with the same faith, and they will produce the same men, and accomplish the same intellectual and moral miracles. A due appreciation of the most pressing wants of our age, and a timely discernment of its most serious perils, would draw from us the prayer which is said to have once escaped the lips even of the cold and calculating Erasmus,—'O, sit anima mea cum Puritanis Anglicanis!'"

THE WEARMOUTH ABBOTS.

The Wearmouth Abbots: a Tale illustrative of Saxon Christianity. By the author of "The Rationale of Justification by Faith;" "The Philosophy of Evangelicism;" "The Social Unity of Humanity;" &c. Second Edition. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862.

We have been surprised by the remarkable ability displayed in this

modest and deeply-interesting volume. As a Tale it is sufficiently absorbing, and the period of history selected for illustration being one hitherto almost untouched by the novelist, although important for study, possessing varied features that merit attention, the reader is introduced into an untrodden world, and delighted with the freshness of this virgin soil, which has produced so rich a harvest. In perusing the story of the Wearmouth Abbots, it seems as though it were with us, as with the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge; as though

“We were the first that ever burst within that silent sea.”

But, probably, the chief value of the work will be felt to be in the able discussions of theological subjects, the moral and religious tone which pervades it from beginning to end, and the evidence it yields of the beauty and nobility of some of the early-living Christians of Britain:—

“the great of old;
The dead but sceptred sovrauns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”

We find Aidan, the Venerable Bede, Cuthbert, and Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth,—ecclesiastics whose zeal, piety, and learning, shine conspicuously in the illumination of those times from the darkness of heathenism. Benedict is the hero of the book, and although we abstain from attempting to give a sketch of the incidents, we here append, as a specimen of the style of narrative, a brief description of

WEARMOUTH MONASTERY.

“The site chosen for Benedict’s sacred pile, was the summit of a mound at the mouth of one of Northumbria’s principal streams, which, after meandering for many miles between wooded banks, and passing many a scene of romance, made a last graceful sweep around the base of the church-crowned hill, before pouring its waters into the estuary that connected it with the German Ocean. The tower that still survives the wreck of time asserts unquestionable claims to a very remote antiquity, if not to be regarded as the identical tower which Bassano’s mind conceived, and his skill executed. A smaller church, dedicated to the Virgin, and of which vestiges remained in the fifteenth century, and were then known as the ‘auld kirke,’ marked the site of Bishop Aidan’s previous edifice, at a little distance from that of Benedict’s, whose construction, in 674-6, we now narrate. South of the church were the monks’ dormitories.

“Immediately opposite the monastery, on the other side of the river, the trading population were domiciled in rows of cottages, built in an amphitheatrical and crescent-like form, one behind the other, on the terraced embankment; all looking wistfully, with their wattled walls and thatched roofs, towards the more substantial edifice from which they sought instruction and succour. These feudal adherents, led by various considerations, had sought, in an ecclesiastical seignior, the protection which no secular chieftain could, at that time, so effectually render. If the Church were not then so wealthy as she became in after days, when, prostituting her high trust, she bartered heaven for gold, the reverence with which a practically-minded people beheld her simple piety, invested her dignitaries with a power which the mightiest dared not but respect. Merchants flocked around her peace-

ful sanctuaries, because, unlike the followers of a military chief, they were there enabled to prosecute their commercial schemes without interruption. Artizans were attracted by the vast edifices necessary to be constructed for the accommodation of those who, under the impulse of a new zeal, sought to advance the interests of their common faith by congregating under the same roof. The cultivation of the monastic lands gave employment to the agricultural labourer; for although, speaking in general terms, the monks tilled their own territory, and tended their own flocks, their clerical and literary functions absorbed enough of their time to render indispensable other aid. The fisherman, with his boat and net, formed a necessary adjunct to a sea-port. And, although the British marine was then in too infantile a state to have obtained a name in history, vessels plied along the coast and across the German Ocean, in sufficient number to create a sea-faring population of no inconsiderable extent. But, beside these ordinary attractions, numerous settlers had been brought from Italy and France to assist in the erection and embellishment of the monastery and its church, and especially in the manufacture of the glass required for the windows and utensils. And, to the influential and skilled adventurers thus collected together from various motives, lands were given in free tenure, and every practicable encouragement offered to attach them to the soil. In these grants of land, Bassano, as chief architect, had largely participated, and upon an elevated site, commanding an extensive sea-view, and embracing within its range of objects the ecclesiastical edifice now in course of erection, Bassano had built a substantial stone dwelling to which to conduct his bride."—(P. 101.]

The survey of conventual life is extensive, and embraces many instructive details. A pure invigorating air, as that which the Abbots of Wearmouth breathed, gives a sense of health and bracing freshness to the reader, and leaves a pleasant memory of the book upon his mind. Nor are stirring incidents absent. The shipwreck on the iron-bound coast, the horrors of the pestilence, the capture by pirates, and other events, are described in simple nervous language, and the characters of Constance, Benedict, Sigfrid, his sister Bertha, and the girls Agnes and Agatha, are such as lend attraction to the various scenes in which they move. We see Coldingham Priory, Lindisfarne, and Wearmouth, as they were of old, and if there is much of modern thought interwoven with the speculations of the Saxon times, few will need to complain, whilst perusing so spirit-searching a tale as this, of the Wearmouth Abbots.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

Manual of Modern Geography, Mathematical, Physical, and Political, on a new plan, embracing a complete development of the river systems of the globe. By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY, A.M., F.R.G.S.. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1861.

THIS valuable manual of Dr Mackay, is chiefly intended as a companion and expositor of the school atlas of Mr Keith Johnston. But it

does more than fulfil this end. It is one of the most comprehensive yet select repositories of geographical knowledge which we have had the good fortune to peruse, and that too at a price which must bring it within the reach of the humblest student. Considering the improved methods now generally adopted in teaching geography, such a work was imperatively called for, and we must say, the reverend author has executed his task with singular fidelity.

The manual begins with a compendious account of the relations of the earth to the solar system, and of the latter to the other worlds which people space. The form and materials of the globe, its climate, mineralogy, geology, botany, zoology, and ethnography, are next discussed, and so constitute a foundation for subsequent details in physical and political geography.

The precise order in which the different sections should stand to each other, has cost the author much careful reflection. The physical and political elements, for example, are intentionally combined, so as to shed a mutual light on each other. The position and boundaries of countries, are defined with an eye to their relative latitudes. Comparisons are instituted of different areas and population. But it is the articles entitled political divisions in which the author has made the greatest innovation.—Instead of adhering to the prevailing custom of giving under each province or county, a dry list of cities and towns wholly unconnected by any system of arrangement, the writer had no hesitation in availing himself of a principle equally simple and beautiful, with which nature supplied him.

He refers to the important physical law that all the cities and towns on the earth's surface, whether ancient or modern, stand on the banks of rivers or on the sea coast. The exceptions to this law are few and easily explained, while the causes that have led to so striking a result are sufficiently obvious. Till very recently, when the canal and the railroad have to some extent supplied their place, rivers have in all ages formed the great highways of commerce. In every land the banks of rivers present the most fertile portions of the country, as the valleys of the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Jordan; and also formed the earliest seats of civilization, as, for example, Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, and Damascus, the origin of which dates back to the dawn of history.

This method of grouping, according to the river basins, although at first sight difficult to the young student, is yet so philosophical in its results, that we cannot too strongly recommend it. Upon the whole, this Manual of Dr Mackay's is a valuable and meritorious contribution to geographical science.

FIARS PRICES OF GRAIN.

Table showing the fluctuation in the Fiars Prices of Grain for the County of Edinburgh since the introduction of the Corn Laws in 1815 to this time. By THOMAS B. SCOTT. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1862.

THE FIARS PRICES of grain is a highly important subject to our ecclesiastical readers. But a collection and comparison of fiars prices is possessed of a universal interest. Whether the mode followed by the Sheriff of ascertaining these prices be correct, we will not at present enquire. The landowners, the farmers, and the clergy have each, we believe, their peculiar theory on the subject. But assuming that the fiars prices do, upon the whole, fairly represent the average prices of grain, then the table before us constitutes a most valuable record of their fluctuations during an important period of our history.

Since Mr Took's celebrated history of prices was published, the opinion has silently been gaining ground that the variations in the price of corn do not depend upon any species of fiscal or of legislative restriction, and but very slightly even upon the contingencies of war. Mr Scott's table would seem to support this view. For example:—

The harvest of 1815 was abundant. The price of wheat per quarter was 50s. 0½d., barley, 24s. 8½d., and of oats, 19s. 6½d. The harvests of 1816 and 1817 were very unproductive—the weather during the summer and autumn being most ungenial; and, as a consequence, the grain crops were much damaged. The price of grain advanced, reaching what was regarded at the time famine prices. The fiars prices at Mid-Lothian for 1816 were per quarter—wheat 79s. 1d.; for 1817 80s. 0¼d., being an advance of about 30s per quarter over the prices in 1815. Barley also advanced in price. In 1815 the quarter was 24s. 8½d.; in 1816 it was 43s. 3½d., in 1817 it rose to 45s. 3½d.; and in 1818 to the extreme price of 54s. 1½d. per quarter. Oats also fluctuated in price; in 1815 the fiars price per quarter was 19s. 6½d.; in 1816 it was 35s. 8d., and fell in 1817 to 31s. 7d.; and again advanced in 1818 to 32s. 11½d. per quarter.

These variations in value are obviously due more to the influences of seasons and other natural causes, than to the imposition of restrictive duties to the state of our currency. And it does not appear that the tendency of the trade has been to lower prices; but rather to enhance them. To political writers and economists who study those subjects, this elaborate table will prove of very great benefit.

GRIESBACH'S TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The New Testament, Translated from Griesbach's Text. By SAMUEL SHARPE, Author of the History of Egypt, &c. The Fifth Edition. London: J. Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square. 1862.

THE value of this book is great, and its popular acceptance proved by

the fact of this being the fifth edition. Many improvements on its predecessors will be found, the translator having availed himself of numerous friendly criticisms, and further study, to correct faults which had before escaped him. The result is an elegant and convenient volume, serviceable to Biblical students and the general public. The sole objection that need be recognised is, that Griesbach's text of the Leipsic edition, 1805, does not afford the very latest aids that are attainable, in approximating to a correct translation of the original Greek. Towards this, much has been done in recent years, and is continuing to be done, by Biblical critics of sound learning.

We are glad to note that the present translator has avoided, and as far as was compatible with correctness, changing the words employed in the Authorised Version, knowing "how much every new word grates upon the ear that is accustomed to the beautiful simplicity of the Authorised Version. His aim has been to give the meaning and idiom of the corrected Greek text as far as possible in the well-known words; and to lay before the English reader those fruits of the labours of our biblical critics, which are already well known to the learned."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The Queen has presented the Rev. William Fergusson Wight to the united parishes of Auchtergaven and Logiebride, vacant by the transference of the Rev. Dr Langdale to the church and parish of Applegarth.

Presentation.—The Rev. William Shaw of Ayr has been presented by the Crown to the church and parish of Alloa, vacant by the death of the Rev. P. Brotherton.

Died, at the Manse of Channelkirk, Berwickshire, on the 2d ultimo, the Rev. James Rutherford, minister of the parish.

MACPHAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CCI.

OCTOBER 1862.

THE CARDROSS CASE AND THE FREE CHURCH COMMISSION, WEDNESDAY 13TH AUGUST, 1862.

THE character of an age or of a body of men can always be pretty well ascertained from the moral and intellectual qualities of those who are its chosen leaders. I should trust we have not fallen upon an age of little men; yet I must confess, when I read over the two most telling speeches, delivered the other day in the Commission of the Free Church, on the Cardross Case, I could not but feel that either its men, in all really noble and impressible qualities, had been much over-rated, or if they at all come up to the average standard, it has been our bad fortune to fall upon evil days.

Dr Candlish is certainly a very remarkable man; but he always suggests the image of a grist-mill of small size, driven by steam, making a tremendous whirr, and going at tremendous speed, with dust and bran flying about;—but when you set yourself to take account of work done after so much noise and vehemence, you are astonished at the little you can gather up. This I used humbly to ascribe to my own infirmity,—the want of understanding, or something of the sort,—and might have continued to think so still, had it not been for those writings, such is his work on the Atonement, in which he has with his usual impetuosity rushed to the solution of questions which perplex some of the profoundest thinkers of the present time,—and with all his self-confidence, the unsatisfactoriness of his attempt has become manifest to most men. Besides, if in a minister of the Gospel, we are to look for something higher than mere intellectual gladiatorship, he is certainly not the man really to impress minds possessed of deep insight and sentiment. He is nothing higher than a more lawyer endowed with any amount of subtlety and skill

in evasion, and particularly adroit in concealing some weak point in the cause which he advocates. In his speech on Wednesday he out-did himself.

Dr Begg belongs also to the lawyer tribe, but a class immensely inferior. In Dr Candlish, there is nothing you positively dislike. You think of him as a man whose logical and hair-splitting faculties have been exercised at the expense of the rest of his nature—if ever he had in it much to lose; but Dr Begg always reminds us of that low class of officials, whose unhappy lot it is to be engaged in the detection of crime. If anything mean or ungenerous can be supposed or is discoverable, he fishes it up with the greatest gusto, and gloats over it;—not only so, but—what is most loathsome to minds by no means squeamish, or over-sensitive—with his wicked wit he extracts matter of mirth from what would make an angel weep, and cause a really good man to look grave. Instances of this brilliant accomplishment and for exercising this peculiar instinct, were not wanting, as we may have occasion to show, on Wednesday last.

Let us attend to the performances of these two, as the speeches of the others require no particular notice. Their object, in which they were supported generally by the Commission, was to throw into shade a point which the country should not easily allow to slip from its recollection. Every man, woman, and child must remember, that at the time when Mr Macmillan summoned the Free Assembly or some of its leading members into Court, it was maintained that it was quite enough it should be understood that his alleged damage was effected by the Church of Christ, in the discharge of its functions. To call their sentence in question, was virtually to call in question a decision of Christ himself;—to do so was irreligious, and to persecute for conscience sake. If that was not their meaning, I will say this at least, their language was singularly ill chosen. Accordingly, they at first demurred to have the case examined in any shape, and we can account for the praises showered upon Lord Benholme, because, as Lord Ordinary, he supported their views.

It is all the same say they. Better had the Court seconded the good Lord Benholme at the outset than have kept the question so long in suspense, and led them such a goose-chase. As regards this particular judgment it may be so. But the country has a stake in the matter. It is of the utmost consequence to all that the liberty and freedom from oppression of each one of our fellow-subjects should be watched over, whatever religious body he may belong to, and whatever creed he may profess; and more particularly where it is most endangered by the assumptions of a domineering religious sect, and the arrogant conceit of those whom it entrusts with power. With all their skill in special pleading, the truth does crop out oftener than once in the leading speeches that the failure of the prosecutor to recover damages was not due to any peculiar privilege accorded to a religious body, but quite irrespective of religion altogether. The Civil Courts wholly ignored the purposes as far as affects the legal finding for which the members of the Free Church are associated. Any other society tol-

rated, protected, or favourably regarded by the laws would be in precisely the same situation. The question was looked upon simply as one that existed between master and man. No non-established church can be regarded as in any other position. A church may have special powers and privileges bestowed on it by the State. It is supposed the existing Establishment is in this condition. But such powers and privileges must be conferred on it, and as so exercising them, its decisions are to be looked on as the decisions of the State. Unless it is specially determined otherwise, no body of people, whether formed for sacred or secular purposes, can as such assume any rights or powers which any other may not, as long as the law is not transgressed. Looking at the different speeches and utterances of Free Churchmen in this protracted case, one is reminded of the claims to infallibility on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church. In general terms, and as addressed to popular apprehension, infallibility is unmistakably asserted. But if you debate the matter with one of their many able casuists, you find the sense so presumptuously suggested, secretly withdrawn, and another and very harmless meaning put in its place. Infallibility, you say, nonsense, and well armed with references, produce a host of obvious blunders, contradictions, inconsistencies, and what not. You learn that infallibility is laid claim to by every corporate body of men. In fact, without assuming it, no contention could be terminated anyhow. The powers which the Free Church so magniloquently claim, are such as any number of people who may associate together for any lawful purpose may assume. But they say, we may arrogate for our decisions the sanctions of heaven, though the Civil Courts may not recognise us as having such. And so may any independent congregation that calls itself a church, though its numbers do not amount to twenty people. Besides, in your decisions, you may err by mistake. You are not surely to suppose the seal of heaven affixed to your blunders. Try it by the result, when the effects of a false decision make itself seen in the consequences. One who opposes you may save himself from the impiety of withstanding God, on the presumption, on your part, of real or possible error. Your sentence, if orderly passed, is formally right to those who recognise your authority, most certainly, but what if your standing orders and forms have been departed from. Is what you may determine anyhow to become law even to your own members? and much less in the case of others who do not recognise your authority.

All I have now said at such a length appears so obvious, that it seems a waste of time to insist so on it. And yet in the case of the church already referred to—that of Rome—vague general assumptions of terrible import over-awed the timorous, dazzled the unthinking, and awakened such strong popular feelings in their favour, as to over-bear even the strong-minded and intelligent; and when these bold assertions were found to be a mistake, they were apparently withdrawn, though never in so frank and decided a manner as to prevent their reiteration on the first favourable occasion. Of such a policy Dr Begg and Dr Candlish appear to have been very successful students.

But has not the Free Church triumphed? Assuredly! Why else the clattering of cymbals?

Let us look into this a little more closely, as whatever else they are capable of, some of the Free Church leaders are adepts in mystification. They are as nimble as a clever shopman,—whom I have understood they consider as a model of skill as regards adaptation to public taste, and on that account fitted by a short and easy process, and be converted into a kind of small clergyman,—in withholding the fretted part of a damaged web, and displaying its fine showy glossy surface where it can be seen to most advantage. And yet very acute people are often unfortunate in their way of representing a thing. Dr Candlish quotes a remarkable instance to show that the Assembly when it has ceased to sit cannot prosecute. It does not appear that the Free Church Assembly, as it has no statuted or chartered existence has any right to prosecute at all. Like Pope and Pagan in the Pilgrim's Progress, it may bite its nails and rail, but can inflict no bodily damage directly or indirectly. It is questionable if it legally exists, or at least can legally do any harm even so far as to harrass and annoy. Sound policy seems to be chary in granting large powers to corporate or quasi-corporate bodies. But if it withhold from them the means of mischief, good feeling and fair play appear to require that if weak and helpless, their impotency shall be their protection. If their teeth are drawn, and their nails pared to the quick, it would be extreme cruelty to hound the beagles upon them. Such is the ground of triumph on the part of the Free Church. Care is taken that they shall not employ law as an instrument to molest, and therefore care is taken that through means of law they shall be as little as possible molested. Nor should the members of the Free Church consider this as any particular hardship. Christianity did not rise to moral power and influence by dextrous litigation or clever fence in logic. We have by much too much of this quarrelsome, litigious, factious, and contentious spirit. The spirit of true piety does not flourish all the better for the angry debates of presbyteries, or the fierce conflicts of assemblies. The Old Bailey-like fashion in which an offending or fallen brother is set upon, does not seem to agree with what appears, according to a pretty high authority on church law and order, to have been the express end of the mode of trial which the constitution of the church prescribes. By a leaf taken from the New Testament, it does not appear to have been so much intended to expose an erring brother as a warning to others, but by gentleness and brotherly treatment, to carry conviction to his own heart, and so finally to gain him. Now we would ask of any one capable of carrying his memory so far back, if the Assembly's method of dealing with Mr Macmillan was calculated to gain him—to bring him to sorrow for his offence, and convince him of the kindness and equity of his brethren, and their solicitude above all for his final welfare. We believe he would have submitted and kissed the rod had it been applied in measure, and for the offence for which he was undoubtedly in fault. To have been seen once, if not the second time, under the influence of a glass too much,

is wrong in any one, and particularly unbecoming in a minister of the Gospel. Let him receive rebuke with the meekness due from those who are admonished, to remember they were still in the body, and peradventure may take, or may have taken, a glass too much themselves. Or if the case merited suspension, or whatever punishment was due, it ought to have been tenderly and firmly inflicted in the spirit of Christianity. This was not the way in which the Assembly, under the influence of its leaders, acted. The idea appears to have had weight, of getting rid, wholly and for ever, of an old minister, less popular and acceptable than he had once been, and in so far a burden on the Sustentation Fund. This severe course must be sustained by the convictions of the Church's adherents. Now a drop too much, such is our imperfect morality, is looked upon as no offence at all in a layman, and a very venial offence in a minister. It so happened that another offence, of which a very different estimate is held, had been alleged against him. Of this no evidence existed except that of a witness whose testimony was worth nothing. The Assembly, yielding to a succession of stentorian orators, amidst the heat and excitement of crowded apartments, contrary to its own time-honoured course, determined not only to avail itself of this witness, but to overlook, in her case, the proofs of former falsehood, and on such testimony obtained in such a way, Mr Macmillan is convicted, in addition to the charge of drinking, of an offence that excites feelings of loathing towards any man, much more in the father of sons and grown-up daughters, but above all, a minister of the Gospel. No wonder he became angry, enraged, furibund, and thought only of revenge. No very Christian state of mind it will be said; true! We are not defending Mr Macmillan as a model of Christian meekness. He is a man, and no doubt a much erring man. But if he is to be tried by a Christian standard, it must be considered if he was dealt with by a Christian standard. No terms were kept with him, and he resolved to keep no terms with his former friends, now converted into his bitterest foes. The resentment of Mr Macmillan has probably done himself or his cause no good, and those against whom he has just cause of complaint little harm. No man, and no body of men, can have fatal damage done them, of the most serious and irremediable kind, except it is done by themselves. The sense of justice, of fairness, and what is due to Christian kindness, has been wounded in many, both within and without the Free Church, besides that of Mr Macmillan. The extent of this is not to be measured by sympathy for Mr Macmillan, much less by its expression in money. I hesitate not to say, that within the circle of special friends, this disagreeable and case, with some others not quite so offensive and much less known, has diminished much of the prestige which the Free Church acquired at the Disruption, as a self-sacrificing and suffering Church. Nothing will atone for the want of moral qualities, not even in an individual, much less in a body which looks forward to a perpetuity of existence. An individual may gulp down an unsavoury morsel, few may know of it, and he soon passes away. A church, or any public body, cannot so

easily withdraw from one place to another, and the blot and the impression remain on it, whilst the advantage is but temporary. I had resolved to leave space, according to early promise, for a single parting word with Dr Begg. A man, like Noah of old, may be overtaken with drunkenness, though a really good man; but with nothing in the act half so bad, a man may exhibit a spirit ten times worse. It seems strange that Christianity now-a-days so quick of sight to an inconsistent act, should be so obtuse in trying the spirits. In the army, in the exchange, in the drawing-room, this is done; everywhere except in the Church. We would not envy the mind that did not discover offence—a low, mean vulgarity—in almost every sentence of Dr Begg's speech. But it is not worth while to go over it in detail. We do not admire at all his long quotation from one of Mr Macmillan's speeches in former and, to him, happier days. The deliverance of the Free Church from the fangs of the Court of Session did not at all require further damage to him who already had reason to regard himself as deeply wronged. Whilst monster meetings, delighted with their peculiar style of oratory, were hanging on the lips of Dr Begg and his coadjutors, their less popular brother was breasting aboard ship the billows of the Atlantic to communicate in the Canadas the views which the Free Church took of the Disruption. On his return he gave a sensible and a modest account of his reception. Stung to frenzy by the unworthy treatment to which he had been subjected, he had gone in the teeth of what he then professed, and having fallen over the stumbling-block laid in his way, and gone contrary to his former professions, Dr Begg, in league with those who caused his fall, now exults in displaying his inconsistency. We have done. This memorable case does little credit to any connected with it. We do not gain from it any very elevated notion of Mr Macmillan. It does not destroy our confidence in the equity and justice of the Court of Session. At the same time it does not add to our estimate of the legal ability of the judges, or of those who practise at the bar. We decidedly think Mr Macmillan might have received better legal advice. Least of all do we think the Free Church, or, at least, that its most eminent leaders come clear and clean out of the matter. If we have now heard the last of it, we do not think a sounding of trumpets in broad daylight the most suitable wind up. We would rather have advised it had been put to bed with shutters closed and no candles, and remained there till doomsday, when all causes and purposes will be tried over again.

DR GUTHRIE'S WAY TO LIFE.*

THE Free Church committed a great mistake by putting Dr Guthrie into the Moderator's Chair at their last General Assembly. It was a

* The Way to Life. Sermons by Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1862.

false step, and the result was doubtless unexpected, except by a few. It shows that no man is equally qualified for every department in his own profession. A general feeling was current among the members of that church that an unmistakeable slight was put upon its greatest ornament, in not promoting him to the seat of honour in its highest ecclesiastical court; and considering his notoriety as a preacher, as a platform orator, and as a philanthropist, many were not slow to ask why such an honour had not been conferred long ago. Some of the most penetrating of the leaders shook their heads at the proposal, but said nothing, while others again, to preserve quietness, gave assurance that the matter would be taken into due consideration. A feeler was put into the newspapers announcing the intended distinction, which was approved of, *nem. con.* Well, the time came, and Dr Guthrie was unanimously called to the chair, and discharged its duties *suo more* till the close. That Assembly is likely to be long remembered for certain characteristics entirely peculiar to itself, and has already been christened the "*Merry Assembly.*" The opening address was not in a tone calculated to impart dignity to the House, and taking the cue from the leader, it was more or less the same throughout all its sittings. Ever and anon, as the reports intimated, it was "laughter and cheers,"—"cheers and laughter," joined in by both members and spectators; and we are informed that a distinguished lay member was so shocked at the levity and want of decorum that prevailed, that he pointedly called attention to the circumstance, as contrasting so strongly with the dignity and solemnity maintained in the Assembly of the Established Church.

It is not the first time that an intended honour has turned out to a man's disadvantage. Since then, Dr Guthrie has gone far down in the scale of public estimation, and we very much doubt if he will ever regain the high position he has lost. The asperity, also, with which his closing harangue was pervaded, tended not a little to give additional momentum to the descending scale, exhibiting, in all their acrimonious intensity, feelings which were long considered, if not obliterated, at least subdued. We believe that Dr Guthrie himself felt ill at ease in his new position, and would much rather have preferred a visit to some of his wretched domiciles, and a conference with some of his newly-caught ragged-school children. We must acknowledge that we were never more taken by surprise than when we read his tirade against the Established Church. Had it been Dr Candlish, we should have felt no surprise, for he has ever been the avowed enemy of the Church; but of Dr Guthrie other things were expected. We had always thought him a genial Christian, loving every one, and being loved by every one in return. Amidst all the debates and discussions which for many years occupied the Free platform, Dr Guthrie's voice was never heard, his presence was never mentioned, and when the leaders were battling for pre-eminence, or principle, as they called it, in Tanfield, or somewhere else, he was battling with sin, and poverty, and misery, in the closes and garrets of the Grass-market, and was gaining a much more desirable victory, as well as a

more enduring reward. When we read, then, of his bitterness against the mother that bore him, in whose lap he had been nursed, on whose breast he had been fondled, and who yet regards him with the yearnings of a mother's love, notwithstanding his withdrawal from the parental roof, we could not avoid exclaiming, in the words of the poet,—"*Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?*"

Well, what has all this to do with the volume before us, *The Way to Life*? Possibly nothing, yet it has not been without a purpose. It has at least afforded us an opportunity of proffering the reverend author an advice which it is not likely he will ever hear or see, and it is this,—Dr Guthrie, whatever your friends and admirers may urge, never again take the Moderator's chair at the General Assembly. Keep to the pulpit, for there you are at home, there you are equal to any, superior to most, and more popular than all.—We turn now to "*The Way to Life*."

The twenty-one sermons of which this volume is composed, are all on subjects of the deepest interest and importance, and are treated in the author's usual characteristic and graphic style. There is everywhere a gorgeousness of illustration which has sometimes a tendency to lead the mind away from the main subject before it, and an humble Christian, eagerly hungering for the nourishment of spiritual life, might think that the tree is too much encumbered with leaves, and that a less luxuriant display of foliage would facilitate his discovery of the desired fruit. The divisions of the discourses are not always strictly logical, and made by a student in the Divinity Hall, would probably call forth remark from his professor; but still we should not like to be without them, for we consider them as here illustrated and enforced, much preferable to the discourses of many who stickle at logical precision, and who present us with a bundle of dry bones as in the valley of vision. The greater part, if not the whole of these sermons, have already appeared individually in some of the current religious periodicals, and consequently much of their virgin bloom is gone; but doubtless to many they appear here for the first time, as bright and beautiful as if fresh from the mental mint. Dr Guthrie has the happy knack of introducing into his discourses his everyday experience, and his everyday reading, in such a way as to make his readers or his hearers imagine that in no other manner could the subject under discussion be so well and so forcibly illustrated,—that had the starving mendicant on the street not come in his way, or the ship in a storm not come under his eye, or such a blood-stained warrior not turned the tide of battle, or such a captive not agonised in a loathsome dungeon, that head of discourse must have remained a blank, as not otherwise could it be filled up. This is the feeling, though a moment's consideration will show its absurdity; but it testifies to the power of the orator, and to the fascination which he throws around him. We shall now give an extract from the sermon on *Man's great Duty*, on the consideration how we obtain eternal life:—

"Nothing in one sense more difficult, yet in another easier—a wish, a word, a look, and it is ours! I have read the story of a captive who, im-

mured in Austrian prison, with no tool but a nail in his bleeding hands, wrought night by night, for twelve weary months, to mine its solid walls. Agitated by alternate hopes and fears, he at length accomplished his task; and then, on a dark, blustering night, by means of a rope that he had twisted, he swung himself over the dizzy depth; and, reaching the ground, swam the moat, and was free. What will a man not do, and not dare, for dear life and sweet liberty! But for eternal life—for the precious liberty of sons of God, you have no such time to wait, nor hardships to suffer, nor desperate risks to run. You have only to wish, and, as if struck by a magician's rod, the walls of your prison house open. You are free.

"During long years of care, and fears, and harassing thought, how do many toil for wealth, to be rich! And how often do their efforts fail! and, even when they have succeeded, how have we seen fortune, in a fit of caprice, suddenly desert her favourite, and his riches take themselves wings and flee away! But now, at this very moment, far happier than any worshipper of Mammon, you may enrich yourselves with wealth such as the fairy wand of old story never gave its possessor—when, only waving it, the dust of the road changed into gold, and the fountain, in place of water, sent up a jet of precious stones; every liquid drop, as it leapt into the air and fell back into the marble cistern, turning into a diamond, or ruby, or pearl. Again, what tortures have I seen people patiently endure, through a long protracted illness, to regain in health heaven's best earthly boon? But you have only to join the crowd, like the woman of old, to press through the throng, and lay your eager, trembling finger on the dusty hem of a Saviour's robe, to possess a health that never sickens, and is proof alike against the sharpest arrows of disease, and the dart of death. Again, see yonder, amid the smoke of battle, and in the throat of the deadly breach, how an ambitious soldier, bleeding from many wounds, fights his way upwards to win an earthly crown! wins it, but lives not to wear it. He is just seen on the top of the fire-girdled battlement; he has just time to wave his bloody sword; and ere his less fortunate comrades have time to envy him his honours, the mark of a foeman's rifle, he is struck through the heart; and, reeling back, falls headlong from the heights of fortune into the ditch below—dead as a stone. But you have no such risks to run; no such dangers to face. In the quiet house of God—there or anywhere else—now—at this moment—you have only to reach out the hand of faith, and it grasps the crown; a crown of glory that fadeth not away. One short step carried the thief, and may carry you, from eternal death to eternal life. So near at all times are we to heaven or to hell. What a solemn position!

Do you ask, what shall we do to inherit eternal life; to be saved? I reply with Paul, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; but reject him whom I offer, and you may be damned—lost this hour and lost for ever. The gift of God, say the Scriptures, is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. He purchased it for us by his sinless obedience, his sufferings, his atoning death. For that great end his infant head was pillowed on straw, and his dying head on thorns: for that great end, his lowly cradle was a manger, and his death-bed was a bloody cross; and what it cost him so much to buy, his Father is ready to bestow 'without money and without price.' He gives it for the asking; nay more, much more than that, rare thing in the experience of the poor and needy, he presses his bounty on our acceptance.

"On these streets, I have seen the poor hanging on the steps of the rich, and refusing to be ordered away; to move pity, laying bare their sores, and holding out their skinny hands to implore men's charity. But who ever saw the rich following the poor, with a hand filled with gold; pressing money on their acceptance; stopping them; entreating, beseeching, im-

ploring them to take it? Yet thus, to the amazement both of angels and devils, God does with you in offering his Son; and through him, the gift of eternal life. The truth is, he knows how wretched our fate if we refuse his mercy. He has looked on the fire that never has been quenched; he has heard the wail of those that are for ever lost; and as a father over his poor prodigal, a mother over her fallen daughter, he yearns over you—crying, Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die."

Dr Guthrie's style of preaching partakes a good deal of story-telling. Too much, we think. In the sermon, for example, from which we have quoted, an anecdote about a drowning man that he once saw, takes up no less than *forty* lines in the narrating, and all the improvement made of it is contained in these *two*,—"Would God, that poor sinners, that every man ready to perish laid hold as eagerly of eternal life!" Another story of Dr Kane in the Polar regions occupies about the same number of lines, and the lesson derived from it extends only over *ten*. This is what we had in view when we said that the author's discourses were like trees with more foliage than fruit, and that the length of his illustrations had a tendency to divert the mind from the essential lesson to be inculcated. We have occasionally detected expressions which had better been omitted, and which a preacher like the author did not require to make, even to catch the attention of the thoughtless. In reference to the drowning man above noticed, he says, "He might have been damned if he had been drowned." Very much this like a sensation rhapsody. The same might have been said of the author, had he fallen overboard. He knew nothing of the man, whether he was a saint or a sinner, for he was a stranger, and we cannot see any connection between his drowning and his damnation. Many a good man has been drowned, and we think the author's supposition, therefore, unnecessary and injudicious. Then, again, in the same page, we are told that if the reader will lay hold on Christ, "all the bells in heaven would ring as the glad tidings were told." What an expression, even taking it as figurative. Surely the audience must have smiled when it was gravely uttered from the pulpit.

One of the discourses has a peculiar title, namely, *The World a Lie*, and its text is also peculiar, "Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off." How often has that verse been read along with the context, without perceiving what was the nature of the instruction it conveys! Dr Guthrie has made it the subject of an eminently practical and telling sermon, showing that it teaches men, that whatever they put in the place of God as the object of their affection or worship, it will, sooner or later, disappoint, deceive, and reject them. When Jeroboam was appointed king of Israel by the voice of the people, who revolted against Rehoboam who succeeded his father Solomon, he resolved to prevent the congregating of the men thrice a-year at Jerusalem, as had been their wont, lest their estranged minds should again return to Rehoboam, and cast himself from the throne, and for this purpose he caused one calf to be set up in Bethel, and another in Dan, in imitation of, and in opposition to the cherubim, and he gave the com-

mand, "Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves," in token of their hearty worship. Time went on—difficulties rose—a crisis ensued—the whole royal family were destroyed, for the calf cast them off. This kissing the calves is emblematic of men's thirst for wealth, fame, or sinful pleasure, which is here powerfully unfolded, showing the end to be disappointment, and often misery. He gives an illustration of fickle popularity in the case of the Saviour, concerning whom, one day, it was "Hosanna," another, "Crucify him." Not that he courted or sought popularity, but he became, undesired on his part, the object of enthusiastic applause. David, also, is given as another instance. At one time loaded with praises by the old, and admired by the young; and then, when the hand of old age pressed heavily upon him, driven from his kingdom and his home. Both are thus told:—

"Look, for example, at our Saviour, who had his day of popularity, and was crowned with unsought honours. Yesterday the streets were thronged with thousands who, as they attended Jesus' progress, rent the air with shouts of Hosannah! hosannah to the son of David! To-day the wind has shifted. Through the streets of Jerusalem rolls the same crowd; the voices are the same; the object of their attention and cries the same; but while yesterday it was Hosannah! to-day it is Crucify him! crucify him—away with that fellow to the cross! With the same stage and actors how different the scene! Yesterday it was a brilliant triumph; to-day it is a bloody tragedy!

"From David's Son turn back now to David himself. Look at that gallant, modest youth—his cheek flushed with the excitement of the fight, and blushing deeper crimson under the gaze of so many eyes! Old men, shedding tears of joy, load him with praises; the youth of Israel regard him with a generous admiration; while a fair crowd of blooming maidens, with harp in hand and flowery garlands on their heads, sing, as they dance before him, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands.' The curtain falls on that scene and rises on another. An aged man is hurrying across the stage; time has silvered his noble head; tears fill his eyes, and roll down his cheeks; an exile from Jerusalem, he is followed only by a small band, who go to share the misfortunes of their dis-crowned and dishonoured master. It is David; the same man who, years before, had a popularity that stirred the envy of a king. Why do they drive him from his throne, and home, and capital? What evil has he done? Evil! He has done none—nothing to forfeit the favour of the giddy multitude, or blot out the memory of the glorious day when, meeting his giant foe in single combat, he slew the Philistine and saved the state. He is the same man; but they are not the same people. Well was it for David, on that dark, disastrous day, that he had never made fame his idol, or the public favour his ruling passion; and that he had steered his course, not by the shifting lights of earth, but by the pole-star of God's holy word!"

This subject is one of those in the treatment of which the author wields his weapons with the greatest power. He never finds himself at a loss for arguments and illustrations, and great pity it is that he has never to go far for these, and never requires to have recourse to fiction. Facts are on this hand and on that, and a slight effort of memory is all that is requisite when he sits down with pen in hand. What more mournful, yet how true, when he says:—

"Let me introduce you to a chamber where we have been summoned to the bedside of one that lies a-dying, after having run a course of vice—early, fiercely, madly run it. This young man has gone down the dance of pleasure, and danced it out. The lights quenched, the music ceased, the actors gone, he is left alone upon the stage. Now, another fire than that of guilty passions is burning in his veins. His heart is beating a quick march to the grave. Laughed at so long as he appeared in the distance, Death with grim and ghastly aspect is now standing by his side. He had, very probably to quiet an uneasy conscience, imbibed infidel opinions, and his infidelity, a rotten plank, bends under the weight of the hour—is breaking beneath his feet! To my dying day I never can forget either how eagerly he flung out his arms to catch a hold of Christ, or the cries of that ghastly man as he was swept off into eternity. Lost or saved, I cannot tell; but the silence of the sceptic's chamber seemed to be broken by a voice that said, 'Thy calf hath cast thee off.'"

This is a picture of a profligate's death-bed, who has run his short-lived career of vicious indulgence, and his calf has now cast him off; it is painted in colours sombre and sorrowful, yet not extravagant or darker than the reality. Contrasted with it, how different is the deathbed of the Christian limned by the same hand! Let us see:—

"Let dying chambers witness how true to such promises is the believer's God. Look here—a Christian is dying; striking the last blows of a long, hard-fought battle, the sword is about to drop from his hand—the crown is descending on his head. Stand aside and give him air. Lay your hand on his heart, it is fluttering like a dying bird! Hush! he speaks; bend over him, and lay your ear close to his lips. The voice is weak and tremulous, but in that dread hour how strong the faith that whispers with life's fading breath, 'My heart and my flesh faint and fail, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for evermore.'"

Look on this picture and on that! And after you have done so, say, is not Christianity deserving of man's most cordial acceptance, although it were for nothing more than to make a deathbed easy? But it does a thousand times more than this here and hereafter. We shall give another extract, taken from the *Christian's Life*, on the text, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" It is very characteristic of the author's style:—

"I have read with admiration how a troop of cavalry, dashing at the roaring cannon, would rush on to death; and how the forlorn hope would throw themselves, with a bound and a cheer, into the fiery breach, knowing that they should leave their bodies there—it was the will of their commander. Shall they do that, obedient, amid the shell and shot of battle, to the will of an earthly leader; and shall Christians do less for Christ? Are you your own? body or soul, your own? is anything you call yours, your own? We have one Master in heaven; and if it be true that he bought us with his blood; bought us with his tears; bought us with his thorny crown; bought us with the agonies of Calvary—in the name of God, and truth, and heaven, what right has a Christian to himself? What Christian man or woman should not be ready to say with this blessed, happy convert—I have done with myself; I no longer live; Jesus, I have no will but thine? Lord, say what I am to do, and I will do it; and, taking up my cross, follow thee whithersoever thou goest. Where thou

goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God; nought but death—nay, thanks be to God, not death—nothing henceforth shall part me and thee.

"This question implies that every true convert feels his individual responsibility. It is not only, Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do? but reading the question otherwise, Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?

"In looking over some vast assembly, with its sea of human faces, one reflection naturally suggests itself—in a few years they shall all be mouldering in the dust. There is another and yet more solemn thought;—our minds are carried forward to that day when the grave of a thousand generations, having given up their dead, all eyes, instead of being turned on a poor mortal man, shall, some beaming with joy and others black with despair, be fixed on the great white throne, and him that sits crowned thereon. But there is a third thought that presses on me whenever I cast my eyes over some such great assembly, and see all these human faces; it is this—What power is here? What an immense moral power!

"You may smile at him who stood by the cataract of Niagara, as, gathering her waters from a hundred lakes, she rolled them over with the roar of a hundred thunders; and, who, instead of being filled with sublime admiration of the scene, began to calculate how much machinery that water-power would turn. You may smile at that utilitarianism. But it is a serious, solemn, stirring thought, to think how much moral machinery all this power now before me could turn for good, were every scheming brain, and busy hand, and willing heart, engaged in the service of God. I hope many of you are active, zealous Christians. But were all of us so—were all Christian men and women so, what honour would accrue to God! what a revenue of glory to Jesus Christ, and what invaluable service to religion! Thousands on thousands might be saved!

"It is impossible to over-estimate, or rather to estimate, the power that lies latent in our churches. We talk of the power latent in steam—latent till Watt evoked its spirit from the waters, and set the giant to turn the iron arms of machinery. We talk of the power that was latent in the skies till science climbed their heights, and seizing the spirit of the thunder, chained it to our service—abolishing distance; out-stripping the wings of time; and flashing our thoughts across rolling seas to distant continents. Yet what are these to the moral power that lies asleep in the congregations of our country, and of the Christian world? And why latent? Because men and women neither appreciate their individual influence, nor estimate aright their own individual responsibilities. They cannot do everything; therefore, they do nothing. They cannot blaze like a star; and, therefore, they won't shine like a glow-worm: and so they are content that the few work, and the many look on. Not thus are the woods clothed in green, but by every little leaf expanding its own form. Not thus are fields covered with golden corn, but by every stalk of grain ripening its own head. Nor thus does the coral reef rise from the depths of ocean, but by every little insect building its own rocky cell.

"You say, What can I do? oh, I have no power, nor influence, nor name, nor talents, nor money! Look at the coral reef, yonder, where it encircles the fair isles that lie like bright gems on the bosom of the Pacific; or, by Australian shores, sketches its unbroken wall for a thousand leagues along the sea. How contemptible the architects; yet the aggregate of their labours, mocking our greatest breakwaters, how colossal! So it ought to be, and would be, in our congregations, were every man and every woman to feel their own individual responsibilities; would each go to Christ, saying, Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?—would they but rise to the height of their calling. I know that all cannot be bright and burning

lights; that honour is reserved for John Baptist and a few such men. But see how that candle in a cottage window sends out its rays streaming, far through the depths of night. Why should not we shine, though but like that?—shine, though it should be to illumine only the narrow walls of our country's humblest home."

There is very great power as well as beauty in the whole of this extract, and we cordially wish that the duty it so energetically commands were carried out in its integrity by all classes of professing Christians throughout the land. There is the utmost necessity—there is the power—why not the willing mind and the generous heart?

We might go on giving extracts as illustrative of the author's method of sermonizing, but it is unnecessary to go farther. Enough has been said and shown to induce the reader to apply to the fountain head himself, and so we leave the volume to his own private, profitable perusal. We have a sincere admiration of the author's ability as a preacher, and of his benevolence as a man, and though he has lately fallen considerably in the estimation of many, yet he has still a sufficient hold of public opinion, and so long as he is able to issue such works as the present, he will find many readers to pore with rapture over his pages. May he long have the satisfaction of knowing that he is no unworthy labourer in the field of Christian Truth, and live to see his endeavours followed with abundant success.

CONSOLATION.*

CONSOLATION is needful for all, and some require it more than others, more in frequency or in measure. Some refuse consolation or comfort as interfering with their enjoyment, for they feel a gratification in their sorrow, a sort of melancholy happiness in mourning over the past. They consider it as something due to the departed dead, and to dry their tears would be withholding that due. We know a widow who is the mother of a numerous family, and who lost her husband three years ago, whose tears are as profuse, and whose grief is as bitter as on the day of his burial, when she felt herself alone in the world. Scarcely will she leave her home or her little ones—for long she could not look towards the churchyard, or even go to the church, for his grave was there—and to every neighbour who still calls upon her, *he* is ever introduced, and the sacred fountain overflows anew. With her it is no hypocrisy, no pretence, to draw friendly sympathy, for her Christian heart is far above resorting to such a deed, but it arises from the remembrance of the days of other years spent with the man she loved. She has, therefore, an inward gratification in her sorrow which she would not willingly exchange for all the consolation which has been proposed to her, and which has now ceased to be prof-

* Consolation. By James W. Alexander, D.D., New York. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, Princes Street. 1862.

ferred, because proffered in vain. Now, we believe that she represents by no means a small class of mourners in the world, but who keep themselves in their retirement, that they may mourn and meditate alone, and enjoy their grief. Others, again, refuse consolation, because in the gloom with which they are shrouded, they can see no light to their darkness, no soothing for their woe. Not that they are unwilling to come out of their sad condition could they see it possible, could they see how the transition is to be effected. This class is more hopeful than the other, for to them sunbeams will sooner or latter shoot through the openings of the darkest cloud. It is but a short period we pass through at any time of life till we find consolation is necessary. At every turning of our path some discouragement is met with, some difficulty, or trial, or perplexity is experienced, and we feel like Hobab of old on the march through the wilderness, downcast and desirous to return,—only with us there is this difference, return is impossible.

It has been disputed whether the poet was correct in the judgment he expressed as to one of the designs of providence in human existence when he said, "*Man was made to mourn*;" though, as to his estimate of the character of that existence, we believe there can be no dispute:—

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn."

Yes, it is beyond dispute, that "*Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards*;" yet we have this consolation in it all, that it comes not upon us at random, however unable we may be to trace its source; but it is ever in the hand of that beneficent Being who possesses more than the tenderness of an earthly father towards his children. Though to us oftentimes clouds and darkness are round about Him, yet justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. He has seen it meet that the cup of life should have some intermixture of bitterness and sorrow, that it may not pall the taste, that the sweet should have as much acerbity as may prevent its becoming nauseous, and the acerbity as much sweetness as may save the cup from being dashed away in despair. "Sorrow," says one, "is not an accident, occurring now and then; it is the very woof which is woven into the warp of life. God has created the nerves to agonize, and the heart to bleed; and before a man dies, almost every nerve has thrilled with pain, and every affection has been wounded." He who has not known sorrow has but partially known life, and he may rest assured that clouds more or less gloomy are yet before him. We are not of those who consider that the sorrows of life overbalance the happiness which mingles in our lot. We have more trust in the wisdom and goodness of Providence than imagine this, and to those who think otherwise we

would say, that because our past sorrows are longest and most vividly remembered, being the acutest of our sensations, it does not follow that they constitute the greatest portion, or even a moiety of our life. Seeing, then, that sorrow is in the lot of all, whoever lends a helping hand to ease the burden, or casts a heavenly ray to enlighten the gloom, is a benefactor to his kind, and one to whom gratitude is due. Such a benefactor is Dr Alexander in his volume entitled *CONSOLATION*, which we now bring before our readers.

We open the volume with somewhat of a melancholy interest. Its author is now far removed from the influence of critical censure or approbation. The hand which wrote it shall write no more, and the mind which gave it existence has for ever ceased to take a part in anything done under the sun. Let us, then, tread lightly on his grave, and hope that he is now resting from his labours, where consolation is unnecessary and unknown. It must not be thought, from the title of the volume, that it is one designed and fitted only for the time of sickness and the season of bereavement, to impart resignation, dry the tear of sorrow, and soothe the heart which is about to break. It does this, but it does more. It has a wider range of subject, also, than its title denotes. *Consolation* occupies the most prominent position throughout, as well as the largest space. It extends over the whole life of man, and embraces many of the various troubles, physical, mental, and social, which afflict humanity, and imparts that consolation which the circumstances of the state requires. Thus, it comprehends the judgments of men—providence—martyrdom—bereavement—old age—bodily affliction—spiritual distress, and other subjects interesting and important. Besides consolation, we have warning, admonition, rebuke, exhortation, and doctrinal discussion; this last to a considerable degree, and concerning which the author says, that, “if any should be surprised at the large amount of doctrinal discussion, he will probably acquiesce in the reasonableness of such a method, on considering that true evangelical comfort is little promoted by mere hortatory address;” and besides, the very nature of his subjects, such as the attributes and providence of God, led him to speak on matters of controversy among Christians. But though such is its comprehensive character, yet it is a book particularly for mourners, and to them it is dedicated. We have not the slightest doubt that it will amply fulfil the expectation of the writer when he said, “If it shall soothe the ruffled spirit of the careworn disciple, or assuage the grief of the bereaved, or brighten the chamber of illness, or add a drop of balm to the cup of old age, the writer will be more than repaid for the pains which he has bestowed upon it.” The style is both elegant and eloquent, the language clear and articulate, and the illustrations apposite, while the whole is pervaded with a rich evangelical spirit, and breathes heavenly-mindedness from beginning to end. We shall now give one or two extracts, and the first we shall take from the chapter, *On the Providence of God*:—

“I have often wondered at the distinctions taken by some men who would hold rank as philosophers, but who, nevertheless, affirm a general, while they deny a particular providence, as if the general were not made up of the

particulars, or as if God could attend to the whole without attending to the parts. This error is perhaps increased by our forms of expression, allowable in themselves, when, for example, we say of this or of that event, that 'it is providential,' when in very deed all are providential, as all are ordered from the greatest to the least. Under pretext of exalting God, and raising him above the care and trouble of earthly things, we betray really low notions of his divinity. We judge of him as of ourselves, and of God as if he were man; our language implies, that what is burdensome and annoying to us, must be so to him. We allow him to direct suns and stars and comets, and things in heaven, but the sparrow and the hairs of the head we deem too small for him. Yet, you remember, these are the very instances which he has chosen. That which was fit to be created was fit to be preserved, though it be the infinitesimal muscle or nerve in the microscopic animalcule or *infusoria*. We make too much of our distinctions of greater and smaller, when we carry them into eternity; such quantities reach not Jehovah. It costs him no more thought, no more labour, no more exertion, to maintain an atom in its sunbeam, than to whirl systems of suns and planets and satellites along the shining galaxy. In this sense, we may accept as true the celebrated words of the poet, though false in another:—

'Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.'

"When God beholds his eternal plan spread out in the infinite idea of his own wisdom, his perfect knowledge reaches not only to the grand portions, but to every ramification and filament; and with perfect ease plans and directs for the insect of an hour as for the triumph of an emperor. We, therefore, attribute to the care and guidance of God 'all things without exception, whether celestial or sublunary, small or great, good or evil, necessary or free, so that there is nothing in nature which can exist or occur without its distinct permission.' If it were glorious to create, why not to govern? God is nowhere greater than in the smallest things—the plumage of the insect, and the circulation of a system, the very existence of which is revealed to us by the solar microscope. God is in such wise great in great things, that he is no less great in the very least. This ought to answer the objection drawn from the littleness of the affairs which a particular providence would refer to God.

"But there is another objection to our doctrine of God's government of all things, which has still more strongly operated to make some banish the Creator from his moral universe,—it is, that God's providence cannot have anything to do with sinful acts; and that to say that it has, were to destroy all freedom of the creature, and all accountability for crime. It may be well to say at once, that if we assert that evil acts may not be foreseen and provided for, we may as well deny the Bible at once. There never was a more evil act than the death of Christ; yet it was provided for, and (not only so), was indispensably necessary to the salvation of men. It was provided for during ages preceding; and Peter says of it very distinctly (Acts ii. 23):—'*Him* being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain.' The act is declared to be *wicked*, yet it is equally declared to be by the 'determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God;' therefore acts which are evil may be included in the plan of Providence."

The author refers to other cases of a similar nature as illustrative of his argument. He takes that of Joseph being sold into Egypt by his

brethren, concerning which he asks two things, namely, whether or not it was providential, and whether or not it was sinful; and the answer to both of these queries is to be found in Joseph's address to his brethren afterwards, "*God sent me before you,*" and, "*ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good.*" Again, there is the case of the invasion by the king of Assyria, mentioned in *Isaiah*, wherein it is stated that he committed what was sinful, yet in so doing he fulfilled what God had intended and predicted. "God was not the author of the sin, though the sin occurred providentially; and, foreseeing this, God recognises his accountability, and denounces punishment:—'Wherefore it shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon mount Zion, and on Jerusalem, I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks.'" And it is asked, if the intervention of Providence is not recognised in regard to the free acts of creatures, how are God's judgments to be interpreted which are wrought by wicked men? Once more, there is the suicide of Saul, which was undoubtedly sinful, although it is said that he died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord. With regard to the conspiracy against Christ, it was sinful, yet it is said, "both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done." He then goes on to say:—

"The instances above given, which were free and contingent with regard to their actors, are expressly ascribed to Divine Providence. And is there not a consolation in so believing? Suppose we assert providence of good things only, and not of bad; what follows? That which we most dread, and which alone can do us harm, namely, the wickedness of men and devils, is placed beyond the providential guidance of God. Surely, there is no comfort in believing that the worst, and most atrocious and destructive acts of men are under the dominion of blind chance! Yet such is the common opinion of worldly men on this subject. The government of God, indeed, with regard to evil acts, is different from his government in regard to holy acts. He may include both in his most wise plan; but he contemplates free acts as free acts, and in no degree puts forth any causative influence to tempt, or compel to the commission of them. That there are difficulties here we do not for a moment deny; but they are such as arise from the depths of the divine nature, and the short-sounding line of human reason. In two things we all agree. We must all admit God's permission of evil. Without this permission it could never have existed. God was clearly under no necessity of having sin in the universe. He could clearly have made men without the faculty of sinning; or he could have made a system without men; or he could have forbore from making any system at all. The evil in the universe is clearly under God's permission; he suffers it to exist. In this, I say, we all agree. There is another thing in which we all agree, and between these two limits of undeniable truth our opinions have room to oscillate,—we all agree that God has no participation in moral evil. Though he permits it, as the product of free creatures, he hates it. Our Church has been charged with holding that God is the author of the sin of sinful acts; on the contrary, it says, 'The sinfulness thereof proceedeth only from the creature, and not from God.' 'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he

any man.' God could annihilate the sinful creature the moment his free nature breaks forth into sin. In his infinite wisdom, he has chosen to do otherwise, and to uphold the existence of the creature even when rebelling against him, yet in such a manner that the taint and pollution belong only to the sinner."

We are anxious to give one extract more as an example of the author's style and treatment of his various subjects. We shall take it from the chapter on God's Goodness. He says:—

"When we begin to learn from the Scriptures that God is a God of love and tender compassion; that his very stripes are awakening us to fly; that he doth not willingly afflict and grieve; that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; when behind the lifted rod we discern a Father's tears; and when, as being in covenant, we consider that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren that are in the world; that they are not by chance, but appointed with the full consent of Him who stands by the throne, and who loved us so that he died for us, and is now our Guardian, Trustee, Surety, Advocate, and Husband; when we find that he has brought us into that wilderness with an intention, and hedges up our way with preventive tenderness, the desert begins to smile; the thirsty waste seems moist with springs of water; the sandy plain appears newly clad with trees of pleasure; the 'land is as the garden of Eden;' the voice of the Lord is heard among the trees of the garden; after sultry heats, the cool of the evening reveals the form of the Shepherd; he leadeth us beside the still waters. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' . . .

"How admirable and lovely is that religion which makes such provision for times of trial! And the provision is God. We are told, not that a refuge or fortress is found in this or that consideration, but that the name of the Lord is a strong tower. Religion derives all its graces and all its glories from its principal object. If the believer is to rejoice, it is in God. The course of our experience shows us, that every reliance sinks away from under us, and nothing sublunary can be our support. Youth, and prime, and strength soon decay. Health is one of the most precarious and perishable of our brief possessions. Wealth—I will not condescend to name it as a solace in heart-trouble. Friends—they are blessed gifts; let us ever thank God for them, discharge our duty to them, and dwell in love amongst them; but their aim reaches but a little way; often the most they can do is but to weep with us; and, ah! how soon, how rapidly do they depart! Till at length the aged disciple looks around to wonder at his own solitude; and if he sees near him so much as one of the companions of his youth, is ready to tremble at the prospect of speedy separation. Experience, I say, shows us, sooner or later, that there is no resting short of God. Tread on any ground but this, and it proves a quicksand. But, oh! how rich is the possession of God's saints! The mighty God of Jacob is their refuge, and underneath them are the everlasting arms! I will never, I will never, I will never, never, never, never—such is the reduplication of the text—leave thee nor forsake thee. Here is a heavenly tower of vast dimensions, every chamber filled with bounty, and every gate standing wide open. As the magistracy of Israel was commanded to see that the highways to the cities of refuge were kept in good repair, so that the fleeing culprits might meet with no obstruction, so it is a chief duty of the gospel ministry to facilitate the flight of all afflicted persons to the tower of strength and consolation. Oh that I were able to recount and to describe the numerous instances in which I have seen the heart-broken child of God taking courage amidst redoubled

calamities in the attributes of a reconciled God ! This were enough, if there were nothing else, to recommend the Christian religion to all who suffer pain, fear, or bereavement. And hence, indeed, we observe, that the followers of the Lord Jesus consist in a great degree of those who have been drawn to him by the necessities of deep affliction."

The chapter on Old Age is one possessing the beauty of a summer sunset, and will be highly appreciated by the aged saint under whose dimming eye it may chance to come. The various ills incident to advanced years are treated with great consolatory power. First, there is infirmity of body, which men are so reluctant to acknowledge, and so vainly unwilling to feel. Then the absence of former companions, when they seem to stand like the last tree of the forest, exposed to every blast in the mournful solitude. Along with this there is the neglect of society, which, it appears, is more observable in America than among ourselves. The author says, "boys soon become men among us; men soon grow old; old men are soon forgotten." And he considers it is a serious question whether neglect of superiors in general, is not to be regarded as a national sin. Their extravagant notions of equality lead them to brook no superior, and to own no master, and hence mere boys speak of their parents, even in their presence, in terms of "jocose familiarity or disrespect." In addition to these, there is the decay of the animal spirits, and the feeling of approaching eternity casting its solemnity over the sunset of life. The aged disciple will derive here much consolation given in the most genial spirit and the kindest terms. Then follow two chapters on the Sleep of the Dead, and God the Consoler, which are exceedingly interesting and valuable. Altogether this is an excellent volume, and we give it our cordial recommendation.

THE FISHINGS OF BERWICKSHIRE.

BY ANTHONY ONEAL HAYE.

THE coast of Berwickshire is the most rugged and dangerous on the east of Scotland. From Dunbar on the north, to Berwick-on-Tweed on the south, it is formed of immense crags towering, in some instances, to the height of 400 feet and upwards. The sea is full of sunken rocks, and huge jagged reefs run out for long distances into the German Ocean. Various currents meet at St Abb's Head, running with the speed of a mill race, and make the navigation of the coast attended with great difficulty and danger. In the calmest weather the speed of these currents is enormous, while a belt of foam circles every rock. A vessel coming within the action of these currents, if the wind be dead, inevitably goes ashore, and the only means of preservation left to the crew is to abandon it to its fate, and betake them to their boats. Several vessels lately have gone on to the rocks

beneath St Abb's, and last year one vessel became a total wreck upon the reefs at Fast Castle, while another, laden with Norway timber, went ashore at Fleurs.

But while this coast is so dangerous, its fisheries are eminently lucrative. Herring, cod, flounders, and crabs, are caught in immense quantities; and at Berwick-on-Tweed, the salmon stakes make a splendid return to the proprietors, it being one of the most important stations of that kind of fishery. Inland, the rivers, although sadly poached, afford good sport to the trout fisher. Rock shell fish, save a few limpets, there are none, and as for bait, the fishermen have to go to Musselburgh for a supply.

Of all the fisheries, that of the herring is the most important, and the boats engaged in the capture number many hundreds, coming from all parts of the kingdom to this station. For some years back the takes of herring have become smaller and smaller, until the attention of Government has lately been drawn to the subject, and an inquiry made into, the cause of the decrease. The fishermen of Berwickshire are unanimous in ascribing it to the sprat fishing. Sprats, they maintain, are neither more nor less than young herrings. The argument against their being such, is, that sprats are rough in the belly, while herring are smooth; but the fishermen, who ought in common sense and justice to be the best judges, declare that they can find no difference in the forms of the sprat and the young herring. Is it unnatural that, as the fish grows in size, this roughness should disappear? Certainly not. It might as well be argued, in their opinion, that a tadpole cannot be a future frog, because it does not assume at once that form which, by the agency of time, it ends in taking. However the case may be, the system of trawling for sprats must be terribly injurious to all kinds of fishing, as to the trawlers all is fish that comes to the net. While perhaps a thousand barrels of herring are caught, ten thousand barrels of sprats reward the trawler. This must give an air of probability to the statements of the fishermen, though, perhaps the best mode of testing their veracity would be to allow the sprat fishing to cease for a year or two, and note whether the takes of herring increase at the same time. When we consider the fecundity of the herring and other fish, we confess our surprise at such a decrease. A herring sheds thirty-seven thousand eggs; a cod, upwards of three millions and a half; mackerel, half a million; and a flounder upwards of a million. The destruction of ova by fish must be enormous, but the eggs which arrive at maturity must still be an enormous number, enough, in fact, to lead one to adopt the fishermen's prejudice against the trawlers.

The boats used for the herring fishery are large roomy vessels, but less than those employed for the catching of cod and haddock, flatly built, and formed to ride the stormiest of seas. Indeed, it is almost a miracle how they escape swamping, and the landsman holds his breath as they go leaping from wave to wave, and treading the deep beneath them like a gull. The nets vary from thirty to thirty-six in number at the beginning of the season. Each net is sixty

yards in length, thus giving at the minimum a swoop of 1800 yards. At the close of the season's fishing, they are reduced in number, eighteen to twenty-four being found amply sufficient for the takes. The nets are tied to a long rope, which is kept up by bladders. The fishes, swimming through the meshes, push as far in as these will permit, and are either held by the shoulders, or, while attempting to back out, their gills close over the net, in either of which positions, they remain an easy prey to their captors. The fitting out of a boat for the "drave" is very costly. Each net is worth three pounds at the least, and is floated by six bladders, which, after being prepared for the sea, cost sixpence a-piece. A boat is seldom purchased under eighty pounds, and the sails and necessary tackle, under forty pounds. At an average, and a very low one, two hundred pounds is represented by each boat, and an accident is indeed a very serious matter to the fishermen.

The Berwickshire Herring Fishery commences generally at the end of June or the beginning of July, ending at the 11th or 12th of September. The rest of the year is devoted to the White Fishery, *i.e.*, haddocks and cods, while crabs and lobsters are caught all the year round.

Very unequal luck attends the boats on the "drave;" for while some catch as many as three hundred barrels, which, taking the average price of herrings, comes to three hundred pounds, others do not succeed in getting one. Two or three years of disappointment may be followed by one of enormous success, while one of success, may, in like manner, be succeeded by several of complete failure.

At the earlier part of the season, while the herring are in shore among the rocks, considerable quantities are taken by "geeging." Lines, to which little bright hooks are attached, are dropt over a cable, on which the herring fasten with avidity. Some boats have drawn up as much as three thousand in an hour or two's fishing, which realize prices varying from five to ten shillings, and even higher, according to the demand, per hundred. All parties join in the geeging,—tailors, cobblers, weavers, in fact, whoever possesses anything less like a tub and more like a boat, is sure to turn a few pounds at the expense of a night or two's fishing. But this lasts only for a short time, the fish taking to the open sea, where boats and nets are required for their capture.

Nothing can be finer than a night spent on the "drave." Leaving the harbour shortly after seven, the moorings are reached about nine—the nets are payed out, an occupation lasting three-quarters of an hour—after which the masts are unsteept and a fire kindled. During the night the sea is covered for miles with little gleams of fire, showing where the boats are lying, while, like a phantom ship, some huge steamer comes smoking along, and "churning the Medusa into light." After taking a dish of tea, the fishermen, creeping under the sails or into the cabin, snatch an hour or two's sleep. To the landsman, the sinking of the sun, the rising and setting of the moon, and the burst-

ing of Phœbus with the dawn from the sea, is a wonder to look at with rapture, and to remember with delight. The rope which attaches boats and nets to each other seems a bar of silver glowing in pale flames as the dark hour preceding the dawn arrives. About one the nets are hauled in. They come up through the water like a jewelled dress, and as the drops fall off the sea shines with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The fish glimmer in the meshes like great lumps of encrusted jewels, while the deep foams with colours of indescribable beauty. The fishermen, intent only on counting their spoils, look with contempt on the rapture of such a landman. They cannot understand why such an ordinary occurrence should cause so much delight. When the nets are all in, a toil of two hours, the masts are once more stepped, the large square sails rehoisted, and the vessel bears away gaily homewards with the bound of a tired horse, who finds his nose pointed towards his stable.

Though the vessel possesses no human feeling of weariness, such is not the case with the crew. Cold, wet, and tired with the pulling of the nets, they are glad at the sight of the harbour. Let the most confirmed dyspeptic, the jaded possessor of a pallid appetite, try one night at the "drave," and if he does not feel fit to eat, herrings, nets, and all, let him write himself down as incurable. Oh! what a glorious sight a fisherman's house presents about six o'clock in the morning during the herring season! A clean swept floor, a fire roaring with the lungs of a giant up the chimney, the table covered with its spotless linen, great mountains of golden butter and home made bread, oceans of coffee, tea, and cream, armies of eggs, pots of honey; while the savoury smell of the herring, frying in the kitchen, adds a sauce to the appetite. I have eaten your curded salmon, your magnificent trout. I have, after many vain attempts, got a stomach for turtle. Oysters I have swallowed—turbot, cod, mackerel—all species of edible fish, but yet give me, good old Neptune, herring fresh caught, fried with a small sprinkling of oatmeal, and as for your lordly subjects, they may hang themselves in their scales for me!

Immediately on the arrival of the herring boats in port, the purchasers hurry to the spot,—shrewd buyers of Yorkshire, and tricky bagmen of Liverpool. They run up the prices against each other, and in the earlier parts of the season, when the takes are small, fabulous sums are given. Then follows the hasty bustle of packing for early trains, and the herring which swam so boldly and dashed so briskly through the German Ocean the previous night, appears at the breakfast table of Northumberland and York, and the dinner tables of the dwellers of the Mersey. Great is thy power, O steam! London can even have "Caller Herring new drawn frae the sea." It is a bustling sight as van after van dashes off to the distant station, there to deposit the barrels in the train. For this, every sort of machine is called into requisition, anything, from a donkey to a horse, rising in value as the hour approaches for the dispatch of the barrels. When the takes are larger, and as the season advances, this bustle

disappears to a great extent, as then the buyers enter into an arrangement with the fishermen for their fish.

There are two modes of curing herring, one by means of brine, the other by smoke. In the former they are called *white*, in the latter *red* herring. Herring, perfectly unbroken, are chosen for this purpose, broken herring only realizing half the price. For the *white* the herring are carefully gutted and cleaned, placed in a tub of salt and well rubbed with it. They are then placed in barrels, after which they stand for some time to steep. When this is accomplished to the satisfaction of the curer, the brine is poured off, the barrel filled up with herring, more salt placed on the top, and the cask headed up. It is then branded, and despatched to its destination. *Red* on the other hand, are cleaned but not gutted, salted, and afterwards placed in barrels and fresh water poured upon them—then “speeted,” that is strung on rods and hung up in a species of wooden chimney—a fire of wood is kindled below, and the smoke passing up through the rows of herring dries them thoroughly. This operation lasts from four to six days. In each barrel there is on an average eight hundred herring.

Of the other fisheries cods and haddocks are the most lucrative. These are caught on baited lines. Cribes formed of willows, and string, are used to snare the lobster and crab. Mackerel is not in much respect among the fishermen, and they generally appear at the close of the herring season in immense quantities.

As a class the fishermen are sober, and industrious, happy and contented in their families, and often highly intelligent. Their houses are clean and neat, and the children enjoy excellent health. A desire for education too is spreading among them. Teetotalism is in the ascendancy, and they prefer tea to whisky while on the drave. It keeps them warmer; and fewer accidents and colds have been the good effects of its introduction, to the expulsion of the fire water. In fact tea has proved here to be of the same incalculable value as it is in the arctic regions, where often a man about to succumb to the inclemency of the cold has been revived by it, and enabled to proceed upon his journey. The fishermen are grossly superstitious in spite of their enlightenment, firm believers in witches, and accustomed to place a wand of mountain ash in the bows of their boats, to destroy the beldames' spells. They will not go to sea should they meet a pig or a minister. Plain-footed people are their abomination, nor will they permit them to enter their boats. They nail horse shoes above their doors, and sew a slip of rowan in the dresses of their children.

We have already referred to the cost of the nets, and the loss arising to the fishermen in the event of an accident. This is produced generally, from the nets entangling while shooting, thus rendering it necessary to cut the line. In a storm the whole nets often go, and the fishermen are glad to escape with their lives. When a boat's nets have been cut, and the perpetrators unknown, it is customary to assess the other boats on the station for the damage. Sometimes a shoal of fish get into the nets, and by their weight tear them to

pieces. On one occasion a boat with thirty nets lost half of them, in such a manner, and in the remaining nets hauled in no less than fifty barrels, barely clearing their loss.

There are several harbours on the coast of Berwickshire, but owing to the dangerous character of the navigation, the fishermen in a storm have often to make for the English coast, and Holy Island. What is greatly wanted is a good harbour of refuge. While the Life Boat Association are every year extending the sphere of their action, Government might aid them by constructing such a harbour on this coast where it would be of great benefit. A lighthouse has been recently built on St Abb's, at a cost of £30,000. Its light can be seen as far as Montrose. There is a rumour of an extension of the St Abb's Harbour, an operation of easy performance, and of considerable importance to the fishing population. Our fisheries are yet in their infancy with all our boasts to the contrary; our knowledge of the species and habits of the fish is still vague and uncertain; the sea is a mine of treasure scarcely known, and it behoves Government to do something towards the developing of its resources.

COLDINGHAM, July 1862.

THE MAGLOSKIE:

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND STERLING.

(Continued from p. 366 of Vol. xxxiii.)

CHAP. V.

Success and its effects.

THE shop, without the aid of newspaper puffs, or of those "lying wonders" that are now to be seen plastered over every available corner or bit of dead wall, prospered amazingly. Mrs Magloskie's principle was to keep a good substantial article and sell at a reasonable profit. By adhering to this principle the fame of the shop spread, not only throughout the town, but also many miles around. The country people on market days flocked thither in considerable numbers, and left behind them large sums. Mrs Magloskie still continued to superintend the buying and selling. In these matters she did not choose to trust to Rab's judgment, which took a long time to reach maturity in any department of study, but when it did get into the ruts it was undeviating. In the matter of financing he was however of great service. His long practice and retentive memory had made his mind a ready reckoner, and the total of three-and-sixpence, seven and a bawbee, aucht-and-thrippence-happeney, &c., &c. was given as soon as his mother could rhyme the sums over to him. Previous to Bob's translation, Mrs Magloskie had two female assist-

ants, but soon after, the premises were enlarged by the knocking down of partitions and the conversion of the domiciliary apartments to business purposes, two rooms having been secured up stairs for a dwelling. The staff also required to be increased till it numbered four females and three males, besides Bob and his mother. The Magloskies now found themselves to be people of no small notoriety in the neighbourhood, and every round of the postman brought letters with the superscription, Robert Magloskie, Esq. The esquire was in itself a great triumph—the first time that it had ever been tacked to the skirts of any member of the family. That Mrs Magloskie regarded it with peculiar complacency was evident from the quiet quiverings about the corners of her mouth while she surveyed the Cadmean communication as they were handed in, and it is no unwarrantable stretch of fancy to suppose that she wondered what his father would have said had he lived to see his son so designated. Indeed, the only drawback to the enjoyment of their business success, was the regret that he was not alive to see and participate in their prosperity. This consideration sometimes brought tears into the eyes of Mrs Magloskie, and she thought, and did not hesitate to say, that if his mind had been occupied with the business of the shop, it might have been the means of keeping him out of harm's way, and then how happy they would have been! That was all over now, and the only way in which they were enabled to make him share in their success, was by the erecting of a handsome headstone over his grave.

The Magloskies, although by no means penurious, still continued to practise in their domestic concerns the frugal habits to which they had been accustomed. Neither of them became an out and out convert to the abstinence principles of Miss Jessina, nevertheless her precepts and example had the effect of keeping the whisky-bottle from their cupboard, which was at once a moral safeguard and a saving. They were, however, liberal in a cup of tea to any friend or neighbour who chose to favour them with his or her company, and at least once a year a few friends were invited to spend the evening with them. On these occasions there was always plenty to eat, and although nature had not thought proper to adapt the squire's vocal organ to the requirements of melodious expression, still he had great profundity of voice and *came in* at a chorus with overwhelming emphasis—his deep notes were actually bovine. It would be unpardonable to omit mention of the fact that his digestive organs continued unimpaired, and although he had cut all connection with the club, he occasionally put sixpence in his pocket to gratify his lingering propensity for a glass of beer and a dried fish, which luxury he quietly enjoyed at the "Magpie," to the frequenters of which place of entertainment he was comparatively a stranger.

Business success is frequently accompanied by a corresponding shutting up of all the valves of sympathy with others. The desire for "keeping all within ourselves," as the envied and envious Clay so emphatically expressed it, seems to grow with the capability of being able to extend a helping hand to others, and although this class of

persons may expend liberally, it is always on such things as minister to their own pleasure or gratification. The Magloskies have been charged with this narrowing, grab-at-all, and keep-all disposition, but we are in a position to pronounce the charge nothing more nor less than a base calumny, very probably originating with those who might themselves be justly regarded as notorious examples of the grub. On the other hand, the Magloskies may be regarded as exceptions to the universality of the rule which we have just stated. They were not to be found in the subscription lists of £50, £100, or £1000 which are so often and so pharisaically paraded before the admiring gaze of a newspaper-reading but undiscerning public. In order to arrive at sound conclusions on this matter, we put ourselves to some inconvenience, but the results have been so conclusive and satisfactory as to be an adequate recompense. Having been somewhat unexpectedly apprised of the fact that a woman was still alive who had been a neighbour, and frequently a colleague of Mrs Magloskie in the days of her soap-suds, and being anxious to avail ourselves of her opinion of the matter, we, after a tedious and rather unwholesome hunt, found her in the poor's house. Foolish sentimentalists will at once see in this circumstance a powerful presumptive proof of the heartlessness of Mrs Magloskie. They will reason very shallowly in this manner, that if the latter had been actually a woman of heart, she would not, in the days of her prosperity, have neglected her old friend and companion in toil, and allowed her in her old days to be swept into the dust-bin by the broom of the common scavenger. We must, however, allow this woman to tell her own tale.

"Your name is Marjory Smith, is it not?"

"Yes sir, I'll no deny my name."

"You knew Mrs Magloskie?"

"Atweel I did, and monie a braw washing Kate an' me wrang out between us, before she cam to hae the shop in Primrose Street."

"Well, after that period she began to forget you, did she not?"

"What, sir, Kate Magloskie forget me! That she never did. Monie's the cap, and shawl, and wrapper, I hae gotten frae her, and monie's the cup o' gude tea we hae drunk thegither in the back room, an' I neer had to want for anything sae lang as Kate and me were acquaint."

"And how did your acquaintance cease?"

"Weel, it wasna' Kate's fault. There were ithers that were nearer to me that maybe wasna so gude to me, and maybe I wasna sae gude to myself as I should hae been. Whosoever, Kate's gane noo, and I'm in the poor's house!"

There was no use in pressing the matter farther. The tone and tenor of Marjory's remarks were in the highest degree eulogistic of the memory of the deceased lady, and must outweigh tons of insinuations by those who envied her success and were perhaps in her debt.

We know that this will by many be pronounced merely a secular view of the question, and must go for nothing unless we could establish our views upon ecclesiastical grounds. It is here necessary to

say that the Magloskies were dissenters, connected with one of the most obscure of the evangelical bodies, and the special congregation, of which they formed a part, met in a small and obscure fabric in Thread Street. The minister, the Rev. Nehemiah Blacklock, enjoyed but a small stipend—perhaps one of the smallest, and was at the same time one of the most contented and hardest working clergymen in Smeekumblin. Those who knew him say that stipend was with him really a secondary consideration, and that he twice rejected calls which would have added a half more to his income, and deducted as much from his work. The members of his church were almost exclusively of the humbler classes, but his services were not limited to them. Wherever there was suffering or wretchedness, there was Mr Blacklock, fearlessly exposing himself in places where the higher paid clergy could not be expected to visit. It has been said that the sudden elevation of the Magloskies was no great acquisition to the church in Thread Street, meaning thereby that they were too close-fisted to be of much service to the treasury. Their connection with this church is rather an old story, and the facts not very easily to be ascertained, seeing that the church has disappeared, and the earthly toils of the good Mr Blacklock brought to a close well nigh twenty years ago. What came of the records of the church we do not know, but that important functionary, the beadle, still lives, and it is enough to say that he still retains a feeling of lively gratitude to the memory of Mrs Magloskie. His words were:—"baith the minister an' me were greatly the better o' the Magloskies, although they made little fracaw about it." After these unquestionable facts, let the tongue of calumny be for ever mute, and honour accorded to whom it is so justly due.

It is now generally conceded that a religious belief of some kind is inherent in human nature, and in a country like this, where there are freedom and toleration, we see this principle refined away into sectarian shades of inconceivable nicety. Every one has some sect or party to which he instinctively clings, and in the majority of cases, without knowing, or caring to know, in what respect its tenets differ from those of other sects. In like manner every man, whether rich or poor, has his political instincts, which seem scarcely less a part of his nature. To be a whig, or a tory, or a radical, is a hereditary peculiarity quite as much as the droop or spike nose, the sooty, sandy, or carrot-coloured hair, or the gouty, consumptive, or apoplectic tendency. That Bob's political creed was liberal might be inferred from the fact that on the mother's side he was a dissenter, and from the additional fact that his father was an extreme radical, and in the days of the Castlereagh regime, had a narrow escape from being elevated to the cross-bar for his fervid advocacy of the doctrine of universal equality and distribution of property. Commercial necessity caused Bob to club with the grocer next door, for the *Indicator*, which was at that time the leading mercantile and advertising medium in Smeekumblin. In business matters it was, in Rob's estimation,

perfectly orthodox, but in political creed it was tory, and to some of its leaders Bob applied the logical birch with merciless severity. His favourite organ was "the Reservoir," a weekly, of liberal tendency, and in nothing more so than in the collation of scandal and gossip, and all that was exciting, from *crim. con.* to the most ample details of all cases of incest and murder, the whole being seasoned with weekly dissertations of a pious or theological nature. Such a periodical could not fail to have its numerous admirers among the men, and still more among the women of Smeekumblin.

It must, at the same time, be owned that this hereditary political tendency, like personal appearance, is subject to modification by external influences. As Bob's capital increased, the high-toned radicalism of his youth began to wane. The doctrine of universal equality, so consistent with his earlier logic, gradually came to be undermined by the more inexorable logic of a largely increasing bank account, and by the time that it had reached ten thousand pounds, the doctrine appeared to him not only absurd but absolutely monstrous. He was, however, favourable to the Reform Bill, attended a banquet in honour of the passing of that great measure, and contributed ten yards of cotton cloth towards the making of a flag which was carried in the van of the Magloskie contingent in the grand procession which was intended to inaugurate the reign of peace, and universal brotherhood. From this time forward Bob's reform principles did not expand, and he sympathized deeply in the finality notion which conferred so much notoriety on the god-father of the Bill.

Bob now began to take some interest in local matters, and at the election of a councillor, he voted for Yuill in preference to Claverton, as the former was favourable to the extension of the police-force, on the grounds that property was not sufficiently protected. That Yuill was right may be inferred from the fact that, not a month before, the premises of the Magloskies had been broken into, and a web of mole-skin cloth, and three flannel petticoats, theftuously extracted; and still more daring, the very same night, the policeman's lantern was villanously carried away from his side, while he was taking a short snooze on a stair adjoining the warehouse.

CHAP. VI.

The Secrets of Success.

The Magloskies were now perfectly contented with their good-going retail business. They had only to do their best to serve their customers, and the business expanded of its own accord; but a circumstance occurred which had a material influence on their future fortunes. Miss Jessina, who still continued to take a lively interest in the heads of the Primrose Street establishment, had invited the squire to her house, where he met a stranger, whose physiognomy did not seem altogether strange to him, although he failed to remember where he had seen it. Jessina, who, like most good people, could enjoy a little sport in a quiet way, began to chafe the squire on his obtuseness, and

made the remark that it would have been otherwise had there been a bill between them, which missive generally does for the memory what sticking-plaster does to a wound. She, as well as the stranger, was considerably tickled at the lugubrious abstraction depicted on the squire's countenance as he beat about the pigeon-holes of his brain for invoices of past transactions, but it was only when the stranger enquired how he got on with the harestroke during the last eight years, that the fact began to dawn upon him.—Leake, exclaimed he, as his nostrils expanded and his eyelids widened till there was a rim of white all round the iris. He then started from his seat, and gave his old friend quite a worrying embrace.

"What has come o' ye? whaur hae ye been? what hae ye been doing since——"

"Well," replied Leake, cutting his friend's interrogatories somewhat short, "I have been doing penance, and perfecting my logic under republican institutions, and have just taken a run across to rectify some little mistake, and renew old friendships if I can find the desire mutual."

"I'm glad to see you lookin so weel at ony-rate, an if I can believe my ain een, ye have na been ill off either for meat or claes since ye left us."

"Allow me, Mr Robert, to return the compliment. I guess, as they say across the water, that it is well for you that you turned draper, as that corpus could not have been covered with superfine at anything short of ruinous expenditure on retail terms. How you must have gone it with spoon and fork, eh?"

Miss Jessina was here inclined to attribute the bulky corporation of the squire to the temperance principles she had been endeavouring to inculcate, which he had adopted to some extent, although not quite so exclusively as she could have wished. The quiet visits to the "Magpie" were of course unknown to her, as the squire had made these little episodes a matter of conscience—that is, kept them as much as possible from the knowledge of his friends.

But the sum and substance of the whole is, that Leake had, previous to his departure for America, had an interview, or interviews, with Jessina, who, in spite of his delinquency, believed him to be neither a scoundrel nor a hypocrite. He had no doubt culpably yielded to temptations, which were scarcely in the power of one so young to resist, but she had a settled conviction that, if well lectured and mercifully dealt with, he would yet make amends for his past error. She therefore, in her own quiet way, and at considerable length, laid the matter before him in all its bearings, and then assisted him with money, and cards of introduction to certain friends in New York, from whom she did not conceal the reasons which made it necessary for him to leave his native country. Leake soon found a situation, applied himself diligently to business, and gained the esteem and confidence of his employers. Having saved some money, he commenced business on his own account, was successful, and had come hither for the purpose of establishing business connections.

He had all along kept up a correspondence with Miss Jessina, and not only discharged his pecuniary obligations to her, but had, through her, indemnified Divitt & Roger for the injury he had done them.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the squire and Leake took to each other with all the fervour of their old friendship. This led to some business transactions, which subsequently swelled into that extensive export trade, which has made the house of Magloskie one of the most envied and respected in Smeekumblin.

It would be tedious, and at the same time unnecessary, to attempt to trace the various stages in the progress of the small shop at the corner to its entire absorption of the entire block of buildings, with a frontage of two-hundred and sixty-three feet or thereby, which was not only occupied by, but actually became, at a large figure, the property of the Magloskies. O how many struggling aspirants in the soft goods line, whose mothers were not washerwomen, and whose logical capacity was at least equal to that of the squire, have cast their longing eyes athwart that extensive frontage and gone their way to renewed toil and renewed sorrow. Not that there was any architectural attractions, for the establishment in outward aspect was as plain and unpretending as anything to be seen in the neighbourhood, but then the intrinsic glory of a steady, cheerful, slashing business, with lots of capital always accumulating, unlimited credit, and no dread of ghosts which come stalking up the twilight of the future, in the shape of bill days and rent days! If any one says that to be the proprietor of such an establishment is not necessarily to be great, we have only to reply that his notions of greatness must be very different from those that generally obtain in Smeekumblin. It was considered an honour to be on such friendly terms with either of the Magloskies as to warrant a sign of recognition on the public street, and this enviable position had been attained when the squire was little more than thirty years of age.

Divitt and Rogers, after a somewhat tedious interregnum, had been found honourable, and received a discharge from their creditors. They had re-commenced business in a different part of the town, and were doing well, but were completely eclipsed by their *quondam* office-boy, who gave so little promise of ever figuring to advantage in the commercial world. The squire, however, retained a great respect for his old master and the Divitts generally, and a sincere friendly intercourse subsisted between the families. It was a strange freak of fortune that had brought the washerwoman from the laundry to the drawing-room, and sent her arm in arm to the promenade with those for whom she had performed the most menial duties; but the great separating gulf had been spanned by the golden arch, and they enjoyed each other's society without any feeling of degradation on the one hand, or shame-facedness on the other. Indeed, Mrs Magloskie in her silk gown, was a fine lady-like personage, and her native shrewdness and good-sense, preserved her from making any vulgar

display in the elevated position to which her shop-keeping had raised her.

As the establishment expanded, Mrs Magloskie gradually retired from the active management. She long continued however to make daily visits, for the purpose of satisfying herself that her interests were duly attended to, and give such advice as peculiar circumstances might require, for although the squire's shoulders were broad enough to carry a considerable load, still the responsibilities were fully as heavy as she considered him capable of sustaining without her aid. We question if the squire ever fully comprehended the responsibilities of his position, as it was not in his nature to be anxious. Nor was there any particular reason that he should have been, as he never, in the whole course of his mercantile career, had known a difficulty which was not to his advantage. To speak figuratively, the vessel had got into the trade-winds at the very first, and had bowled along swiftly and smoothly with scarcely so much as a lurch to vary the prosperous monotony.

The great, indeed the all-absorbing question in Smeekumblin, is to find out the *secrets* of success in business. Public lecturers, and soiree spouters, take advantage of this subject, well knowing that it will secure for them a patient hearing. Their recipes consist of a string of moral and prudential maxims, such as honesty, sobriety, regularity, close application and frugality—things in themselves not bad, but antiquated and altogether inadequate for the aspirant of the present age. They may indeed be of some small service in enabling you to retain your situation as drudge at the desk, or behind the counter, or in the work shop, but they will at best only keep you there. If you are disbelieving—look around you—"interrogate nature," as Carlyle says. No, young man; the rounds of your ladder must be of very different material. You may get on from circumstances over which you have little control, but as a general rule you have to dodge it. How to dodge it is the real question, and each must tax his own wits for the proper solution, for no set of principles can be applicable in all cases. Ascertain for yourself whether your policy should be sycophancy, subserviency, officiousness, intrigue, or consummate effrontery,—for verily all these have their reward. Meek, and you will be trampled upon; honest, and you will be overreached; unassuming, and you will escape notice unless some one be to blame.

We are at the same time not to be understood as absolutely recommending these first mentioned qualities, but if you are determined to get on, it will be folly to neglect them. We should rather say, incur the sin of *not* getting on, and remain among the unheeded lowly, than strive to get on by such means. You will of course be regarded by your more enterprising friends as slow and unambitious, and you may even have the mortification of seeing them turn away their heads as they pass you on the street; you may see them honoured with the chief room at feasts, or the chief seats in the synagogue; may even see their names in the newspapers as making up the stock of grandees

which grace the platform on great public occasions—but never mind; stick to the old-fashioned virtues, say we.

The secrets of our hero's success were, first, he had a mother; second, he never attempted to break away from the leading-strings; third, time and locality were favourable, and there was the opportunity for commencing business. It should be mentioned also that he was fortunate in finding a suitable managing assistant, the now much respected Mr Gilkison, whose case is peculiar and demands a separate paragraph.

CHAP. VII.

Plain Facts and a Phenomenon.

OUR Gilkison was no other than the son of that Gilkison who was so cleverly manœuvred, more properly, swindled, out of his living and life, by the enterprising Clay & Co., and probably to the circumstance of being the son of such an one, was he primarily indebted for his situation. He entered the establishment when a boy, and was the first to render the squire assistance at the desk. Young Gilkison was one of that class of youths who naturally, from their appearance and manner, become pets of their fellow men and women. His fine features and handsome figure, were of more value to him in a business point of view, than reams of credentials to a plain youth. "I like his appearance" is generally the foregone conclusion to an after process of shuffling and examination, by which merits are supposed to be weighed and claims established. Even squire Magloskie himself in his younger years was indebted to his personal aspect for certain preferences, among which, as we have been creditably informed, was a tempting offer which he would have had from a highly successful and well known undertaker, had his calves been as comely as his countenance was dolorous.

But Gilkison was also a lad of lively disposition, was expert at figures, and withal had an active, obliging, and managing turn. He soon became a special favourite of the female head of the establishment, and was extremely useful in organizing departments, and getting the whole into that harmonious working order, for which the house has been so frequently, and justly, eulogized. He, under Mrs Magloskie, came to be entrusted with the entire management of the buying and selling. Had the squire been one of those stubborn sumpshs, who labour under the delusion that they have a mind of their own, the consequences would have been unhappy, if not disastrous, but he was perfectly pleased in his immunity from trouble, and directed his energies exclusively to the cash-book, and in seeing the proceeds duly lodged. The increase of the business was accompanied with a corresponding advancement of Gilkison's remuneration, and ultimately his services were permanently secured, by giving him an interest in the concern. Under this combination of talent, the house prospered beyond precedent, and this unvarying prosperity is now *our* misfortune. We have searched in vain for some critical conjunc-

ture, some imminent danger, some threatened catastrophe, directly or indirectly connected with the concern, which would have given variety and sparkle to our narrative.

If the premises had even at any time been burnt down, we would have been satisfied, but we cannot ascertain that there ever was so much as a chimney on fire. It is therefore a duty we owe to ourselves to apprise the reader of this lack of exciting incident, and claim his forbearance under misfortunes for which we are not accountable.

A word now in reference to the domestic progress of the Magloskies. We have already said that press of business compelled them to migrate from the back apartment to a domicile up stairs. Scarcely two years elapsed when, for a similar reason, they were compelled to make another shift, and increase of capital happily warranted their settlement in a house of four rooms in Magirnie's land, Bannock Street, then a highly respectable locality, but now somewhat notorious for the interest taken in it by that class of philanthropists who strive to doctor up the wounds in our social system. Here it was that they first knew the luxury of a carpet. Investment was also made in a second-hand sofa, six chairs, and a mahogany table which looked much better than many a new one;—they were a decided bargain, which circumstance greatly enhanced their value in the estimation of their proprietors. Here also Bob, with praise-worthy regard for his intellectual wants, stumbled upon the idea of setting up a book case. A very handsome one was knocked down to him at twenty-four shillings, but the family tomes made a very poor show in it. No class of well-to-do persons can brook the idea of being considered ignorant, and there is no better way of sheltering oneself from the imputation than by making a stand behind a pile of books. You will thus get credit for being bookish, which may perhaps serve your purpose quite as well as though you had read them. Bob felt the propriety of filling up his archives, and with this object in view made occasional excursions to the second hand book-stalls. His mother encouraged him in his humour, for she now saw that the circle of his acquaintance was henceforth to be the wealthy and the learned, and it was desirable that he should be able to meet with them on their own level. Her only injunction was one which in reality he did not require, namely, "no to gang our far in the price." For something under five pounds then, the squire contrived to make a very fair show on the shelves, the binding being of course more carefully attended to than the nature of the contents. The only books chosen for their intrinsic worth were Watt's Logic, and a volume of Kant, none the worse that it was in the original German. What Miss Jessina smiled at when scrutinizing the collection we cannot say, but at all events she recommended a supplementary purchase of the works of Jeremy Taylor, the Cloud of Witnesses, and a few other volumes, all of which were afterwards procured. Compared with what the Magloskies had been accustomed to this new habitation was quite palatial, and all the more so that a menial was procured to spoil the dinner, and annoy Mrs Magloskie by her slovenly and untidy habits. Here they remained for five

years, and then removed to ten rooms and kitchen in Singleton Place, (next door but one from the Divitts), for the plenishing of which see first-class upholsterers' advertisements. What think you now, gentle reader, of the washerwoman and her son in a domicile like this! If you can afford *not* to be envious you are tolerably well off—that's all. Here princely merchants, and bailies, and clergymen, and highly respectable lawyers, and able editors, and ladies of high degree, were worthily entertained, and here the squire was toasted till the naturally dusky hue of his countenance gave place to that peony floridity which is the physical characteristic of a successful and thorough-bred Smeek-umblindian.

Our duty now is to approach our hero as a citizen and public servant, but before doing so, we will briefly allude to a remarkable change in him that took place when he was in his thirty-first year. In speaking of experiences of this kind, we are conscious of the very delicate ground on which we tread, and wish to exercise that caution which, we trust, will ward us alike from the imputation of a credulity which believes everything, and from that still more reprehensible incredulity which believes nothing. Much in these days reaches the ear which may at once be regarded as the ravings of fanatical excitement, but there are facts—we say, facts—so palpably attested, that to disbelieve them would be to doubt the reality of anything against which we cannot knock our heads. Now, what we allude to is that the squire came to have a liking for an onion.

The remarkable circumstance about this is the suddenness with which the change was effected. Previously he had no regard whatever for this vegetable, or indeed for any of the products belonging to the genus *allium*, but being at a tripe supper one night, he helped himself to a slice out of mere curiosity, and from that day henceforth, this species of bulbous was a special favourite with him. Now, that a man should live in this herb-producing world for thirty years, and be indifferent, if not absolutely averse, to onions, and then suddenly to contract a sincere and permanent relish for them, is very singular, and not to be accounted for by any known physiological principle with which we are acquainted. Some people may think that the time has not yet come for giving publicity to the circumstance, but our apology is, that no considerations of mere delicacy should deter us from referring to a phenomenon which must be intensely interesting to the scientific world. Besides, the squire himself made no secret of it, nay referred to it frequently, and with evident gusto. We therefore humbly submit it to the earnest consideration of both the great institutions which have done, and are still doing, so much for the expiscation of scientific truth, and we think the savans ought, at this particular conjuncture, to be grateful for such a subject. It is for them to determine what department it properly belongs to,—but we would say, the Psychological.

(To be continued.)

THE LUGGIE.*

ONE of the saddest features of our modern civilization consists in the fact that our material progress has a direct and positive tendency to retard the growth of poetical genius. We may endeavour to explain it upon any other hypothesis; but the celebrated paradox of Boileau, that the rudest ages produce the greatest poets, is, we suspect, becoming every day more and more a truism. What is the use of our electric telegraph, asks Mr Emerson, with great simplicity, when we have nothing to say? He means, we presume, nothing in the direction of infinite truth, which is the highest poetry. Indeed, it should seem in this iron age, that a man may as well inherit a consumption or disease of the heart, as a true and organic love of poetry and song. In either case, the malady will sooner or later be the cause of his death. Whether it be that a highly developed intellectual nature weighs down and oppresses the muscular system, while it unduly excites the action of the nerve fibres and the brain; or that the ordinary heritage of genius is a life of misery and misfortune, which can only be extinguished with existence itself, is a question which we will not stay to determine. The general result is about the same. A youth of ardent poetical temperament, full of glowing dreams and bright aspirations, with a passionate all-absorbing love for nature, an imagination which can realize the noblest ideal of beauty, and an understanding with capacities for the highest form of truth—such a nature, if brought into stern conflict with a state of society to which he has no practical relation, and for which he can entertain no sympathy, is as certain, as night succeeds to day, to fall in the conflict mortally wounded. During his fitful career, he has found time, perhaps, to write a few articles in the magazines, a few sonnets in the newspapers, and to compose an unpublished poem which has been the labour and the love of his life. He must then return to his native valley, and rest his wearied body and broken heart in the village churchyard hard by the home of his childhood.

Those who are acquainted with the dark recesses of literary life during the last thirty years, will easily recall many instances of such mournful biographies. But we think it is scarcely possible to meet with one more mournful than the life of David Gray, the author of the "*Luggie*," a young man whose fate entitles him to our compassion, and whose poetry will certainly command our respect. It is indeed impossible to read his posthumous lines with the ordinary eyes of criticism. Nor can we disconnect the quality of his works from the circumstances of his short and unhappy life, any more than we can separate the works and fate of Keats or of Chatterton. What this life might have achieved had it surmounted the barbican of

* *The Luggie*, and other Poems. By David Gray. With a Memoir, by James Hedderwick, and a Prefatory Notice, by R. M. Milnes, M.P. 8vo. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1862.

poverty and misfortune which surrounds the avenues to the temple of fame, it is impossible now to say. Mr Monckton Milnes thought "there was in him the making of a great man." Had he lived he might have produced a full-length picture; but he died, and has left us only a few unfinished sketches.*

David Gray was born on the 29th of February 1838 at Duntiblae, on the banks of the Luggie, a rivulet of Lanarkshire, in the parish of Kirkintilloch, about eight miles north-east of the city of Glasgow. While yet a child, his parents removed to Merkland, a small hamlet on the north side of the stream, where they still continue to dwell, an industrious couple, who follow the occupation of handloom weaving, with seven children still remaining. David was the eldest of the family. He was a black curly-headed boy, with large lustrous dark eyes, and a complexion of almost feminine delicacy. His manner was singularly reserved and shy—his feelings were keenly sensitive; but, notwithstanding, he leaves us abundant evidence of his high courage and enthusiasm. While still very young, he was sent to the parish school of Kirkintilloch, where he approved himself zealous at his tasks. Even at this period his intellect was prematurely developed. He was an insatiable devourer of books, somewhat given to argument, but above all things personally ambitious of distinction. His biographer tells us here, with some degree of satisfaction, that perhaps in no other country save Scotland, could a lad in Gray's position have attained the advantage of a classical education. We confess that we do not altogether perceive this advantage. It was like the advantage, in Gray's case, which the young tiger receives in the first tasting of blood. It awakened and called into action the aboriginal instincts of his nature. It furnished him with the fatal weapon. Had proper care been taken at any rate to keep him from Virgil and Horace—had more time been given to Euclid and the principles of mechanics, the future poet might have lived to invent cast iron ships of war, and to carry malleable iron tubes across mountain gorges and great arms of the sea. A different fate was in store for him. His parents had already devoted him to the altar. The simple-minded peasantry of Scotland—who draw their inspiration partly from the Cottar's Saturday Night, and partly from the Shorter Catechism—are too apt to suppose that the highest, the noblest, and the most important vocation to which the genius of the family can be sacrificed, is that of the Presbyterian Church. And, accordingly, David Gray was destined to be a minister of the Free Church, while the parish schoolmaster was still teaching him the difference between lambics and Trochees, and while the boy was spending his leisure hours in that indescribable sweetness which he knew so well—

"When gloaming caught me musing unawares—
Musing alone beneath the whispering leaves
That overshadow Glencomner."

* For the facts of his life we are chiefly indebted to Mr Hedderwick's admirable biography, although we have taken some passages from Mr Monckton

Mr Monckton Milnes cannot understand "how he had got all the good out of the homely virtues of his domestic life, with no signs of reproach at the plain practical people about him for not making much of his poetry, and sympathizing with his visions of fame. These indeed must have seemed intolerably presumptuous to those about him, and indeed to most of those with whom he came in contact."^{*} He will now perceive, we trust, that this was not due to the boy's genius for poetry, but to the circumstance of his being devoted to the Church. In this profession, indeed, he would have every manner of sympathy and encouragement, the prayers and blessings of his father, the scanty savings of his mother, and finally, the benediction of the entire parish. Had David Gray, when he left school, boldly preclaimed to his friends that he was going to turn a poet instead of a Presbyterian preacher, he would, we suspect, have had plenty of reproach heaped on his head. As it was, in his fourteenth year, he was sent to Glasgow to study for the Free Church. He first became a pupil-teacher in a school in Bridgeton, one of the lowest quarters of Glasgow, and after that he became a Queen's scholar in the Free Church Normal Seminary. He likewise obtained some employment as a private tutor. From the scanty savings derived from these sources, he contrived to attend the Humanity, Greek, and other classes in the University during four consecutive sessions. But these four sessions were enough to disgust him with Theology and Metaphysics. It is unnecessary to assign the reason. In place of writing sermons, and studying such technical doctrines as the perseverance of the saints, he betook himself to writing verses, and some of his pieces were published in the *Glasgow Citizen* under the nom de plume of "Will. Gurney."

We can imagine the wild transports of delight and intoxication with which the ardent temperament of poor Gray regarded his first printed effusions. What a gigantic structure he would rear on this slender foundation! The *Glasgow Citizen* was the only newspaper in the ancient and renowned city of St Mungo which had the slightest pretension to literary merit. Its editor was a man of unquestionable taste. Alexander Smith had in these columns made his first appearance in print. Surely his prospective career will be at least as brilliant as that of Alexander Smith! His letters to Mr Hedderwick about this time, betray an extraordinary and altogether unhealthy degree of excitement. "Perhaps," he writes, "you may deem this the raving of a restless spirit—the spasmodic mawkishness of a 'metre-balladmonger'; but do not, for God's sake, do not! If you knew how often I have halted in the middle of the lobby of your office with a bundle of MSS.—if you knew the wild dreams of literary ambition I am ever framing, yet all the time conscious of my own utter insignificance, my dear sir, you would pity me." But the editor did nothing of the sort. He was rather inclined, and very

Milnes' kind and genial introduction, which does honour alike to the head and the heart of the biographer of Keats.

* Introductory Notice, p. 10.

properly, to suppose him possessed with a desperate frenzy. "Shortly afterwards, when I met him in society, I fancied I detected in the restless yet timid twinkle of his dark eye, a lack of philosophic balance, a keen and vivid intellect, united with a certain nervous incapacity of self-reliance, an irrepressible impulse to lofty literary enterprise, shaken with maddening apprehensions of failure." It is a pity, we think, that Mr Hedderwick, at this conjuncture, had not the boldness to tell poor Gray to his face what Sydney Dobell was ultimately forced to do, that he was either mad or drunk, or an idiot; a poet of twenty, full of self-confidence, of which his letters were the saddest paroxysms, and his conduct the best collateral proof. We know from similar experience that this would have been taken kindly and even authoritatively from his first editor. There is no period of an author's existence in which his whole nature is so plastic, so capable of receiving impressions of good or of evil, as the memorable period of the publication of his maiden essay. To such a retiring nature as Gray's it is a joy more exquisite than a first love. It was therefore, we repeat, most unfortunate for this wayward youth, that at this critical stage of his history, no such note of friendly warning and admonition reached his heart. "My acquaintance with him was too slight and casual—irrespective of the difference of our ages—to invite or win his confidence."* Accordingly, this fine frenzy—this undisciplined aspiration after the infinite—soon reached its climax, and produced its necessary consequence. "Abandoning the idea of the pulpit, and detesting the drudgery of the ferrule, the determination seems gradually to have taken root in his mind of adopting literature as a profession.†

Whatever may have been our idea of Gray's previous history, we can only regard this step with keen, although unavailing regret. For one thing, he has disregarded the great maxim of the Roman poet, "to keep one consistent plan from beginning to end"—

"servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.‡

Nothing does a man more injury in this world than inconstancy, particularly when he is inconstant to a sect or party. He is not only disliked by those he has deserted, but distrusted by those to whom he comes. David Gray now lost all chance of patronage as a preacher; and, to make things worse, he took to a profession which, of all others, is the most uncertain and the least profitable.

"The various kinds of distress," says Sir Walter Scott, "under which literary men,—I mean such as have no other profession than letters—must labour in a commercial country, is a great disgrace to society. I own to you that I always tremble for the fate of genius when left to its own exertions, which, however powerful, are usually by some *bizarre* dispensation of nature, useful to every one but them-

* Memoirs of the Author, p. xxi.

† Ibid, p. xix.

‡ Horace. Ars. Poetica, v. 126.

selves.* And into this unlucky category, poor Gray seems now to have descended.

The next two or three years of his life Gray devoted to cultivating his muse. The "Luggie" appears to have been finished in 1859. He was now twenty-one years of age, without any settled employment, and destitute of any regular means of regular livelihood. He was urged by his parents to find work. He was prompted by his ambition to seek fame; and between these two opposite and irreconcilable courses of action, his position in his own eyes became well nigh desperate. He knew, and had probably experienced the fact, that without extrinsic help he had no chance of success. He could not afford to wait for the sure reward of merit. In an evil hour he adopted a course which cannot be justified,—he took to letter writing on a bold and gigantic scale, to all the eminent men of letters in the country. He sent his poem to G. H. Lewes, to Professor Masson, to Professor Aytoun, to Mr Disraeli; "but," he writes to a friend, "no one will read it; they swear they have no time. For my part, I think the poem will live, and so I care not whether I were doomed to-morrow." Again he says: "I spoke to you of the refusals which had been unfairly given my poem. Better to have a poem refused than a poem unwritten." Commenting on this unfortunate part of his history, his biographer observes, "that he received considerate and kindly replies to some, at least, of his appeals, no doubt blended with wholesome advice, though, on the whole, most creditable to the courtesy and generosity of men, having enormous demands on their time, addressing a youth, an utter stranger to them, who wrote as if fancying he had a mission to electrify the world."† This is doubtless severe language; nor is it altogether undeserved. Poor Gray seems never to have been acquainted with the extremely witty, but most truthful definition which the *Spectator* gives of the chief qualification of a good poet—"That he shall be a very well-bred man."‡ He must have known, besides, the reception Chatterton met with from Horace Walpole and others, after such unbecoming attempts. It is not, until we read his conduct by the lamp of his genius, that we can extend to his rash impetuosity not only our absolute forgiveness, but our utmost sympathy and compassion. The following sonnet speaks for itself:—

"Oh many a time with Ovid have I borne
My father's vain, yet well-meant reprimand,
To leave the sweet and clover purpled land
Of rhyme—its lares loftily forlorn,
With all their pure humanities unworn,
To batten on the bare Theologies!
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
Fed on one essence with the silver morn,
Were, of all blasphemies, the most insane,

* Letter to Ellis, 7th December 1801. Lockhart's *Life*, vol. i. p. 337. The subject of his letter was John Leyden.

† *Memoirs of the Author*, p. 26.

‡ *Spectator*, No. 814. The paper is written by Steele.

So deeper given to the delicious spell,
 I clung to thee, heart soothing Poesy!
 Now on a sick-bed racked with arrowy pain
 I lift white hands of gratitude and cry,
 Spirit of God, in Milton was it well?"*

In this irregular manner he made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of Mr Sydney Dobell and Mr Monckton Milnes, M.P., and at length, in May 1860, we find him in London. "A few weeks afterwards," [*i. e.*, after writing him a kindly letter, *not* to make the perilous adventure], says Mr Milnes,† I was told a young man wished to see me, and when he came into the room, I at once saw it could be no other than the young Scotch poet. It was a light built, but somewhat stooping figure, with a countenance that at once brought strongly to my recollection a cast of the face of Shelley in his youth, which I had seen at Mr Leigh Hunt's. There was the same full brow, out-looking eyes, and sensitive melancholy mouth. He told me at once that he had come to London in consequence of my letter, as from the tone of it he was sure I would befriend him. I was dismayed at this unexpected result of my advice, and could do no more than press him to return home as soon as possible. I painted, as darkly as I could, the chances and difficulties of a literary struggle in the crowded competition of this great city, and how strong a swimmer it required to be not to sink in such a sea of tumultuous life.—No, he would not return."—To Mr Dobell he wrote on this occasion—"I am in London, and dare not look into the middle of next week. What brought me here? God's knows, for I don't. *Alone* in such a place is a horrible thing. I have seen Dr Mackay, but it's all up. People don't seem to understand me. . . . Westminster Abbey! I was there all day yesterday. If I live I shall be buried there, so help me God! A completely defined consciousness of great poetical genius is my only antidote against utter despair and despicable failure."‡ Such language approaches as nearly as possible to the ravings of madness; indeed, Gray himself seems afterwards to have considered it in this light; for in his next letter to Mr Dobell he speaks of a melodramatic air and tone which seems to haunt him like an evil spirit. The truth is, however, it was the language of his heart, conscious of power, without resources, without hope, and *left alone*. It is indeed a sad condition for any human being to be left alone on the highways of that overgrown capital; but for a being of Gray's temperament, it is unspeakably sad. The consequences may easily be anticipated. "It was only a few weeks after his arrival in London," writes Mr Milnes,§ "that the poor boy came to my house apparently under the influence of violent fever. He said he had caught cold in the wet weather, having been insufficiently protected by clothing; but had delayed coming to me for fear of giving me unnecessary trouble. I at once sent him back to his lodgings, which were sufficiently comfortable, and put him under medical superintendence. It soon became ap-

* Sonnet IV.—"In the Shadows," p. 69.

† Memoir, p. xxx.

‡ Introductory Notice, p. viii.

§ Introductory Notice, p. ix.

parent that pulmonary disease had set in, but there were good hopes of arresting its progress. I visited him often, and every time with increasing interest. He had somehow found out that his lungs were affected, and the image of the destiny of Keats was ever before him. I leave to his excellent friend, Mr Hedderwick, to tell the rest of this sad story."

And the sad story is soon told. Mr Milnes had him carefully sent home to Merkland. Mr Dobell sent an eminent physician to attend on him. Some attempts were made to convey him to a southern climate. But most people of his acquaintance shrank from the responsibility of sending the solitary invalid forth upon a long sea voyage. The next alternative was adopted, that he should pass the winter in the south of England. Dr Stewart recommended Brompton Hospital. Mr Monckton Milnes recommended Torquay in Devonshire. A small sum of money, which had been collected to gratify his ardent desire of printing his poems, was made available for the more urgent purposes of the journey. This was about the close of the year. He seems to have stayed some time with Dr Lane in Sudbrook Park, Richmond, where he was treated with conspicuous kindness. "But after all," he writes to his father, "there is no place like home. Kindness and comfort, and change of air, and so forth, are all very well, yet there is something wanting." In the same letter he expresses the most agonizing terror at the idea of being sent to the Brompton Hospital. "I am dreadfully afraid of Brompton; living among sallow, dolorous, dying consumptives is enough to kill me." But this pain he did not encounter. Mr Milnes sent him to Devonshire at his own expense, under arrangements calculated to ensure for him all that was possible of attention and care. From Devonshire he wrote to his benefactor, and described the rapturous emotions with which the rich hues and picturesque forms of the south coast of England filled his bosom. Had he been permitted to enjoy such feelings for awhile, it is certain his life would have been prolonged. But the very sight of the Consumption Hospital at Torquay produced a severe fever, and nothing would satisfy him but home. About the middle of January, accordingly, to the great astonishment of his friends, he presented himself abruptly at Merkland. Here he lingered in pain and sorrow throughout the whole spring, summer, autumn, and part of the winter. He wrote one or two "Sonnets in the Shadows," one or two of his "Poems without Names," and some of his very best letters to his friends. At length, on the 3d day of December 1861, while yet in his 24th year, he died. He was buried not far from Merkland, in a lonely place of sepulture known as the "auld aiale burying-ground," which had in former days been a favourite place of resort and meditation. Among his papers was found an epitaph written in his own clear hand, which, although, not equal as a whole to his best pieces, contains the following singular and appropriate line:—

"He died, not knowing what it was to live."

It is not our intention to write a criticism on the "Luggie." The grass which grows over the grave of poor David Gray is too green to permit either of our censure or our praise of his posthumous works. The few extracts which we subjoin are done to our hand by a kind and genial appreciator of his genius;* and if, as we suspect, the article proceeds from the pen of an eminent living poet, then we have one more instance to add to the few on record, of the just estimation of merit made by one poet of the works of another. The principal poem of the volume is of course written in honour of his native stream, and in the following manner he tells us the inspiration came to him—

"On a sunny August afternoon,
Beneath an ash in tender beauty leaved,
And thro' whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flowed
In rare etherial jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark-green grass,
I lay enchanted.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
Before me streams most dear unto my heart—
Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sung themselves into the sea,
Lucid Aegean, gemmed with sacred isles—
Were rolled together in an emerald vale;
And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
In airy circles o'er the sycamores
Upcurled—a lonely little cloud of blue
Above the happy hamlet. Far away
A gently rising hill with umbrage clad—
Hazel and glossy birch and silver fir—
Met the keen sky. Oh, in that wood, I know
The woodruff and the hyacinth are fair
In their own seasons; with the bilberry
Of dim and misty blue to childhood dear.
Here, on a sunny August afternoon,
A vision stirred my spirit half awake
To fling a purer lustre on those fields
That knew my boyish footsteps; and to sing
Thy pastoral beauty, Luggie, into fame.
Now, while the nights are long, by the dear hearth
Of home I write; and ere the mavis trills
His smooth notes from the budding boughs of March,
While the red windy morning from the east
Widens, or while the lowly sky of eve
Burns like a topaz;—all the dear design
May reach completion, married to my song
As far as words can syllable desire."

The following is his description of a winter day:—

"A winter day! the feather-silent snow
Thickens the air with strange delight, and lays

* *Vide the Scotsman, Aug. 23d.*

A fairy carpet on the barren lea.
 No sun, yet all around that inward light
 Which is in purity a soft moonshine,
 The silvery dimness of a happy dream.
 How beautiful ! afar on moorland ways,
 Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens
 (Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands,
 Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
 Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
 Is plumed and tassell'd, till each heather stalk
 Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
 Through all their mystical entanglement
 Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
 Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
 In dainty murmuring ; the obstinate drone
 Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
 House diligent ; the imperishable glow
 Of summer sunshine never more confessed
 The harmony of nature, the divine
 Diffusive spirit of the beautiful."

Here is a sonnet written after he knew he must die :—

" If it must be ; if it must be, O God !
 That I die young and make no further moans,
 That, underneath the unrespective sod—
 In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
 Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
 The last convulsive throes of too sweet breath !
 I tremble from the edge of life to dare
 The dark and fatal leap, having no faith
 No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse,
 But like a child that in the night-time cries,
 For light I cry ; forgetting the eclipse
 Of knowledge and our human destinies.
 O peevish and uncertain soul ! obey
 The law of life in patience till the day."

Here is another written when his fatal disease had reached its last stage :—

" Last night, on coughing slightly with sharp pain,
 There came arterial blood, and with a sigh
 Of absolute grief, I cried in bitter vein,
 That drop is my death-warrant ; I must die,
 Poor meagre life is mine, meagre and poor ;
 Rather a piece of childhood thrown away ;
 An adumbration faint ; the overture
 To stifled music ; year that ends in May ;
 The sweet beginning of a tale unknown ;
 A dream unspoken ; promise unfulfilled ;
 A morning with no noon ; a rose unblown—
 All its deep rich vermillion crushed and killed
 I' th' bud by frost—Thus in false fear I cried,
 Forgetting that to abolish death Christ died."

Finally we produce his Epitaph, written by himself, with which extract we conclude his sad and mournful history :—

"MY EPITAPH.

"Below lies one whose name was traced in sand.
 He died, not knowing what it was to live;
 Died, while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
 To maiden thought electrified his soul—
 Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.
 Bewildered reader! pass without a sigh,
 In a proud sorrow. There is life with God
 In other kingdoms of a sweeter air.
 In Eden every flower is blown :
 Amen."

CARINE STEINBURGH.*

THE writing of this tale is far superior to that of any "Temperance stories" with which we are acquainted, and shows a finely-cultivated mind in the author. The scene lies in America, and there are incidental sketches of Niagara and the Rapids of the St Lawrence, as well as of Brooklyn and Boston, but the characters differ not from those seen commonly on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of Carine Steinburgh, the heroine. In her we behold a delicately-nurtured female, sensitive to morbidness, and ill-fitted to grapple with the difficulties of her position. There is little in her nature that demands our love or admiration, yet our attention is fascinated to the brief history of her trials. The clearness with which every incident is related, the ability with which the various persons are presented, and the simple truthfulness of the narrative, entitle this book to take a good position in contemporary fiction. At the outset we behold a young wife in the last week of her honeymoon, aroused to a sense of disgust and terror by the appearance of her husband in a state of brutal intoxication. His professions of repentance, and sworn promises of amendment, next morning, are received with coldness; but after awhile the prospect of her future seems to resume its sunshine. The lengthened visit of her husband's brother follows, and the weak, but hitherto not vicious husband, is led on by example and precept, into courses of evil. The sufferings of the young wife increase; a dangerous illness results from the violence of the inebriated man who has again and again broken his oath of forbearance from wine, and who is too weak to maintain *temperance* without the safe-guard of *total-abstinence*. The love and attention of her own parents are a consolation in the hours of anguish, but the mother dies after the first severe illness of Carine, and many circumstances combine to degrade the husband into almost habitual drunkenness. He becomes faithless to his wife in other ways than the promised sobriety, and she is exposed to the danger of seeking sympathy from another man—the

* Carine Steinburgh. An Autobiography. London: William Tweedie, 387 Strand. 1862. Pp. 162.

brother of a school-friend, Sophie, who had died early. The moral principle of the lovers—for they have become such—triumph over temptation, and at the earnest solicitation of Carine, the young man, worthy of her confidence, departs for Europe. They have parted for ever, but her gratitude and reverence for him remain. Erelong the conduct of the husband outrages the sanctities of his wife's home, by introducing there his drunken associates, and even women of depraved character. Carine flies for refuge to the protection of her bereaved father, and refuses to return to her husband. After five years he dies, drowned one night when intoxicated, and stepping off a ferry boat. Not many months elapse before a letter comes from Charles Sinclair, the man who had honourably quitted her whilst she was still a wife. He knows at last that she is free to love him, and he would gladly return to America and claim her hand. But he is dying from a neglected wound in battle, and can only send to her his message of affection and farewell. A friend encloses this memorial, and gives intelligence how calmly the young man died. And Carine, now doubly widowed, remains to close the eyes of her father, and living quietly, with her servant Martha, "in the old cottage home, cherishing everything which speaks of the past, and conversing cheerfully and hopefully of the future in which we trust. For Martha is no longer as a servant—she is a friend—a friend who has been tried, and not found wanting."

No one can read "*Carine Steinburgh*" without feeling the earnestness and sincerity brought to expose the degrading vice of drunkenness. The advocacy of total abstinence, as being the sole safe-guard for persons of weak resolution, is maintained throughout, and with reason. What we blame in Carine, however, is the injudiciousness of her conduct in dealing with such a man as her husband Frederick, to whom she does not enough devote herself, to yield him guidance and comfort, but repels and irritates by her uncontrolled exhibition of disgust when witnessing his earliest failings. She is pure and unswerving in her code of right, but she is merciless and unconciliating. Even in their honeymoon she is so severely cold and intolerant, even of his harmless mirth and playfulness, that it is not wonderful he soon rebels against her injunctions, or at least fails in the course of self-denial which he has promised solemnly to maintain. Her love is of too exalted a Platonism to enchain him in lighter moments, and she fails to appreciate the injustice that she is doing him, by holding herself aloof from him, and withdrawing not only her trust, but also the ordinary confidences and affection of married life. In thus acting she certainly increases for him the perilous attractions of that convivial society which leads him away from home and business. She seldom, if ever, feels the important responsibility of a wife, whose paramount duty must ever be the becoming a true helpmate to her husband. She seems to consider herself absolved from the vow to love, honour, and obey, because he has swerved from his temperance pledge to her. She at once assumes that independence which is by no means the prerogative of woman. To our mind there is

something revolting in the code which the "Strong-minded Female" class are perpetually advocating as regards "Woman's Rights." They are bad enough as platform lecturers and readers of dreary papers at Social Science Congresses; but they would have been infinitely worse as wives, if they had found any persons of the other sex so imprudent as to have linked fortunes and interests with them in matrimony. Arrogant and unrelenting, "without natural affection," and stubbornly averse to accepting the sacred burden of endurance, they would have caused the misery of their husbands if they had not wholly cast out the demons of pride and passion which had been harboured in their breast by the wild theories of "Woman's Rights"—theories that, interpreted by their own commentary, seem to be identical with Woman's Supremacy. There is something very rotten in the creed of this class of females, and neither their words nor their deeds are such as can be honestly applauded by sincere Christians. Indeed, they often show their independence by rebelling against religion altogether. But Carine Steinburgh is not one of this ill-conditioned sisterhood, although she has not quite escaped the taint, in common with many of her sex in America.

We have dwelt on this one flaw of selfish isolation and intolerance, because it yields a moral unintended by the autobiographer, and no less true than the warnings against intemperance; and, moreover, because, we think, it explains in part the frequency of such ruinous careers as that of Frederick Osbaldston, shewn in the autobiography of his wife. Not much happiness or successful management of a husband could be expected from a woman who so early shews herself deficient in a loving spirit; one who, rejects and insults his endearments, while much in him awakens affection, as, for instance, when she is impatient to continue perusal of Lamartine's morbidly sentimental "*Rafäel*"—a book which doubtless encouraged many of her own unwholesome tendencies. She may well endeavour to plead, after hearing of the death of her husband:—"But I was young and high-spirited; I could not patiently bow my neck to the yoke of sorrow; I could not see anything to excite compassion in wilful, persistent self-destruction, self-disgrace."

A SNOW-WREATH IN THE TYROL.

(Written near Feldkirche, 1852.)

Each shot had failed; each aim opposed,
With haughty brow I sought the glade;
A path in the ravine disclosed
A cottage, where my eyes reposed
On the Tyrolean Maid.

Worn was I: worn with travel long:
So worn that taunting Memory's throes,

Goaded from ills to future wrong,
 Had crushed all music from the song—
 All perfume from the rose.

Around, the world was dark with cloud;
 Within me, all was sullen pain,
 Where fell forebodings whispered loud,
 And wild regrets, a dismal crowd,
 Their empire strove to gain.

But there she sat, unmoved, the while,
 In silent blissfulness of heart;
 Her busy fingers plied their toil;
 Her lips, that seemed but formed to smile,
 Ripened, in bloom, apart.

Her braided hair, the harmless pride,
 Of ear-rings bright, and Cross of gold
 That fluttered, as though fain to glide
 To her young heart, and there to hide,
 'Neath kerchief's simple fold;—

That air of meek repose which swayed
 Her every movement, broke the spell
 Of darkened thoughts which long had made
 Their home within my breast, obeyed
 Yet scorned where'er they fell.

Her life was Peace: I could not err,
 I read it in her deep blue eye:
 The giddy world's incessant stir,
 Its strife of tongues, perplex not her;
 Content in purity.

The frowning rocks that were her home,
 And fenced her from all worldly guile,
 Had not impressed their hardened gloom;
 Her dreams were not of hermit's doom,
 But Mary-Mother's smile.

How well her daily tasks were done,
 One glance sufficed to prove to all;
 The spotless floor, the lamp which shone
 As the Five Virgins' who had gone
 To their Lord Bridegroom's call.

Then, as I mused, she raised her eyes
 And caught my searching glance, that fell;
 And answered with a pleased surprise,
 As when a hasty sunbeam flies
 The embrasures of a dell.

And all my years of weary thought,
 My idler hours, so worldly wise!—
 And all my wanderings, had not taught
 That calm contented love I caught
 From out those deep blue eyes.

I left her as a lake which sleeps
Reflecting tints of heaven alone;
Unknown, undreamt, her secret deeps:
Unmissed the cold sad stream which creeps
Murmuring from stone to stone.

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J. W. E.

THE GREEK ORIGINAL OF ST MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.*

THE question of the Greek or Hebrew origin of St Matthew's Gospel, to consideration of which the second part of the Rev. Alexander Roberts' volume of "Discussions" is devoted, may appear to be of less importance than the subject previously treated by him, viz., the Prevalence of Greek in Palestine in the time of our Lord.† Yet the investigation of the evidence which favours or assails the theory of St Matthew's Gospel having been originally written in Hebrew, as commonly believed, cannot be dismissed as of slight and ephemeral interest. On the contrary, the argument here freshly stated, has claim on the attention of Biblical students, and can only be regarded with indifference by those who are totally unfitted to appreciate the value of critical researches. It is true that little or nothing of doctrinal teaching is involved in the settlement of the question; whether Greek or Hebrew was in the first instance employed by the Evangelist we are equally willing to believe that the present Greek text is substantially the same as that which was read by the early Christians. Yet some few passages are made more intelligible, and the whole more satisfactory, if we see cause to believe that the actual words now printed are the same as those that were written by the inspired apostle. The greatest care may well be bestowed on the sifting of evidence, the balancing of opposing statements, in order to arrive at a correct judgment, and we thank Mr Roberts for the able and temperate manner in which he has stated the case in the volume of "Discussions." We are at present desirous of presenting a sketch of his method of treatment, and limit ourselves to this endeavour.

There are three opinions which have gained attention among those who have investigated the origin of St Matthew's Gospel. 1st, that it was written in Hebrew only, i. e., in the Aramæan or Syro-Chaldaic dialect, such as hitherto has been supposed to have prevailed in Palestine at the time of the Lord Jesus. This opinion of a Hebraic origin has been held chiefly as having been favoured by ancient testimony.

* *Discussions on the Gospels: in Two Parts.* By the Rev. Alexander Roberts, M.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, St John's Wood, London. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street. 1862. Pp. 505.

† *Vide Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal* for August, 1862. P. 41.

According to this view, our present Greek Gospel is only a version from the Hebrew, and entitled to a degree of credit in proportion to the exactitude with which the inspired original has been followed.

Second, that the apostle wrote in Greek only, and, therefore, that we have in the existing work, not a mere version, but an actual original.

The third opinion is of the nature of a compromise, with the customary disadvantage of all such middle-courses, that, in order to reconcile the contradiction of the two opinions already mentioned, it avails itself of subterfuges and disingenuous prevarications or strainings of assertion, attributing such latitude of meaning to simple statements as may make them signify anything that is required, or deprive them of all signification whatever. And this third opinion is to the effect that "St Matthew wrote his Gospel *both* in Greek and in Hebrew, the two editions being either given to the world simultaneously, as some think, or rather, as more are inclined to believe, at different periods, according to the varying circumstances and necessities of the Church. This hypothesis, although but of comparatively recent origin, can reckon not a few highly respectable names among its advocates, and is at present a very favourite theory, both in this country and with some able and orthodox theologians in Germany. The ground on which it rests is briefly indicated in these words of Townson:—'There seems more reason for allowing two originals than for contesting either; the consent of antiquity pleading strongly for the Hebrew, and evident marks of originality for the Greek.' This opinion has of late years found zealous supporters on the continent in Guericke, Olshausen, and Thiersch; and with various modifications has been defended by Kitto, Horne, Lee, Ellicott, and others in this country."—(*Discussions on the Gospels*, p. 307.)

Where the difference of opinion is so great among persons ordinarily well qualified to yield a careful judgment, it behoves us to be cautious before decision. To the first hypothesis are favourable the majority of those theologians who place much reliance on ancient testimony, high church divines, whose reverence for Patristic literature inclines them to believe the statements of Papias, Irenæus, &c., conclusive in settlement of the Hebraic origin. Holding somewhat contradictory views on the question of how far the inspiration or authority of St Matthew's Gospel in Greek is affected by the supposed fact of its being a translation from the Hebrew, we find in modern, as well as in older times, a large assemblage of learned supporters of this Hebraic theory. Grotius, Walton, Mill, Michaelis, Eichorn, Campbell, Davidson, Trengelles, and Cureton, are named as among these advocates. Most Roman Catholic writers hold the same view. A large and increasing number of Protestant writers adopt the hypothesis of a Greek origin. The Evangelical section of the Anglican Church seems to prefer this view to the other, inasmuch as it gives opportunity of casting contemptuous discredit on the value of Patristic testimony; there being more than a few who, in their hatred to Romanism and so-called Puseyism, are willing to pronounce a verdict on very insufficient grounds, so

merely that it be antagonistic to the authority of those whom they regard as dangerous foes. In addition to these less scrupulous advocates, there are many men whose calm consideration of all the difficulties, and whose earnest desire and endeavour to arrive at a correct solution of them, have enforced a recognition of their abilities and weight in controversy. Of these, many have spoken forcibly in approval of the Greek hypothesis; for instance, the recent editor of Diodati declares that "if the records of history and the reasonings of logic have any value, the books of the new canon, from Matthew to the Apocalypse, were certainly Greek in the apostolic autographs." Mr Roberts names among the supporters, Erasmus, Calvin, Lightfoot, Wetstein, Lardner, Hales, Hug, De Wette, Credner, and Moses Stuart. As exemplifying that some of the foremost disputants are not enthralled by merely doctrinal tendencies, biassing their judgment, he mentions Hug, the Freyburg University professor, a noted Roman Catholic, and one of the most strenuous and successful defenders of the Greek original; while Tregelles, an eminent and earnest Protestant scholar among ourselves, is "one of the ablest and most determined advocates of the opinion that St Matthew wrote in the Hebrew exclusively."

It is acknowledged that there are great and peculiar difficulties in the adjustment of this matter. It has been found almost impossible, whilst deliberating on the evidence for and against each hypothesis, to keep out of view the consequences of adopting one or other opinion; and these doctrinal consequences have embarrassed inquirers and prevented them from conducting the investigation by an unimpeachable course of reasoning to a legitimate conclusion. It is not easy to see how one can avoid being allured into partizanship, when it is found what inferences are drawn from the verdict on the Hebraic or Greek origin. "Romanists," Mr Roberts observes, "are anxious at all times to magnify the authority of the Church; and in this question they find an excellent opportunity for doing so at the expense of their opponents. They eagerly adopt the opinion that our existing Gospel of St Matthew is merely a version from the Hebrew, executed by some unknown translator; and then they easily fix their adversaries in the dilemma, either of admitting it into the canon of Scripture solely on the ground that the Church has sanctioned it, or of denying that it is possessed of any canonical authority at all. With Protestants, again, it is a fundamental principle to uphold the supreme authority of the Word of God, in opposition to all merely ecclesiastical claims upon their reverence and submission, and this they have felt no easy matter in regard to the existing Gospel of St Matthew. In order to place it on the same footing as the other books of the New Testament, it is necessary to make out, either that the original Gospel was, in fact, that which we now possess; or, that our present Greek is an equally inspired and authoritative work as the original Hebrew; and in grappling with the difficulties of the question, Protestant writers have sometimes been tempted to *assume* the point which they were required

to *prove*, and to seek support for their position on grounds that cannot be maintained in argument.*

The conclusions to which Mr Roberts is now led are, he acknowledges, opposite to those which he was for awhile disposed to rest upon, in accordance with the arguments of Drs Davidson and Tregelles. He has abandoned the Hebrew in favour of the Greek hypothesis. After having, from independent considerations, arrived at a belief that Greek prevailed in Palestine during the time of our Lord, it was natural to attach additional weight to any evidence which shewed the probability of this particular Gospel having been written originally in the same language; inasmuch as, by the theory of a prevalent Greek speech among Palestinian Jews, one chief argument for the Hebrew Gospel was weakened, or perhaps removed, since there could scarcely be need for a Hebrew document among the Judæans and Galileans, if they were already accustomed to Greek in their ordinary transactions, and, especially, if the discourses of our Lord and his apostles had been addressed to them in the Greek language.

Rightly regarding the third hypothesis as a compromise that has been framed as a *dernier resort*, by those who could not find satisfaction in either of the two former hypotheses, the inquirer seeks for principles and method by which this difficult question should be examined. And they, as enunciated by the author of these "Discussions on the Gospels," are as follows:

"*First*, The question, like all others connected with the Word of God, must be decided by *evidence* alone.

"*Second*, We must take into account the *whole* evidence; and

"*Third*, The *internal* ought, in point of order, to take precedence of the external evidence.

First, then, true it is that the question at issue ought to be decided by evidence. It will not serve the interests of truth to determine for ourselves that a revelation can only fittingly be given in a single particular way, and then refuse to accept all the proofs of its having come to us in a different manner. We have no right to limit the revelation by any pre-conceived suppositions of our own, and to disparage the record by maintaining that it could not have been honestly preserved otherwise than in accordance with those suppositions. It is not our business to decide in what manner the Deity *might* have communicated His wishes to mankind;—in what language, and how secured from interpolation, mutilation, or modification of meaning in the words, resulting from a lapse of time since the original publication of the message; it is not this that we are called on to declare, but, according to our best ability from the materials at command, we are desirous of ascertaining in what way the communication actually was made. Starting with some idea that they would be betraying the Christian cause to danger by any relinquishment of long-accepted

* After giving a few other quotations in illustration of this fact, the following is appended, from the elaborate work on the Canon by Jones:—"As we would, therefore, avoid this consequence of making the authority of this Gospel uncertain, we must conclude it *not to be a translation*."

traditions, many persons continue to cherish beliefs that are opposed by all legitimate reasoning on the facts of modern discovery. A similar tendency to abide by prejudices rather than by the force of evidence, has caused the class of rationalists to resist the explicit statements of Scripture, and the concurring testimonies of early believers, whenever these statements were found to contradict the decisions obtainable from the "verifying faculty" to which they would gladly have everything subordinated.*

This system, of arguing from *à priori* suppositions in preference to allowing the evidence due weight, has been generally adopted in discussing the difficulty of a Greek or Hebrew origin of St Matthew's Gospel. Dr Tregelles has thus expressed it: "This dogmatic view of the question has arisen from considerations relative to God, and this mode of acting towards His creatures. It is alleged that no book which he did not intend for abiding use would be given by inspiration; that no mere translation can be authoritative; and that the old view stamps imperfection on the canon. It is affirmed that it is inconceivable that God should not have insured the preservation of an inspired book, and that the contrary would be in some measure contradictory to the Divine perfections." The peril is always great from dogmatic assertions that are tendered instead of lawful deductions from undisputed premises: we all recognise this to be true in regard to science, that we must first examine the evidence and afterwards decide; and we cannot afford to adopt a different course on the present occasion.

In the second place, in examining and deciding this question, we are to take into consideration the *whole evidence*. At this point we are strongly urged not to rest almost solely on the statements in the Patristic literature (to the effect that Hebrew was the language originally employed), but to yield due attention to the phenomena presented

* "There has been a large class of theologians in Germany, and representatives of whom are not wanting in this country, who have certainly adopted a kind of procedure with respect to the Word of God, which is as impious as it is indefensible. They have constituted themselves *arbiters* instead of *inquirers*; they have elevated their own reason to the tribunal of judgment with respect to the *subject-matter* of revelation, instead of humbly employing it as the means of collecting and deciding on the *evidence* by which that revelation is substantiated; they have practically denied that there was any need of a supernatural communication from heaven, or, at least, have degraded it from its only worthy position as a supreme rule of right and wrong, by subordinating it to the variable and uncertain dictates of individual conscience; and thus they have presumed to reject as spurious, or to brand as erroneous, whatever did not tally with their own subjective tendencies, and commend itself to *their* approbation as suitable, necessary, or beneficial, in a professed revelation from heaven.

"Every one acquainted with the theological literature of Germany knows how far and fatally the tendencies above referred to have operated in this country; and we have recently had a melancholy illustration of their existence and working among ourselves in the now notorious 'Essays and Reviews.' The fundamental error of that volume is the place which it assigns to the 'verifying faculty' in our own minds, making the human understanding and conscience the supreme arbiter of all truth, and thus destroying the possibility of any authoritative revelation from heaven. How far the *substance* of a professed revelation may be regarded as forming part of its *evidence*, is noticed by Dean Trench, in 'Notes on Miracles,' p. 27."—(*Discussions*, p. 315.)

by the Gospel itself. And chiefly notable is the fact, that "our present Gospel of St Matthew abounds in *verbal coincidences* with the other Gospels, all of which are now universally admitted to have been written in the Greek language." Mr Roberts is disinclined to admit the sufficiency of the quotations from ancient writers, as decisive of a Hebrew origin. These testimonies are, at most, only a portion of the evidence, and he demands, that on the whole evidence should judgment be grounded:—that on the preponderance of this whole evidence being seen to favour the Greek origin, there should be acknowledgment made of this fact; and also, it being no longer regarded as incontrovertibly established that St Matthew wrote in Hebrew, that there should no longer be attempts to overturn any hypothesis of the Greek having prevailed in Palestine during the time of our Lord's ministry (which hypothesis, he has shewn, rests on other and independent foundations), on the plea that it is disproved by the suppositions prevalence of Hebrew,—which is merely an inference from the (disputed) Hebraic Gospel.

And, thirdly, we are reminded that the logical and natural course is to allow the *internal* to take precedence of the *external* evidence. It is suggested that "there are circumstances easily conceivable in such a work as St Matthew's Gospel, which would render it perfectly *impossible* that it could be a translation. The existence of such circumstances, or not, can only be ascertained by an actual inspection of the document; and, therefore, the proper course, manifestly, is first to examine the history itself, before allowing our judgments to be swayed by any of those statements which may have been made respecting it."*

* In reference to the statement that a writing *may* possess in itself sure and evident marks that it is, or is not, a translation, Mr Roberts remarks:—

"This is, in fact, the case with most versions and most originals, in every language. In spite of what has been said to the contrary, I cannot but hold that there is nothing which is more certainly within the power of literary tact and experience, than, in all ordinary cases, to distinguish between an original and a translated work. No two languages approach so closely to each other in idiom as to allow a translator, who is scrupulously faithful to the work he has undertaken, an opportunity of imparting to his production the air and character of an original. In cases of very free translation, indeed, such as Pope's translation of Homer, the traces of the original language may be almost, or altogether, obliterated; but this cannot take place when (as is claimed for our Greek Gospel of St Matthew by most of those who deem it a version from the Hebrew) a close and faithful adherence is preserved to the original. A foreign and awkward air will almost inevitably attach to every translation from one language into another, if any approach to *literal exactness* is sought to be maintained in the version that is produced. It is sufficient to refer in proof of this to the Septuagint translation from the Hebrew into Greek, to the many close translations from the German or French into our own language at the present day, or to the literal versions of the ancient classics into the various tongues of modern Europe. In all such cases a person of ordinary ability and experience would have no difficulty in at once detecting the translation, and in assigning the reasons which had led him to that conclusion."

That a work "may contain in itself plain and unmistakable proof of its being an original and not a translation," is also commented on by the author of these "Discussions."

Mr Roberts having set forth the principles and method on which it seems fit the investigation should be conducted, proceeds to an examination of the Gospel itself, and the ancient testimonies regarding it, "in order to discover whether there is yet any ground for conceiving that it was originally written in Hebrew, and that the existing Greek is but a translation from that long lost document; or whether there is reason to believe that the evangelist published two editions of his Gospel, of which the former, in Hebrew, speedily perished, while the latter, in Greek, continues in our hands at the present day."

He first examines the internal evidence of the originality of St Matthew's Gospel—its general character—the mode in which translations from the Old Testament are made in it—explanations of Hebrew words and phrases which occur in it—Latinistic forms which often appear in it—frequent and significant employment of the imperfect tense—and the occurrence of unusual Greek expressions which could only be expressed in Hebrew by means of a circumlocution.

He next subjects the external evidence of the originality of St Matthew's Gospel to a close examination, dwelling on the unfounded assertions of the advocates of the Hebrew Original—on proof of the Divine authority of the existing Greek Gospel—and also, of its authorship by St Matthew; on the manner in which we should deal with the statements of the Fathers, (to whom perhaps he is disposed to attach too little reverence);—on the *Greek* gospel being the only one that we are sure St Matthew ever wrote,—and on the supposition that St John saw and sanctioned the three Synoptical Gospels.

The statements of ancient writers in support of the Hebrew original are separately considered,—Papias, Irenæus, Pantænus, Origen, Eusebius and Jerome; with a probable explanation of the manner in which the supposed error of Papias arose. Dr Cureton's "fancied discovery of the Hebrew Original of St Matthew's Gospel" is afterwards examined, with strictures, and the conclusion arrived at that his Syriac Gospel has been derived from the Greek; a conclusion drawn from its peculiarities of unauthorised additions, unauthorised omissions, its mistaken and inexact renderings. This portion of the "Discussions," especially, shews a laborious and conscientious scholarship. The hypothesis of a Two-fold Original of St Matthew's Gospel is briefly touched upon, not being regarded with much respect, as it affords no explanation of many phenomena, and is unharmonious with the internal evidence. One chapter is devoted to the question of the Origin of the Gospels, but this appears to us less satisfactory than the rest of the work. In conclusion, we have a brief summary of the points sought to be established, and their influence on important matters connected with religion. The hypothesis of a Hebrew Original of St Matthew's Gospel is greatly shaken by the arguments advanced, and if we do not, in closing the volume, feel quite so confidently as Mr Roberts that the present Greek gospel is the original, and the ancient assertions concerning a preceding Hebrew Gospel unentitled to credit, we must at least acknowledge that he has given us a candid and clear exposition of the evidence, for and against, and has left the preponder-

ance of probability in favour of his views of a Greek original; especially if we accept his previous demonstration, as regards the prevalence of Greek in Palestine.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1862.

J. W. E.

THE BELIEVER'S TREASURY.*

No disappointment will be felt by those who, knowing the reputation of the Rev. Dr Dewar, turn to this volume in expectation of finding a thoughtful and earnest aid to devotion,—an eloquent exposition of sound doctrine. It is, indeed, correctly designated "*The Believer's Treasury*," for every page holds the accumulated wealth of an assured faith in the Redeemer's promises.

The language employed throughout has the charm of simplicity and strength. There is none of the rant and frothy declamation, the pulpit-beating "sound and fury, signifying nothing," which is often mistaken for evidence of power in these days of ours. Nor has the preacher weakened the dignity of his solemn argument by clothing it in the trappings of a flowery style, such as might win him temporary popularity, though at the expense of solid usefulness. He has spoken the message of salvation firmly, affectionately, and with the impassioned directness that follows his own conviction of its truth, and preaches the doctrine of Christ crucified, and salvation offered to mankind, with the impressiveness of a dying man speaking to dying men.

In the Preface he thus writes concerning the view he takes of the Gospel:—

"The religion of Christ secures the comfort and happiness of those who embrace it, not by holding out some ideal plan of human felicity, not by leading them to expect an immediate termination to the sin and suffering of mankind, but by supplying them with those rich sources of consolation that are adapted to their varying necessities. It describes the vicissitudes of human life, not with the colouring of poetry, but with the pencil of truth; it leads them to regard prosperity as dangerous and often fatal, and to look on adversity as a lot that may be their own; but it bids them be of good cheer, and points out the way in which they may become more than conquerors.

"This view of the Christian life may appear paradoxical, but we have the recorded experience of Apostles in confirmation of its reality, 'as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.' The promise of consolation and support varies according to our varied circumstances; it presents itself in that particular aspect which is calculated to sustain the mind under its immediate pressure, so that the soul is enabled to bear up under it, and to triumph over it.

"The religion of Christ has made full provision for the removal of all

* *The Believer's Treasury*. By D. Dewar, D.D., LL.D., Late Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen. Glasgow: Thomas Murray & Son. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie. Aberdeen: G. & R. King. London: Ward & Co. 1862. Pp. 316.

the moral maladies of the soul. It is not enough that the conscience should be once purified through the blood of atonement; that the sinner brought out of darkness into marvellous light should be rejoicing in God through Jesus Christ: circumstances will occur in the progress of life to depress the tone of his joyful confidence; there will be backslidings and deviations to agitate his feelings and wound his peace. Has the Gospel made provision for such an occurrence?

"It has; at the same time, sin, by whomsoever committed, must be followed with pain. While the backslider continues in sin his hopes are vain and his happiness is delusive, but when he becomes penitent, and is humbled on account of it, the Gospel makes known to him the Fountain that has been opened to wash from sin and uncleanness. It leads him to the Propitiation for sin; it removes his burden, and sets his feet upon a Rock, and establishes his goings. You are to look to the Saviour in the dignity of his person, in the greatness of his love, in the completeness of his salvation, in the preciousness of his promises, in the efficacy of his blood, in the suitableness of his mediatorial offices, and in his power to save.

"What are the trials which should prevent you from having peace and joy in believing? Are you suffering bodily affliction? Are the cares of the world perplexing you? 'Cast your burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain you: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.' O could we rise above those passing clouds that overshadow us, and see in the light of heaven our King in all the glory and loveliness of his character, and the goodly inheritance he has prepared for us, we should be satisfied that our ground of rejoicing in him is stable and everlasting. To be co-heirs with him who is to inherit all things; to whom honour, and glory, and universal sovereignty are given, is to be exalted to inconceivable dignity and happiness.

"Believers in Jesus! yours is the God of all-sufficiency and perfection—his wisdom to direct you—his mercy to pardon—his grace to succour and help you—his promises to comfort you—his all-sufficiency to give you life everlasting. Yours are the providences of God to work together for your good—to administer instruction, correction, and discipline, as the case may require—yours are his ordinances to build you up in faith and in comfort. 'Fear thou not, for thou shalt not be ashamed, neither be thou confounded, for thou shalt not be put to shame. For thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth, shall he be called.' (Isa. liv. 4, 5)."

Some idea may be gained of the scope of Dr Dewar's teaching in this work, by observing the headings of his chapters. He shews how the Believer inherits all things; that Christ is God's gift to man; in what consists union with Christ; what are the means and ordinances of religion, and what the relations of the Holy Spirit to believers; that the Saviour's legacy to his disciples is Peace; how we are to regard the world, in what way our enemy and trial; that life is the believers, and that they shall abide in glory with Christ; how death is awaiting God's people, yet not terrible; that sanctified affliction is their privilege; Who is their High Priest, and where the throne of Grace; how God supplies all the needs of his people; His guidance and glory; that Christ is the Resurrection and the Life; what we are taught concerning the general Judgment; and of Heaven, the nature of its happiness—and of God's redeemed family; what is the prayer of

Christ for his redeemed; how all things are created new; how God is the Christian believer's source of joy,—“a source of joy which eternity cannot exhaust,”—and lastly, in one vigorous summary, what especially constitutes the Christian, and in what manner he “shews forth Christ to the world; shews forth the praises of him who hath called him out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.”

This is a wide range, and affords abundant material for meditation. It is great gain when we possess a friend so honest and spirit-moving as this, to give firmer assurance to our faith in hours of trial, and to whisper the sweet messages of comfort into the ear of those who are in affliction, of warning to those who might be tempted to forget the need of prayer and watchfulness; and at all times, and to all men, to bring more clearly the invitation to trust in Him who alone can sanctify and redeem those who approach in reverence and trust. The passage already extracted from the “Preface” affords only a slight indication of the calm strength which pervades this highly meritorious work, which may lead many readers to a grateful remembrance of the late Principal of Marischal College.

SIBBES' COMMENTARY ON THE SECOND EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.*

WE learn from a note by Mr Grosart, that this masterly commentary was published in a handsome folio, edited by Dr Thomas Manton, (whose own works are to be included in “Nichol's Series of Standard Divines”). Sibbes had too high a sense of the dignity of literature, to be in haste to publish a multitude of books. In the first volume of his works in the present re-issue, we receive all that he himself saw in print. His friends and admirers were many, and after his death shewed the esteem in which his writings were held by publishing as many of them as were obtainable, giving some of his Sermons from notes taken down by hearers. These must necessarily have been very incorrect, but the manuscripts left behind by him were of higher value, even though deficient in the final corrections, which so careful an expositor would have made had his life been lengthened, and his attention to them been unimpeded by labours which he deemed of vital importance.

Dr Thomas Manton, who loved him well, speaks of “that excellent and peculiar gift, which the worthy and reverent author had in unfolding and applying the great mysteries of the Gospel in a sweet and

* The complete Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D., Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; Preacher, of Gray's Inn, London. Edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Kinross. Vol. iii. Containing a Commentary on the 1st chapter of the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians. Pp. 573.

Nichol's Standard Divines, Puritan Period. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. Dublin: W. Robertson. 1862.

mellifluous way:" and how Sibbes was therefore, by his hearers, spoken of as the *Sweet Dropper*, "sweet and heavenly distillations usually dropping from him, with such a native eloquence as is not easily to be imitated." And in reference to the fact of most of Sibbes' works being first published posthumously, Dr Manton observes, in his editorial preface to the present commentary:—"It were to be wished that those who excel in public gifts would, during life, publish their own labours, to prevent spurious obtrusions upon the world, and to give them their last hand and polishment, as the apostle Peter was careful to 'write before his decease,' 2 Peter i. 12-14. But usually the church's treasure is most increased by legacies. As Elijah let fall his mantle when he was taken up into heaven, so God's eminent servants, when their persons could no longer remain in the world, have left behind them some worthy pieces as a monument of their graces, and zeal for the public welfare. Whether it be out of a modest sense of their own endeavours, as being loath upon choice, or of their own accord to venture abroad into the world, or whether it be . . . out of a hope that their works could find a more kindly reception after their death, the living being more liable to envy and reproach, (but when the author is in heaven the work is more esteemed upon earth), whether for this or that cause, usually it is, that not only the life, but the death of God's servants hath been profitable to his church, by that means many useful treatises being freed from the privacy and obscurity to which, by modesty of the author, they were formerly confined." And further he says: "Which, as it hath commonly fallen out, so especially in the works of this reverend author, all which (some few only excepted) saw the light after the author's death, which also hath been the lot of this useful Comment; only it hath this advantage above the rest, that it was perused by the author during life, and corrected by his own hand, and hath the plain signature and marks of his own spirit, which will easily appear to those that have been any way conversant with his former works."

The Commentary is of sterling value. As Mr Grosart notes, "it is not a fragment of an intended Exposition of the entire Epistle, but a Treatise on the 'Apology of St Paul,' complete within itself, according to the design of the author." Sibbes himself concludes with the words, "Thus I have at length gone over this fruitful portion of God's word." With such a work as Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St Paul," the Commentary affords a text-book for meditation. It is thickly studded with beauties that suffer nowise in comparison with the "Bruised Reed," or the "Soul's Conflict." Here are beheld the ever-loving tenderness and personal directness of appeal, which distinguished Sibbes above most of the Puritan Divines, who frequently leave on us the impression of vigorous intellect and impassioned zeal, rather than a loving spirit and unintermittent faith. We might mark for quotation and for praise passages in hundreds of pages, but a few must suffice. And, first, this which is spoken by Sibbes, concerning

SINCERE LOVE.

"When we believe that God is reconciled in Christ, we shall love him. Our love is but a reflection of his love to us. When once we know that he loves us, we shall love him again.

"The spring of all duty is sincere love, coming from sincere faith; as sincere faith is forced out of the sincere sight of our sins, of the ill and miserable estate we are in. A man will not go out of himself, so long as he sees any hope in himself; and therefore sound knowledge of the evil condition we are in, forceth the grace of faith, which forceth a man to go out of himself. And then when he is persuaded of God's love in Christ, he loves him again.

"Love is that which animates, and quickens, and enlivens all duties. What are all duties, but love? Christ reduceth all to love. It is a sweet affection that stirs up and quickeneth to all duties. It carries us along to all duties. All are love. What need I stand on sincere patience, sincere temperance, sincere sobriety, &c.? If a man have sincere love to God, it will carry him to all duties. Remember this order.

"Especially every day, enter into your own souls, and search impartially, what sin there is unconfessed, and unrepented of, and make your peace with God by confession. And then go to sincere dependence on God by faith in the promises. And then stir up your hearts to love him; and from the love of him to love one another in sincerity, not in hypocrisy. Thus we have the manner of the blessed apostle's carriage in the world, whereupon his rejoicing was founded. 'Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity,—we have had our conversation in the world.'" (p. 252.)

And, next, a few of his words on

LIVING IN THE WORLD.

"Men say, Alas! alas! the times are ill. Were they not so in Noah's time? Were they not so in David's time? Were they not so in St Paul's time? Men pretend conformity to the world upon a kind of necessity. They must do as others do.

"If they were true Christians it would not be so; for Noah was good in evil times. Nehemiah was good in the court of the king of Babel (Babylon). Joseph was good, even in Egypt, in Pharaoh's court. This can be no plea. For a Christian hath a spirit to raise him above the corruption of the times he lives in; he hath such a spirit likewise as is above prosperity or adversity, which will teach him to manage both, and to govern himself on all occasions and occurrences (occurrences) of the world. 'I can do all things,' saith St Paul, 'through Christ that strengtheneth me'

... "So, a good Christian that lives in the world, he is carried with the world in common things; he companies, and traffics, and trades, and deals with the world. But hath he not a motion of his own contrary to all this at the same time? Yes; though he converse in the world, yet notwithstanding he is thinking of heaven, he is framing his course another way than the world doth. He goes a contrary course, he swims against the stream of the world.

"There are some kind of rivers, they say, that pass through the sea, and yet notwithstanding they retain their freshness. It seems as an emblem to show the condition of a Christian. He passeth through the salt waters, and yet keeps his freshness; he preserves himself. Therefore, I say, it is no plea to say that times are naught, and company is naught, &c. A man is not to fashion himself to the times. An hypocrite, chameleon-like, can turn himself into all colours but white; and as the water, which we say hath no figure of its own, but it is figured by the vessel that it is in (if the

vessel be round, the water is round; if the vessel be four-cornered, the water is so), it being a thin, airy, moist body. It hath no compass of its own, but is confined by the body it is kept in.

"So some men have no religion, they have no consistence, no standing, no strength or goodness of their own; but such as their company is, such they are, and they think this will serve for all. 'I must do as others do; it is the fashion of the world.' If they be among swearers, they will swear; if they be among those that are unclean, they will pollute themselves. They frame themselves to all companies. They will be all, but that which they should be. This will not serve the turn.

"A Christian may pray for the assistance of God to keep him in the world, and he may know that God will. What ground hath he? Our Saviour Christ saith, 'Father, I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou keep them in the world,' John, xvii. 15. He prays for his apostles and disciples, that God would keep them in the world from the contagion of sin, and from the destruction of the world. St Paul, you see, lived and conversed in the world, wheresoever he was, in sincerity and simplicity. He was not carried away with the stream, and errors of the time wherein he lived.

"Nay, to add more, it doth unite the power of grace together, and make a man the better, the worse the company or the place is where he lives. We know in nature, the environing of contraries increaseth the contrary; and holy men have been better oftentimes in the midst of temptation, and have gathered their forces and strength of grace together, more than when they have been more secure. The envy and malice of the world is quick-sighted, and the more they live amongst those that are observers of them, the more cautelous [*i. e.* cautious] they are of their carriage. You know it is the apostle's reason 'Redeem the time, because the days are evil,' Eph. v. 16. Be you the better, because the days are evil. Witness for God in an 'evil generation,' in evil times. He doth not say, Do you sin, because the days are evil. God's people do always witness for him."

At the same time, Sibbes thus utters a warning against the mistake of thrusting ourselves into scenes of temptation:—

"Let me add this likewise, to give farther light, that we must not take occasion hence, to conform and fashion ourselves to any company, to cast ourselves into evil company when we need not. We must not tempt God; for then it is just with God to suffer us to be soiled with the company. And by our carelessness in this kind, we offend the godly, that easily hereupon take us to be worse than we are. And as we grieve the Spirit of God in them, so in ourselves; and we build up and strengthen wicked persons. And, therefore, this living in the world 'in simplicity and sincerity,' must be when our calling is such that we live in the world, that we need not any local separation to sever ourselves. But when in the world, we are cast on men without grace, by our callings, and occasions we may presume that God will keep us by his Spirit."—(*Commentary on 2 Corinthians*, chap. i. ver. 12.)

It is acknowledged that despite the celebrity of Sibbes, whose fame might have rested securely, although nothing had remained of his writings but "The Bruised Reed," and "Soul's Conflict," the difficulty of obtaining anything like a complete collection of his works was immense. None such was known to exist in any public or private library; and it has been truly stated that if fourfold the price of this series of Puritan Divines, (*viz.*, £10, 10s.) had been offered, a set of

Sibbes alone could not have been obtained, such as will now be gained by subscribers for 24s. 6d. For the ten guineas mentioned, the Complete Works of Goodwin, Sibbes, Manton, Brooks, Charnock, Reynolds, with the Practical Works of Adams and Clarkson, are presented in a uniform and unequalled edition. It increases the value of these, that three extra volumes, in imperial octavo, are announced, at a price that will enable subscribers to the chief series to enrich their library with (1st), A Commentary on the Second Epistle General of St Peter; by the Rev. Thomas Adams, (1633), whose excellent Practical Works appeared in the first year's issue; this volume edited by the late Rev. James Sherman, will be ready by the 15th October. (2nd) The Commentary on Hosea, by the Rev. Jeremiah Burroughs, (1643), is to follow on January 1st 1863: and three months later, (3d) A Commentary on the General Epistle of Jude, by the Rev. William Jenkyn, Rector of Blackfriars', 1653, and Commentary on the Epistles to the Phillippians and Colossians, by the Rev. Jean Daille, Minister of the French Reformed Church at Charenton, (1639). We also learn that owing to the unexampled success of the series, the enterprising and able publisher, Mr James Nichol, expects to complete the issue of Dr Goodwin's works in twelve, instead of fifteen volumes, as he can afford to greatly increase the number of sheets in each, in consequence of the subscribers amounting to above six thousand. He therefore will be enabled to reward them by including, without extra charge, the works of the Rev. Henry Smith, who is known as "the Chrysostom of the Puritans."

COMPLETION OF ROBERT YOUNG'S NEW TRANSLATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

THE laborious undertaking of Mr Robert Young has thus far advanced, that the Old Testament is completed, and the New Testament is promised before the year ends. The advantages of this work over the authorised version are not few; not to displace it however, but to supplement it, is the New Translation offered to the public. The flow of narrative in the historical books, and the poetic rhythm that characterises almost all the prophetic books, are here particularly impressive. In some of mixed character,—such as Isaiah and Jeremiah—the change of tone, marked by the printing, cannot fail to be recognised as a great improvement; lending much more clearness to the narrative where the division into sections is adopted, instead of the mutilating system of verses, (although these are indicated subordinately), which so frequently injured the continuity in the authorised version. A reference to the

* New Translation of the Holy Bible from the original Languages. By Robert Young, author of several works in Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Gujarati, &c. Parts I. to XVII., containing the Old Testament Complete. Pp. 606. A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh, London, and Dublin. 1862.

Minor Prophets, and other portions in which the metrical arrangement of the Hebrew original has been closely followed, cannot fail to prove the gain that ensues by adopting Mr Young's method.

We quote the following remarks, elucidative of his principles :—

(From the General Preface to the New Translation).

"This work, in its present form, is not to be considered as intended to come into competition with the *ordinary* use of the commonly received English Version of the Holy Scriptures, but simply as a strictly "literal and idiomatic" rendering of the Original Hebrew and Greek Texts. For about twenty years—fully half his life-time—the Translator has had a desire to execute such a work, and has been engaged in Biblical pursuits tending to this end more or less exclusively; and now, at last, in the good providence of God, the desire has been accomplished. How far he has been able to carry out the just principles of Biblical Translation, founded on a solid and immovable foundation, time alone will tell, and for this he confidently waits. As these *principles* are to some extent new, and adhered to with a severity never hitherto attempted, and as the Translator has perfect confidence in their accuracy and simplicity, he proceeds at once to state them distinctly and broadly, that not merely the "learned," but the "wayfaring man" need not err in appreciating their value.

"There are two modes of translation which may be adopted in rendering into our own language the writings of an ancient author: the one is, to bring him before us in such a manner as that we may regard him as *our own*; the other, to *transport ourselves*, on the contrary, *over to him, adopting his situation, modes of speaking, thinking, acting—peculiarities of age and race, air, gesture, voice, &c.* Each of these plans has its advantages, but the latter is incomparably the better of the two, being suited—not for the ever-varying modes of thinking and acting of the men of the fifth, or the tenth, or the fifteenth, or some other century, but—for all ages alike. All attempts to make Moses or Paul act, or speak, or reason, as if they were Englishmen of the nineteenth century, must inevitably tend to change the translator into a paraphrast or a commentator, characters which, however useful, stand altogether apart from that of him, who, with a work before him in one language, seeks only to transfer it into another.

"In prosecuting the plan thus adopted, a literal translation was indispensable. No other kind of rendering could place the reader in the position contemplated, side by side with the writer; prepared to think as *he* does, to see as *he* sees, to reason, to feel, to weep, and to exult along with him. His very conception of time, even in the minor accidents of the grammatical past, present, future, are to become our own. If he speaks of an event as *now* passing, we are not, on the logical ground of its having in reality already transpired, to translate his present as if it were a past; or if, on the other hand, his imagination pictures the future as if even at this moment present, we are not translators but expounders, and that of a tame description, if we take the liberty to convert his time, and tense—the grammatical expression of his time—into our own. King James' translators were almost entirely unacquainted with the two distinctive peculiarities of the Hebrew mode of thinking and speaking, admitted by the most profound Hebrew scholars in *theory*, though, from undue timidity, never carried out in *practice*, viz:—

"I. That the Hebrews were in the habit of using the *past* tense to express the *certainty* of an action taking place, even though the action might not really be performed for some time. And

"II. That the Hebrews, in referring to events which might be either *past* or *future*, were accustomed to act on the principle of transferring themselves mentally to the period and place of the events themselves, and were

not content with coldly viewing them as those of a bygone or still coming time; hence the very frequent use of the *present* tense.

"These two great principles of the Hebrew language are substantially to be found in the works of Lee, Gesenius, Ewald, &c.; but the present writer has carried them out in translation much beyond what any of these ever contemplated, on the simple ground that, if they are true, they ought to be gone through with. While they affect very considerably the outward *form* of the translation, it is a matter of thankfulness that they do not touch the *truth* of a single Scripture doctrine—NOT EVEN ONE.

"Every effort has been made to secure a comparative degree of uniformity in rendering the original words and phrases. Thus, for example, the Hebrew verb *nathan*, which is rendered by King James' translators in *sixty-seven* different ways (see footnote)* has been restricted and reduced to *ten*, and so with many others. It is the Translator's ever-growing conviction, that even this smaller number may be reduced still further.

"It has been no part of the Translator's plan to attempt to form a New Hebrew or Greek Text—he has therefore somewhat rigidly adhered to the received ones. Where he has differed, it is generally in reference to the punctuation and accentuation, the division of words and sentences, which, being merely traditional, are, of course, often imperfect. For an explanation and vindication of these differences, the reader is referred to the 'Pocket Commentary,' which is designed to supplement the present volume."

We once more cordially recommend this very meritorious undertaking, which is, we believe, proving of wide spread usefulness.

* *Lax Renderings of King James' Revisers.*—NATHAN, 'to give,' is rendered (in the *Kal* conjugation) by such words as: to add, apply, appoint, ascribe, assign, bestow, bring, bring forth, cast, cause, charge, come, commit, consider, count, deliver, deliver up, direct, distribute, fasten, frame, give, give forth, give over, give up, grant, hang, hang up, lay, lay to charge, lay up, leave, lend, let, let out, lift up, make, O that, occupy, offer, ordain, pay, perform, place, pour, print, put, put forth, recompense, render, requite, restore, send, send out, set, set forth, shew, shoot forth, shoot up, strike, suffer, thrust, trade, turn, utter, would God, yield; besides seventeen varieties in idiomatic renderings—84

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Presentation.—The *London Gazette* of Tuesday evening has the following:—"Whitehall, September 22.—The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. Malcolm Campbell Taylor to the new church and parish of Dumfries, in the Presbytery and county of Dumfries, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. Andrew Gray to the church and parish of Mousewold."

Induction.—The Presbytery of Dunkeld met, and inducted the Rev. W. F. Wight, of Chapelshade, to the church and parish of Auchtergaven. The Rev. Mr Wilson preached, and the Rev. Dr Irvine, of Blair-Athole, addressed the pastor and people. There was a large attendance of parishioners, and after service they gave Mr Wight a most cordial welcome. In the afternoon, the Presbytery and the kirk-session, together with a number of Mr Wight's friends from Dundee and Aberdeen, dined together in Bankfoot Inn. We understand that the Very Rev. Dr Dewar is to introduce Mr Wight to his new congregation on Sunday.

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PROVOST LINDSAY'S SCOTCH POLICE ACT.

THE Provost of Leith seems destined to become as immortal in story as the Provost of Perth, or the Provost of Peterhead. But if so, this will proceed from reasons of a somewhat different character. The memory of Sir Patrick Charteris is only saved from oblivion by the magical touch of Sir Walter Scott. In like manner the obscure modern dignitary who, to his own great surprise and astonishment, is now so well known to the best circles of Europe, had the good fortune merely to constitute the subject of one of Sir John Watson Gordon's very best portraits. With Provost Lindsay the case is different. He will be known to posterity chiefly from the circumstance of being the great police legislator of his generation.

It so rarely happens in the ordinary course of events, that a municipal functionary distinguishes himself beyond the qualities of appreciating turtle and iced champagne, that when we discover one who has really done the State some service, we are disposed to award him a more than ordinary share of respect and consideration. Moreover, the Scotch municipalities above all others in this world, are so distinguished for their ingrained and intolerable stupidity, that to discover in Scotland a Provost who possesses three grains of common sense, not to speak of sound patriotic feeling, is something like the discovery which Tom Hood once made, of a phenomenon in a smoke frock. Yet such a phenomenon is the Provost of Leith. At a period when municipal government in this country began to stink in the nostrils of all sensible and reflecting men, he has done much to rescue its character from public scandal and reproach. He has already gained the reputation of being one of the most able and discriminat-

ing sanitary Reformers in Scotland; he has long been known as one of our most active and judicious chief magistrates; and now he appears before his countrymen in another and still more honourable light. He is the author of the new Scotch Police and Improvement Act, which was passed during the last session of Parliament.

Johnson used to say of Tom Davies, that he was an author generated by the corruption of the Booksellers. Provost Lindsay we suspect is another capital illustration of this ancient physiological dogma. He is a sanitary economist generated by the corruption of the seaport town in which he lives. There is not, we believe, within the boundaries of the British Islands, a town so unfortunately situated, with regard to public health, as the port of Leith. It is absolutely surrounded and submerged with the sewage of Edinburgh. Our beautiful but uncleanly capital for centuries held the feudal superiority of its Port—a power which was often exercised with much oppression and injustice. But no feudal oppression, not even the robbery of the Harbour Dues or the rents of the Timber Bourse, can compare for one moment with that fatal oppression which Edinburgh at this moment inflicts upon Leith, in regard to the matter of its drainage. Leith in fact stands upon a delta formed by the two principal sewers of Edinburgh, the foul burn and the Water of Leith. The harbour is the outlet of that picturesque common sewer, which drains Edinburgh on the north. When the tide is back and the hot sun shining, the smells which rise out of the sludge are horrible. The meadows of Leith are, under a system of irrigation, made the receptacle of the drainage of Edinburgh on the south. On a hot day delicate persons have been known to faint on passing through them. We have now got two sides of a triangle. But there is a third side, the base, for which Edinburgh is certainly not responsible, which is worse than the other two put together. Along the sea beach of South Leith in Salamander Street, and Tower Street, are situated a range, about a mile in length, of chemical works, gas works, bone works, manure manufacturers, and blubber boilers, who contrive to infect the whole atmosphere with such a villanous compound of bad smells, as baffles all ordinary language to describe. Sulphuretted hydrogen hydrosulphuret of ammonia, the gases which proceed from decayed bones, and the gases which proceed from putrid fish—these and a multitude of others, combine to constitute and desiminate through the atmosphere of Leith, an effluvium so intolerable, that it must be smelt to be understood. Leith being thus environed by extra-mural nuisances, does its best to maintain its inglorious and filthy condition inside. As is usual in Scotland, there are generally speaking no water closets nor soil pipes in the houses, and the whole refuse of the poorer population is projected on the surface of the narrow streets and wynds. We will not stay to speak of the death rate of this place, particularly the Infantile death rate. The merchants, in choosing their residences, fly the port as they would a pestilence; and the poor inhabitants who are forced to remain, restore their circulation and quench their sorrows by drinking inordinate quantities of whisky.

Provost Lindsay, to his infinite credit, was the first who had the courage to venture on the task of cleansing this Augean stable. He found the Leith Police Bill defective in itself, and circumscribed in its boundary. But he also found other Burghs in Scotland placed in similar circumstances. Accordingly he has constructed, or rather compiled, with unwearied diligence and great legislative skill, a general Police Bill for Scotland, a copy of which we have now before us, the title of which we give at length below, and of which we shall now proceed to give a short analysis.*

It would indeed be impossible, within our scanty limits, to give more than a short analysis; for this police act is perhaps one of the most comprehensive measures that was ever prepared and brought into the House of Commons. The very sight of it fills one with astonishment at its immense magnitude. It contains altogether about four hundred and fifty clauses, and occupies in Messrs Blackwoods' edition 174 pages of closely printed demy octavo. To speak of the multifarious subjects to which this colossal Act relates might be a very proper task for the author of the Thousand and one nights; but it is a task far beyond our humble powers. How Parliament in its wisdom contrived to get through the business in a single session puzzles us; for really the measure would seem to require the study of a man's natural life. We shall explain however, in general terms, the manner in which it is constructed. In the first place, this Act, which is to make more effectual provision for regulating the police of our Towns and populous places, and for improving the same, and for promoting the public health thereof, consists of seven great divisions or "points." In each part there are numerous sections; and in every section there are numerous clauses. It is not easy to convey even the slightest idea of the nature of these clauses. There are curious questions as to the Boundaries of Burghs—Parliamentary Burghs, Burghs of Regality, and Burghs of Barony. There are stringent enactments concerning assessments. The lighting of streets, the cleansing of streets, the paving of streets, the naming of streets, the laying out of streets, the improvement of streets, and the obstruction of streets, are a few of its clauses under the section devoted to the ordinary police purposes. But the sanitary provisions of the bill contain perhaps the most important items. There are new laws made as to cleaning, lighting, ventilating, and supplying water to private houses. One remarkable clause provides that every house, or part of a house, used as such within the boundaries of the burgh, shall have a water-closet. Besides all this, and a thousand other things equally good, there are regulations as to the management of theatres and gaming-houses. Slaughter-houses, and all other offensive trades are looked sharply after. There are penalties for keeping pigs, for fraudulent pawnbrokers, for unlicensed publicans, and for loitering prostitutes.

* *Police and Improvement (Scotland.)* An Act to make more effectual Provision for regulating the Police of Towns, and populous places in Scotland, and for lighting, cleansing, paving, draining, supplying water to, and improving the same; and also for promoting the Public Health thereof. With arrangement of sections and analytical index. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1862.

This clause as to the introduction of water closets into every house, or part of a house, occupied by a separate family, (Sect. IV. 210) is an enactment of which Provost Lindsay may justly feel proud if it shall hereafter appear that it produces the effect of sweeping away the greatest blot on the sanitary condition of Scotland. This is indeed a blot which few Scotsmen care to rake up. But it has been a source of great disgust to every traveller, from Froissart and the grand Duke Cosmo, to Captain Burt, and Dr Johnson. Even the editor of the *Builder*, last year carried away only two leading ideas of Edinburgh: the first was a sense of its unspeakable beauty; but the second was a horror of its unspeakable filth! The great question arises, is it possible to make the people cleanly in their habits by act of Parliament? and if it be possible, will it be a profitable undertaking? If we are to put up water-closets and soil pipes into every single room occupied by a separate family, as shown by the Registrar-General's report, there will be a colossal undertaking before us; for these single rooms so occupied constitute the majority of family residences in Scotland. We have no desire to prognosticate evil when we say that this is a clause which is much easier enacted, than carried into effect; and for one very obvious reason. Many single rooms and even double rooms in Scotland, are let to separate families at a rental of 6d. to 1s. per week. To put a water-closet into such house, or part of a house, even if practicable, might cost such a sum as would confiscate the rental for a number of years. In that case the owner of the house, or part of the house, might prefer to abandon his property rather than submit to this expense. There can be no difficulty with a higher class of rental, but this lowest class is occupied precisely by the inhabitants who are most prolific in the perpetration of our greatest national nuisance. We are just afraid therefore, that the water-closet clause, may not operate so efficiently as might be desired. But the truth is, this principle of impracticability is the great defect of the Bill. "It is easy," says Cicero, "to make laws: it is not so easy to enforce them." The Provost of Leith, who is evidently a well meaning and amiable man, never seems to have considered thoroughly the immense field of legislation which he so summarily embraced in his field of vision; and he must not be disappointed if the results of his arduous and meritorious labours should not altogether fulfil his expectations. We cannot give a better illustration of our meaning, than to show the manner in which the act has been received by the Edinburgh Town Council; for Edinburgh stands as much in need of a new police act, as any Royal Burgh in the kingdom. But the prospect of going to Parliament for another local act is a very serious one, inasmuch as the Glasgow Police Bill, which was also passed during the last session of Parliament, cost about £8000! The Lord Provost of Edinburgh has stated the case so well, that we shall give it in his own language, which we quote from his speech at the Town Council meeting of the 21st October—a special meeting held for the purpose of considering the General Police and Improvement (Scotland) Act, 1862, and, specially, certain clauses recommended for adoption by the Lord Provost's Committee in their

report of 20th September. There was laid on the table the report of the Lord Provost's Committee on the subject, which recommended the adoption of a considerable number of clauses in the General Police Act; and the Lord Provost observed as follows:—

“One provision of the General Act gave it much value in their eyes, and that was, that the Act might be adopted in parts or sections. The opinion of counsel showed that there was considerable difficulty in adopting any one single portion of the Act; but it did not appear to him that the difficulty was an insurmountable one. It simply rendered it necessary that, in adopting any portion of the Act, they should carry out the provisions they adopted with considerable care. He would fain hope that the Council would not resolve to fold their hands and do nothing towards the adoption of some of the more important provisions of the Act. They all knew what difficulties they had under the present Acts of carrying out the drainage of the city. There was considerable difficulty even with regard to new drains, but in regard to the expense of maintaining drains there was still more difficulty. If any accident happened, for example, to the Prince's Street drain, he did not know who were liable for the maintenance of that drain. He was sure of this, however, that under the present Acts none of those who drained into the Prince's Street drain would be liable for the maintenance of that drain unless their property adjoined the drain itself. Now, that was an evil which they ought to proceed to remedy. There were other clauses which he thought they might adopt with advantage, with the view of improving the sanitary condition of the city, but he would suggest that they should proceed gradually, and adopt portion after portion of the General Act as they saw their way to enforce them with benefit to the city. Some proposals had been made as to adopting the whole General Act; but it was impossible to do that without very serious injustice indeed. The assessment clause in the new Act authorised and required that the assessment should be laid on the houses and property of the town upon the full value, instead of upon four-fifths of the value, as at present. Then at present there was a distinction made in the assessment between houses below the value of £10 per annum, and houses above that annual value. At their suggestion, an addition had been made to the new Act, empowering the local authorities to continue such a distinction in the assessment if they thought proper. They also proposed another amendment to the assessment clause, to the effect that where any local rate was levied according to the rate at which the police assessment was levied, the adoption of the Act should not have the effect either of raising or of lowering that local rate. The advantage of such an amendment was apparent when they remembered that the Edinburgh Water Company assessed upon the rents of houses as they might be assessed for the Police-tax. The police assessment was now upon four-fifths of the real rent, and the maximum assessment of the Water Company under their present Act was tenpence upon four-fifths of the real rent. But if the police assessment were to be levied upon the whole rent, then the Edinburgh Water Company's power of assessment would be increased one-fifth.”

At this meeting there was also submitted copies of a memorial and opinion of counsel procured by the Lord Provost's Committee, chiefly in regard to the legal effect of the Council adopting single clauses of the Act. Now it is very important to observe that the opinion of counsel here obtained, were the opinions of two of the most eminent advocates at the Scottish Bar, viz., the Solicitor General Mr Maitland,

and Mr Adam Gifford. We wish we could afford space to quote this valuable opinion at length; but the following extract will suffice to show the legal and technical difficulties with which the subject is surrounded, and suggests the regret that such difficulties did not occur to the Lord Advocate before this Bill passed into law :—

“There is herewith laid before counsel printed report by the Lord Provost's Committee, under a remit to them to consider the General Police and Improvement (Scotland) Act, 1862, and to report to the Town Council whether any, and which, of its provisions should be adopted.

“It will be seen from that report, pp. 20 and 21, that, in recommending the adoption of various clauses of the Act, the committee have proceeded largely on the assumption (founded on clauses 18 and 40) that all clauses requisite to give effect to those which may be adopted will, to that extent, be as operative as if they were *expressly* adopted.

“Other questions have also been raised, which will be sufficiently explained in the subjoined queries.

“Counsel are respectfully requested to advise the memorialists—

“*Query I.* Whether, in the event of clauses conferring certain powers and imposing certain duties on Magistrates and Commissioners being adopted, the clauses constituting Magistrates and Commissioners (clause 40), regulating their meetings, &c. (clauses 58-63), and defining their powers and duties, and the duties of certain of their officials (clauses 64-78), will be operative (though not adopted) in so far as is requisite for giving due effect to the adopted clauses?

“Before answering the special questions contained in the memorial, we think it right to say that we cannot help anticipating that serious practical difficulties will be found to arise in carrying out almost any attempt which the memorialists can make to adopt *partially* the provisions of the new General Police Act.

“Although many portions of the new statute are not expressed with strict precision, and may probably leave room for question, still it may be expected to work well in practice, either when wholly adopted, or when adopted in parts, by a burgh which has not got a police constitution and extensive police enactments, with which it is wished not to interfere. When, however, only *detached portions* of the Act are adopted, and the attempt is made, in order to amalgamate them with a different system, carried out by different machinery, difficulties and perplexities are almost inevitable; and it is right to add that some of the questions which might be raised, might possibly unsettle and endanger the whole police administration.

“As examples of the questions to which we refer, we may take two instances :—

“(1.) At the end of clause 15 it is provided that the ‘adoption in part of this Act shall not affect any interests which shall have been specially regulated by any local Act.’ This provision may raise the question, whether it is competent to alter existing statutory provisions by mere partial adoptions of the new Act, or whether it was not the intention of the Legislature either that the new Act should be adopted in whole, and thus all previous local Acts be superseded, or otherwise such portions only of the new Act should be open for adoption as were merely additions to, and not alterations of, existing statutory arrangements. It may be said that the word ‘interests’ must mean only private or corporate interests as opposed to public policy; but if so, it is impossible to say why the statute should save such private interests when the statute is partially adopted, but make no provision for

such private interests when it is adopted as a whole. At the same time, the latter part of clause 18 seems to contemplate the possibility of a partial abrogation of existing statutes. Probably it may be held that the word 'interests' must be read in a more limited meaning, and that, consequently, the new Act may be partially adopted so as not only to add to, but to alter, existing arrangements; but the question is doubtful, and this is an instance of the difficulties which may arise.

"(2.) Again, by clause 40, it is provided that when the Act is adopted in whole or in part by any royal burgh, the Magistrates of such burgh shall be the Magistrates of Police thereof. Now, under this section, it may be held that the partial or entire adoption of the statute in Edinburgh will exclude the Sheriffs from being, as at present, Judges of Police. It is true that in the interpretation clause the word 'Magistrate' is defined to mean, 'any Judge having police jurisdiction under this or under any local or general Act in force.' But this does not solve the difficulty, for clause 40 is not using 'Magistrate' in a general sense, but is defining who the Police Magistrate shall be, limiting them to the 'Magistrates of the burgh.' Now, it can never be held that the Sheriffs, in the sense of the Act, are 'Magistrates of royal burghs.' This affords another example of the difficulty and possible danger which may attend the partial adoption of the Act by the city. The difficulty will not be avoided by omitting to adopt clause 40, for that clause will operate, *eo ipso*, without adoption the moment any other part of the Act is adopted.

"Difficulties like the above, and the practical difficulties which will be found unavoidable in working out the details of the proposed amalgamation, appear to us so formidable, that we think it right thus to bring them under the notice of the memorialists, and to suggest whether it would not be preferable to obtain a local Act supplementary to the existing local Acts for Edinburgh, rather than attempt a partial adoption of the new General Act. We are aware, however, that it may be difficult to obtain such an Act, and the memorialists will judge of the advantages and disadvantages attending either course open to them."

Besides these legal and technical difficulties, there occurred certain very grave questions on the merits of the Act. For example, it would not be competent, in the case of Edinburgh, to extract from the new Act a power to impose a new assessment, and yet to impose it in a manner, and to levy it by means which the new Act does not authorise. There are difficulties as to the appointment of officers. One very singular case of contradiction occurs. The Edinburgh Police Act of 1848 contains a clause which requires the owner or occupier of every workshop in which more than *six* individuals are usually employed, to provide water-closets or privies for their use, and the general Act also contains a clause which requires the owner or occupier of any building in which persons of both or either of the sexes, and above *ten* in number, are employed, to provide water-closets or privies for the separate use of each sex. The question arose, will the adoption of the latter clause repeal the former, or affect it so far as to prevent the Commissioners from requiring the owner or occupier of every workshop where more than *six* individuals are usually employed to erect a water-closet or privy for their use? And the answer was that the adoption of clause 211 of the new Act, would practically repeal section 227 of the Edinburgh Local Act. If the new clause is adopted, the erection of

water-closets cannot be enforced in workshops where less than ten persons are employed. Accordingly, it should seem in this particular that the new Act, as compared with the Edinburgh Act of 1848, is slightly retrogressive in its legislation. Other questions of a more important character turned up—questions as to voting, as to penalties, and as to the proper functions of the Procurator-Fiscal. But we need not stay to enumerate them. We have done enough to shew that our new Police Bill, as far as its adoption in part is concerned, is not incapable of amendment.

It remains to enquire if there be any difficulty attending its application as a whole. For this illustration, we must turn to Leith, the place of its birth. This burgh has been the first to adopt the Act in Scotland. We are, therefore, not unnaturally anxious to observe the proceedings of the Leith people in this preliminary stage; and we are enabled, from the excellent report of a local journal, to give a very clear account of their proceedings. The opportunity occurred at a special meeting of the Leith Town Council held on Wednesday the 8th October. The question which the Council had to decide was, whether they should adopt the Act as a whole or in part. A special committee had reported strongly in favour of the former course, and the Provost strongly supported the view of the committee. He further argued that the Act was a measure for the protection and elevation of the labouring classes, and above all things calculated to promote the cause of sanitary reform. He quoted in his favour the opinions of some of the most eminent sanitary reformers—Lord Shaftesbury on foul air, Mr Kinnaid on population and crime, Lord Stanley on overcrowding, Mr Cowper on local jurisdiction, and Sydney Turner on pestilence. He then concluded his speech by moving the adoption of the Act as a whole. The Treasurer of the burgh seconded the motion. It was all but unanimously agreed to, when suddenly there arose a technical and preliminary objection on competency on the part of one of the Councillors, Mr Macnab. It appeared to him that the question for them to consider was not the desirableness of its adoption, but their competency to pass such a resolution. In his opinion it was not in the power of the Council to take such a step.

Then followed a scene which, unless very grave public interests were concerned, we should be inclined to regard as one of the richest passages-at-arms in the annals of municipal government. The Provost seems almost to have lost temper. He complained in good round terms of Mr Macnab, a gentleman who had held the office of magistrate in the burgh, doing his best to throw obstacles in the way of sanitary and social reform. One enthusiastic Councillor, seems to have become devotional in his feelings. Mr Walker, with a keen eye to the beauty and expression of a passage of the Psalms of David, construed the passage into a compliment to his chief; and boldly pronounced that generations yet unborn would praise and magnify the name of Provost Lindsay! We question with all manner of submission whether the Provost was correct in his vituperation, or Mr Walker in good taste with his paraphrase. To be a Bailie in Leith is doubtless a high hon-

our. But there may be Bailies in that ancient seaport who cannot write a decent letter, or who do not understand precisely the common meaning of the English language. Mr Macnab, we find on inquiry, is the reverse of this. He is a principal partner in the eminent publishing house of Fullarton & Company. He is known besides in literary circles as a gentleman of extensive reading, knowledge, and travel; and altogether one of those judicious minds of whom it may be said, in the language of Hamlet, "His censure is enough to outweigh a whole council of cheesemongers." It was therefore most unfortunate for the Provost that at the last hour—in his hour of triumph—this gentleman has dissented from his views. We have no means of knowing whether his objection was a correct one. It was, to be sure, an objection in *initialibus*, yet the public of Scotland will be curious to understand whether it was the premonitory symptoms of an organised opposition; and whether this Police Bill does not run the risk of certain other Parliamentary innocents, that is to say, of being strangled in its cradle.

If such were the case, we should be sorry for it. That the Bill is in many respects defective and incomplete is clear enough. But it is still the greatest measure of sanitary reform we have had in Scotland, and as such, it has our earnest and heartfelt desire for its success. As the Solicitor-General and his coadjutor Mr Gifford have pointed out, it will probably soon require amendment; and if this be the case, we think the best thing the Leith people can do, is to send Provost Lindsay to Parliament to look after it. A man like Provost Lindsay, who knows law, who is acquainted with local government, but who, above all things, has devoted himself to the study of public health, should not be long kept out of the House of Commons.

THE DIVINE FOOTSTEPS IN HUMAN HISTORY.*

THERE is certainly no subject more deeply interesting to a contemplative mind, and especially one imbued with the spirit of piety, than that which investigates and follows up, through innumerable intricacies, the vestiges of an over-ruling Providence in the history of the world. That there is such a presiding power, we fully and freely admit, when the sunshine is bright above us, and clouds and shadows seem to have passed away for ever, but when the sun goes down, or when cloud darkens upon cloud in portentous array, we are apt to feel very differently, and to think, of course, very erroneously, that one event happens to the evil and to the good, and that God has forsaken the earth. How confident and courageous was Peter when, standing on the deck of his frail bark he hailed his Master walking upon the

* *The Divine Footsteps in Human History.* Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1862.

sea, and desired of him permission to approach! How faithless and fearful was he when a few moments afterwards, sinking and struggling in the midst of the waves like a drowning man, he cried out in desperation, "Lord, save me, I perish!" Not only to be assured, but to see and feel that there is a skilful pilot at the helm, while we are being tossed on the stormy ocean of life, inspires a confidence which enables us to look on without dismay, and not only so, but even to gaze with admiration on the stupendous perils with which we are surrounded. To feel certain that not only the greatest, but also the minutest incidents which constitute the life of man, are continually under the cognizance and the direction of God, so that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his will, is a blessing which the most eloquent tongue cannot sufficiently describe, and the most thoughtful heart can but imperfectly comprehend. We are sometimes like wanderers in a mist, where nothing is seen consecutively or distinctly, and only trust in the knowledge and judgment of our guide can encourage us to proceed. Every effort to set before us more strongly and articulately the evidences of an over-ruling Providence is deserving of our gratitude, and he who does this best, or who points out traces to which attention has never been formerly directed, is pre-eminently worthy of our regard. Such a one is the author of *The Divine Footsteps in Human History* which is now before us, and which we introduce to our readers as a remarkable work on a subject in which all are deeply concerned.

The author has chosen to withhold his name, but for what reason he does not say. It is not necessary, however, for us that he should be known; indeed, it is better that he should not, so that his work may stand upon its own merits without the aid of any extraneous support, and may pass through the crucible of criticism uninfluenced by prejudice or prepossession. The volume is a magnificent one, and he has been fortunate in selecting a title. It is attractive, although the idea it conveys is not new. It reminds us of Longfellow's "Footprints on the Sands of Time," and Dr Cumming's "God in History." In fact, the title is anything but new or unusual, yet the path pursued is different from any yet trodden, both in comprehension and design. We know of no similar work presenting such an array of chronological coincidences, and forming a very network of dates and events entangling the reader like the ancient snare of the fowler. One cannot, with any satisfaction, open the volume at random, and after skimming a page or so, turn to another portion by way of variety. He cannot dip into a paragraph and come out at pleasure with anything profitable. No, he must go on, or not at all. It is not a book for an odd five minutes, or a state of lazy listlessness which will occasionally creep over one when he cannot find anything to do. As in the presentation at a levee, he must move on as directed, and retire only at the prescribed door. Like a bee in a harebell, he can only withdraw when all the nectar has been extracted, but not till then. We are speaking of profit from the perusal, and our own experience has taught us the necessity to which we refer. This is different, let the reader remember, from being drawn by interest, arising either from the matter or the

manner of the author. There is such an interest experienced, but it requires time and patience to bring it forth. In saying so, we are by no means speaking disparagingly of the author and his work, but we are guarding the reader against the false idea that he is sitting down to something light and ephemeral. Let him not sit down till he has leisure, quietness, and a mind to study. In reading the book one is like running a hurdle race. He is scarcely into the full sweep of the course when his speed is interrupted by having to make a leap, then another, and another; and when he imagines that he is fairly quit, another series, sometimes at regular, but oftener irregular intervals, rises before him, and so he must pull up again. We have given no book so much of our time in its first perusal as this. We could not do otherwise. Again and again we tried to go over it as we have done others, but the effort was vain; we might as well have shut it altogether. At one time the statements were so deeply interesting and striking, that we loved to linger and admire, and go over them again, that we might make sure it was fact and not fiction to which we were being treated. At another time, dates and events were so intermingled, back references and foreshadowings so profuse, and repetition so frequent, that we became bewildered, and all but gave up in despair. However, another trial generally set all right, and when the mists were dissipated, the features of the landscape were revealed in their beauty. Thus it was that so much of our time was taken up, we shall not say wasted or consumed. Having had such a continued exercise in mnemonics, we could almost submit to any trial in the art in regular form: thus, given two events, one of them as a centre, to find the corresponding event. Taking as a centre, the granting of Magna Charta, and the other the foundation of the English united monarchy; the corresponding event is the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under one king. It does not follow, however, that the corresponding events are homogeneous. The author often endeavours to make them appear so, but he does not always succeed.

Doubtless, some of our readers will remember hearing of a philosophic genius who started and maintained the theory of a co-existent duplicate of every individual of the human race. He held that when a child is born, say in our own country, another child, exactly similar, comes into existence somewhere else, and as the two grow up to maturity, they will show the same features, have the same temperament, evince the same disposition, and at the same moment they will both die. The two may live wide as the poles asunder, and each may never know anything of his duplicate or second self. Still this ignorance does not interfere with the existence of that duplicate; it is to be found, if he only knew where. The system laid down in the volume before us is somewhat akin to this, but for human beings the author substitutes historical events. Every event in history has its parallel or counterpart, if we could only know what interval of time must be gone over, and in what quarter we are to look to find it. The author has made a wonderful discovery of many of these in searching the annals of history, civil and ecclesiastical, from the earliest to the present time,

yet some of his findings we are disposed to consider apocryphal or assumed. Some of his parallels appear exceedingly unequal, which makes them not parallels at all. Is there one, save a Free Churchman, who will affirm that the Disruption of '43 is an equivalent, or parallel, or counterpart, or duplicate, of the granting of Magna Charta in 1215? Yet so it is said to be.

The author seeks to prove the evolution of a plan in the events of human history, conceiving that traces of design may be as discoverable here as in geology, astronomy, physiology, or, in short, in the whole world of matter around us. His purpose is thus described :—

“The endeavour will be to establish the existence of a law regulating movements in the realm of history not dissimilar to the law that prevails in the realm of matter. An attempt will be made to show that the sun does not more regularly perform his daily circuit, than the great luminaries of the world's moral and intellectual history have run their appointed courses. As the sun rises, attains his meridian, and finally sets, so it will be shown that the lights of the moral and intellectual economy of existence have had their dawn, their meridian, and their final consummation: Great centres of human history and numerous lesser constellations of historical light will be found, all of them exerting a singular and remarkable power of mental illumination.”

This promises a most interesting volume, and should the endeavour prove successful, it will entitle the author, whoever he is, to a high place among the intellectual dignitaries of our country. And from what source does he derive the materials for the construction of his theory? From the indisputable facts of history, facts which are patent to all the world, and which can therefore be tested, verified or negatived, at every stage of the progress, nay at every footstep of the march. All the conjuring used is a vast extent of reading, and an intimate acquaintance with the prominent events of ancient and modern history. There is more than this, for there is an analysing of events, a scrutiny into their causes and consequences, and their relative connections or affinities with one another. As we will endeavour to show, these connections or affinities are sometimes more imaginary than real, nevertheless it is always interesting to mark the ingenuity displayed. He says of his source :—

“The principal materials employed are certain and unquestioned facts of human history. These are shown to have been so controlled and directed by some unseen yet intelligent agency, as to speak with utterances so clear, so distinct, and so decided, that their language can neither be mistaken nor misunderstood. There are lines upon lines, reaching from the far past to the immediate present in some instances; and the intermediate ages are full of historical chambers of light and knowledge. Throughout all time there are undeniable evidences of a continuous design, increasing the streams of its powerful influence as the ages accumulate, and all pouring the rivers of their separate and diverse action on human affairs into the grand reservoir of latter times. The selection of illustrative historical occurrences or epochs is not partial and limited, but full and comprehensive. Events involving the origination and evolution of new influences, and those connected with the decay and destruction of old ones, are included. The

foundation, the rise, the duration, and the fall of some empires are traced through the successive stages of their existence. The planting, the extension, and the influence exercised by churches, are followed through their several windings to their respective destinations of overthrow, corruption, ambition, or approximate perfection. The histories of many modern states and kingdoms are carefully analysed; the principles of their governments tested; their social and political institutions compared and contrasted as they at present exist; and the past sources of their prevailing differences pointed out."

With regard to the source from which he has procured his materials, or rather the way in which he has intimated his source, we think a word of remonstrance is necessary. He wishes to secure the favourable regard of all readers, irrespective of religious denomination, or of belief at all, and for this purpose he avoids, as much as possible, the great battle-field of controversy, the Bible; or he selects some retired corner of it whose virgin soil has never been contaminated by religious strife. But as the "use of Scripture cannot be altogether avoided, it is to be resorted to as a repository of facts chiefly;" and where it must of necessity be referred to, "the effect will probably be to prove certain things of and concerning some parts of Scripture, rather than the establishment of any particular or general feature of the theory from them." Now, we ask the reader, is not the avowal of such a sentiment as this depreciatory of the authority of the Bible, notwithstanding the author's disavowal that it is so? If he did not intend to make use of the Bible, why refer to it in such terms? Why not pass over it in silence? It is like not only slighting a man by considering his character as unworthy of credit, but insulting him also by telling him that you think it so, and the less you have to do with him the better. Why not pass over him without notice? Why refer to him at all? We very much fear that a theory which cannot stand the testimony of Scripture must be regarded as a delusion and a snare, and will sooner or later come to nought. It strikes us that this is the first time the Bible has stood in the way of the elucidation of the truth. But we must not speak too strongly; the author does not mean it to be understood that his theory cannot stand the test of Scripture, but he thinks he can establish it independent of Scripture; and as there are many in the world who do not believe the Scriptures, and will turn away from the perusal of any work where they are introduced, he is desirous of securing the approbation of the sceptic and the infidel, and for this purpose the Bible must stand aside. But to ignore the Bible altogether, would offend those who believe in it, therefore to secure all parties, it will be referred to, but as little as possible. And so, as he tells us, "one great beneficial result from this plan, will be, that the man who believes in the inspiration of all Scripture, or the man who doubts or disbelieves it in whole or in part, will have no violence done to his opinions by the limited and sparing use that is made of the sacred writings in these pages." Very considerate and compromising indeed! We have observed other evidences of disparagement of the Bible, such as referring to facts and circumstances in such a way as to make one think they were not believed in, as when it is said, "It is

alleged that all the sacrifices and services of the Mosaic economy were typical of the deace that was accomplished at Jerusalem." Why say, "It is alleged?" Was it not so?

We shall best convey an idea of the nature of the volume, and of the author's treatment of it, by giving one or two extracts illustrative of certain points. The first we give is on the period of national infancy:—

"It is an invariable law of nature that all forms of material existence possess a remarkable adaptation for the particular state and condition of life assigned to them. Human existence, in its diversified phases, forms no exception to this rule. In by far the majority of cases, men of various tribes and climes, of all ranks and conditions, and the same classes of different generations and epochs, have evinced a singular aptitude for their actual positions in life; and a particular harmony has frequently been observable between men's peculiarities and training, whether as nations or individuals, and the circumstances by which they have been surrounded.

"Martin Luther and John Knox would be out of place, as well as out of time, were they to appear as ecclesiastical guides in the present day. Queen Victoria, gifted with qualities so peculiarly appropriate in her high position to the exigencies of her reign, would have been wholly unfitted to perform the parts allotted in history to her predecessors Charles I. and his son James II. Not only is there a general fitness in the apparent arrangement affecting men and their circumstances, but an additional law of elevation or depression also operates. A man cannot be elevated or depressed much beyond the position he is naturally qualified to fill, without occasioning discomfort to himself and dissatisfaction to others. Yet numerous are the instances in which men have risen to eminence far excelling their original station, who have so acquitted themselves as to prove their natural fitness for it. No better illustration can be desired of the two-fold application of this natural law than the condition of the people of England, and its attendant circumstances at the time of the Norman conquest, and their progressive improvement and advancement, combined with the altered circumstances surrounding them, and the different nature of the work they had to accomplish, at the successive and various important epochs of their history. The English nation of 1066, and even of 1366-7, would have been wholly incompetent and powerless in the Reformation struggles of the sixteenth century. The barons of King John's time could not have fought the battle of constitutional government and political freedom which was waged so fiercely, and resulted so triumphantly, in the seventeenth century. The union of the empire in 1801 by mutual consent, would have been an impossibility during the reign of Edward I. And the union of England and Scotland by conquest, as attempted by Edward I., would have been not less impracticable at the latter date, if not previously effected. And the freedom, the religious equality, and the benevolent, yet just, spirit of British rule in the present day, could not have found a resting-place in the national institutions of the sixteenth century. The national edifice has always been in advance of the people's habits and their individual spirit. But they have invariably grown into a state of harmony with each other before a new national start was made. During the last thirty-three years, the national edifice has greatly out-distanced the individual habits of the people; but, as in previous instances, it is to be hoped they will not linger far behind, but rather quicken the pace of their progress."

Our next extract is on parallels of circumstance and time in the history of the early Christian Church till Constantine's era, and the

history of the Scotch Church from the Reformation epoch, and we are shown that there are three chambers or cycles, one within another, by which these two histories are connected :—

“To mark the termination of its time of gradual declension, the early Christian Church had a ten years’ conflict with the political State with which it thereafter became allied, commencing with the Diocletian persecution in the year 303, and ending in its being taken under the protection, and enslaved by the support and patronage, of the Roman Empire under Constantine, in the year 313. To signalise the era of its final emancipation from state control, and the full consummation of its long-contended-for ecclesiastical freedom and independence, the Scottish Church had also a ten years’ conflict with the restraining and clogging influence of the political State with which it had been long connected and allied. The primitive Church went down to a bondage that may be called Egyptian; whereas the Scottish Church came up to a freedom that may be designated Christian, out of a bondage that had a papal element combined with its Egyptian characteristic. And to complete the parallel, the duration of these opposite careers was precisely equal in respect of time. For as the Christian era is dated in the fourth year after the birth of Christ, it follows that the primitive church was founded in the thirtieth year of the Christian era, or the thirty-fourth year after the birth of Christ. From the year 30, therefore, until the year 313, which embraces the whole compass of the downward career of the early church, from its advent to its union with the State of Rome, there is a space of 283 years. And from the Scottish Church in the year 1560, until the year 1843, which embraces the history of its reforming career, from the time of the nation’s liberation from Roman thralldom, until the separation from the British State of the ruling majority in the national church as a free church, and its entrance on a new career of liberty and independence, there elapsed a similar interval of 283 years.

“But this is not all. Between the end of the ten years’ conflict that preceded the early church’s connection with the State of Rome, and the beginning of the ten years’ conflict, which preceded the Free Church’s separation from the State of Britain, there is not one but a threefold link bridging over the intervening space of time in a most singular and remarkable manner. The early church, prior to its alliance with Rome, had no such questions of controversy as those which have prevailed in many state churches respecting the operation of civil patronage in presenting to ecclesiastical benefices; neither were there any grave disputings in the state-enslaved church between the chief ecclesiastical and principal civil authorities, until the advent of the pontificate of Gregory VII., in the year 1073. It was then the first attempt was made by the chief of the Church of Rome to wrest from the emperor and kings of the professedly Christian world the right of investiture, or nomination to vacant ecclesiastical offices. The conflict commenced under the auspices of Hildebrand, has been since waged, with little intermission, between civil and ecclesiastical authorities in all Christian nations, under diverse forms of civil and ecclesiastical government, and among the adherents of opposing and antagonistic confessions of faith. But in no case has the issue been so striking and remarkable as that which the contests on this subject have evolved in the history of the Church of Scotland. For, as the result of that Church’s contendings with the State about this very principle of civil patronage in connection with the presentation to vacant ecclesiastical livings, there is now witnessed a unique and unprecedented spectacle in the world’s history—a free Christian Church within the dominion of a free Christian state, each following its legitimate mission among men, and thereby largely benefiting and blessing all within

the range of their influence. From the first dawn of a church and state connection in Christian times, in the year 313, preceded as it was by a ten years' conflict with the persecuting power of imperial Rome, until the crisis of its history was reached, in the advent of the first of the contests concerning investitures or civil patronage between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the professedly Christian world in the year 1073, there elapsed a period of 760 years. From the commencement of the long struggle, in the year 1073, until the dawn of the final contention on this point between the Church of Scotland and the civil authorities of the British Empire, in the year 1833, succeeded as it was by another ten years' conflict, there was a precisely similar interval of 760 years. Then, for the first time in the history of Christianity, the true relation which a Christian Church and a Christian State should occupy to each other was defined, and a way of terminating the long, wearisome, and distracting controversy pointed out for general imitation."

Here again is a passage on the resemblance between the history of Judaism and the history of Christianity:—

"There are several points of striking resemblance. First, there are three distinct and separate chambers or divisions in the history of each. In that of Judaism, the first commences with the call of Abraham, and ends with the exodus from Egypt. The second commences with the beginning of the conquest of the promised territory under Joshua's leadership, and ends with its completion by King David. The third begins with the full conquest of the land of Palestine, and ends with the Jews being dispossessed of it by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. From thence the Jewish Church and State ceased to exist as an independent nationality, according to the pattern said to be given by God. In the history of Christianity, the first chamber dates from the commencement of the Christian era, and closes with the assumption or supremacy by the see of Rome. The second comprehends the space of time occupied in subjugating the professed Christian churches and states of Europe, and bringing them under the united sway of the pretended chief of Christendom. The third witnesses the gradual decay of papal power, and terminates in the re-appearance on earth of an ecclesiastical organization, seemingly the first of those Christian communities which are to combine in their existence all that was voluntary in the principles of Judaism, and all that is free, equal, and promotive of union in the principles of Christianity.

"The next point of resemblance is in the duration of these chambers in respect of lapse of time. The three Jewish chambers are each equal as to measurement of time. The first, we are told, occupied a space of 430 years, and the fact is thus recorded in Exodus: 'And it came to pass at the end of the four hundred and thirty years, even the self-same day it came to pass, that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt.' The second chamber also measures 430 years, for it commenced in the year B.C. 1450, and terminated in the final conquests of David in the year B.C. 1020. The third, moreover, measures 430 years, from the full conquest of the promised territory, B.C. 1020, till the Jews were entirely dispossessed of, and in great numbers expelled from, it in the year B.C. 590. The three chambers in Christian history have also each an equal measurement as to time of duration. The first commencing with the date of the Christian era, and ending with the advent of Papal supremacy in the year 606; the second commencing in the year 606, and ending with the final conquests of Papal supremacy in the subjugation of England in the year 1212-13; the third commencing in the year 1212-13, and ending with the dawn of a new model

of Christian organization, based upon all that is worthy of Christian imitation in the Jewish Church, and embodying to the full the true characteristics of a Christian Church, in the years 1818 and 1820. The three chambers of Christian history measure each 606 years.

"Again, the first chamber of Jewish history is divided into two periods of equal length, the first ending in Jacob and his family going down to Egypt, B.C. 1706; and the second terminating in his descendants coming up out of Egypt in the year B.C. 1491. The distance of time is 215 years each way between the centre or turning point of this chamber of Jewish history and its commencement, the call of Abraham and his separation from his kindred and country in the year B.C. 1921; and its termination, the exodus from Egypt in the year B.C. 1491. The first chamber of Christian history is similarly divided into two equal periods; the first terminating in the year 303, in the last persecution of the Christian Church under the Roman Empire, which ended in its Egyptian enslavement; and the second finishing with the advent of a power destined to dispossess and supersede the authority of the political enslaver of the Christian Church. The distance is 303 years each way from the central point to the beginning and to the end of the chamber. Further, the second and third chambers combined give one continuous view of Jewish history, having two periods of equal duration, and each presenting decided characteristics of its own. The two chambers united have a beginning in the commencement of the conquest of the promised inheritance, and an end in the nation being entirely dispossessed of it. The centre point is remarkable and unmistakeable, being the era of the meridian of the existence of the Jewish nationality as a territorial dominion. Its sun rises in the year B.C. 1450, and continues ascending in the world's political firmament till it reaches its zenith in the year B.C. 1020. A short period of unprecedented national prosperity is granted, under Solomon, during whose reign, however, the action of the waning influence is revealed. Its course is then downward until the sun sets in the overthrow of the commonwealth, and the captivity and dispersion of the people. The sun of Jewish nationality occupied 430 years from its rise in its ascent to its meridian; and a similar period of 430 years was occupied in its descent from the time of its meridian till the time of its setting. The second and third chambers of Christian history also, when united, form one continuous chamber, and it is in like manner divided into two equal periods. The first period begins with the advent of Papal supremacy, and is famous for the steady progress made by Romanism in the conquest and subjugation of Europe, until its zenith was reached in the subjugation of England in the years 1212-13. So far, however, as the spirit of Christianity was concerned, the gradually ascending power of Romanism was the outward and visible evidence of the gradually descending influence of the spirit of Christianity. The epoch of Rome's highest exaltation was the period of its lowest depression. So, in like manner, as the sun of Romanism began to descend in the European hemisphere, the life of Christianity began to ascend; and not until Rome's ecclesiastical fabric had been violently overturned in France, the territory of its so-called eldest son, and Rome's political dominion in Italy had been suppressed and annexed by the founder of a new French imperial dynasty, was there witnessed in Scotland and Ireland (now integral portions of that political dominion whose subjugation constituted Rome's crowning triumph) the dawn of the rising of that sun of Christian union, freedom, and equality, by whose influence the Founder of Christianity has promised to emancipate and bless the human race, and also to subdue all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and peoples, to the faith and power of what is called 'the everlasting gospel.' The joint ascent and descent occupied 606 years; and the joint descent and ascent occupied other 606 years. The

parallel of contrast found existing between the early Christian Church and the Church of Scotland is here maintained. The primitive Church went down to bondage while the Church of Scotland travelled upward to freedom. So the Jewish system first ascended and then descended even to overthrow and death, political and ecclesiastical; whereas the spirit of Christianity descended to apparent extinction, but ascended once more by resurrection unto national life, political and ecclesiastical."

The author attaches very considerable importance to the cause of dissent; much more, in our opinion, than it legitimately deserves. Dates and events connected with it receive a prominence which is not always given to matters of intrinsically greater value. The Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church hold the chief place as religious institutions in his affections, and derive from him a patronage and support which must be very tantalizing to minor bodies, if not to the National Establishment. In one part we find him, with a bold decision, thus discriminating among the Scottish churches on their comparative purity and perfection:—

"The Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church are nearest perfection; and the Established Church and the successors of the Cameronians of the seventeenth century, who refused to join the National Church in the year 1690, and who still hold by the obligations of the Solemn League and Covenant, are somewhat further removed therefrom. The United Presbyterian Church still possesses, to some extent, the Romanist spirit of ecclesiastical authority, and exercises a limited dominion over its people after the manner of the rulers of this world. The Free Church is rather more under its influence, and it holds in addition the establishment principle. The reformed Presbyterian Church is still more exclusive and authoritative in its spirit and procedure; and it holds the Establishment principle even to the extent of giving the civil magistrate power to enforce obedience to the true religion. The Established Church is practically more liberal in the matter of ecclesiastical dominion over the people, except when its exercise is required in the settlement of ministers under the operation of the Establishment principle, of which principle it is the Scotch embodiment."

It is evident from this dogmatic adjudication of denominational purity and power, that the author is not a Churchman, but that his feelings and affections lean favourably towards dissent. The Disruption of 1843 was an event of tremendous importance in his estimation, and it is brought in again and again till one is sick of it—it is placed on the same level with matters a thousandfold more inmomentous, and it is made to appear as the one event towards which the world for centuries directed its course. An eye with sharp enough vision might have seen it written in the deed of Magna Charta, in the year 1215; then it might have been seen more distinctly in the famous protest at the Diet of Spires in 1529; and, finally, brightening with increased distinctness till its glorious consummation in 1848, when "a free church was born in a day." The parallel does not hold here, as the author would have us believe, when he speaks of a "condition of things ripened to maturity, which would permit of the united and harmonious existence of a free church and a free state,"—for the one is national, the other is not. Had the National Church become free, in

the sense to which he refers, it would have been otherwise, but as it is, the thing is absurd. The only relation which the Free Church Disruption of 1843 has to the great Writ of Magna Charta, is, that it happens to be equidistant from the Diet of Spires, namely, 314 years, and that is all. The same want of sequence is evident when he says :—

“There is a parallel between the life of the individual and the life of the national incarnation of the Spirit of Christ. In the thirty-fourth year of each, a great epoch in the world's destiny was reached. The first, influential among individuals; the last, to exercise an influence among nations. And what does this act of the British Empire say to America? We found a chamber beginning in the American disruption and war with England in the year 1775, ending in the American disunion and war of 1861, and revolving round the ecclesiastical union in Britain, which had also been preceded by two ecclesiastical separations or disruptions. A further and final ecclesiastical union of all the seceded sections that separated from the Scotch Church in the eighteenth century, was accomplished in the year 1847. The Act of Negro Emancipation was passed by the British Parliament in the year 1833, although it did not come into operation till 1st August 1834. What, then, is the reply? From the year 1833-4 to the year 1847 there elapsed 14 years; and at the conclusion of other 14 years, in the years 1860-1, the voice seems to say to the once United States of America, Go thou and do likewise, and then peace, union, wisdom, and freedom, shall abound in all thy borders; and the bonds of brotherly kindness and charity shall draw closer the cords of unity and strength between Great Britain as the highly honoured parent, and America, the once haughty and self-willed child, but then loving and beloved imperial offspring.”

Granting that the result of the present American war will be the abolition of slavery, which is extremely doubtful, what connection, direct or indirect, has it with Negro Emancipation by the British Parliament in 1833, and what connection has the origin of the United Presbyterian Church in 1847 with either? None, so far as we can see, only it is 14 years distant from both. Strictly speaking it is not so. This is the 15th year. The war is still going on, and if it is to be as protracted as other American wars have been, and if the abolition of slavery depends upon its termination, it may be other 14 years till then. We fail to perceive any connecting link between these three events, Negro Emancipation, the birth of the United Presbyterian Church, and the present American War.

The fortieth chapter of Ezekiel is taken up and expounded in a very ingenious manner. Those who delight in attempting to unravel the mysteries of prophecy, will meet here with something new, very interestingly set forth. We do not think, however, that the author, with all his ability, and that is not little, will gain many proselytes from the old school of interpretation, but those he may enlist on his side will likely be parties who have never thought much upon the subject, and who have consequently formed no opinion on the matter. The measurements of the courts, the porches, and the gates, are all considered and expounded most minutely, so minutely and comprehensively indeed, that one becomes mystified in attempting to follow the various windings and ramifications. The author considers that the

prophet's measurements, if not fanciful, can only be applied in two ways; they are either measurements of space relating to a material city and its temple, or they are measurements of time having relation to human history. That they are not the former, he thinks is obvious from the fact that all the measurements enumerated are said to be the same, of "one seed." They must consequently be the latter, measurements of time in history. A cubit may stand for one year, or for a hundred years. The unit interpretation being used for current or recent events, and the century interpretation, when "chambers of human history of more remote occurrence, either in their origin or termination, are the subjects of measurement."

In the 47th verse it is said, "So he measured the court, an hundred cubits long, and an hundred cubits broad, foursquare; and the altar that was before the house." In illustrating this passage, the author's idea of a square seems somewhat peculiar. He makes the breadth a continuation of the length, and the sides unequal. One side in length is a hundred years, corresponding to the hundred cubits, and one side in breadth is a hundred years, also corresponding to the hundred cubits; but as the court was foursquare, two sides more are necessary, a length and a breadth, to complete the figure. These he makes, not a hundred years like the others, but *seventy-one* years each. Let the reader consider what sort of a square is now before him—the two lengths are a hundred years, and seventy-one years, and the two breadths are a hundred years, and seventy-one years, respectively. Foursquare, according to Johnson, is quadrangular, or having four right angles, but here there is only one. If our author is correct, the court was not foursquare, but was, as nearly as may be, a right-angled triangle with a slight outward bend in the centre of the hypothenuse. A pair of compasses and scale will show any one that it is so. We have said he makes the breadth a continuation of the length. His starting point is arbitrary, and so he fixes it at the threatened Romanist invasion of England by the Spanish Armada in 1588-9, and goes forward a "hundred cubits," or a hundred years, to 1688-9. This is the length of one side. Then for the breadth he goes right on from 1688-9, to the "commencement of that terrible era of revolutionary excess and sacrifice in and through France in the year 1788-9," which is also a "hundred cubits," or a hundred years. For the other two sides necessary to complete the square, he starts at the beginning of the Reformation in 1517-18, and comes forward to his first starting point in 1588-9, a period of seventy-one years, which gives one side; and for the other, he commences where he left off above at the French Revolution in 1788-9, and runs forward to 1859-60, when "the spirit and principles of Protestantism were largely triumphant in Italy," which is another period of seventy-one years. The whole circumference of the square, therefore, comprehends a period of three hundred and forty-two years, instead of four hundred, as we would naturally expect. In verses 48, 49, of this chapter, the prophet speaks of the porch of the house, with its posts, pillars, and gate, and of their several measurements, to which we can only slightly advert. In describing

these, it seems he had in his mind's eye, "the temporary overturn of the Pope's civil dominion, and his flight from Rome," in 1848; the Scottish Disruption in 1843; the commencement of the Turkish crisis in 1853; the Pope's return to Rome in 1850; the formation of United Presbyterian Church in 1847; the "beginning of final political reformation and regeneration in Great Britain" in 1828; the commencement of Italian political unity and freedom in 1859, and other matters too numerous to mention, but which the reader can look up for himself.

We shall now take leave of this wonderful volume by making a short extract containing the author's views on the union of Church and State, and which is expository of the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses, of the forty-third chapter of Ezekiel. He says:—

"It is perhaps superfluous, at this stage, to explain at any length, that 'the place of God's throne,' nationally, is a Christian Church; that 'the place of the soles of His feet,' is a Christian state; that both these have been defiled by professing Christians and their rulers, through 'the whoredom' or illicit connection that has so long subsisted between church and state; that both thus united have become 'carcasses' or spiritless bodies of civil rulers or governments, in their 'high,' but not God's heavenly, places; that in setting the human 'threshold' of influence and power so close beside 'the thresholds' of divine influence and power to both church and state, they have defiled God's holy name by pretending that His Spirit could countenance or sanction 'the abominations' they have committed in the name and on behalf of the Christian religion; therefore His wrath has rested upon and consumed them. But let the Church terminate this illicit connection, and separate itself from the king's house, or the state; and then the Church shall become the place of God's throne nationally, in the midst of which He will dwell among the people for ever."

We forbear making a single comment upon this exposition. We close the book after a long and frequent perusal, by assuring the reader, that if he has patience and leisure, he will find in it much that is interesting, and not a little that is instructive. It evinces great historical research, extraordinary reading, acute power of discernment, and considerable invention. While there is a great deal of fancy, there is also much of fact, and upon the whole, though in some things we have found ourselves necessitated to disagree with the author, we cordially thank him for the volume, and hope to meet with him again.

PRAYING AND WORKING:

WHAT MEN CAN DO WHEN IN EARNEST.*

A GOOD biography is scarcely exceeded in interest by any other class of literature, and the volume entitled "Praying and Working," furnishes five Memoirs possessing all the fascination that is looked for in

* *Praying and Working*; being some account of what men can do when in earnest. By the Rev. William Fleming Stevenson, Dublin. London; Alexander Strachan & Co. 1862.

works of fiction, although a narrative of facts has been abode by very closely. But when told by one qualified for the task, the true story of a life, however simple the incidents and commonplace the person, has power to enchain the attention of readers. It is the close sympathy which knits man to man, whether rich or poor, lonely or social, prosperous or unfortunate, that lends this charm to biography. We wish to know more about the doer of the work, than of the tabulated results of the work; more of the individuals benefited or injured, than the mere numerical statement which is afforded by statistics; therefore with curiosity awakened we search into the records of such lives as promise to bring us into contact with the mind of some human beings, such as Wichern or Gossner, who brought back sunshine into the hearts of many who had almost abandoned hope for ever. Enough has elsewhere been done, perhaps, for the laudation of the world's favourites, successful warriors, politic courtiers and statesmen, crafty lawyers and astute rhetoricians, who loved to make the worse appear the better reason, with merchant princes to whom every port sent wealth. There are other and worthier heroes whom it is well for us to understand. The author of the above mentioned volume has sought to do justice to certain honest, prayerful workers, who have acted as pioneers to a loftier ideal of civilisation than that which makes self-interest, the mainspring of individuals and of nations. He has shewn, by examples which commend themselves to affectionate respect, how much may be done by pious and unselfish men when working earnestly, either separate or together, for the improvement of their race and time. Practical Christianity is here displayed, under an aspect that can scarcely fail to draw new labourers to the work, and many a future Falk or Wichern may be indebted to such a book as this by the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, for indications of a pathway whereon he may tread humbly but unweariedly, in the endeavour to benefit the suffering poor, and to reclaim the vicious and neglected.

The five biographies contained in "Praying and Working," are of men hitherto little known to English readers. They are all of German race, and three of them still living. John Falk died in 1826, but John Evangelist Gossner has not long been removed, and the labours of the others, Immanuel Wichern, Theodore Fliedner, and Louis Harms, extend to our own day. These five are men who saw the festering evils of large towns, and with all their strength wrought out some alleviation; prayerfully and hopefully, however arduous seemed the task. They have devoted themselves to various departments of the Home and Foreign Missions, as these are understood in their widest scope. Mr Stevenson observes that the conception of Home Missions is wider and profounder in Germany than it is in Britain; "the name *Inner Mission* suggests that it is the mission of the Church within its own bounds, and to every aspect of social life in a Christian land. Such questions as are here thrown over upon congresses for social science, and philanthropists—of any shade of belief or unbelief—are there considered peculiarly Christian questions, affecting the well-being and mission of the Church of Christ, to be handled

by Christian men rather than any other. The social aspects of the large towns and rural districts; the condition of the labourer and the artizan; prisons, and the bearings of crime and punishment; reformatories; the help and recovery of outcast women; the care and nursing of the sick; the employment and sphere of Christian women—these and kindred topics come within the province of the *Inner Mission*." And, he shews that, the Mission in this extended sense is associated especially with two men in the present day, viz., Wichern and Fliedner. He remarks, further: "To the labours and writings of Dr Wichern the Inner Mission owes its first impulse; to his energy and practical wisdom, its organisation. It is through him that its various departments are brought into friendly co-operation; its isolated and sometimes antagonistic workers reconciled. It is under his control that it has reached its present importance. But whilst his special labours were for reformatories, and the employment of Christian men, Dr Fliedner turned his attention to the hospitals, and the employment of Christian women. From the *Rough House* on the Elbe (Wichern's Reformatory), hundreds of brotherly and devoted men have gone out to teach in schools and prisons, and among the waste places of crime; from Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, have gone out hundreds of school-mistresses, and sick-nurses, and parish-visitors, from Berlin to Jerusalem." Again:—"On the same principle"—doing their labours in faith, as men of prayer as well as of action, "Gossner and Harms have worked the Foreign Mission. . . . a foreign mission of great compass, developed and sustained on two principles: that it was God's work, who would supply means and agents for it in answer to believing prayer; and that the agents would not shrink from labouring with their own hands." Of the remaining person, whose biography is given, we are told "Mr Harms has more recently established a mission on the same foundation of faith, also single-handed, and on a novel theory of agency. It is a parochial mission, by far the greater part of the missionaries being his own parishioners, and it aims at Christian colonization as the best means to missionary labour. It has settled an agricultural colony (with all the trades necessary to its existence) among the Zulus of East Africa; that colony in its various crafts is composed of missionary men and women. It is thought that by such a missionary settlement additional power would be given to the missionary pastors, and that a chain of such small missionary villages might be carried through the country."

It will readily be imagined that here is a wide field of labour offered for our study, and not easily will we find a volume which gives so much insight into the practical working of that Christian benevolence which seems destined to accomplish so much good. One especial charm of Mr Stevenson's writings is this—he enables the reader fully to appreciate the personality of the worker, whilst observing the progress of the work itself. John Falk, for instance, remains present as a distinct character, with his excellencies and his foibles individually apparent. We learn the solid benefits that he secured for the poor outcasts, whom he restored to society as skilful, and industrious, and

contented workmen; we learn how, from his own painful bereavements, (having at one blow lost four children) he was led to act as protector to the children of others; and we also see some of his peculiarities which extort a smile—the weaknesses which would be ridiculed by thoughtless persons who made no allowance for the imperfection of humanity. The literary adventurer who had journeyed to Weimar, and settled there in order to gain some of the widely spread sunshine of Goethe's countenance—the small poet and satirist of a coterie, who had been seldom permitted in youth to indulge his fancies and ambition, whilst the paternal injunctions, or a hazel-stick could enforce attention to the wig-block;—such a man could scarcely be expected to be very near perfection in personal manners or in the conduct of of life. Yet how little in his acts needs extenuation! He was a small man compared to Goethe and Schiller, it is true; his literary position, as the would be Boswell to the great German Poet, and also as a satirist and sentimental rhymester, may be conceded to be of a humble order. Nevertheless, measured fairly, Falk is uninjured by comparison with most of the Weimar celebrities. His powers of intellect or imagination were inferior to those of many; his social standing, maugre his councillorship, was of small note, but he laboured vigorously to do the best that he could with his talents, and wrought so well that the lives of hundreds were saved and rendered valuable by his unselfish kindness and indefatigable perseverance. Henceforward we shall know that John Falk is not to be depreciated because his was not a literary genius of the highest order. He dazzled not—he scarcely tried to dazzle, but his lamp was lighted before the shrine, and his own heart offered up in lowliness and sincerity; he had been blessed so far as to know the truth in the words which give eternal life, and he acted as the steward of God's bounties to the needy, reaping the reward in that peace of mind which passeth all understanding." It is strange, leading to quiet thoughts not untinged with melancholy—the momentary sight of these two unlike men in contact, Goethe and Falk. We will not here pursue the contrast, which offers itself to the mind of those who know the author of *Faust*, and feel for him the admiration due to his undoubted genius. The grand head of the old man bears the tokens of sadness, of severe conflict, of partial victory and secret anguish of defeat. He may have smiled complacently at times, when witnessing the enthusiasm of Falk, and deemed his efforts Quixotic. Yet the work was honestly done.

We believe Mr Stevenson's "*Praying and Working*" will be extensively circulated and welcomed: it has a charm in its simplicity and strength of language, in the healthy spirit which pervades it, and in the fulness of the valuable information which it gives. Certainly, no one who feels interest in the great social question of the time can afford to leave this volume neglected. We wish him every success in his effort to obtain fresh agencies and fellow-labourers with the men whose memoirs he has so ably written, and we thank him for speaking so boldly and truthfully in their praise. Not idly, or for the sake of obtaining a marketable notoriety, has he adopted such a title

as that which heads the present article ; but because he has throughout the pages laboured to establish the great fact that work done in the very atmosphere of prayer, is the work which prospers best, of all that can be done for the regeneration of society. To employ his own words :—"These men are all one in the principle of their work, but very various in its application. It is a mistake to suppose that that principle discourages the use of means. It is merely selecting from many means what appears the most efficient ; and to these men that is prayer. As to other means, some use them more freely than others, but they all use them in subordination to the first. They do not hold that prayer nullifies a man's wit, or thrift, or counsel, or prudence, but intensifies, and guides, and purifies them. From what has been said already, it may be inferred they do not hold that prayer justifies inaction. They are conscious of a work to do ; it is in the strength of that consciousness that they commit it to God ; that while using every likely way to success they believe there may be unlikely ways, that they do not see all God sees. Nor are they so foolish as to believe that God will help them to a work for which they have no fitness ; but on the other hand, they believe that the man who prays that he may do a work for which he has no aptitude is praying against the laws of prayer."

This potency of prayer is the burden of teaching throughout the book, and is shewn in the lives of the missionaries Gossner, and Harms ; the founder and builder of a system of reformatories, Falk and Wichern ; Fliedner, the organiser of deaconesses to introduce the blessings of the Gospel into homes that might have else remained unsanctified by prayer, where men had little opportunity for entry : all these we recognise as men who worked and prayed, with singleness of heart. Such lives are well to be written, and Mr Stevenson is worthy of the labour. We conclude with the following remarks from his Preface :

"No one will question the activity of our century, probably the quickest and busiest of any the world has seen. It is possible that men speculate as much as ever, that there are as many poets, and painters, and sculptors, that that there is as much love, and culture, and appreciation of art, as much patient study and thought ; but the entire age is stamped with an unmis-takeable energy and force. It is an age of gigantic and universal toil, possessed with the idea that there is work to be done ; restless and insatiable, resolute and quiet, in pursuing this idea ; a practical, sagacious, ready-witted age. Work is lauded and glorified, even for its own sake, and without regard to its end. It is held to be something sacred, a thoroughly manly and almost devout pursuit. Nay, it has been exalted into a kind of deity in our day, to be worshipped with a pure and rigorous devotion. Life is to be doing, because it is felt more than ever that there is power in life. And, insensibly, this character of force and strength has spread itself over the various fields of thought. Literature, science, and art, bear witness to the dominant practical tone, as much as the ceaseless ring of the workshop, the fever of modern business, or the structure of our social life. There is even a muscular Christianity,—curious out-growth of a strong-limbed generation. And there is a healthiness about the zeal for work. As a protest against a hollow and indifferent age, an age of shams and fine gentlemen,

and idle, self-indulgent, shallow sceptics, an age of lazy, stereotyped, and powerless beliefs, it is invaluable; and, as a reaction from last century, was unavoidable, work, perhaps, is the safest form it could have assumed. There is something genuine, and thorough, and earnest about it. It is some recognition of the meaning and dignity of life. And looking at what has been accomplished, the vast stride forward that has been taken, looking at the vigour of Christian work and the numberless Christian activities that have been called into play, there is cause for honest, thankful congratulation. Yet there is also cause for much fear and regret. There is a rapid growth of materialism. The passion for force and energy exhausts itself in extravagant forms. People demand a sensation, unreal or immoral, if it be only sensation. The tendency is to exalt the lower and visible agencies, to depreciate the higher and spiritual; to measure life by what it can shew for itself rather than by what it is; to cultivate and respect mere display of strength. Is there not the notion that the world is only what the world sees itself to be, that if you take any other than worldly forces, you will come to no result? Is there not more than ever the disposition to throw over upon praying men, who believe in an invisible power, and skill, and law, and presence, the charge of folly, enthusiasm, fanaticism? To work is honest enough; but prayer over and above the work is treated as a courteous superfluity. Let the work be done manfully, it is preached, let it be ever blundering, provided it be sincere; but as for prayer, it is somewhat a waste of energy. Or, if there be prayer, it is freely hinted, let it be kept apart; let it have its own sphere, and not intrude upon the working day; nay, let it have its praying men, and give us our working men. To say that the praying man is to be kept distinct from the working man, is practically to close the common energies of life against the intrusion of prayer. Those who say it have a vague impression that a man who lays stress upon prayer is deficient in practical wisdom; that the devotional element of character tends to remove a man from the region of common sense to the borders of the fairy-land of sentiment; that he becomes a dreamer of dreams that will never fit into the plain, rough order of the world. If that were true, it would be worth considering. Any element of character existing in excess will disturb a man's balance. But if the inevitable tendency of a prayerful spirit were to thwart a man's activity and usefulness, it would be incompatible with Bible-teaching and Christian principle."

And, again, a little later :—

"Work without prayer is as dangerous, aye and more, than prayer without work. It is the practical ignoring of God, of a spiritual world and spiritual laws. It is the start downwards to the grossest and most superstitious materialism. It is a clear peril of our present time."

We hope soon to welcome other volumes of the same value, belonging to Strahan's series—among which, as we are glad to perceive, by an announcement, the Rev. Dr Norman Macleod's "*Parish Papers*" and a reprint of the "*Earnest Student*," will be included.

BEDOUIN.

A CLUSTER OF POETS.*

FIRST PAPER:—RICHARD CRASHAW.

A goodly company of Poets are we called to welcome, in this admirable library edition published by James Nichol. The re-issue possesses all the good qualities of the earlier edition, with many improvements both in the external and interior arrangements, so that it is now one of the handsomest and most reliable, as well as cheapest, series of our Standard Poets that can be obtained. The volumes already issued are devoted to Spenser's complete Works, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Waller and Denham, Crashaw, Quarles, Herbert, Shakspeare, Surrey, and Milton. These form almost a library in themselves, and yet, what noble store of minstrelsy remains to fill up the other volumes! Why should they ever cease in our time? Why be limited to forty-two? Would that we found another dozen filled with the delicious songs that occur so plentifully in the Tragedies, Comedies, and Masques of the Elizabethan Dramatists; or a few score embodying the less known as well as better known of the more recent golden age of poetry,—the time of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley—including such private favourites as Præd, Frere, Beddoes, and Hartley Coleridge, not to mention many who, like Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Aird, and R. H. Horne, the author of that noble poem "*Orion*," are still living, but with the unrecognised halo of immortality crowning their brows. We must not be exorbitant in our demands. We must consent to an absence of uniformity of size and binding on our library shelves, in the works of the poets who have done so much for the delight and culture of mankind. Let the forty-two volumes come in the meanwhile, and let us read them lovingly and attentively—when they are all before us it will not hurt if, instead of a forty-third, we begin again at the beginning and travel them through once again; secure of finding ever-new beauties to reward our search amid each cluster of poets.

True poets, richly varied in their aims and their successes, bearing to us, for enchantment of delight, for warning in temptation, and for consolation in sorrow and defeat, the story of their own trials—their own joys and anguish. What the world shewed to them of gaiety and of guilt, of flattering hopes and cold embittering scorn, and what their own better genius taught them of the heavenlier path than com-

* Nichol's Library Edition of the British Poets, in 42 vols:—

Vol. X. The Poetical Works of William Shakspeare and the Earl of Surrey.

Vol. XI. The Poetical Works of Richard Crashaw and Quarles' Emblems.

Vol. XII. The Poetical Works of George Herbert.

Vol. XIII. The Poetical Works of Edmund Waller and Sir John Denham.

Vols. XIV., XV. The Poetical Works of John Milton.

With Memoirs and Critical Dissertations by Rev. George Gilfillan. The Text edited by Charles Cowden Clarke. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. Dublin: W. Robertson. Liverpool: G. Philip & Son. 1862.

monplace ambition,—these are recorded in such strains as will not willingly be suffered to pass into oblivion. We look upon the group of Singers, and know that few among them has not left us some memorial of his finest thoughts. They teach us not less surely, because there may be even some stain upon their life, the fall from the first purity and single-heartedness which made them early delight in wooing the muse for her own sake—before more sensual delights and selfish schemes for personal aggrandisement in the social Gehenna, had poisoned their heart and led them astray. In a few we see the baffled courtier, in a few the spoilt Cremites and dreamers: in some the preachers who injured their prophetic warning by associating with it the jingle of verse, in others the misguided servants of an hour, who desecrated their singing robes, by using them as a cloak and adornment of faction. Gradually from the crowd arise the veritable leaders, Spenser and Milton, whose loftier stature and sustained grandeur of imagination, enables them to tower far above the rest, and take their seats in separate but not antagonistic supremacy:—central and above them he remains the creator of *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, who, not dying in his first melodious youth whilst pouring out his passionate “*Sonnets*,” and “*Lucrece*,” or “*Venus and Adonis*,” lived to soar far above himself, and to diffuse that sunshine of an illimitable sympathy with mankind, which makes him seem to our affectionate remembrance an inexhaustible world,—not a part of humanity but the whole.

We propose to sip at intervals from the overflowing cups of refreshing water that these poets have offered to us, again commending to our readers the fine edition of the *British Poets* which is in course of publication. It is not intended like the elegant little “*Golden Treasury*,” issued by Macmillan of Cambridge,—the delight of summer evenings, for perusal under the shade of trees, and with the faint rustle of leaves and streams, and myriads of insects faintly heard as an accompaniment to the poets’ lays; but these more ponderous and large type volumes are the companions of winter nights, at the fireside, whilst the storm howls without—or for the window nook, when stars are shining brightly, or morn is pouring in its freshness and tempting us, in conjunction with the songs of praise that meet us in each page, to wander into the wholesome air of lawn and woodland, offering up our thanks to the Almighty Father, who has given us so beautiful a world in which to dwell.

Of the present Group of Poets several devoted themselves to record in song the religious musings of hearts that were filled with gratitude to God, not only for life and perception of loveliness, but especially for the glad tidings of salvation through His Son. The quaint but impressive sacred chants of Quarles, the sweet hymns and tender whisperings of prayer George Herbert has left for us, the fervid adoration of Crashaw, in rapturous songs that resemble the complaints of earth’s passion, and the prolonged grandeur of Milton’s anthems, are here sounding harmoniously. Nor do we fail to find in the pages of Waller and Denham, or amid the stately and chivalric words that have been

spoken by Wyatt and Earl Surrey, many messages of sacred comfort, and even amid the warmth and slumberous influences of the early poems of Shakspeare. We find such touches of sadness, such humble confessions, and such tearful pleadings of a stricken heart, as constrain us to forgive the dangerous voluptuous languor which other stanzas reveal. And if we turn to the wondrous fascination of his sonnets, we have no chance of quitting them for the writings of another poem till we have reached the end, and then mused on the riper knowledge which he shews to us in the dramas of his later years.

At present we have only opportunity to speak of one who is less known than most of the men who are included in this Group of Poets, viz., Richard Crashaw. Probably by most readers of the volumes there will be felt surprise at coming—almost for the first time—on the writings of so high and early a master of the “accomplishment of verse,” when remembering how seldom he is now mentioned with the praise which he deserves.

Richard Crashaw was born in London, probably in the second decade of the seventeenth century—but the exact date alike of his birth and of his death is unknown. His father, the Rev. William Crashaw, was popular as an author, and likewise as a preacher at the Temple, and by his own influence, with that of such friends as Sir Randolph Crew, and Sir Henry Yelverton, one of the Judges of King’s Bench, the son, Richard Crashaw, was placed on the foundation at the Charterhouse School. In March 1632, he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he was elected a scholar in October, 1632. He took his degree of B.A., in 1637, (not 1633 as mistakenly stated in the memoir). Shortly afterwards he removed to Peterhouse, where he became a Fellow, in 1637, and next year took his M.A.

A volume of Latin poems in 1634, appears to have been his first venture as an author. Their devotional tone is remarkable, and foreshadow what his later impassioned works would be. Among these early efforts is found the line which has obtained almost an immortality for its poetic daring and beauty:—

“*Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*”

“The modest water saw its God, and blushed.”

The volume was anonymous, and bore the title “*Epigrammata Sacra.*”

In 1635, Crashaw prefixed a copy of verses to Shelford’s “*Five Pious and Learned Discourses.*” His course of life at Cambridge at this time was exclusively devotional. He was not one of those who after running a career of riot, turn at last in their weariness of dissipation to religion, as a new stimulus when everything else fails to arouse them, and who, as has been forcibly expressed, bestow on the Almighty the leavings of Satan. Crashaw from the first offered up the sacrifice of a sincere faith; his acts like the thoughts which he committed to verse, were such as shew that he considered himself to be ‘ever in his Great Taskmaster’s eye.’ We find the testimony of his

friend and literary executor, Thomas Car, in a "Preface to the Reader," establishing the fact that Crashaw had maintained a devout seclusion from worldly intemperance and folly, while at Cambridge.* He is declared to be "Herbert's second, but equal, who hath retrieved poetry of late, and returned it up to its primitive use; let it bound back to heaven's gates whence it came. Think ye," continues the friend,—“think ye St Augustine would have stained his graver learning with a book of poetry, had he fancied their dearest end to be the vanity of love sonnets and epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our poet, that every foot in a high-born verse might help to measure the soul into that better world. Divine poetry, I dare hold it, in position, against Suarez on the subject, to be the language of the angels; it is the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centered in heaven; it is the very outgoings of the soul; it is what alone our author is able to tell you, and that in his verses.”

In the same preface, the loving hand that gathered together the poetical memorials of Crashaw, adds these words:—

"Reader, we style his sacred poems, 'Steps to the Temple,' and aptly, for in the temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St Mary's Church, near St Peter's College; there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow, near the house of God: where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day;—there he penned these poems, steps for happy souls to climb heaven by."

He continues:—

"And those others of his pieces, intituled, 'The Delights of the Muses,' (though of a more human mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

"The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferred on him; he was excellent in five languages, (beside his mother tongue,) viz., Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little help in—they were of his own acquisition.

"Amongst his other accomplishments in academic (as well pious as harmless) arts, he made his skill in poetry, music, drawing, limning, graving, (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient recreation for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul. To his former qualifications I might add that which would crown them all—his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance); he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor cast any strange mists of surfeits before the intellectual beams of his mind or memory," &c., &c.—(*Preface to the Reader.*)

We learn from Wood, (*Fasti Oxon*) that Crashaw in 1641, supplemented his Cambridge titles, by taking degrees at Oxford. He took holy orders, probably not long after, and, we are told, became an

* Also, in Thomas Car's lines on the Anagram of Crashawe, "He was Car"—he says of his friend:—

"No care
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise,
Sufficed him; and may we guess his heart
By what his lips bring forth, his only part
Is God and holy thoughts."

ardent and powerful preacher. Erelong he came into collision with the puritan faction.

We have repeatedly expressed our admiration for the best writings of the best Puritans, and have with much interest, and it may be profit, perused the volumes of Standard Divines, now in course of publication by the same enterprising and upright man who gave us this Library Edition of the Poets. We are not likely to be misunderstood, therefore, when we say that whilst reverencing the piety, earnestness, and courage, with which more than a few of the Puritans fought the battle against sin and error, we are far from sympathising with the political principles which were advocated by many, if not all, of them. Had we lived in those days, we believe that sword and pen would have wielded conscientiously in support of the king's cause, and that the latest drop of blood or of ink, would have been gladly rendered in tribute to the rights that were assailed in the Rebellion. That Charles I. had faults neither few nor trivial, is not to be denied, but the course pursued by the Parliamentary leaders, and the rabble rout, who made havoc of everything that was associated with Church and State, cannot be palliated or defended. The execution of Charles was not only a murder but a blunder—so surely in this case as in others, does crime approve itself also to be folly, and selfishness and impatience defeat their own ends.

So early as 1644, the Puritans having obtained the mastery at Cambridge, and resenting the loyalty of spirit and sympathy with the king that had been there displayed, Crashaw with other men of similar opinions, were expelled the University. His bias for Romanism had been shewn early enough to raise suspicions against him, and ere long he quitted the Church of England, for the Church of Rome. It is not strange that he did so, in such times and with his peculiar temperament. There would appear to him no compromise possible between such Protestantism, as bigotry was pretending to manifest, and the more gorgeous system of worship into which he threw himself, to satisfy the ecstasies of so ardent and pious a nature. It is idle to assign baser inducements, as motives for his change of creed, as some of his early enemies have done: such as the desire of pleasing the Countess of Denbigh, and other court ladies, or the expectation of profit. Crashaw's life gives the lie direct to such aspersions. We may suspect his judgment, but his conduct defies scrutiny—so long as the examiners are honest. It is evident that his rapturous visions and mystical absorption would find a centre in the Church of Rome. Therein he would seek to find, to use his own words,

“Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear, and divine annihilations!
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights;

“An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of th' dear spouse of spirits with them will bring.”

On this subject we must not omit the remarks of his biographer, the Rev. George Gilfillan, whose masterly *Memoirs and Criticisms* materially enrich these volumes:—

CRASHAW AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC FAITH.

“Crashaw has written, and written beautifully, on general subjects, but is always most at home in the field of sacred poetry. His Muse is never fully herself, till she hears the organs of the Roman Catholic Church

Blow their tempests of sweet sound.’

To this music, and to those splendid litanies which swell up upon it, like strong eagles riding on mighty winds, Crashaw seems to write; and we question if ever man better appreciated the poetical elements which abound in the Roman Catholic Faith. Every wise Protestant will admit that these are many. The supposed antiquity, and pretended universality, of that proud religion—the triple apex into which it towers—its centre in the Eternal City, where, amidst the crumbling fanes of Paganism, and the general decay of empire, the Vatican still lifts its unabashed and unaltered front—the long line of martyrs and confessors, whose blood seems to blush on every painted window, and change every church into a shrine—its ceremonies, often indeed overdone, gaudy, and unmeaning, but often, too, sublime and imposing—its music, with its varied enchantment—its paintings, so numerous, so exquisite, and so identified with this religion, that one of its votaries might almost dream that Italian genius and Italian day were two witnesses, testifying in its behalf, and proclaiming its glory—the large classes of men and women devoted to its service by vows of sternest severity—its monastic piles, buried in woods, or towering on mountain cliffs:

‘Relentless walls whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns, shagg’d with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep?’—

its awful practice (only inferior to the old Roman custom of burying the erring vestal alive) of consigning young and beautiful females to the premature grave of the cloister—its cathedrals, with their immemorial grandeur and their frowning and gorgeous architecture—the dim-lit and far-stretching dungeons of its Inquisition, with a tale of horror or mystery inscribed on every door; and, above all, the glimpses it professes to give, and the power it pretends to exert in the unseen world, where, high above a purgatory, crowded with myriads of sufferers, whom the Church, and the Church alone, can redeem from penal fire, and above tiers of angels, and above the Son himself, and on a level with the throne of God, it shows you a woman’s face, of ravishing beauty and sweetness—forming precisely such a climax to the universe as human nature would desire, and shedding a mild steadfast moonlight on the whole picture and scheme of things;—all this, and much more than all this, to be found in Roman Catholicism, is calculated to please the fancy or delight the taste, or to rouse and rivet the imagination. All this Milton, as well as Crashaw, understood and felt; but he had the intellectual strength and moral hardihood to resist their fascination. He entered the splendid Catholic temple, and he did not refuse his admiration, he bathed his brow in the ‘dim religious light,’ he praised the pictures, he was ravished with the music, but he did not remain to worship; he turned away in sorrow and in anger, saying, ‘It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting: your new moons and your appointed feasts, my soul hateth: they are

a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.' Crashaw, on the other hand seems, without a struggle, to have yielded to the soft seductions of the system, and was soon sighingly but luxuriously lost.

"He is a strong man, but no Milton—nay, rather a strong man unnerved by perfumes and lulled with unhealthy opiates."

The incidents of Crashaw's life are few. When he had been expelled from Cambridge, he did not remain long in England;—proceeding to France, he was aided in his poverty by the then secretary to Lord Jermyn, viz., Abraham Cowley, who had been Crashaw's friend whilst at the University.—Cowley was a Trinity man—and is reported to have introduced him to Queen Henrietta Maria. She furnished him with letters of introduction to Italy, and he became secretary to Cardinal Palotta, but did not long escape dismissal, for having, as it appears, incurred the dislike of the Cardinal's retinue, by complaining of their wickedness. Some "small employ" at our Lady of Loretto's was procured for him, however, by the Cardinal, so that the parting had not been unfriendly, but merely expedient. Crashaw departed thither on a pilgrimage in the summer-time, "and over-heating himself, took a fever and died. A report, very much wanting confirmation, says that he was poisoned! That he was dead ere 1652, is manifest from the fact that his friend Thomas Car, to whom his manuscripts had been confided, published a selection from them in that year."

From Crashaw's "Delights of the Muses" (1646) we must give two specimens—the first being—

A SONG,

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

"To thy lover,	All the graces
Dear, discover	In their places
That a sweet blush of thine that shameth	Brother pearls and sister roses,
(When those roses	"From these treasures
It discloses)	Of ripe pleasures
All the flowers that nature nameth.	One bright smile to clear the weather
"In free air	Earth and heaven
Flow thy hair;	Thus made even,
That no more summer's best dresses	Both will be good friends together.
Be beholden	"The air does woo thee,
For their golden	Winds cling to thee;
Locks to Phœbus golden tresses.	Might a word once fly from out thee
"O deliver	Storm and thunder
Love his quiver	Would sit under
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,	And keep silence round about thee.
Where Apollo	"But if nature's
Cannot follow	Common creatures
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.	So dear glories dare not borrow;
"O envy not	Yet thy beauty
(Though we die not)	Owes a duty
Those dear lips whose door encloses	To my loving, ling'ring sorrow.
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" When to end me
 Death doth send me
 All his terrors to affright me
 Thine eyes' graces
 Gild their faces,
 And those terrors shall delight me.

" When my dying
 Life is flying
 Those sweet airs that often slew me
 Shall revive me,
 Or reprieve me,
 And to many deaths renew me."
 (R. CRASHAW.)

There is an airy grace and freshness about this song, as in many more of Crashaw's poems, which are among his chief characteristics. His fervid temper made him always impulsive in his verse. He never wearies the reader with monotony, he commits offences against correct taste, by permitting too near an approach to the language of earthly passion in his meditations and warblings on sacred subjects, but he never becomes dull. Not his are the frigid conceits which too often meet us in the writings of Donne, and others of that school. We can believe that his similes are the genuine inspiration: they grew from the ground as we see them, and were not transplanted there from a forcing-house, to fill a corner that had been vacant. When Crashaw errs it is because he sees impassionately, and speaks what he feels, fearless of his words being carped at, and his meaning polluted by grosser minds. If his approach to the shrine is often made somewhat rashly—as we concede it to be—he himself seeks nothing but the altar, and forgets the pavement and the steps over which his feet stumble. He is intoxicated with the fumes of the incense, his senses swim with the alternated chants of the choir, the tremulous sweetness or the echoing majesty of the altar; he feels his heart swelling upward toward the groined roof, or pressing out into the heavens through the rich stained-glass of windows, where saints, and martyrs are looking down on him. He is a sensuous worshipper—but not sensual.

Except this taint of excessive warmth and amatory adulation, there is much beauty in some of Crashaw's Sacred Poems. His "*Sospetto D'Herode*" from the Italian of Marino, the first book, is a noble *terzo*, which was not unserviceable to Milton, who has borrowed from it many features for the Lucifer of his "*Paradise Lost*." Indeed, the whole tone of this poem, with its sonorous dignity and massive learning its daring portrayal of the invisible world and the sublimity of its aim, must have had no small influence as a model on the young Puritan poet. Modern readers will find, however, that Crashaw's "*Sospetto d'Herode*" can independently reward perusal. Here are a few of its stanzas, descriptive of the Arch-enemy, not the finest specimens of the poem, but merely the most easily detached from the context:—

THE ENEMY OF GOD AND MAN.

" Below the bottom of the great abyss,
 There where one centre reconciles all things
 The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
 Mischief's old master; close about him clings
 A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
 His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
 Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

- "The judge of torments and the king of tears,
He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire ;
And for his old fair robes of light he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames ; the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears ;
Where seven tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire ;
And to make up Hell's Majesty, each horn
Seven crested hydras horribly adorn.
- "His eyes, the sullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a dismal red :
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead :
From his black nostrils and blue lips, in spite
Of Hell's own stink, a worsen stench is spread,
His breath Hell's lightning is : and each deep groan
Disdains to think that Heaven thunders alone.
- "His flaming eyes' dire exhalation
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath ;
Whose unconsumed consumption preys upon
The never-dying life of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction
(His shop of flames) he fries himself ; beneath
A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash.
- "Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptred king.
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twined
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting :
Their locks are beds of uncombed snakes, that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.
Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he reigns,
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.
- "Disdainful wretch ! how hath one bold sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes !
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise !
Proud morning of a perverse day ! how lost
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise
Narcissus ! foolish Phaëton ! who for all
Thy high aim'd hopes gain'dst but a flaming fall.
- "From Death's sad shades to the life-breathing air
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
New matter, to make good his great suspect.
- "He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of Heaven on fire :
Oft in his deep thoughts he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves : he does inquire

Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
 How many present prodigies conspire
 To crown their past predictions; both he lays
 Together; in his pond'rous mind both weighs.

"Heaven's golden-winged herald late he saw
 To a poor Galilean virgin sent;
 How low the bright youth bowed, and with what awe
 Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
 He saw th' old Hebrew's barren womb neglect the law
 Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
 His birth by his devotion, who began
 Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

.

"Struck with these great concurrences of things,
 Symptoms so deadly unto death and him,
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings;
 Which, like two bosom'd sails, embrace the dim
 Air with a dismal shade; but all in vain,
 Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain." &c., &c.

On a few of his "Delights of the Muses" the fame of Crashaw will chiefly rest; though some of the sacred songs will continue to soothe and to arouse tender believers. The calm, sweet grace of George Herbert is not to be found in these, but excellencies of their own are not wanting. Yet nothing in them is equal to the continuous beauty and strength in loveliness of "Music's Duel," in which is described the contest of melody that is maintained by a lute-player and a nightingale, till the bird dies of exhaustion and despair after the contest has been prolonged. It is truly a wonderful poem, unequalled of its kind, and quite sufficient to establish firmly an individual reputation for the author. Gilfillan speaks of it with enthusiasm, as "not only Crashaw's finest poem," but says that it "accomplishes with magical ease one of the most difficult of poetic tasks, and seems almost higher than nature. Like an Arabian sorcerer, the soul of the poet leaps back and forward, from the musician to the bird, entering into the very heart, and living in the very voice of each. Let our readers read the whole, and they will agree with us that they have read the most deliciously-true, and incredibly sustained piece of poetry in probably the entire compass of the language." We give a part of the conclusion of the poem, though to abbreviate is to mutilate:—

FROM "MUSIC'S DUEL."

. "This lesson too
 She gives him back; her subtle breast thrills out
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
 The pliant series of her slippery song;

Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie,
Bathing in streams of liquid melody.

"Then might yon hear her kindle her soft voice
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind, (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Flutt'ring in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opens the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of ev'ry swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal.
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's harsh bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's enthusiast."

The final struggle is thus described:—

"Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face; 'Yet once again,
Mistress, I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute;
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy;'
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings
And with a quiv'ring coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet-lipped sisters, musically freighted,
Singing their fears are fearfully delighted,
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs*
Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand doth go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,

* Milton's music, "married to immortal verse."

Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup;
 The hum'rous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
 In shrill tongued accents, striving to be single;
 Ev'ry smooth turn, ev'ry delicious stroke
 Gives life to some new grace; thus do h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The lute's light genius now doth proudly rise,
 Heaved on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies,
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon,
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs
 Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world; thus do they vary
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul (snatched out of his ears
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven, and seat it there on high
 In the Empyrean of pure harmony.
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers' fairest revolution,
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

"This done, he lists what she would say to this,
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note;
 Alas! in vain! for while, sweet soul, she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chattering strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone;
 She fails, and falling grieves, and grieving dies;
 She dies and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute; Oh, fit to have
 (That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave."

Poor triumph—which is won by the destruction of so innocent and lovely a competitor. The bird has sung for the pure love of song, and desire to rise up to the height of melody which she heard; but the youth strains his powers merely for the sake of conquest, that he may defeat one who seems too nearly equal to himself.

To many readers the "Lines to a Supposed Mistress," will be sufficient to give interest in Crashaw. He therein depicts some yet un-found, but "not impossible she"—a woman to whom his heart might be devoted—were she to be met, and not repel him. The cadence of the

verse is effective, and many stanzas fix themselves firmly on memory, especially that which speaks of

" Life that dares send
A challenge to its end
And when it comes cry " Welcome, friend!"

Longfellow, for one has felt its charm, as readers of his " Hyperion " will acknowledge

" WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

" Whos'er she be,
That not impossible she
That doth command my heart and me;

" A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes.

" Where'er she lie,
Look'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny,

" Lips where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

" Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

" Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

" Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine.

" Eyes that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-
face
That sunshine by their own sweet
grace.

" Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeak to her my blisses
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

" Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious
are;

" I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie;

" Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades
play:

" Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, on rich fan;

" Each ruby there
Or pearl, that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

" More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or bought blush, or a set smile.

" A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest,

" A well-tamed heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

" A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what nature's white hand sets
ope.

" Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

" A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

" Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm.

"Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

"Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

"Fears, fond and slight,
As the coy bride's when night
First does the longing lover right.

: : : : :

"Days, that need not borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

"Days, that in spite
Of Darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

: : : : :

"Life that dares send
A challenge to his end
And when it comes say 'Welcome,
Friend.'

"Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

"Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give dawn to the wings of night.

"In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

"Her flattery
Picture and poesy:
Her counsel her own virtue be.

"I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

"Now if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

"Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise
A trophy to her perfect praise;

"Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no farther—it is she.

"'Tis she, and here
Lo! I uncliothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

"May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it.

"Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

"Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions, but her story."

Apparently the lady never appeared, conformable to this anticipatory description, and Crashaw remained unwedded. He himself says in an epigrammatic couplet

ON MARRIAGE.

"I would be married, but I'd have no wife,
I would be married to a single life."

On the whole, his was not an unhappy life. He saw his path, and had courage and hope to guide him while he walked it. We beseech for him no pity. He dwells in a higher region than to need it. Even if we deem him in some matters to have embraced error, and to have wasted himself and failed in the struggle of the time, we cannot deny him our affection, and even admiration. He was, indeed, with his deep thirst for holiness, an exemplification of his own fine lines:—

"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven, hath a summer's day."

Those who turn to his pages will find many unexpected bursts of melody, many graceful and tender images, many outpourings of deep drawn faith, to reward their attention, and make them remember Richard Crashaw.

NIRGEND'S COLLEGE, *October 1862.*

KARL.

THE MAGLOSKIE:

OR, THE BIOGRAPHY OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND STERLING.

(Continued from p. 163.)

CHAP. VIII.

Our Hero becomes a Patron of Art.

ONE of the marked features in the subsequent career of our hero was his patronage of rising talent in the fine arts, and of the state of the arts in Smeekumblin it now becomes our duty to speak. It is one of the stock ideas of these times, that a nation's claims to civilisation and refinement, are to be judged of by its attainments in music, painting, and architecture. With this assumption we mean to chime in, and all the more willingly that it enables to intensify the halo with which we would fain encircle the memory of this extraordinary man. We, the inhabitants of his native town, very properly regard ourselves as the highest development of the species, and consequently spend a great deal of money on those things which are generally supposed to be characteristic of the highest enlightenment. We always like to have the best of everything. Generally speaking, we don't care for native talent in art, or science, or literature, or anything of that sort. If there be such a thing amongst us let it go away and return with a metropolitan prestige, and then it may calculate on being appreciated at its true market value. We turn out handsomely, and toll down willingly when the Italian Operatic Company make their annual visit, but we don't care about the English Opera. In selecting pictures we have a decided preference for "Old Masters," of which we have several—many—very valuable private collections. Signor Buffino, who, by his importations of choice specimens of Italian and Dutch art, made in a few years a handsome fortune of us, was fully aware of our high appreciation of the mediæval schools, and usually prefaced his remarks in the following style, "Dat's vary old; dat's a real Giulio Romano, de favourite poopil of de great Raffello; dats vary fine! vouldnt vonder toe Raffello himself had'nt tooch'd upon it." Such pictures were seldom long without a purchaser.

Hitherto, that is, previous to the removal of the Magloskies to Singleton Place, the only decorations on their walls were two peacock feathers, which had come down as heir-looms, but from which side of

the house is uncertain; a glass rod with a crook on it, and all beautifully screwed over, which had been a marriage gift from Mrs Magloskie's cousin, the glass-blower, and a black profile portrait of her mother, which she highly prized. These were all carefully removed to the new house, but, as the intelligent reader may imagine, they made no great show upon the walls. It was therefore necessary that the walls should be decorated like other people's walls, and the idea began to be entertained of having recourse to the picture market. The Divitts had, not only family portraits, but also three or four "old masters" with a fine sooty tone about them, and a "pig sty" by Morland, the straw being considered a fine passage of art. Had the squire been left to his own judgment in the matter, he would have had portraits, three or four "old masters," and a pig sty by Morland, just to be like Divitt. A wonderful trait in the character of this great man was, his unambitious simplicity in never attempting to outshine his neighbours. If he had had the true Smeekumblin pluck in him he would, from his ample means, have eclipsed all his neighbours, and secretly revelled in the luxury of making them feel small.

But the squire did not insist on having his own way. In this as in many other matters it was considered advisable to take the opinion of Miss Jessina, and in this as in most other things Jessina had a mind of her own. She had extremely little reverence for orthodoxy in art or in anything else, unless it corresponded with her own peculiar notions. The proposal for a portrait of Mrs Magloskie had her hearty concurrence, but she demurred to the "old masters" on the grounds that pictures should be like nature—fresh, buoyant, and cheering. The old masters were therefore discarded, and the question raised, which of the local artists should be entrusted with the execution of the old lady.

It was in those days a rather serious matter to have one's self "taken off," and only the better classes could afford anything more striking than a black profile, with or without gilded hair, as the state of the exchequer would permit. But what privileges do we not in these days enjoy, when there is an atelier on the sunny side of every chimney, and every man, woman, and child sits to the photographer, none saying, what doest thou? It is a wonderful art—multiplying and replenishing the earth at a rate that is truly alarming. Every body is going down to posterity, as like as life and in duplicate innumerable. In order to make room for themselves another generation will be compelled to a wholesale immolation of their own kyth and kindred—horrible to contemplate. The Malthusian predictions will be realized in a way which even the great philosopher himself never dreamed of.

If any doubt has hitherto existed in reference to the hold which the church still retains upon the affections of the people of this town and country, it must now be triumphantly removed by a glance at the photographic show-cases, which are to be seen at every close and corner, and at the picture-sellers' windows. There you will see your own dear minister, and every body else's dear minister, in every conceiv-

able attitude—sitting, standing, in gown and bands, without gown and bands—three-quarter views, side views, back views, top views, bottom, &c., &c. It is a delicate subject, we know, but then the interests of truth lay us under the necessity to pursue the subject a little farther. In taking an illustration from our own family, we presume to say that our Matilda has an album exclusively devoted to the church—that is, filled with “cartes de visite” portraits of the ministers of our own denomination. Our own excellent minister figures in nine different attitudes—his favourite pulpit attitudes—his favourite platform attitudes—his homely easy-ozy attitudes—his features when warmed with his subject—his features in repose, &c. The Jenkins and the Gogletons are following her example; when they come over on an evening they take their albums with them, and *such* nights they spend in comparing, criticizing, and admiring! The moral effect is most happy, as the albums have entirely superseded frivolous and objectionable pastimes, such as cards, bagatelle, and conundrums. The only danger to be apprehended is, that the visits to the atelier of the photographer may somewhat tend to diminish the time left for pastoral visits, which some think are not now so frequent as they should be; but what is lost in one will be gained in another. Let the atelier be attended by all means. In the case of men of the world it might be said with some show of reason that vanity was at the bottom of it—but in the case of clergymen that charge must fall to the ground.

Snifters and other learned and eloquent writers, in treating of the ennobling and purifying influence of the fine arts, have very conclusively shown that their source is in the infinite—that certain combinations of sound, and certain combinations of lines, light or shade, or of yellow ochre, vermilion and Prussian blue, are great moral renovators, and lead the mind instinctively

“From Nature up to Nature's God.”

Who can doubt it,—for whoever heard of an undevout precentor, a drunken fiddler, a lewd artist, or a roguish picture-dealer? Oh no; they all, gradually but surely, in virtue of their avocations, become sublimated, and etherialized into a species of hierarchs, and are very frequently found despising the ways of grosser men, such as butchers, bakers, tailors, and rent-collectors.

On musing on these great facts, it strikes us that our modern interpreters of prophecy have overlooked—unaccountably overlooked,—a most important stage in human progress. While some have regarded the millennial era as commencing at the downfall of Napoleon, others have fixed it at the commencement of steamboats and railroads, others to the passing of the reform bill, and others again at the abolition of the corn laws. Now, why not fix it at the culminating of the fine arts in photography? We will not go in search of passages to substantiate this notion, but from the immense patronage which the art is receiving from the Church, we think that the advent of photography is much liker the real thing than any of those occurrences to which we have just referred.

Mrs Magloskie did not live in this happy era. There was no way for it then, than to place herself at the mercy of erring man, armed with pencils and paint pots. For plain people, however, this system had its advantages, as it was the acknowledged principle of high art, sanctioned by the canons of Sir Joshua Reynolds; that men and women should be painted not as they are, but as they ought to be. When there was any particular deviation from the lines of beauty—such as a snub-nose, high cheek-bones, long upper lip, wide mouth, or short neck—the artist should consider that nature had been thwarted in her intentions, and that it was his duty to correct the mistake. Photography has knocked Sir Joshua on the head—high art may be said to have met its death by a sunstroke. Snub and pug must now remain snub and pug, and it is in the interests of truth that it should be, however disagreeable to the feelings of a large proportion of this portrait taking generation.

Happily, there was little, if anything to correct in the face or figure of Mrs Magloskie. A fine matronly old lady, with full brow, prominent nose and chin, deep blue eyes, with fine level sweep of eyebrows, and a well formed, firm set mouth. The nose was particularly fine, being nearly straight with an almost imperceptible tendency to the aquiline, and the scroll-work very perfectly chiselled. Now, as touching noses, a great deal of delusive sentiment obtains in society, for which, we believe, the great Napoleon is mainly responsible. He was a great man in many respects, but on the matter of noses he was eminently superficial. His principle as well as practice when anything great or daring required to be attempted, was to select the men with the largest noses. It was a prodigious error, and sufficiently accounts for the terrible disasters which clouded the latter portion of his brilliant, but selfish and ill-directed career. He ought rather to have selected chins. A full, prominent, single chin is the grand facial characteristic of nobleness and determination. We should be the last to assert that there is nothing in a nose, but we do not hesitate to say that unless it is balanced with brow, and especially with chin, nothing good or great can reasonably be expected from it. Your mere noses are the very lowest type of the race—ferocious enough no doubt, but men that will not hesitate to kick when you are down, bite your nose off, or stab when your back is turned. A man with a properly developed chin, never stoops to such base or cowardly expedients. He has generosity in him—will give you fair-play, and beat you too—unless your chin be as good as his. We grant, that in making way in the world there is a great deal in *cheek*, and it often succeeds where brow and chin would fail, but this is little to the credit of the world. In opposition to our noseological speculations, it may be asserted that it was a nose that extinguished Napoleon himself, and liberated Europe. Nothing of the kind; and sorry we are that Wellington has gone to his vault without being properly understood. No doubt the olfactory arch was stupendous, but if men had had sagacity enough to have looked what was under the bridge, they would have found the very thing for which we have been contending. The Duke

had a well modelled, nobly developed chin, without which his body-guard would in all probability have been policemen, and his headquarters the jail. Finally,—if nose were superior to chin, our hero would have been immensely superior to his mother, but all the facts were opposite—diametrically opposite, and settles the question completely.

We stated that the question was raised as to which of our local artists should be entrusted with the taking off of Mrs Magloskie. There was M'Cormick, a risen man, who was busily at work on the second, if not on the third generation of Smeekumblin worth and beauty, and had made a fortune. His brush was powerful, but his figure was large—somewhere about fifty guineas for a kit cat, and seventy for a half length. Now that is a great deal of money, and as the squire well remarked, before it was framed and hung up it "would break the back o' a hundred-pound-note." Then there was Thistlewood, a rising man, whose pictures were by many liked even better than those of his rival, for they were smoother and nearly a half cheaper, and as money is not made by throwing it needlessly away, the conclusion was ultimately arrived at that Thistlewood should be the man. Thistlewood was called upon, came, saw, liked the subject—set to work enthusiastically, and was eminently happy in the results—he had caught the nose to a shade. The picture was a leading attraction at the succeeding exhibition, was lauded immensely by the critics of the press, and gave Thistlewood a decided hitch upwards. But it gave art a still greater hitch, from the circumstance that it frequently brought the squire into the exhibition to enjoy the pleasure of seeing people stare so admiringly at his mother, and put him into the mood for buying.

As Miss Jessina had objected to the old masters, the squire considered it proper to take the benefit of her judgment in making a selection from the young masters. Now art, with the exception of portraiture, goes by fashion quite as much as the style of a lady's bonnet or the cut of a gentleman's inexpressibles. As to portrait, there has been little or no change in the background since the days of the great Venetian, three centuries ago. It must be done brown—nothing else is orthodox—nothing else is attempted. There must be something in human nature that instinctively longs after this treacherous embalment, or how could it have been endured so long in a world the fashions of which pass so rapidly away. Whatever it may be, this, at all events, is certain, that the artist who cannot do it, is himself done for. The people of Smeekumblin, in common with all others who feel "this longing after immortality" find it, as many better men and women have done—in tar. In landscape, it is very different—there seems to be no binding law. Every conceivable combination, from unmitigated chaos to green skies and blue grass, has had its day and generation of admirers; and that which commanded *the line* in the day when Mrs Magloskie looked so blandly from the walls was the chaotic. Recipe—"a trowel full of each of the three primary colours—trowel-full of white—trowel-full of black;

throw at random on different parts of the canvas, shut your eyes—rub smartly with the trowel all over, trusting to the chapter of accidents for gradations and effects. When dry besmear fully three parts with bitumen, frame, and hang up.” This, we say, was the kind of landscape—called landscape—which in those days commanded the places of honour—before which the connoisseur and critic of the press danced “Jim Crow” in ecstatic wilderment. The awful azure—powerful light and shade—masterly *chiaro scuro*—depth and brilliancy of tone—exquisite abandon! These and such like, were the terms in which the Grimshaws and the Higgess had the satisfaction of seeing in the leading journals, applied to the efforts of their trowel. And who has any right to complain? Not we at any-rate, for art is liberal, and this is a free country.

The infidel tendency of Miss Jessina’s mind was also here apparent, for she absolutely snuffed at the awful azures, and exquisite abandon of Grimshaw and Higge, and after a protracted scrutiny, fixed on a picture hung a stave or two above the line, which had a quiet blue sky, and some green in the trees and fields. Now, had Miss Jessina carefully read the “Fifth notice” of the Exhibition, in “the Trum-peter,” she would have found three lines devoted to this very picture, and these three lines contained the critic’s condemnatory—withering, jake, and chiefly directed against the green, which in her eye constituted its chief merit. No doubt there was such a thing to be seen in nature, but then, high art is not nature—doesn’t Sir Joshua say so? The picture was by Sanders, who subsequently rose to enviable distinction in this walk of art. Poor Sanders had well nigh fallen a martyr to verdant hues—to carefulness of touch—to keeping his eyes open while he worked—to looking at nature instead of the old masters. This high art of unbelief on the part of Miss Jessina, was a lucky, a providential circumstance for Sanders, who really had a desire—a consuming desire—to live blamelessly, and pay his lawful debts. He had not sold a picture for sometime previously; the freshness of his pencil was not adumbrated in his personal aspect; there was a nap-less all-overish-ness about his outward man—a silent, corroding, anguish within. Sanders had for sometime been endeavouring to screw his courage to some dreadful alternative—whether to take to making “old masters” for the picture-dealers, or to take to drink, defy his landlady and tailor, and reach a consummation of some kind, where he would be like his fellows and have the usual fare.

Not an hour after the sale had been effected, Sanders, as was his daily practice, paid a visit to the exhibition; not to make himself surer that no offer had been made for his pictures, but to mature his theory of colour, and forget his sorrows in an hour’s chat with other knights of the palette, or trowel, some of whom were not in a more hopeful condition than himself. There is a proneness—proclivity is the finer word—in human nature to be the first to announce a piece of news, whether good or bad, to those to whom it most concerns, and no sooner had Sanders opened the door than that obliging(?) functionary, the money-taker, abruptly made him aware of the im-

portant fact "your large picture is sold." If the reader can fancy what is likely to be the facial expression of some leader of a forlorn hope, when, in entering at the breach he finds the enemy just disappearing in full flight, he may be able in some measure to comprehend the nature of the change that passed over the features of this artistic campaigner.

"What say you, sold!" exclaimed he as his eye gimleted the aesthetic Cerberus, to make sure that he was not trifling with his feelings.

"Yes, sold, and the deposit of quarter of the price duly paid over." Sanders rushed through the large room, and into the small room, and directing his full risen orbs sky-wards, there indeed beheld the magical word "sold," duly appended, and harmonizing beautifully with the tender greens and floating chiaro-scuro with which it came in contact. Whoever heard of an artist, whether of the ideal or the matter-of-fact school, that objected to this grand finishing touch as in any way interfering with the effect of his work? To Sanders it was like a sun-ray shooting down and breaking up the dark clouds that had long been massing themselves about his mental horizon, and without waiting for the salutation and congratulations of his brother artists, rushed off, and having ascertained the name of the discriminating purchaser, was immediately out at the door. Withers, who thought that the purchaser might have been still more discriminating, and purchased some of his own works, which were all done after the orthodox recipe, remarked, not a bit envious of course, that Sanders "was off to give a large order for verdigris." Binks, the portrait painter, gave it as his opinion, that he "was off to order a beef-steak for dinner," and to say the truth, Sanders was not out of the need of such a thing, whatever may have been the quantity of verdigris in stock. Be these things as they may, it is more certain, that he took an early opportunity to wait on the squire to express his gratitude for the kindness that had been shown him, and to offer his services to see the picture home, and hung in a proper light, after the close of the exhibition.

This was the grand turning point—the tide in the affairs of Sanders which floated him to fame and fortune. It was also a grand turning point in landscape art in Smeekumblin, for the very next season there appeared on the walls of the exhibition a large picture of Dundrookie Castle, by J. M. B. Sanders, and, as per catalogue "the property of of Robert Magloskie, Esq." Now, the property of a gentleman who had been a purchaser the previous year, was not likely to be treated unhandsomely by a hanging committee, every member of which had pictures to sell, and accordingly Dundrookie had a favourable place assigned it. Possibly, however, this remark may be uncharitable, for the merits of the picture were fully sufficient to account for its position, but frail human nature is prone to imputations which are not always very well founded. Even *the Trumpeter*, which had on a former occasion given Sanders only a severe side-thrust about his "greens" now discovered "a fine aerial effect of distance, a very natural and pleasing play of light and shade, upon the hills in the

middle distance, and a placidity and transparency of water, and attention to minutiae, which were highly creditable to the artist." Other public organs were equally complimentary, and *The Reservoir*, which had formerly been silent on the works of Sanders, "envied Mr Magloskie the possession of such an admirable work of art." From that time henceforth the trowel style of art was at a discount in Smeekumblin. The younger brood of aspirants turned their eyes towards Sanders as their model, and Sanders had no longer a difficulty in finding a market for his wares. The preraphaelites and Mr Ruskin, had not then come upon the field, and were we inclined to dispute their pretensions as art-reformers, we might, on the score of precedence, claim the honour for Sanders and Magloskie. The cockney school is only the Smeekumblin school pushed to the extreme.

Nor are we yet done with Dundrookie, for it then was and still is a favourite watering-place for the better classes, and here, in a neat cottage—we should rather say villa,—within nine minutes' walk of the fine old ruin which Sanders painted so sweetly, did the Magloskies spend much of the summer months. The reader will naturally suppose, that now when Mrs Magloskie had retired from the cares of business, and had the means of comfort in abundance—super-abundance we might say—she would be a happy woman. But there again the reader would mistake. Bodily infirmities began to grow, and grew concurrently with her pecuniary prosperity. She was a martyr to rheumatism. It is an unhappy circumstance, nay, deeply to be deplored, that command of capital cannot give immunity from annoyances of this nature. When Mrs Magloskie was, every lawful day, summer and winter, up to the elbows in soap-suds, and exposed to every alternation of temperature from zero almost to the boiling point, she never felt a twinge, but the doctor said that very probably the seeds of the disease had then been sown. If so, it was matter for gratitude that their growth had been postponed till a more convenient season—till she had made her fortune and had leisure to nurse herself. How could she have got on at all, at all, poor woman, had she been, night and day, gnawed with the ruthless fangs of this mysterious, pill-defying tormentor?

By novelists and other frivolous persons, an old lady's rheumatism is regarded as only one of her whims—an imaginary ailment on which she is insufferably garrulous, and limping jokes thereupon are innumerable. Mrs Magloskie did talk about her ailment—called it rheumatism too, and not "the gout" which is now the fashionable term among the well-to-do vulgar, as it pre-supposes an aristocratic ancestry. Fortunate was it for Sanders that Mrs Magloskie was so afflicted. It is of very great importance that an artist be a good talker, or singer, or story-teller, as in Smeekumblin these qualities go a considerable way in securing the friendship, and the commissions, of those who have plenty of money to spare. With one, or some, or all of these qualities, fifth-rate artistic talent may actually command first-rate prices. In these, however, Sanders was unhappily deficient, but he had the gift of silence, and won the esteem of Mrs Magloskie by the

sympathizing patience with which he listened to the narrative of her sufferings. His sympathy was sincere, for his own mother had been a victim of the same disease; which was, in one sense, a lucky circumstance for him, as he was thus enabled to expatiate on the peculiarities of her case, as well as on the means she employed for the alleviation of her symptoms. To this, fully as much as to his "masterly touch," was he indebted for an invitation to Dundrookie, and for the commiseion to paint the castle, which picture he executed on the spot, during his sojourn at Crabtree Villa, as the Magloskie coast residence was called.

Of all the luxuries of an objective kind that result from business success, none is more generally envied than a coast residence during the summer months. Not merely because it is fashionable; it is also necessary, and in most cases really enjoyed. Winter presses hard upon the Smeekumblindian lungs, stomach, and brain. What with close application in dingy counting-houses, dingier warehouses, and dusty workshops; what with mid-day visits to refreshment-rooms, late and heavy dinners, and later and heavier libations at clubs, at taverns, and at the domestic board, the human system gets "all out of sorts," and a deal of chimney-sweep, and scavenger work requires to be done; is expected to be done, by the summer sun and the sea-breeze. The grand object in view is the improvement of the appetite, which, if effected, the summer-sun and the sea-breeze are supposed to have satisfactorily accomplished their mission, and may rely on having quite as much to do next season. With reference to our hero, the squire, we cannot in justice say that there was, in the earlier seasons of his coastings, any marked or perceptible improvement, but there was no falling off, and that is saying a great deal. He enjoyed the coast residence exceedingly. The only means of transit between the town and Dundrookie was by steamer, and for nothing was the steamer of those days so much famed as for the jolly breakfast which was to be had on board. This was a most exhilarating interlude in the monotony of the morning's sail, and as the squire himself frequently said, far more than compensated for any little annoyances which might otherwise occur.

These frequent, almost daily, excursions were important in other respects, and the only instance which it is here necessary to give is, that it was on board the steamer that the squire made, or rather renewed, acquaintance with his old master, the exalted Clay. Time and a generous cup had been dealing with old Clay. While his locks were bleached white as his own undyed cotton, his ears, the middle of his cheeks, and his nose from the bridge onwards, were of a fine deep claret hue, the same claret hue being, by an elaborate process of vermicular hatching diffused over all the other parts of the face, upwards to the brim of his hat and downwards as far as Clay esquire was pleased to permit the outer world to survey his figure-head. There was also a good deal of cord-work beneath and about his eyes which, in spite of the surrounding luridity, looked chilly. His lips too, once smooth, firm, and shutting down on each other like the

corresponding sides of a smith's vice, were now considerably twisted and puckered, drawing his mouth into a shape very like what we might suppose to have been the mouth of his own purse. That his appetite improved, or at least kept its ground, by summer sojournings at the coast, there was no reason to doubt. That he was still the same indomitable, "keep all within ourselves," real business-man, there is quite as little reason to doubt. Nevertheless Clay could condescend, Clay could even be affable, when it pleased his humour or served his purpose. For a considerable time he regarded the Magloskies as "mere shop-keepers," and passed the squire without the remotest symptom of recognition. Now however, when the squire had come to be a power and a principality in Smeekumblin, the eyes of the mud-god swivelled round, the head bobbed, and the lips relaxed. Frequent meetings in the steamer led to interchange of words, and ultimately to something like conversational familiarity. Clay even condescended to introduce him to Miss Clay, his youngest and only unmarried daughter, who, to do her justice, was really handsome. That she was a Clay might have been derived from the fact that her beauty had in it a feeling of austerity, and from the additional fact that her vivacity seldom degenerated into a smile. Whether she was anything more than a Clay—whether she had "heart" or not, must remain to be shown hereafter. The Clays had a very fine villa at Dundrookie, situated on the hill side and in the true Clayley spirit, separated, isolated, set apart, from all the world by a high wall, which not only enclosed the house but also about two acres of ground which, adorned with trees, shrubs, and flowers, interlined with walks which swept round mossy rocks, and zig-zagged up steep places and culminated in a heather-clad arbour looking towards sunset and commanding a magnificent panoramic view of hills and water. Of which more anon.

The Divitts too, had their coast residence at Dundrookie, and chiefly, although not exclusively, with them and Miss Jessina, lay the circle of Mrs Magloskie's companionship. Miss Jessina had, from the first, spent a portion of every summer with the Magloskies, and the medicating effects of her presence were scarcely less valuable to her friends than the sea-breeze itself. While she had an eye and a heart for the fine mountain scenery, she had also an eye and a heart for what she regarded as "the Master's work," which, unhappily, she found to be abundant wherever she went. At that time the village proper was a most ungainly accumulation of hovels, with about as much method and taste in their arrangement as might have been had they tumbled from the hill-side or dropped from the clouds. Picturesque indeed, for no two of them were in a line with each other, and the thatch roofs of the greater portion luxuriant in crops of profuse and unmarketable herbage. The walls were rickety and foul, the adjunctive dung-heaps being thrust conspicuously forward, and indeed it might be difficult to say whether they or the houses were most deserving in an architectural point of view.

(To be continued.)

THE POETRY OF LABOUR.

FRAGMENTS OF A LECTURE.

THE first few chapters of that old Book which we reverently recognise as the Bible, have at all times afforded matter of the keenest controversy as to the truth of the facts which they purport to relate. But as the ages have rolled on, and knowledge has increased, as we were taught to expect it would, the field of argument has become gradually narrowed. Science and Religion have made peace for ever. The geologist—long regarded with suspicion, if not with positive hostility, by the watchful guardians of the faith—has proved himself its redoubtable champion in many a fierce struggle with the sepoys of infidelity; by his researches we have learned more and ever more of Him who hardens the ruby in a million years, and who works in cycles of duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go like rainbows; the secret records of earth's bosom have been elucidated at least to the extent of convincing us that between the testimony of the rocks and the revelation of Inspired Writ, there is no irreconcilable antagonism. And if we go forth like Isaac to meditate at even, we can look up yonder without doubt or fear. "The silence that is in the starry sky," is not the message of despair; the heaven, like the world beneath our feet, is eloquent of harmonious order—

"We hear at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well."

Nature and its beauties, so oft and long the subjects of the sentimental sceptic's rhapsody, have, as befits this practical age, become the lesson-books of our belief. There is no scientific enquiry needed as to the absolute truth of what is represented in the Scripture legend of man's fall as the instant consequence of that event. Ah! how many a time in the course of the dreary ages has poor man saddened over the memory of his early Eden home. He has a dream of a realm clothed with every charm that could gratify the untainted senses of perfect humanity, where nature once bloomed in the gorgeous apparel of a beauty that had waxed more beautiful throughout unnumbered ages, till beneath the smile of the all-perfect Creator, it had become perfection of all loveliness, to fill with delight the soul of man, the newly-arrived stranger to the scene. Melodious voices stirred the trees, and whispered sweet among the flowers; the wings of heaven-born visitors flashed often through the balmy air, as they hung in wonder above the Paradise prepared with so much care for the new and favoured race, or descended to question about whence they came, or to muse amid the bowers. All beasts were there, happy, though unconscious of their strength; all birds of highest plume and tenderest song, the minstrels of an ever various but unceasing praise. Man's

habitation was indeed very good, and no wonder that over it the morning stars sang together, and the angels shouted for joy

If this be all a dream, my having the power to conceive it is sufficient to inspire me with a hope that it may be yet realised. But if the Bible legend of a Fall were a myth altogether, as I cannot believe it to be, there is surely much in the actual condition of things correspondent with what we might suppose likely to follow on such a curse as that said to have been pronounced on man. The tradition of a golden age lingered in the dreamy heart of the pagan, preserved there all the more fondly that the age seemed for ever gone, and the hard and stern present he designated the age of iron. In all nations, probably, the belief will be found that man has at some period or another been better, and surrounded by the influences of happiness in greater measure, than he is now. I am not about to enter on a metaphysical enquiry as to the origin of evil, or a theological disquisition as to the why and the wherefore of the curse of toil. It is written on man's brow, whether he fulfil it under the lash amid the cane breaks of the Far West, or does his daily darg among the clays of the Lothians; whether he excavate the dingy treasures of the coal-pit, or prepare the bread of his fellow-men in the bakery, whether he dig in the quarry or tend the loom, whether he sets types in a printing office, or breaks stones on a road, whether he tills the earth or ploughs the sea, whether he bends over the ledger or over the anvil, whether he shepherds on the hill or sells in the shop, whether he teaches scholars or pleads cases, or preaches sermons, or writes books, he must toil that he may eat. Do not think that my antithesis of bending over the ledger and over the anvil is too severe, that the latter kind of work is by far the hardest. It were a vulgar error to think so. Look at the poor clerk of the city lane, whose talent is consumed in adding, multiplying, dividing, from day to day, whose mind is in his figures, and whose withering face reflects no radiance from anything within; do not his bent shoulders and shuffling gait, his weak eyes and thin hair, speak very intelligibly of a wasting of the sap of life? I warrant you an insurance company would look on him as no favourable subject. Do you think that the long continuous thought of the student, who labours with every nerve strung to extremest tension till the problem is solved; of the author who labours with imagination all on fire, till the cold drops are beaded on his pallid face, and the work is done,—do you think that these are not toils? Why is it that death

“Smiles as he marks the youthful brow
Bent over the midnight page,
And lists the fond enthusiast's vow
At the shrine of bard and sage?
Because he has doomed him to sure decay,
And knows when his bays are green,
That his toil-worn frame shall pass away
From earth, and no more be seen.”

Why is it that we mourn so many of the best and wisest, whose suns have gone down while yet day? Is not Hugh Miller's grave in

yonder corner of the cemetery where we laid him an awful wreck, that mighty brain crushed, that noble heart pierced, the phrenzied spirit, too soon for us, gone home to God,—and what but mental toil made *this* desolation? But if none escape the burden of unrest and toil, most wisely in Providence it has been ordained that it shall be laid on each according to his capacity to bear. Every man has his appointed place in the world, whether, as Thomas Binney says, it be to rule a kingdom or to sell tripe; the *manner* of doing the work appointed makes all the difference. Many a man seems out of his place, as poor Burns was out of his when guaging firkins, or John Keats when plying pestle and mortar, or as our own Alexander Smith was when working in a spinning-mill; and yet neither station was incompatible with a life of honesty and industry. Genius is not its own reward, only Virtue is, and the highest gifts by themselves are valueless to secure that enduring calm of mind which is called happiness. The finely-strung nature vibrates to every wind that blows, and it may be the thrill of exquisite sensations the poet realises in an hour, are worth a lifetime of the drowsy experiences of common men. But a life of mere emotion is not a happy life; it is not, however, the gift of poetry that brings unhappiness with it, as we might imagine from the records of poets' careers. A king may be wretched on a throne, but a cobbler may be cheerful as a cricket in his stall, and the men of gifts most rare and high may be miserable in their misuse, while the humblest hewer of wood, or meanest drawer of water, may be glad for aye. Away for ever with the cant about the fate of Genius. Too often, indeed, still, is that phrase a melancholy synonyme for blasted hopes, bright imaginings laughed to scorn—for want and woe,—the displenished garret, the jail, or the dreary bedlam. Too often still we are content to garland the tombstone when we did not crown the brow, and pay that honour to the ashes which we denied to the spirit. But it is not always the neglect and slights of a heartless world which are the most deadly enemies of the gifted man. In truth, it does too often happen that the poets live and act the poetry of life but very imperfectly. Think of Chatterton, while he lay with the sweat of his great agony on his brow in that wretched room from which his soul fluttered out on the calm morn as it dawned on the slumbering city. Think of Ferguson and Tannahill, the one closing his reckless career in the town madhouse, the other ending his sorrows in the dark stream at midnight. Think of Burns, fighting his long fight for bread, and at length, sorely bruised in soul, dying hard, at what should have been his prime. Think of Byron, an Ishmaelite all life long, falling asleep with his young heart withered as by fire. Think of Edgar Poe of America closing his fierce life mad in the common hospital; of poor Thom, who dreaded his weary weird of life, and only tasted of fame when all life's sweets were gone. There are many of whom scarcely a record remains, to whom their gifts were only bitterness, and who, exposed by the very nature within them to trials and temptations which do not beset ordinary men, have by the wayside fallen and perished, weary

with the march of life, when scarce begun, their spirits too soon bowing down their tenement of clay. Ah! it is not great genius that brings true happiness and peace; it is not enough that a man write poetry, he must also live by it; and some have done so. See Milton, old and sightless in his cottage, living like the friend of God; Cowper, a gentle recluse at Olney, his life a long hymn; Wordsworth, with soul possessed, calmly dreaming of immortality in the shadow of Helvellyn, and at last,

“ Without a blot on his name,
Looking calmly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.”

There is work in the world, meeting us at every turn, to keep us always humble. I often think so, when looking upwards on a starry night, and remembering what a unit I am in the immensity of creation. A philosopher has left on record, that the stars are a sad sight. I do not think so, for “in nature there is nothing melancholy;” but at any rate, far sadder is to see a fellow man, who in our world has become a star, setting in darkness and misery; and then, how may one bless himself that Providence has not made him a star, but only a farthing candle! It, too, is useful in its way, and according to its measure of wick and tallow. You are not accountable for what measure of light you possess, only it is declared that you shall not hide yourself under a bushel. Let your light shine before all men; you will be a lonely being indeed unless you can lighten some. When I predicate, in accordance with experience, that the rule of life is work, I mean of course, that no position is exempt from it. The observance of a natural law can have no indignity with it; the man who works honestly for a shilling a-day, is as respectable as the man who earns twenty. And if any argument were needed for the dignity of the humblest labour, it might be found in the consideration that fulfilment of the command implied in the curse is sweetened by the reward of physical health and physical happiness which labour brings. The very facilities which worldly advancement affords for carrying the primary elements of happiness too far often lead to a diminution, instead of an increase, of the good we are in search of. Thus, health is a blessing, but healthy appetites have their limits of enjoyment; and the means of pampering them give birth to maladies from which they who are confined to a humble competence are exempt. It is not always in the families of the wealthy that we find the rosiest health, and the soundest slumbers. Nay, even great intellectual attainments, or a highly cultivated taste for all the elegancies of life, not unfrequently bring along with them cares and anxieties of their own. If long life be, as it commonly is, any test that life has passed smoothly and pleasantly, then is it a remarkable fact that the best class of lives is found in the friendly societies, consisting entirely of members of the working classes. What is perhaps still more striking is, that the class known by the name of the aristocracy has the shortest duration of life. A man need not be set down as a revolutionary, who asserts

the dignity of the working man, but it would be the worst kind of sedition to try to imbue you with the idea of the superiority of the mere labourer with his hands over the labourer with his head. Think you that Shakespeare's was not noble work, and Scott's, and that of our own beloved Dickens? Have they not laboured as stoutly as any man among you all,—laboured to bless you for ever with sweet fancies, to soothe the restless pulse of care, to lead you away from the loom, and the forge, and the field, and the shop, to enjoy, apart from the loud stirring tide of care and crime, for ever so brief a period, a time of pleasant dreams, whence you may return to such toil with freshened energies and invigorated will. The discontentment of the working-classes with their position, has always been the natural social dread of oppressors, and enlightenment was regarded as its most certain cause. Oh! fools and blind! not to see that knowledge is the parent of contentment,—that the mind once awakened to apprehend the truths of science, once equipped to wander by the quiet waters, and amid the green pastures of literature, to converse there with the Kings and Princes of the realms of thought, and able to pass at any time into a quiet world of its own, is most likely to settle down in peace, and view with entire complacency the superiorities of rank, because these give no command of any happiness more perfect or enduring than that found within itself. Speaking generally, I do not believe that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; but I do believe that a habit of reading is one of the best gifts that can be acquired by mortal. My respect is unbounded for popular rights and popular opinion, and I have no fear that these will ever be imprudently advocated by the man who is recognised as a great reader. But I would rather that each of you had a hundred volumes of good books to cheer and instruct you, and had a hearty love of them, than that you possessed the elective franchise, great as that privilege is. I am proud of Scotland, as pre-eminently a land of song, and never hear the sweet familiar words of artless love, or the time-worn ballad of old days, that has the clang and rattle, and fierce mirth of the foray in it, or the stern and fiery lyric breathing independence, sung, as either may chance to be, by the bonny lassie in her teens, or the grey gudeman, without feeling how much these have had to do with making my country what she is, and giving her a name that is above every name among the nations, all that is loveliest in peace, and most glorious in war.

The constitution of each man's mind of course directs his reading and his studies, and it is most likely, that the next lecturer you hear may advise you to the exclusive pursuits of practical studies, as I solicit you not to disregard imaginative ones. I am not speaking now without reference to the business avocations of daily life. The mind is the true California. Your mere worldly gear you cannot carry with you when you go out into the great dark sea. You would fain take your boxes of ingots with you, but Charon's ferry-boat carries no luggage; you must leave all your property on the quay, and go alone. But we do not know whether our fulfilling our duty here, by exercising

our faculties for the ennobling of our own nature, and the improvment to the uttermost our own gifts, may not tell on the eternal destiny of the spirit. I can scarcely think that the intellectual training of the mind is to cease with the putting off of mortality, and have no result further; but rather cling to the fancy, that though happiness is complete hereafter, that the perceptions of some will be keener, and that in their glorious rest they will find some fruits of enjoyment more than others, because of their *mental* labour here. But this is speculation all; we know nothing of the *kind* of the happiness beyond; but we know the duty which rests on us here, and know the happiness in which its right performance results. Man's perfect state of health consists in mind being sound within a body also sound; and mental disease ensues, when the imagination becomes over-excited on the one hand, and the reasoning check is broken, or is overclouded and hopelessly darkened on the other; moral disease is when the heart becomes more or less callous to the softening impulses of natural affection, or of things good or beautiful either in nature, or as ideally represented. To keep these two, the heart and the imagination, pure and healthy, I invite you to study the great poets, and to cultivate the love of poetry. In no other literature are those virtues and charities, the practice of which ennoble life, so most tenderly illustrated, nowhere else the soothing charms of domestic life so attractively painted, and by no other means whatever, so much, so directly conveyed to the soul for its comfort, its delight, and its instruction. What riches priceless does any one possess who has access even to our best-known bards. There, for instance, is dear old Oliver Goldsmith, with his exquisite geniality and truth, in such familiar pieces as his "Sweet Auburn." There is Thomson, immortal through all Seasons; Burns, the poor man's poet for ever and ever, with his uproarious fun, or affecting pathos, or remorseless satire, or consoling cheerfulness, his knowledge infallible of every phase and bearing of human life; and Cowper, with his shrewdness and wit, and his holy love of nature; and, of course, there is Scott, whose every poem is instinct with the finest chivalry, and the passion of his life love of his native land; and besides these, that are on almost every shelf, what numberless others are there altogether good, and whose works are full of sentiments the most amiable for the nourishment of heart and soul, as Grahame, who sang the "Sabbath," and the "Bards of Scotland;" James Montgomery, his life as pure as is his various song; Felicia Hemans, the Miriam of our modern life; Robert Nicol, the lesser Burns; good, kindly Willie Motherwell, who poured out his heart over "Jeanie Morison;" Ebenezer Elliot, the sturdy blacksmith, throwing sparks like hammered iron from the fire; D. M. Moir, the wise, and good, and gentle physician; William Thom. whose "Mitherless Bairn" has won for the orphan a more tender pity; Mackay, who loves always to sing of the "Good Time Coming;" Longfellow, of America, whose "Excelsior" will be the marching song of humanity for ever, and many more who have sung to all of us, and as intelligibly to the feelings of every one of hum-

blest knowledge or station, as the mavis sings from the bush, or the laverock from the sky. What wealth of cheer do even our minor bards supply, independently of the great bards who stand apart, as Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth. It will not do to say that those men did not sing of natural feelings; alas! too many sang from experiences only too real. They trod the same paths to the grave that you are treading now. They are with you always as friends and companions, pointing out to you, as you go along, the infinite goodness and beauty that meet and surround you, from the star in heaven to the flower by the wayside, bidding you hope when full of care, soothing you in your grief, exulting with you in your hours of ease, always at hand with a word of counsel or encouragement, to make you feel that you are greater than you know.

But if poetry fail to allure you to admiration, and you are afraid to trust yourself amid the unrealities which it conjures up, although you will mark that I have not advised you to the study of any writers whose works are entirely fanciful and inoperative on the heart, such as Tom Moore for instance, Byron, too, and Shelley, but would rather most warmly commend to you such a writer as Wordsworth, who first taught me and thousands more to look on nature with admiring love—I say if you reject the works of the poets as lesson books in the education of your heart, by all means then go to the records of actual life as you find these preserved in the histories of nations or the biographies of individuals. Histories are mainly records of facts, and the lessons of these are read by Lord Macaulay in one way—viz., as proving that Providence has always blessed the Whigs,—and by Sir Archibald Alison in another way, viz., that Providence has invariably smiled on the Tories. But the memorials of a great man's life cannot be banished or misinterpreted, because the whole springs of action and motion are then laid bare. "The noblest study of mankind is man," says the poet, in a true though hackneyed line; and it is a noble privilege to be admitted into the very inner room, where this and that other great one brought out the treatises that, becoming deeds, immortalised him; to watch how the great soldier bears himself on the eve of battle, or amid disaster; how the statesman feels when his power is baffled, and he is rudely driven from the helm; and to know how and wherein the orators, poets, novelists, all who have ruled by their genius, have differed from their fellow men. I do not speak of autobiographies, which are more or less offensive from their being necessarily egotistical; even that best of recent autobiographies, "*My Schools and Schoolmasters*," seemed to be so, though it is not so now that its lamented author has sealed his testimony with his blood. A biography, in which a man is made to tell his own story is deeply interesting, (for it is most difficult to Boswellise, and, in fact, there has been only one Boswell). How, *then*, we delight to find out traces of human heartedness and kindness about the subject of the memoir; and we feel gratified and encouraged at every new proof that we are of the same blood after all, for one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

When a great man is not so biographised, his life seems incomplete. The faithful narrative of one important life, is full of most precious instruction, especially if it have been one of severe trial, and of triumph through suffering. Such a biography as that of Charlotte Brontë, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, is of priceless value to the toiling, suffering, yet hoping hearts of weary travellers heavenward. Born in a poor Yorkshire parsonage, with the grim churchyard and its flat tombstones stretching before, and the wild grey moors far away behind, and all around, she wore life away beneath clouds and darkness, that followed each blacker than before, which only cleared away for a little while, that she might taste of earth's happiness, and be able to contrast it with the happiness of that heaven to which she soon was called. In that gloomy cottage was fought a battle against despair, which will be memorable in the annals of her race for ever. Early left without a mother's care, Charlotte Brontë, her two sisters, and their brother, grew up blest in the companionship of each other, and seeking no wider world, no more cheerful society, no fairer scenes than the lonely moor around their home. The children grew in wisdom, through communion with rugged nature and their own hearts; the sisters rose to women, the youth became a man; they struggled for position, and toiled—oh! how nobly—to win it, though it was only the humbler one of keeping a school; *he* fell, and perished, and wrought much woe. But affliction through faith was overcome; the three busy minds of these young girls went on in strength and faith increasing. Soon a volume of poems, truly fabricated of the spilt of their own hearts, appeared under feigned names, enough to prove to many that greater powers remained to be developed by the authors or the author. By and bye, the autobiography of *Jane Eyre* startled the reading public of Great Britain and America,—the work of the elder sister,—followed, at brief intervals, by other works by the two younger. They had written their names by these on the history of their time for ever; and then one, the second, drooped; and struggling bravely, almost fiercely, with her enemy, without a sigh or sign, she gave up her strong spirit to her God, and silently went away.

Blindness threatened the old father, and his eldest daughter stood by while a fearful operation was performed, which partially restored him to sight. Still the work went on. "*Shirley*" was next written, and again the voice of praise was loud and general; but it echoed through the heart of Charlotte Brontë, without turning it for a moment from the duty which she owed at home,—without uplifting or changing her in any way. Anne, the light of the gloomy dwelling, began to pine away, and gently, very gently, passed from her sisters arms, to bloom elsewhere. Charlotte was alone now, with her father, but still, the brave heart was the same. The moors were still her place of thought and worship; her father was with her still to watch and love. That ready, daring, pen was still busy writing with the bitter ink of experience; that calm clear faith was never for a moment dim; scarcely a tear flowed,

though memory burned like fire; to yield was to neglect her duty. Fame was blatant of her name; the greatest sovereigns of letters fondly called her sister; for she had opened new mines of character, and developed new phases of life, and founded a new school in literature, and given delight to thousands; but day after day broke on the hills, and died away on the wide grey wastes, and few of all who knew the world-famous authoress, recked of that lonely little Yorkshire girl, as in her widowhood of soul, she sat within the dreary parsonage and watched the shadows falling upon the graves. One came who wooed her for herself, for the sake of those who were gone, and him who was still left. The girl became the wife, and those who knew her hoped at length the clouds were gone, and in their great love prayed that she might still long be happy. Months passed on; the parsonage was once more almost cheerful, and soon it might be hoped that some little visitor would come from God to bless that pale meek woman, and bid her back to youthful bloom with the cry of mother. But once again the dark shadow settled down on the fated house. "The old old story death." She awoke from unconsciousness as her husband was sobbing to heaven, praying that they might not yet be parted. "Surely," she cried, "He will not part us, we have been so happy." Fear not, gallant spirit, the strong immortal arms are round thee; brave heart, be calm! They buried Charlotte Brontë, with their unborn one, among the melancholy moors. The wind sighs above her dust, but what a lesson is carried hither. Ye speak of toil,—think of her striving for years on years like a household servant; suffering in heart, as her rarely fashioned nature, with its wells and deeps of tenderness would suffer, in poverty and weakness, and solitude, yet never yielding; to the end the same, in sorrow as when in happiness, when famous as when obscure and poor, always resolutely doing what her hand found to do, never despairing, never idle.

It is from such records of life that is over, that we may learn to shape our own; and such biographies as those of Johnson, Cowper, Scott, Arnold, Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Foster, Channing, Chalmers, Southey, Peel, Charlotte Brontë, Napier, besides a great many more of recent days, full of wisdom, for our instruction and for our encouragement in every mood of circumstance. I should not be complete on this point of my subject if I did not say a word as to novels. I believe that fiction may be applied to very admirable use. It is long since I learned from a great man the effect of a good novel in reinvigorating the mind after long exertion, and many a time have I so sought and found relaxation from severe study. But habitual novel reading is the wildest of all dissipations, and yet I believe instances of it are to be found. I think I have even met such creatures—and unfortunately among the softer sex. Very hopeless, indeed, their case; no teetotal society we can bind them to, but they have their reward, for they marry fools, and fret when they find life so very real, or die of inanition as old maids, the thin gruel of fiction being insufficient to sustain life. No,—it is not from among the passionate

devourers of the sickly trash from the circulating library, the spurious romance, always of the same materials, love and blackguardism—that we would care to choose our wives or the mothers of our children—not among them we would look for the ideal of the poet:—

“A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.”

The ambition to rise in social position is ever commendable; but the legitimate fruit of this ambition is the resolute endeavour, put forth, to act well our individual parts in the spheres of exertion in which we have been severally placed. That constant corroding dissatisfaction—too often ministered to by those who presume to be the guides and friends of the people—prompting sometimes to rail at those above us, and to seek, by some sudden stroke, to obtain alteration in their and our relative positions, is very foolish, and most unworthy. Labouring honestly, conscientiously: living, acting, virtuously: be it ours to rise, if not in social rank, at least in increase of personal happiness, and personal dignity, too, as before the Judge of all. This is the “Equality and Fraternity” of the Bible, that each doing his duty with his might, he is, in the book of the Great Reckoning, fully credited for all his manly toil, and entitled to be possessor of the same rewards, present and prospective, as the most elevated in station, who also, like himself, is to be tried by a standard of duty. Nor is this standard a fictitious one; but, divinely erected in the breasts of us all, it exists for the Noble, who has his thousands to dispense by the year—for the working man who has his family to care for—as well as for him who has none to care for or provide, save himself.

It is painful to believe that there are those to whom it would better become me to speak of patience than of contentment; who have, from whatever inevitable cause, missed their luck—whom Fortune has slighted, as they say—who have failed grievously of success in life, and who must wait an eternity for their next chance. Where poverty has been self-inflicted, not by the speculations of business, but by other causes, there will be an ulcer of remorse eating at the heart, which only the long rest of the grave may cure: But in honest poverty, there is no disgrace or shame, and we shall some day be all equal.

The curse of toil still rests on men—on the mechanic of the workshop, on the labourer of the fields; but in the course of these many cycles since it was pronounced in Eden, it has lost somewhat of its bitterness; for now, Necessity and Nature are the same. The humane care of rulers has been often exerted—not in vain—to protect the workman from brutal degradation in his work, and a most active philanthropy is ever doing all it can to lighten his labour, and make more easy his yoke. The philanthropist has to contend with the working classes against a greater curse—against a burden self-imposed, a blight self-imprecated and inflicted on the life and soul—it is the burden and blight of damning evil habits. I repeat, that in

this bright noontide time of knowledge, and civilisation, and busy philanthropy, the lot of the sons of toil is not so hard, but that each—or almost each—may create for himself that happiness which is the true “poetry of labour,” and of life. One advantage it may seem that the country labourer has over the artizan of the City—temptations are less frequent in his path. But let him meet them, and yield to them, and though his cottage home were in the loveliest loneliest nook of earth, it loses thenceforward all its poetry and all its beauty in his eyes. Wherefore, if any man will to have nature robbed of its loveliness, and his home of its happiness, and his own soul of its sensitiveness and of its peace—if he would have his affections blunted, his mind’s eye deadened, his whole existence poisoned and saddened—**LET HIM DRINK STRONG DRINK!** The home into which it never comes, is aye the happiest home over a long period of years; the mind never excited by its influence, is aye the happiest, healthiest mind, across which no remorseful visions pass—which, day and night, is calm as the laughing summer sea. Ah! there is poetry enough even in this laborious life for each of us, if we do but observe the simple rules which the Master of the Workshop has written and published for our guidance! If we but live as having to die, and labour as sure of rest, fearlessly holding up our heads, and honestly holding on our way, there will be poetry around us in the happiness of those at our hearth whom we make happy, and who reflect the sunshine of our home; and there will be poetry in our hearts, because contentment and the consciousness of good purposes are there. The curse of labour! It is no curse to us. “To labour is to pray;” that is, whether with mind or body we work, working with all our might, we best fulfil our destiny, and do the Master honour!

“Labour with thy spirit willing—labour with thy soul’s best feeling;
With thy whole heart do whatever finds thy hand to labour o’er;
For thy body, soul, and spirit, they are God’s; and all thy merit
Is, with thankful patient courage, still to labour evermore.
‘Thus to labour is to pray:’—Grave this legend in the core
Of thy heart for evermore!”

DREAMING OR WAKING.

THE TRANSFIGURED KISS.

“*La Vida es Sueno.*”—*Calderon.*

A stillness in the chamber, a low and gentle breath,
The only sound that breaks the calm where brood the wings of Death;
A perfume from the rose-leaves floats, as one by one they’re shed,
Softly it floateth round the couch where lies the newly dead.

No pang, no sighing murmur, telling when life had ceased;
The soul uprose from the maiden there, like a wind-bent flower released:

One kiss the lips ere death impressed on the weary mother's cheek,
Who resteth anear in slumber which no touch so light could break.

Round either neck are still enwreathed their arms in fond embrace,
And tresses closely intertwined o'er-canopy each face :
The dead girl's soul one moment glides to the sleeping mother's dream,
Brightening its woof with a holy calm, as the sun's departing beam.

She dream't, that o'ertasked sleeper, that on her brow was laid
A garland of spring flowerets, culled in some child-loved glade ;
And soft, yet chill, their moist leaves press'd, and balmy kiss they gave—
Odour of Heaven that waits the soul,—not of the clammy grave.

A form beside her gliding, a form with lustrous eyes
And sunny locks, and halo-crown of rainbow varied dyes ;
A low sweet voice, like evening—sends in autumn's closing hours,
Comes to her heart, and nestles there, as a fawn to a bed of flowers.

A low sweet voice, whose echoes are the memories of the dead,
Tones of the past commingled, tones of all music fled ;
"With me, over earth," it whispers, "to Heaven's bright portals fly !
And thou shalt see such beauty waits, 'tis blessedness to die."

Earth shewed to them, as swift they passed, like some vast battle plain,
Where deep beneath them lay encaved the ashes of the slain,
Who years ago had met in strife : where was their rancour fled ?
No cares disturbed, no enmity amongst the mighty dead.

The light of setting suns is on them whereso'er they go ;
Where mountains soothe the chafing clouds upon their breasts of snow.
Where cities smile above the sin and sorrow they enshrine,
And where the ocean bares to heaven one vast unbroken line.

Far, far, away, where forest wilds illimitably spread
The waving light still gives to view some record of the dead :
Till rising from the globe, they leave man 'neath them faint and wan,
Whose world its own night's shadow casts : but Heaven's sun shines on.

"Behold ! where'er we wander," the spirit said, "all pain
And aching woes that wearily pressed on the heart and brain,
Death cleanses from the soul which bathes in the light of God at last,
And wondering views how small the cares which could in life o'ercast."

The struggling toil no longer ; the truth they sought is found.
Are these the souls that in the paths of twilight earth lay bound ?
O far beyond the brightest hopes which made the inspired hour,
And nerved them for the worldly strife, in their awaiting dower.

"Time has no curb for such as these, before whose gaze is spread
His charted course, the pathway trod by never dying dead.
No weak distinctions here of clime, of race, or family,
Unshackled, loved and loving all, the spirits wander free.

"Flow on, thou chequered stream of life ! thou hast not 'mongst thy cares
One sorrow which to turn aside defeats a mortal prayer :

Yet round each seeming woe some bliss, like the vine's tendril, clings
And in the gloom of darkest night some grateful anthem sings."

'Tis past! the voice, the scenes of life and love have passed way;
The mortal wakes to earth once more beside that lifeless clay;
But knows her child in Heaven is blest, and if sometimes a tear
Springs to the eye, the heart is calm and has no doubt or fear.

The kiss of the parting soul remains; a love beyond the tomb
Sheds o'er the last few years of life a still-increasing bloom:
In death's calm beauty she beholds the dead girl's features gleam.
Thus slumber wakes her thoughts to heaven, and life becomes the dream.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, *Cambridge*.

J. W. E.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

I.

(IN MEIN GAR ZU DUNKLES LEBEN, U.S.W.)

Down upon my life's dark pathway
Once there slid a form of light;
Now that lovely guide is vanished,
And again I grope in night.

As when children wake in darkness
And their hearts begin to fail,
They will sing aloud some carol
Till the morning light prevail,

I, a child forlorn, sit singing
In my sorrow's darkened room:
If the song be void of music
It has cheered my soul in gloom.

II.

(ICH WEISS NICHT WAS SOLL ES BEDEUTEN, U.S.W.)

Within me remorse's embers
Are stirred, I know not why,
And strangely my mind remembers
A tale of years gone by:

The dewy eve advances,
And tranquil flows the Rhine,
The rock's bold forehead glances
In daylight's parting shine.

Translations from Heine.

There sits the wondrous sitter—
 The beautiful girl—up there,
 Her golden jewels glitter,
 She combs her golden hair.

A madrigal she singeth
 As her golden comb she plies,
 The music wildly ringeth
 Adown the river and dies.

In his little boat the rower
 Is caught with a pang of love,
 He sees not the rock below her,
 He sees but the girl above.

And there where the wavelets are dancing
 He sank with the setting sun,
 And this with her music entrancing
 The Lorelei has done.

III.

(MEIN HERZ, MEIN HERZ IST TRAURIG, U.S.W.)

My heart, my heart is sinking
 While the May awakes in glee,
 I stand high up on the rampart
 With my back to a linden tree.

Below me crawls in silence
 The city's broad blue moat;
 A boy is singing and angling
 As he veers about in his boat.

Far over by distance mellowed
 The landscape lies unrolled—
 Wayfarer, and villa, and garden,
 And kine, and meadow, and wold.

On the green the linen is bleaching,
 While gambol the girls around,
 The mill-wheel scatters its diamonds,
 I hear its monotonous sound.

Upon the old grey tower
 There stands a sentry-box,
 I see the guard, red-coated,
 As up and down he walks.

I see his musket gleaming
 In the sunlight overhead,
 He shoulders it and levels it—
 I would he shot me dead.

MACPHAIL'S

EDINBURGH ECCLESIASTICAL JOURNAL.

No. CCIH.

DECEMBER 1862.

OUR FAREWELL.

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

THE time has come for us to speak that word regarded by many as the saddest in the English language—FAREWELL! Our readers will, no doubt, pardon our occupying a few pages of this, the last number but one of *Macphail's Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*, with a statement of the chief cause of our relinquishing that communication with them which has continued for almost twenty years. Not without urgent need was it commenced, and not lightly is it brought to an end. The affection and respect that springs from long acquaintanceship is not to be regarded with careless eyes, and we, who have abstained in each half-yearly volume from the vanity of Editorial Prefaces, have no need to deny ourselves the privilege of speaking calmly, as to a body of personal friends, in these moments when we are about to bid farewell to them and to our native land. Whatever it may be to those whom we leave behind, to us this is a solemn moment; not wholly without pride, not wholly without a chastened pleasure, as beholding how many are the hands that now are stretched out to clasp our own; yet with a sadness at heart when we remember that these things are fading away from us, and that in a little while our place will be vacant, our voice be silent, and only a memory of the past be the bond of union between ourselves and the friends whom we have loved—the land of our forefathers, and the Church for whose cause, to the utmost of our powers, we have spent the best years of a life.

At such a time as this, it may be interesting to our readers, and is only just to ourselves, to take a calm retrospect of the past. It was a time of almost unparalleled excitement in the ecclesiastical history of our country—a time probably never exceeded for religious animosity in any country, since the Reformation—when our first number appeared 17 years ago. To those who were not eye-witnesses of the scenes presented in those days throughout Scotland, the account of the bitterness of feeling caused in families by the strife which accompanied the "Disruption" of 1843, may now seem incredible. The estrangement of the most intimate friends, was as nothing to the total anarchy caused among members of the same household: parents and children taking adverse sides, husbands and wives separating on account of diversity of opinion regarding the rights of secession, and all the time-honoured bonds of reverent obedience and loving regard, which had united worshippers together in the National Church, broken asunder as if they had brought slavery and pollution. And all this by many thousand men and women, who had heretofore seemed content to dwell in peace and purity within the fold. Every secret grudge and grievance now came to light, taunts and recriminations were uttered on all sides, and it appeared for awhile that the ties of Christian brotherhood had been rudely snapped, once and for ever.

The Press connected with the Church was wholly paralysed by the magnitude of the Disruption, and the overwhelming energy of the Free Church.

Millions of broadsheets were showered over the country, in advocating their peculiar views; money was raised in incredible sums, and agencies were organised, from the Shetland Isles to Kirkcudbright, to promote the interests of the Free Secession. The power of the Press, it may be well conceived, was not overlooked by the seceding body. The first talent which could be procured was readily enlisted in its service, and the more violent the zeal of the writer, so much the more valuable it was held to be. Language of the utmost asperity was daily used by those who had left the Church, in assailing those who adhered to it; so that a stranger might have believed a gulf as wide as that which separates Christianity from heathenism, lay between the members of the so-called "Free Church," and the Establishment. The bitterness manifested was far greater in those who departed than in those who remained behind. Since the warfare of assault is always more appropriate to newspaper service, than is the warfare of defence, it was seen that the Press, with some few exceptions, held out a welcome to writers who furnished attacks on the Church, but looked coldly upon the answers of these attacks. In short, the Press claimed for the Free Church a possession of all the talent, as well as all the zeal for Christ's Headship and Kingdom; and utterly repudiated the idea of any honesty, Christian devotedness, learning, or practical ability, remaining in the Establishment. According to the statements of the Seceders, the Church—yea, even religion itself, only existed in their own body, both clergymen and congregations.

It was at this important period that we were waited on by some of the most venerable members of the Church, and solicited to bring out a Magazine which might stem the torrents of abuse then being lavished on the clergy, from every possible quarter, and on every public occasion. We agreed to do this, and, our resolution being once taken, we, on the instant enlisted the best available talent in the work, so that fourteen days later, and in the month of February 1845, there appeared the first number of the *Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*.

Mingled pleasure and pain are in the remembrance of that first Number. It was successful beyond expectation, its abilities were unquestioned, and the leaders in the Free Church were reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the influence, and respect the power, of the Journal which not only offered resistance to their assaults levelled against the established clergy, but maintained by the soundest reasoning and learning those principles which had been held for guidance in the time of doubt and difficulty. The *Ecclesiastical Journal* fought powerfully, and asked no clemency or favour. One of the best tributes to its ability was furnished by Dr Candlish, who bore public testimony to its merit, in the Commission of the Free Church. This tribute he gave with the chivalry of a combatant well able to appreciate bravery and talent.

We have said there is also pain in remembering the first Number. Many of those who contributed by their articles to the success of the undertaking are now, alas! no more. The grave holds their honoured dust, but the genius and the practised skill, the piety and constancy of faith, the learning and kindly humour, the unselfishness and fearless advocacy of the truth—these, which distinguished them in life, and spoke in their writings, have embalmed their memory, so that of many a one whom we were proud to honour of our staff, during the progress of the Journal, it may be said he now "being dead, yet speaketh."

It may interest our readers to know who were contributors to our first Number. The Rev. Mr Adamson of Dundee, the Rev. Nathaniel Morzen, and Mr James Bruce, have gone to their rest—the last named only a few months ago; the survivors—and long may they remain so!—are Professor William Stevenson, Professor Robert Lee, the Rev. A. R. Bonar, and the Rev. James Millar, Chaplain of Edinburgh Castle.

It was not long till on our roll of contributors we inscribed the names of Dr Norman Macleod, Glasgow; Dr Cumming, London; Dr M'Naughton, Lesmahagow; Principal Leitch; Professor Gray; Principal Tulloch; Dr Macfarlane, Duddingston; Dr Anderson, Newburgh; the Revs. Colin M'Culloch, Montrose; David Hogg, Kirkmahoe; Robertson, Monzievard; Blake, Fogo; Anderson, Kinnoul; Gordon, Newbattle; Dr Lockhart, Inchinan; Rev. J. Elder Cumming; Dr Buchan, Fordoun; Dr Cochran, Cupar; Rev. Mr Rattray, Blairgowrie; Rev. Mr Smith, Birse; Dr Buchanan, Methven; Rev. Mr Young, Shorncliffe; Dr Irvine, Blair-Athole; Dr Cunningham, Crief; Rev. R. Murray, New Cumnock; Rev. Mr Paton, India; Dr James Bryce; Rev. Mr Scott, Dysart; Rev. Mr Murray, Old Cumnock.

Many writers who have enjoyed celebrity in various paths of miscellaneous literature, have been among our most frequent contributors, and there have been few departments of criticism in which this Journal has not laboured to establish a purer taste and sounder knowledge. Amongst our most zealous contributors have been Thomas Aird, Thomas De Quincey, George Gilfillan, David Vedder, Dr Samuel Brown, Professor Laycock, Phineas Deseret, J. W. Ebsworth, Peter Landreth, Sheriff Arkley, Sheriff Barclay; W. Young, Dundas Grant, George Paterson, D. Mure, Advocates; John Carmichael, Thomas Wright, Robert Young, (translator of the Bible), Rev. W. Gillespie, James Carmichael, C. Mackenzie, W. Glen, A. Macpherson, A. Stewart, M.P., Dr. J. P. Steele, Dr Huie, and many more.

Nor have we been devoid of the graceful delicacy of feeling, and the clear intuitions of the finest female minds. Besides others, Miss Dick Lauder has given us some of her most valuable papers; Miss Isa Craig many of her earliest and most tender poems; Miss Frances Brown of Stanoular, and Miss Pyper, shewed their own thoughtful genius nowhere more convincingly than in our pages, and one lady of the clearest intellect, and unswerving rectitude of moral purpose, Miss Agnes Smith of Sydneyfield, was for many years a valued and indefatigable contributor to the *Journal*.

After the sterner contest of the opening years had gained a more respectful bearing from our opponents towards the Established Church, we seized the opportunities that offered of gathering into our circle all the charms of healthy literature, and gave more encouragement to such writings as promised to advance Art and Science. We have always endeavoured, as far as space would permit, to do justice to every work which promised to assist the cause of religion and civilization. But our chief aim has ever been the advancement of truth and the establishment of faith in the Gospel; and in our reviews of religious books, our observations on cotemporary politics and movements among the people, we have never ceased to direct attention to such things as appeared worthy of emulation and approval, or to condemn with unflinching words whatever seemed hurtful or of doubtful tendency. We can appeal with confidence, even to our recent volumes, in attestation of this claim, knowing what has been there said in reprobation of the poisonous scepticism and heretical teaching which in the sister kingdom is exciting the alarm and vigilance of many Christian labourers. Had we continued to maintain connection with our readers, it would have been our ambition to continue such warfare to the utmost, and to make this *Journal* a bulwark of religious faith in the coming day of trial. But it is only on what has been achieved that we can found our claim for remembrance; not on what we purposed.

We offer no apologies for the keenness of battle in our early days. As regards ourselves we had no choice; since, believing in the truth of the cause we advocated, we employed our best powers ungrudgingly, as every brave and honest man must do. We struck hard, but we struck for honour and truth; not for envy, malice, or revenge, or the mere lust of conquest and

destruction. We know well that we did this at the cost of worldly wealth and quiet : that the position we occupied as a publisher during the long controversial warfare, reacted injuriously upon our general business, and cost us many private friends, and consumed hours that might have been otherwise agreeably devoted to useful purposes. Enough of this cost in suffering is known to those who have watched the struggle, but we have at least the consciousness of feeling that unselfishly we have laboured in the common cause of religion, and not for worldly profit or the clamours of popularity, *for we never received any pecuniary assistance from the Church, in any shape or form.*

The scene around us is changed, when we step forward to take our Farewell, from that anarchy and turmoil which were beheld at the time of our opening Number. If we have aided, as it is conceded that we have done, in winning for the Church of Scotland the justice which was in 1845 denied to her, we may also lay claim to some considerable share in bringing on the calmer and more friendly spirit which now animates the members of the Established and the Free Churches, in their relations towards each other. Whilst there was need of battle our weapon was not sheathed, but when the rage of the foe had abated after frequent and impressive rebuke, it has been our more pleasing office to assist in drawing both parties to a more friendly recognition of the important points of sympathy, so that they might co-operate in noble works. For proof of this statement, also, we might produce ample testimony, but it is not necessary. The Journal itself gives ample proof. Whilst the animosities existed in full force we were necessitated occasionally to use hard language to our opponents; but, even then, we frankly and honestly met every advance to friendship and Christian charity. The passions which were excited at that time have gradually subsided. The *Free Church Magazine* is extinct: John Johnstone, whose name as publisher in connection with the Free Church was so universally known, is in his grave. We have seen many others of our literary compatriots quietly depart. The *Torch* flared up and expired; *Low's Edinburgh Magazine* has long gone to the tomb of all the Capulets; *Hogg's Instructor*, after a brilliant career, blazed and expired; *Titan* too, long since joined the mighty dead; the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* died and made no sign; and the *Church of Scotland Magazine*, brought forward as our rival, and supported both by influence and by money—has ceased even to be remembered. Our Journal stands the only Ecclesiastical Record of the events of the last seventeen years,—and it is with sorrow we say it, that it would have been better for us if years ago we had taken our Farewell also, and devoted our energies and capital to literary enterprise more remunerative to ourselves, and more adapted to the altered circumstances of the times. Our own day of warfare is also closing, and the necessities for a controversial Journal having ceased, our labour ends, and the next number at once terminates our thirty-fourth volume, and the *Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*.

In saying Farewell to our Readers and Contributors, previous to our departure for a foreign and distant land, with little of sunshine on our individual pathway across the ocean, we are aware that we shall carry with us their warmest regards for our future welfare, and this at a time when we need and can appreciate their sympathy; and we can assure them that whether traversing the mighty Atlantic, or when dwelling beyond it, we shall often think of the happy intercourse we have had with them in our beloved Scotland. Such thoughts and remembrances will soften the pang of exile, and cheer the evening of our days.

And now with all good prayers and wishes for the welfare of our many friends, and for the happiness of all our readers, we bid them

FAREWELL!

MRS GORDON'S MEMOIR OF "CHRISTOPHER NORTH."*

THE name and fame of John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, were recognised for several years among the chief glories of the Scottish metropolis. Yet it may well be doubted whether even among his most enthusiastic students, this celebrity as a lecturer was not deemed secondary to the lustre which encircled him as the hero of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," the genial and eloquent critic, the irresistible humourist, the tender and melodious poet, the brilliant and versatile essayist, the idol of every circle, the beloved of every friend, the man whose form was of the grandest mould, and whose heart was as warm with affection as it was strong with courage and pure from guile. It is as "Christopher North" in connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, that the reputation of John Wilson was secured, and for many generations his works will be cherished and perused with the same affectionate admiration as that with which his contemporaries have lingered over the "Recreations," or the "Noctes."

A memoir of the author, whom so many had known and loved, has been impatiently desired, ever since he was removed from us in 1854. The appearance of the present work has been greeted with so much favour, that the first edition of 1800 copies was disposed of in a few days, and a fresh supply demanded. Some fear had been previously expressed, that any memoir written by a daughter could not do justice to such a man as John Wilson, but this fear has proved to be unnecessary. Mrs Gordon has not only given, conscientiously, a genuine portrait of her father in his domestic life; but many of his intimate friends belonging to his social and literary circle, are also introduced with an amount of skill and a fulness of interest that agreeably surprise all who remember the lady's own reference to her "inexperience in literary work."† Two volumes of more delightful reading in bio-

* "Christopher North:" A Memoir of John Wilson, Late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; Compiled from Family Papers and other sources. By his Daughter, Mrs Gordon. In two volumes, with Portrait, and other Illustrations, by J. Gibson Lockhart. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1862.

† Mrs Gordon says, in her Preface, "I have with much misgiving taken upon myself the duty of writing a memoir of PROFESSOR WILSON, believing that my father's life was worthy of being recorded, and that it would bear to be truthfully told. I was well aware of the great difficulties attending its performance, and they proved not less than I anticipated; and I knew that I rendered myself liable to the charge of presumption in undertaking a task declined by abler hands. But I could not give up my persuasion that an imperfect picture of such a man was better than none at all, and in that conviction I have done what I could."

"The many-sided character of the man I have not attempted to unfold; nor have I presumed to give a critical estimate of his works,—they must speak for themselves. Now and then, in the course of the narrative, where letters are introduced referring to literary subjects, I have made a few observations on his writings; but in no other way, with the exception of those chapters devoted to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the Moral Philosophy Chair, have I departed from my original intention of giving a simple domestic memoir."

"I have availed myself of the letters of my father's principal correspondents,

graphy have not been produced during recent years, than these which are devoted to the domestic life of "Christopher North."

We could have wished another portrait of the Professor. The one given in the first volume (engraved by H. C. Bell, from a calotype by D. O. Hill, the excellent Secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy) though strikingly characteristic, and shewing the shrewdness and concentrated energy of John Wilson, only reveals a part of him, and that not the aspect in which he was most loved. Something more of the genial breadth of spirit, the loving frankness and exuberant humour, which so distinguished him, have been perpetuated in the portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon, and a nobler frontispiece could not have been afforded than an engraving from the oil painting. Thomas Aird, in every way a competent judge, says regarding the engraving from the calotype:—"It brings out the power of the head better than any other portrait we have seen. But there is a cynical harshness in the expression of the countenance, which it certainly wore at times when anything mean presented itself, but which is altogether different from his habitual generous and loving expression."

We should be sorry to part with the other illustrations. What could be more racy than the portrait of Lord Robertson, by the late Professor Edward Forbes? The pen and ink sketches by John Gibson Lockhart are the essence of caricature—every scratch of his has meaning, and the apparent looseness or wildness of touch shows how "off-hand" were these jottings of sardonic humour. Look at the portrait of himself, with his many aliases, sitting at his study-table, inditing something particularly bitter, we may be sure, with a cold, ruthless, and most grim smile, as he uses the wisp of a quill (that has evidently been gnawed and twisted with as little remorse as though it had been a human being of opposite politics to the author); and how thoroughly we see that he is digging it into the paper, as if he held a stilleto, and not the sorely-tortured plume of mortal goose; the thin, short, in-drawn upper lip, long protruding chin, sharp straight nose, betokening melancholy and refinement, shaggy black eye-brows, over-hanging those half-closed sad eyes of his, that wear so sad and weary an expression, add to those the peculiar shape of that intellectual head, high, "long," and with the temples no less finely marked, yet without any massiveness. Two extraordinary men, each gifted with literary genius, the difference between John Gibson Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and John Wilson, world-recognised editor of *Blackwood's*, is indeed, enormous, and these sketches display the points of divergence as well as their writings could do. Yet the friendship between them was sincere, and to the very end of their days remained unbroken. Only a few months elapsed after the death of Wilson before Lockhart was laid in the grave; and there are not many letters more affecting, to our

so far as they served to throw light on the main subject, or were in themselves interesting and characteristic. I trust, in doing so, that I have inserted nothing calculated to displease or give pain to any one now living. If I have erred in this or other respects, my inexperience in literary work must be my excuse," &c.

mind, than those near the close of the second volume, wherein we see the effects of his bereavement on that potent spirit who had delighted in early days to be called "the Scorpion." We have seen them first in youthful strength, their recklessness and love of merriment; the world all before them and cheering them on, some fearing, others loving, but every one compelled to acknowledge their vigour and capacity. The final letters pass between two broken men, each widowed and shorn of strength, and looking forward to the rest under the turf. But even here Wilson's genial nature gives him the advantage; he is still the generous-hearted man, loving well the company of his grandchildren, and meeting with renewed kindness, the political enemies from whom he had been for years dissevered. Mrs Gordon thus indicates the contrast between them in their college days, and shortly afterwards —

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

"The striking contrast in the outward aspect of the two men (Professor Wilson and Lockhart), corresponded truly to their differences of character and temperament—a difference, however, which proved no obstacle to their close intimacy. There was a picturesque contrast between them which might be simply defined by 'light and shade;' but there was a more striking dissimilarity than that which is merely the result of colouring. Mr Lockhart's pale olive complexion had something of a Spanish character in it, that accorded well with the sombre or melancholy expression of his countenance; his thin lips compressed beneath a smile of habitual sarcasm, promised no genial response to the warmer emotions of the heart. His compact, finely formed head, indicated an acute and refined intellect. Cold, haughty, supercilious in manner, he seldom won love, and not unfrequently caused his friends to distrust it in him, for they sometimes found the warmth of their own feelings thrown back upon them in presence of this cold indifference. Circumstances afterwards conferred on him a brilliant position, and he gave way to the weakness which seeks prestige from the reflected glory found in rank. The gay coteries of London society injured his interest in the old friends who had worked hand in hand with him when in Edinburgh. He was well depicted by his friend, through the mouth of the Shepherd, as 'the Oxford collegian, wi' a black face, and a black toozy head, but an e'e like an eagle's; and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him, that fules ca'ed no canny, for they could na' thole the meaning o't.' I am fortunate enough to give the capital likeness on the opposite page, drawn by Lockhart's own hand, in which the satirist who spared no one, has most assuredly not been flattering to himself.

"Wilson's appearance in those days is thus described in *Peter's Letters* by Mr Lockhart:—'In complexion he is the best specimen I have ever seen of the genuine or ideal Goth. His hair is of the true Sicambrian yellow; his eyes are of the brightest, and at the same time of the clearest blue, and the blood glows in his cheek with as firm a fervour as it did, according to the description of Jornandes, in those of the "Bello gaudentes, proclioridentes Teutones" of Attila.' The black-haired Spanish looking Oxonian, with that uncanny laugh of his, was a very dangerous person to encounter in the field of letters. 'I've sometimes thoct, Mr North, says the Shepherd, 'that ye were a wee feared for him yoursel,' and used rather, without kennin't, to draw in your horns.' Systematic, cool, and circumspect, when he armed himself for conflict, it was with a fell and deadly determination. The other (Wilson) rushed into combat rejoicingly, like the Teutons; but, even in his fiercest mood, he was alive to pity, tenderness, and humour." (Vol. I. p. 262.)

Noble, indeed, were the "troops of friends" that the Professor might "look to have," and really found. They are well seen, even if only by occasional glimpses, in these volumes. Politicians and poets, economists and ecclesiastics, medicals and mechanicians, jurists and jesters, booksellers and blues, painters and pamphleteers, all loved to gather round "Christopher North," and unveil their best characteristics to his kindly eye. We see James Hogg, the inspired "Shepherd," who gave us that lovely dream of fairyland and virgin innocence, "Kilmeny;" and if, in his quarrel with Mr Blackwood, and the reconciliation owing to Wilson's generous mediation, he does not shine so brightly here as in the pages of the "Noctes," we are at least enabled to see him "in his habit, as he lived." Dr Moir, ("Delta"), and Thomas Aird, John Galt, and Lord Jeffrey, Lord Macaulay, Lord Robertson, Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Hamilton, Wordsworth, Hartley, Coleridge, Tytler, Talfourd, Rev. James White of Bonchurch, J. Hill Burton, and many more figure in these pages. But scarcely anything of them are more neatly sketched by Mrs Gordon than is Thomas De Quincey, who, whether he speaks and writes, or appears, always fascinates attention. We have the following graphic account of his commencing residence with the hospitable Professor:—

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

"I remember [says Mrs Gordon] his coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expecting that the water would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor ordered a room to be prepared for him; and they found each other such good company, that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. During this visit, some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for had he been addressing a duchess he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these:—'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form.' The cook—a Scotchwoman—had great reverence for Mr De Quincey as a man of genius; but, after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, 'Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain master that was wanting his dinner, he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his haun; and hear a' this claver about a bit mutton nae bigger than a preen! Mr De Quishey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at.' * * * But these little meals were not the only indulgences that, when not properly attended to, brought trouble to Mr De

Quincey. Regularity in doses of opium was even of greater consequence. An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no unfrequent sight to find him in his room lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, plunged in profound slumber. For several hours he would lie in this state, until the effects of the torpor had passed away. The time when he was most brilliant was generally towards the early morning hours; and then more than once, in order to show him off, my father arranged his supper-parties so that, sitting till three or four in the morning, he brought Mr De Quincey to that point at which in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful." (Vol. ii. p. 158.)

Mrs Gordon's remarks on the friendship which united De Quincey and Wilson, form a tribute to that man of genius who gave us not only the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," (which alone is sufficient to establish his fame), but also a multitude of miscellaneous papers, in which are seen the riches of a lifetime devoted to harder study than what has generally been supposed. Desultory as may have been his habits of reading in later years, De Quincey must have devoted himself with exemplary perseverance in an endeavour to penetrate those mysteries of antiquarian research and philology, over the supposed solution of which we behold him chuckling, at times, with such wierd merriment. Every admirer of his versatile genius must desire a biography of De Quincey, but meanwhile will thankfully accept any memorials of him that may appear in connection with his intimate friends,—who were but few in number, though his literary acquaintanceship was large. Mrs Gordon says, regarding

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

"The friendship subsisting between Mr De Quincey and my father has already been mentioned. From 1809, when he was his companion in pedestrian rambles and the sharer of his purse, till the hour of his death, that friendship remained unbroken, though sometimes, in his strange career, months or years would elapse without my father either seeing or hearing of him. If this singular man's life were written truthfully, no one would believe it, so strange the tale would seem. It may well be cause of regret that by his own fatal indulgence, he had warped the original beauty of his nature. For fine sentiment and much tender kindness of disposition gleamed through the dark mists which had gathered around him, and imperfectly permitted him to feel the virtue he so eloquently described. For the most part his habit of sympathy was such that it elevated the dark passions of life, investing them with an awful grandeur, destructive to the moral sense. Those beautiful writings of his captivate the mind, and would fain invite the reader to believe that the man they represent is De Quincey himself. But not even in the 'Autobiography' is his *personnel* to be found. He indeed knew how to analyse the human heart, through all its deep windings, but in return he offered no key of access to his own. In manner no man was more courteous and naturally dignified, the strange vicissitudes of his life had given him a presence of mind which never deserted him, even in positions the most trying. It was this quality that gave him, in combination with his remarkable powers of persuasion, command over all minds; the ignorant were silenced by awe, and the refined fascinated as by the spell of a serpent. The same faults in common men would have excited contempt; the same irregularities of life in ordinary mortals would have destroyed interest and affection, but with him patience was willing to be

torn to tatters, and respect driven to the last verge. Still Thomas De Quincey held the place his intellectual greatness had at first taken possession of. Wilson loved him to the last, and, better than any man, understood him. In the expansiveness of his own heart, he made allowance for faults which experience taught him were the growth of circumstance. It may seem strange that men so opposite in character were allied to each other by the bonds of friendship; but all experience shows that sympathy, not similarity, draws men to one another in that sacred relation." (Vol. ii. p. 156.)

Whilst heartily recommending our readers to peruse Mrs Gordon's memoir for themselves, we must not omit giving a hasty outline of the incidents in the life of her father, for the benefit of those who have not immediate access to the volumes.

We learn that the "somewhat gloomy-looking house in a dingy court at the head of the High Street, now used as a lecture-hall for the artizans of Paisley, is preserved as classic ground, under the name of 'Wilson's Hall:' in that house the poet was born, on the 18th of May, 1785." This is a gratifying fact, since it appears that among the people of Paisley, if nowhere else, a man may be esteemed a prophet in his own country; and also, the preservation of the birth-place is rendered more probable while it is entrusted to the intelligent artizans who are able to appreciate the manhood, intellect, and genial humour of Wilson, than it might be if exposed to the caprices of fashion in the "upper classes." The accounts of Wilson's childhood are chiefly such memorials as he himself gave to the world in his "Recreations." Delightful are they in their perpetual freshness and youth of heart. We may seek far before we find anything to equal them. It is noteworthy how much of the future passion for field-sports and bodily exercise is prefigured by the enjoyments of his boyish days. With what glee he records his maiden cast of the line and triumphant bringing home of the finny spoil, at the early age of three years; how he had started off, bent on commencing operations in a "wee burnie" a mile distant from the paternal dwelling; how armed with a willow wand, thread line and crooked pin, he had, in perfect solitude, given himself up to a day of persevering lashing of the water, until at length rewarded by a bite; how in tremulous excitement he is able to land his prey, and anon beholds it lying "on the gowans and the greensward, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long!" and how the fisher's joy bursts from all controul henceforth:—"Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters, and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape, and like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small funny fingers. He carries about with him, upstairs and downstairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy's maw; and at night, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' he is overheard murmuring in his sleep—a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams!"

We hear also of his early prelections, his juvenile attempts at pulpit oratory, very popular and morally orthodox, with the favourite text, "there was a fish, and it was a deil o' a fish, and it was ill to its young anes." Still harping on fishes, we see; "Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" His mother might well have feared that if he fell in love, unless it were with an "Orphan Maid," he would learn to regard the father of the Ladye as Hamlet did Polonius:—"Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger!"* When the time came for abridgement of liberty, and he was entrusted to the teaching of Mr James Peddie at Paisley, and later, when he was transferred to the Manse in the Mearns, where he studied under the Rev. George M'Latchie, the boy's passion for rambling over fields, mosses, and hills, exceeded the ordinary passion of boyhood. To the end of his days he loved the moors with all the fervid enthusiasm of that wondrous creature, Emily Brontë, and some of his finest bursts of prose poetry, descriptive, rapturous, celebrate the scenes which to many eyes would have seemed desolate and cheerless. But the spirit of liberty had won him to herself, and the love of winds and sunshine, storm and calm, was on him from the first. His education, as Bridges says of Byron, was that of a true poet.

Before we lose sight of him as a boy, that is to say, as a boy in size and years—for he always retained a boy's frank fearless heart and love of mirth and freedom—let us not forget a passing word on that great event of his youth, when "poor wee Kit" was supposed to be wholly lost; he having started off "all by himself, at sunrise, to draw a night-line from the distant Black Loch, and look at a trap set for a glede, a mist overtook him on the moor on his homeward way, with an eel as long as himself hanging from his shoulder, and held him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail indeed, and opposing no resistance to the hand, yet impenetrable to the feet of fear as the stone dungeon's thralldom. If the mist had remained, that would have been nothing; only a still cold and wet seat on a stone; but as 'a trot becomes a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein,' so a Scotch mist becomes a shower—and a shower a flood—and a flood a storm—and a storm a tempest—and a tempest thunder and lightning—and thunder and lightning, heavenquake and earthquake—till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked and almost died within him

* In witness of his keen passion for angling in middle-life, take the following jottings from his own hands. First, in 1815:—"I killed in the Highlands 170 dozen of trouts. One day 19 dozen and a half, another 7 dozen. One morning I killed 10 trouts that weighed 9 lbs. In Loch Awe, in three days, I killed 76 lbs. weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gaels were astonished.

Again, in 1816:—"What a fishing! In one pool I killed 21 trouts, all of them about 2 lbs. each, and have just arrived in time for dinner at Craig, loaded so that I could hardly walk. I have despatched presents to all around."

And yet again, so late as in 1843, though we might continue *ad infinitum*:—"With respect to myself, I am always knocked up at night and fresh in the morning. I made right down the middle of the river (the Dochart) among huge rocks and stones, avoiding all the pools twenty feet deep, of which there are hundreds, many places utterly dried up, others not a foot deep. In floods or rains it must be a most tremendous river."

in the desert." Then, in his record, come those sweet little tokens of loving insight into bird-nature, when the young Waif and Stray makes acquaintance with the family of peaseweeps—every word of the history so true to nature, so exact and so delightfully suggestive of the pictured past, that one episode so described outweighs in value the magniloquent history of many "national achievements," given by ordinary pens. Nor, in its own greater breadth of fun, with Charles-Lambish humour and a rollicking sense of enjoyment surpassing Charles Lamb, is the story of "Muckle-mou'd Meg" inferior. If there be any one to whom it is not yet known (and we fear there are many such persons semi-existing, or the world would not be so dreary this November), let him turn to the "Recreations" where the whole narrative appears. It is sufficient to say, that all accounts concur in shewing him to have been one of the most active, most joyous and beloved of children, foremost in every sport and athletic exercise, frank and generous of nature, incapable of feeling envy or acting with meanness. And in all this "the child was father to the man," for such he continues to be, so long as that vast bodily strength remained, and the deep sorrow of bereavement had not bowed his head, and stricken prematurely powers which have seldom been equalled.

In his twelfth year he left the Mearns, and lost his father. We cannot refrain from giving the account of the effect of this early grief on John Wilson, inasmuch as it shews the keenly sensitive nature—the almost excess of feminine delicacy of his nervous system, and which aids to explain what to many persons has seemed an incongruity;—the over-wrought, and, perhaps, occasionally morbid intensity of feeling, as shewn in his verses and prose tales, contrasted with the robust and healthy spirit which reveals itself throughout the richly varied "Noctes." But it was Wilson's nature to feel sensitively and enjoy vigorously; eminently he was a double-man. In part he was tremblingly nervous, and if judged only by the products of this half of his nature, such as the verses, and the "Sorrows of Margaret Lindsay," we might have deemed him weak, and lacking that firm grasp which is so necessary for a man in this world of ours. But the other and the larger aspect of him is that which we recognise as "Christopher North." Here, with the finer instincts not crushed or hidden, but strictly subordinated to their proper uses, and enriching and ornamenting as well as purifying the sources of enjoyment, we behold the strength and soundness of his mighty intellect. The nature of the man was such that he scorned affectation or concealment, and in the "Noctes" he had full scope for displaying, without reserve or offensive obtrusiveness, every liking or disliking of his mind. In immediate contact with passages of solemn grandeur or mirth-moving jocularity, the tenderness and pathos of certain portions of the "Noctes" gain instead of losing interest. In whatever he does, of each kind, the genuine emotions of Wilson are seen. Mrs Gordon says of

WILSON AT THE FUNERAL OF HIS FATHER.

"As he stood at the head of the grave, chief mourner, and heard the dull

earth rattling over the coffin, his emotions so overpowered him that he fell to the ground in a swoon, and had to be carried away. Such an effect, on a frame more than commonly robust, indicated a depth of feeling and passion not often seen in our clime among boys, or, in its outer manifestations at least, among men. The aspect and the character of Wilson have sometimes suggested to the imagination those blue-eyed and long-haired Norsemen, who made their songs amid the smiting of swords, who were as swift of foot and strong of arm as they were skilled in love and ready in counsel, fierce to their enemies, tender and true to their friends. And this little incident reminds one more of what we read in Sagas of that passionate vehemence of theirs, than anything we are accustomed to now-a-days.—(Vol. I. p. 22).

He entered as a student in the Latin Class at Glasgow University in 1797, and remained till 1803, residing with Professor Jardine. His course of life appears to have been regular, not only with all the quiet perseverance of a student, but most methodical and business-like in the minor occupations. His mother, with his brothers and sisters, had by this time removed to Edinburgh, and with them he dwelt when away from College. There is little to chronicle in these years beyond the scholastic routine and family affection. He wrote a letter to Wordsworth in 1802, expressing most enthusiastic admiration for his poetry, (the "Lyrical Ballads," &c.) and reverence for him as a man, such as he deemed him to be, judging from his published writings. Wilson's praise of Wordsworth appeared to us excessive and high-flown, but it was sincere and ungrudged. Of course Wordsworth accepted the adulation, as being only his due, and little suspected the future greatness of his young worshipper.

By June 1803, John Wilson had commenced residence at Magdalen College, Oxford, and had already become passionately attached to a young lady whom he had often met in Glasgow at Professor Jardine's, as well as later, at her home, Dychmount, near Hamilton. This intimacy was maintained during almost the whole of his university career in the south, and when it terminated seems to have caused him much agony. It is scarcely possible to avoid a feeling of sorrow regarding the almost inexplicable separation of these two lovers. It is hinted that the cause was the opposition manifested by Wilson's mother, but no explanation is given of the grounds of that lady's dislike. All that we see of "Margaret"—"the Orphan Maid"—whom Wilson loved with a young man's absorbing passion, leads us to a conviction of her having been worthy of a life-long devotion, and it is difficult to excuse any interference of relatives or friends, or any weak subservience on his part to their prejudices. But we know too little of the circumstances to permit us safely to pronounce judgment. However, when we read the somewhat commonplace prattle and gossip of the letters written in after years by the lady who filled the place of "Margaret" we cannot avoid unfavourable contrasts. His early love seems to have a mind of noble order, finely cultivated and delicately balanced. Yet John Wilson's wife was in goodness and in beauty and affectionate regard for him, well worthy of all that love which he bestowed on her, and with which he mourned her when in 1837, she was taken from his side.

The accounts of his Oxford life are not ample, but they tell of much prodigal expenditure of time, strength, money, and talents. He led, on the whole, a somewhat wild and dissipated life at the University.—much like what is generally spent by a young man who enjoys health, wealth and talents—but made the most brilliant appearances as a scholar when taking his B.A. degree, in March 1807. At that time he was in great distress of mind owing to the gloomy aspect of his love affair, and, as a friend mentioned "when John Wilson walked from College to the schools, he went along in the full conviction that he was to be plucked." But the result was a triumph, not a defeat. "The examination was truly, to use his private tutor's expression, a 'glorious' one. '*It marked the scholar*' is the measured but emphatic phrase of the formidable Mr Shepherd." A few more glimpses of the closing hours of this love affair are afforded, and then all ceases, except in memory. The old, old story!

Before this time he had selected and purchased a place of residence near Bowness, and, when his University career in Oxford closed, he removed to the new home, Elleray—one of the most beautiful of all the dwellings of poets. To those who have not seen the place, as we have in happy sojourns beside Lake Windermere, the engraving after Nasmyth's picture, in volume I., will furnish a suggestion for pleasing dreams. De Quincey's description of Elleray and Wilson's frequent references to it, with the remembrance that many of his sunniest years were spent there, have combined to give this spot an almost classic interest. We can only furnish a few lines from the interesting chapters devoted to Elleray.

ELLERAY.

"In this beautiful retirement the young poet was now at liberty to enjoy all the varied delights of poetic meditation, of congenial society, and of those endless out-door recreations which constitute no small part of his life. Soon did his presence become identified with every nook and corner of that lake region. In the mountain pass, by the lovely stream, on the waters of the lake, by night and by day, in the houses of the rich and the poor, he came to be recognised as a familiar and welcome presence. Often would the early morning find him watching the rising mist, until the whole landscape lay clear before his enraptured eyes, and the fresh beauty of the hour invited him to a long day's ramble into the heart of the valley. Though much given, as of old, to solitary wanderings, he did not neglect to cultivate the society of the remarkable men whom he found in that district, when he took up his residence at Elleray,—Wordsworth at Rydal, Southey and Coleridge at Keswick, Charles Lloyd at Brathay, Bishop Watson at Calgarth, the Rev. Mr Fleming at Rayrig, and other friends of lesser note, but not less pleasant memory, in and around Ambleside." (Vol. I. p. 125.)

Wilson speedily became the leading man of the district, in all sports and pastimes, as may readily be believed. His passion for boating made him keep an expensive fleet; his zeal for cock-fighting drew a collection of the most valiant birds to his mansion, and their admirers to his drawing-room; which, with one of the loveliest views in England to be seen from its windows, was converted into a cock-pit, for the nonce, by the removal of the furniture, and closing of all the aper-

tures by which sunshine and nature could enter, and distract attention from the spurred and dauntless combatants. His "Isle of Palms," and much more of his poetry was written here, and at midnight he would frequently wander among the mountains or across the lake in his boat with Billy Balmer, and thereby indulge his love for serene grandeur or fitful gloom; at other times he seemed the mere personification of animal spirits, and would (as De Quincey relates) be found at early morning, along with a friend, mounted on horseback and equipped with long spears, chasing a bull for miles among the hills, in all the wild enjoyment of a boy's love of mischief. The wrestling matches of the district found in him a most enthusiastic and liberal patron, and the more boisterous his life became (probably in great part to relieve a "sickness of heart that no stranger may scan"), even so much the more tender, dreamy, and sentimental, or calmly meditative became his poetry. The influence of Wordsworth, with whom he was now personally intimate, though insufficient to wean him from his jovial habits and athletic sports, may have done much to encourage each reaction. But the incongruity was somewhat in excess. The life was growing too coarse, the poetic dreams too vague and devoid of human vigour and reality, when an acquaintanceship formed with the family of Mr Penny Machell, so far ripened into intimacy that John Wilson proposed for the hand of a sister-in-law, Miss Jane Penny, and led her to the altar. And this time there is no word of opposition from his mother. He was married on the 11th of May, 1811, and his home was henceforward more happy.

In February 1812 appeared in print "*The Isle of Palms and Other Poems* by John Wilson." The volume was well received, and he was soon busy planning out and writing "the City of the Plague," &c. But now, in 1815, came a shock of interruption to this worldly prosperity. Owing to the culpable mismanagement of an uncle, John Wilson suddenly lost almost all his property, and had to quit Elleray where he had lived so happily. He removed to Edinburgh, with his family, wife and children, and for four years resided in the house of his mother, 43 Queen Street. He was called to the bar, in that same year, 1815, as were also Patrick Robertson, John Cay, Andrew Rutherford, P. F. Tytler, Sir William Hamilton, Thomas Maitland, Alexander Pringle, Archibald Alison, Duncan M'Neill, James Ivory, &c. Next year they were joined by that potent spirit John Gibson Lockhart. Truly, a goodly company. Of the brief, though almost briefless time, in which John Wilson followed the usual routine of a professional promenading in the "*Hall of Lost Steps*," not much is reported. "He did sometimes get cases, but," as Mrs Gordon confesses, "when he found them lying on his table, he said jocularly 'I did not know what the devil to do with them!' the Parliament-House life was plainly not the thing which nature meant for him. The restrictions of that arena would not suit his Pegasus, so he freed his wings and took another course." He was continually dashing off on some excursion in one or another direction, either for fishing, or mountain climbing, or shooting, or to see a friend; and on one

memorable occasion his young and pretty wife accompanied him in a long pedestrian journey through the Highlands, greatly to the horror and astonishment of many well-meaning towns-people. This was in July, soon after their arrival in Edinburgh. After this time his life was purely literary, saving for highland rambles and small out-breaks of convivial visitings. In 1817 he became connected with Blackwood's Magazine, and much curious information regarding this subject will be found in these interesting volumes. But neither on this subject, nor on his successful contest for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh in 1820, must we linger any further at present. We have accompanied him thus far in detail, and part with him at the close of the 1st volume, when he has fairly entered on public life, and has obtained a recognition of those great talents which lent so much attraction to "Edina, Scotia's darling seat" for thirty years. The second volume furnishes account of these busy years, and preserves many valuable letters. Mrs Gordon here writes from personal experience, and the narrative is fascinating. But we must close this paper with a passage describing Professor Wilson's first appearance as a lecturer on Moral Philosophy:—

PROFESSOR WILSON'S FIRST LECTURE AS PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

"The opening of a new session is always an interesting occasion, and when it is the Professor's first appearance the interest is of course intensified. The crowd that assembled to hear my father's introductory lecture proved too numerous for the dimensions of the room, and it was found necessary to adjourn to the more capacious class-room of Dr Monro, the Professor of Anatomy. Wilson entered, accompanied by Principal Baird, Professors Home, Jameson, and Hope, in their gowns,—'a thing, we believe, quite unusual,' remarked the *Scotsman*, in whose eyes this trifling mark of respect seemed a kind of insult to the audience, composed as it was, to a large extent, of persons prepared to give the new Professor anything but a cordial greeting. An eye-witness (the author of 'The Two Cosmos,'—MS. letter) thus describes the scene:—'There was a furious bitterness of feeling against him among the classes of which probably most of his pupils would consist; and although I had no prospect of being among them, I went to his first lecture, prepared to join in a cabal which I understood was formed to put him down. The lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. Such a collection of hard-browed, scowling Scotsmen, muttering over their knobsticks, I never saw. The Professor entered with a bold step, amid profound silence. Every one expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself, and his subject, upon which the mass was to decide against him, reason or no reason; but he began in a voice of thunder right into the matter of his lecture, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly, without a pause, a flow of rhetoric such as Dugald Stewart or Thomas Brown, his predecessors, never delivered in the same place. Not a word, not a murmur escaped his captivated, I ought to say his conquered, audience, and at the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause. Those who came to scoff remained to praise.'"—(Vol. I. p. 332.)

No one will regret the time bestowed in reading this memoir, which brings back to view so many of our greatest literary men, and furnishes so complete a picture of John Wilson's domestic life.

NIRGEND'S COLLEGE, November, 1862.

KARL.

THE BI-CENTENARY CELEBRATION.*

THE recent celebration of the Bi-centenary Anniversary of the expulsion of the Nonconformists brought forward many speakers and writers whose opinions were unfavourable to the Church Establishment. Some of these men were not undistinguished by piety, and a still smaller number had won a reputation for learning. On the whole, however, it must be confessed the zeal outran the discretion, and in too many instances there was advantage taken of the occasion to indulge in coarse attacks on Episcopacy, and laudations of Congregationalism and Dissent, with all the virulence of party spirit, and a total forgetfulness of Christian affection or the commands of the apostle—"Let your moderation be known to all men."

So far as it effected anything beyond mere talk, the result of the celebration has been quite as unfortunate, in some respects, as it has been beneficial in others. The insulting tone of the majority of speeches delivered could not but wound the feelings of good men and true within the pale of the Establishment, and cause them to shrink back more than they would otherwise have done from co-operation with the Dissenters, who now so boldly proclaim themselves to be the salt of the earth. Not all or many within the Establishment had been ungenerous; there had been sympathy hitherto with the persecuted Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, Presbyterians, Independents, and other sufferers for conscience sake—men and women who had fought the good fight in troublous times, and sealed their testimony with their blood, refusing to falsify their faith by doing what they believed forbidden by the Word of the Lord. Honourable churchmen had learnt to regret the former persecuting policy of government, and could not but be offended at the unjustifiable attacks which were now being made on the entire body of the Established Church, in its constitution and members, its principles of communion, its cherished doctrines, and its affectionate respect for the authority of learned and pious ministers of the Word, who had never bowed the knee to Baal, or rendered more than lawful tribute to Caesar, yet refused to abandon the Church of their fathers at the call of sectarianism and unruly dissent. This kindness of feeling has not been reciprocated so often as it ought to have been, or to any great extent, by the Dissenters themselves. They have refused to be contented with the admissions made, they have thrown back with scorn most of the conciliatory words, and seem resolved to abide by an obstinate antagonism to the Church, and an exhibition of contempt towards all who remain in the shelter of the sanctuary; they will have no part or lot with

* 1. Conscience for Christ: or August the Twenty-fourth. A Lecture by the Rev. William Roaf, Wigan. Illustrated by John Gilbert.

2. The Model Church. By the Rev. L. B. Brown, Berwick-on-Tweed. Published by recommendation of the Adjudicators of the Bi-centenary Prize Essays. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862.

those whom they declare to be lineal descendants of the prelates or the politicians who assisted in framing the Act of Uniformity of 1662.

We cannot repress a feeling of regret that this unjust spirit of insult continues to animate the councils of the Nonconformists. They waste their strength by acting in this manner, and they degrade the sacred cause of religion. They may be assured that they also alienate the hearts of many in the Established Church, from participating with them in useful work that might best be accomplished in common.

The two pamphlets which Mr Freeman has lately published, spring out of this Bi-centenary celebration; and, if we make a wide allowance for the bias of the writers, have considerable merit. We may not accept their judgment on Church questions in general, and the popular form in which their arguments or narratives is cast, is sufficient to hinder the insufficiency of their proofs and reasoning from being immediately apparent to the class of readers for whom, we imagine, they have been chiefly intended. Yet perusal of both will reward all who desire to see a clear statement of what is accepted as incontrovertible by two men of ability and standing among the Nonconformists. Mr William Roaf's lecture furnishes a powerful and interesting summary of the events which preceded the publication of the Act of Uniformity. The attacks on the Church service, however, betray both scorn and hatred, such as would of themselves render this book distasteful to all who retain any reverence for those ministrations which have given comfort and stability, by the Divine blessing, to many veritable Christians. Let the following passage attest the uncompromising antagonism of the Independents to the State Church:—

"This Act of Uniformity, which was intended to quench the Puritan spirit, in its rebound most fearfully smote the Established Church. The Puritans it wounded, the Church it scathed. That Church became shorn of its strength, and like Samson was made to grind in the mill. True, the Uniformity Act was a coat of brass to keep the ecclesiastical body safe from external assaults; but that coat prevented the free action of the heart, and moral apoplexy was the result. Its history for a century and a half is the record of the tomb. A deadly formalism, unable to destroy the libertinism of the rich and the indifference of the poor, spread over it. Sanctified talent and seraphic piety ["a vile phrase"] retired for a while from its silent chambers. It was a second Jericho, 'a city straitly shut up—none going in and none coming out.' All was stereotyped formality; all was the silence and pomp of a funeral. In the present day the Church is, to a large extent, leaving the Establishment. Borrowing the voluntary principle, though with chains around her feet, the Episcopal Church is walking forward, scattering blessings, and doing much to restore religion to the palmy condition which it reached during the years when her connection with the State was suspended. *But never until that connection is finally dissolved, can she make full proof of her calling.* As a free episcopal body, the Saviour alone her head, the Spirit alone her heart, we believe she would soon become a glorious church; while by a voluntary abandonment of government patronage, she would not only emancipate herself from that civil control under which she writhes, and avoid the ignominious abandonment by the

State, which modern events are precipitating, but she would enthrone herself on the consciences and affections of the people, to her own astonishment and to her Saviour's delight. The Act of Uniformity, whose repeal the Established Church should indignantly demand, [!] is, we believe, working most disastrously in the present day. As soon as it passed, it turned the Church into a sect, which comparatively has continued to grow small by degrees, until it now embraces less than half the nation. [And what other denomination, among the numerous dissenters, approaches near to the same proportion?] The greater part of the population is intentionally and decidedly alienated from the Church; and the rest in a large degree not choosing the Establishment, but just taking it as it comes—a matter of birth, or position, or accident, or indifference. It is now not the church of a nation, but a church in the nation. The loss of nationality is the punishment of its exclusiveness; and in the march of mind the Establishment is being left in the disgraceful and dangerous rear. As an ecclesiastical corporation, the Church has ever been opposed to the progressive advance of the State. This obstructiveness many of her excellent sons deplore, but in vain. Her doctrinal standards, too, are losing public regard.”—(*Conscience for Christ*, p. 29.)

This is the old cry of Dissent. But when was ever any church really the National Church—that is, in the fullest sense, or ideal of a National Church? Is it possible for it to become so, actually, in the present state of human nature? Was it so actually in the apostolic times? Even in the assembly of the immediate followers of our Lord, was there not one of the twelve who shewed himself to be a traitor, and had previously betrayed his vicious tendencies, covetousness, and lack of charity? In the Epistles do we not find references to the falling away of persons who had been already accepted by the brethren, after what had seemed a satisfactory probation?—one such being the complaint, “Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.” This fact is recognised by Rev. L. B. Brown, who acknowledges, when speaking of the early Church, that “these primitive communities are not to be regarded as free from all spot or blemish.” It appears incontrovertible that amongst them regeneration of life was demanded, repentance for sins and faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ formed a necessary prelude to the being accepted into the inner fellowship of Christians. But the successors of the apostles were men who possessed no omniscience; they could not tell beforehand what particular individuals would not fall away into backsliding. The more the Church enlarged its boundaries, the more frequent, probably, became the entry of persons who were not of single mind, and whose cravings would return to the flesh pots of Egypt, and meats offered to idols. To such persons not long, if ever, could apply the description given by Macarius the Egyptian, when speaking of the Christians, as quoted by L. B. Brown:—

“They have their heart and mind constantly taken up with the thoughts of heaven, and, through the presence and participation of the Holy Spirit; do behold, as in a glass, the good things which are eternal, being born of God from above, and thought worthy to become the children of God in truth and power. Herein are they greater and better than the world; they have passed from death to life; the alteration peculiar to Christians doth not

consist in any outward fashions, but in the renovation of the mind, and the peace of the thoughts, and the love of the Lord, even the heavenly love."

And Mr Brown himself commenting on this, urges against the existing Church, as established, that wrong is done by the neglect of severe measures of expulsion against offending and unworthy persons, who have no longer any right to be in communion with more religious individuals. His words are :—

"We are quite aware that even in the apostolic churches, this grand type of Christian character might not in every instance have been realised. There are intimations in the Epistles which lead us to suppose that sometimes carnal men gained admission to the churches—men who were really strangers to the experience of a new birth: Nor need this excite surprise. The first disciples were not omniscient any more than we are now. It was not given them to read the secrets of men's hearts, nor to be infallible interpreters of men's words and actions. The utmost they could do (and the least) was to demand *credible evidence of a change of heart*; and this they unquestionably did. If professions of such a change were made, which afterwards turned out fallacious—since men are not made of crystal—the blame rested upon the deceiver, and not upon the deceived. What is specially noteworthy about these 'false brethren,' as confirming, not weakening our argument, is this—that when the mask fell, and their hypocrisy or self-deception stood revealed, they were branded as unworthy of their name and place, and excommunicated from the fellowship of the faithful. The Church is commanded to reject the heretic—to avoid the schismatic—to turn away from those who have the form, not the power of godliness—to beware of men who creep in unawares, the spots of their feasts of charity—to withdraw from the brother that walks disorderly—to judge such as are within its pale, and if one is found unclean or covetous, an idolater or a railer, a drunkard or a extortioner, not to eat with him, nor even to keep him company; but in the name of their outraged Master, to expel him from their midst (Rom. xvi. 17; 1 Cor. v. 11; 2 Thes. iii. 6; 1 Tim. vi. 5; Titus iii. 10; Jude 4, &c.). These mandates have a clear, sharp, ringing sound, whose painful significance we cannot well mistake. They say plainly enough:—'If a rotten limb hangs on the spiritual body, lop it off; if a carnal tumour protrudes from it, cut it away; if foreign parasites cling to it, get rid of them; and let no unnatural outgrowths disfigure the comeliness of the Bride of Christ, no unholy fires burn within her chaste bosom, and no adulterous intercourse unfit her for the festal honours of the 'marriage supper of the Lamb!'" (*The Model Church*, p. 17.)

This is characteristic of the Nonconformists of to-day, as of those who hunted down Mrs Hutchinson and murdered Mary Dyer on a gibbet in New England, in the days of which a Bi-centenary anniversary is celebrated. Is it thus ye manifest what you have learnt from having suffered persecution? "Greifst du nach dem Donner? Wohl, daaz er euch elenden Sterblichen nicht gegeben ward!"

This is a sensible man, however, and he is aware of the unruly tribe with whom he is called to deal. In his Appendix he drops a few words which confirm the statements given in that remarkable volume "*The History of a Man*"—regarding some of the inconveniences of the voluntary principles when carried into practice. The

secrets of the prison-house of congregationalism are not so closely kept as that the Establishment fails to be cognisant of them.

"In what has been written respecting congregational polity, we have not allowed the zeal of the partisan to blind us to its practical imperfections and to its obvious dangers. There never yet was freedom, either political or religious, but it was more or less perverted and abused. Too many congregational churches are so only in name; half a dozen men of greater wealth, higher social position, and domineering temper, often assuming to be 'lords paramount,' whose sole prerogative it is to pull the strings whilst others move only at their bidding. Not a few churches, on the other hand, push democracy into the worst possible despotism, stupid clamour frequently drowning the voice of reason, and excited passion leaping to the throne where Christ alone should sit the Sovereign Ruler of his people." (*Ibid*, p. 90.)

Judging from his remarks at page 66, and elsewhere, Mr Brown seems to hold opinion that there is to be properly no such thing as a national church, but that every community shall have its own laws, and be independent of every other. What would be the result of such, or rather how impossible it would be to arrive at such a state of things, or to have any wholesome influence springing from it, is not necessary to be discussed at present. Our business is not to draw out schemes of unattainable churches, but to make the most of those which we already possess. It is something that he gives to those who are unable to consult the masterly "Church of the Three first Centuries" by the late Dr Blunt, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, or Dr Angus' "Christian Churches," an epitome of the materials available for arriving at a comprehension of the practice and principles of the Early Church.

November, 1862.

BEDOUIN.

IRREVERENCE IN THE PULPIT.*

THAT we need a fearless denunciation of the ribaldry and vulgar worldliness, which too long have been permitted to mingle, whether spoken and written, in the discourses of preachers and lecturers, will scarcely be denied by any one who has attentively regarded the increasing irreverence in the handling of sacred things. The hunters after popularity turn the pulpit into a platform where political diatribes, or coarse personalities, or sentimental rhapsodies, or, worst of all, heathenish buffoonery, may be delivered for the amusement of an auditory who might be shocked to enter a theatre, yet are drawn to the dissenting chapel and the lecture-room with no higher impulse than a desire for excitement, and a curiosity to hear some extravagant

* "Punch in the Pulpit," by Philip Cater, author of "The Great Fiction of the Times." Second edition. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862. Pp. 240.

novelty. South of the Tweed, as is acknowledged, the offences against taste are more glaring than almost anything which is heard amongst our Presbyterian ministers. Any amount of irreverence that may be shewn in Scotland in the house of prayer in great measure is confined to the congregation, and arises from the peculiarities of national character, and especially from that deep-rooted hatred of popery and prelacy, which has so far swayed the mind of the laity, as well as of the clergy, in resistance of what they deem superstitious observances, that they are inclined to forget the express commands to reverence the Lord's Temple, and to hold their foot when entering the house of Prayer. One of the most earnest and widely respected of our living Scottish writers—a man whose whole life and teaching has been most eminently Christian—has uttered a censure which is felt to have been well deserved. He refers to the fact that “so determined are the Scotch to discard everything like outward ceremonial observance in their worship, and keep their ground aloof from Popery and Prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the House of Prayer. Only listen,” he continues, “in country parishes, to the clamorous confabulations of the deaf old people around the pulpit, before the clergyman comes in; look at the half of the worshippers taking their seats so soon as the minister gives any hint by the turn of his style, or the inflected cadence of his voice, that he is drawing towards the close of his prayer; see the half-dozens that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service, and the dozens who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as the signal to clap them on their heads.” It has also been said that, in Scotland, “they lay too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching, compared with the far more important part of Sanctuary duty, namely, prayer and praise.” This may be true, and is, indeed, denied by few. Yet this excess of craving for able preaching, at least for sound doctrinal and learned discourses, has formed one strong barrier in the North against the influx of such detestable buffoonery, and contemptible baits for the applause of the ignorant and profane, as are so ably exposed in the volume which now lies before us, and has already attained a second edition.

The quaint title almost misled us into a thought that here was another of those mistakes, which we have heretofore been compelled to chide; the books avowedly produced to anathematise some vicious inclination of the public, but which are so ineffectively constructed that they only serve to draw attention to the evil, and lend additional notoriety to some unworthy persons or practices. We feared by the title and the prefixed analysis of “Punch in the Pulpit,” that here was a pseudo-Rabelaisian farrago of dreary moralising and scurrilous jesting, “most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin,” uncharitable comments side by side with unbridled profanity. But such anticipation wronged this meritorious volume, which, although he is one of the most amusing and fascinating of his class, shews plainly that the writer has approached his work with no unseemly irreverence, but has felt a righteous indig-

nation whilst beholding how often the solemnity of worship was mocked and overthrown by the antics of a mountebank, and the jesting of a privileged scoffer.

It is not that the author objects to innocent mirth, and would force on every one an austerity of demeanour; though no doubt, like other men he may at heart believe that life is too brief and solemn a trust to allow us much time for wasting in absurdities. In the Preface he speaks clearly regarding his views and endeavours, asserting that he "has exerted himself to eject from the pulpit a public character, who has done good service in his day, but who, wherever else he may be in place, has evidently no business there. On the desirableness of extruding from the house of God so unseemly an intruder, all decent people, the editor imagines, will be quite agreed. Nor have those whom these trenchant strictures more immediately concern the smallest right to complain of the writer's using Punch's own *baton*, for the purpose of deposing him from the sacred place which he has usurped. For some evils ridicule is not only the most effective, but the most legitimate punishment and cure, and it is not for those who have so flagrantly offended against good taste and good morals, as to seek to move laughter in the sanctuary, to murmur at being made a laughing-stock themselves."

He goes over much ground, not hastily, nor yet with wearisome minuteness. Often instructive, and speaking with honest directness of speech, he is never dull or careless. The writing is generally clear nervous English; the thinking sound and refreshing. It is one of the most closely-packed of all small volumes, as regards matter, yet the style is so easy, and the subjects almost always run so pleasantly into each other, that few will be inclined to lay it down until they have reached the last page.

Dwellers in London will have no difficulty in recognising the originals of certain popular preachers who are here described, and whose offences against decency and devotion are chronicled. Spurgeon, with the great imposition of his Tabernacle, following his Surrey Music Hall exhibition, is not forgotten. Tribulation Cumming, with his distortions of prophecy, and the alarmist-announcements of 1867 as the *annus mirabilis*, claims and receives a niche in this unfavourable commemoration. Among the subjects discussed are the queer hymnology which is now in favour at chapels, the singing gallery which is supposed by many congregations to be an advantageous substitute for making any exertions themselves in the giving of praise, the blunders of hypercriticism, affected spiritualising, laconic texts and impromptu sermons, jocular preaching, unseemly familiarity with matters too solemn to bear trifling—such as the Devil,—want of reticence even of the most sacred meditations; with many traits of men like Huntingdon, Rowland Hill, Warburton, and remarks on popularity and excess of preaching, showing the evil effects on the people and on the minister. Nor do the religious newspapers and magazines escape without rebuke for the injury that they wantonly extend, by praise of pulpit jocularity, and making the hearing of preachers who are in vogue another form of fashionable

dissipation. We might extract for our readers' amusement the clever description of Spurgeon's Tabernacular arrangements, his foreign tours and his perpetual collections, with the selling of tickets and of sermons, and of other merchandise in the temple of his popularity. But we prefer the following :—

REVERENCE IN THE PULPIT.

"Mr Buchanan, in his '*Christian researches in India*,' speaks of the vultures exhibiting a shocking familiarity with man, through the long habit of preying upon human bodies. Now, I believe that we exhibit a shocking familiarity with divine truth through the long habit of handling it, of dividing it, and sometimes of tearing it in pieces for the nourishment of the people of God. If you joke about the truth, you must necessarily lose the sense of its value, its savour, and its importance; and even if you do not joke about it, yet if you cease to regard it in a devotional spirit, you will soon fall down from the activities of religion into the unsatisfying form, or the empty name. It was the complaint of Henry Martyn, that in meeting with a beautiful text, he felt instinctively inclined to look at it with the view of making a discourse, rather than with the view of making it a subject of meditation and prayer.

"There are many ministers who would be shocked with the infidel practice of jesting with eternal things, yet who suffer themselves to joke about them. . . .

"Cowper wrote most cheerfully and sang most sweetly of divine things; but at the same time did he not write most seriously of what a minister ought to be? Did he not urge most rationally and most scripturally the importance of gravity in a man who speaks in the name of Almighty God? . . .

"Look at John Howe or at John Bunyan. The latter had, I have no doubt, a keen sense of the ridiculous; yet he was scarcely ever known to utter a joke. He did, indeed, on one occasion, say something about 'every tub standing on its own bottom,' while conversing with a friend near a cooper's workshop; but he never put on a fool's cap, and never appeared like 'Punch in the Pulpit.' Look at Whitfield and Wesley, Richard Watson and Robert Hall, or look at Dr Chalmers or John Angell James. Now, while their preaching was far enough removed from gloom or tediousness, it never could be charged with ridiculousness. If it should be said that in the earlier years of their ministry it may have been so; I can easily admit that they might have exhibited some of the graceful levity of youth: but generally speaking, what a minister is in early life, he is also in its decline, with regard to the general tone and character of his ministrations.

"A young man may have great vivacity without any levity at all. Once there was a holy youth, who from earliest years seemed destined for the pulpit. He walked with God, and many saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel. With great piety, great intelligence, and with an easy elocution, he was of necessity a great preacher; but he was not great as some men count greatness. In his preaching there was no fun, no levity, no ridicule, no running down of good men. Nevertheless his pulpit oratory was of the most effective kind; hardest hearts were made to heave with godly sorrow, and driest eyes to flow with penitential tears. Oh, Dr Chalkos, tell the aspirants for pulpit honours to be natural, and to be prayerful; tell them not to speak as levity, or as popularity, but as the spirit of prayer and of sanctity shall give them utterance; and tell them, if they would be animated by a bright example, to look at Thomas Spencer, a young man, not distinguished for a browbeating oratory and a brazen face, but for 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.'

"But I fear that you will do nothing of the kind, and that you will recommend none of these illustrious names as models of pulpit excellence, or as any justification of a grave and solemn address on subjects of everlasting importance."—(P. 229).

And this one other passage, before we conclude:—

"Neither can it be said that in the days of the Apostles, there was no market and no demand for this kind of thing [jocularity in preaching]. We might infer this from the sameness of human nature in every age of the world. But we are not left to a mere inference on the subject; for the fact is, that Macrobius wrote a book on the whole art and mystery of joking, and even records the jests of Augustus Cæsar, of Cicero, and of other citizens of the Roman Empire. These authorities must have given a tone to public opinion on the subject, but Paul would not conform to that opinion; he would not infuse anything jocular into his reasoning about temperance, righteousness, and a judgment to come; because he would not mingle the sacred and the profane, nor say anything inconsistent with the character of a holy man of God."—(P. 233).

There was need for this book, and it may do much good in warning against irreverence in preaching and in writing.

DAS JOSEPHCHEN.

THREE MORE POEMS FROM AUSTRALIA.

(By the author of "*The Travels of Prince Legion*," and *Other Poems*.
Longmans. 1857.

I.

WHOM SERVE YE?

Thou hast a kingdom in thy breast;
Tell me, my friend, who reigneth there?
Is it a man, or is it beast,
Or is it God who heareth prayer?

If thou art unforgiving, rude,
Ravenous at the common feast,
And dreaded through thy neighbourhood,
Thy king and pattern is a beast.

Thy bosom is a tiger's lair,
A snake lurks coiled within thy brain
Watchful to madden and ensnare:
Woe to thee in that savage reign

If thou dost walk with probity,
Art just as far as mortal can,
Yet still dost on thyself rely,
Know that thy ruler is a man.

Poor man ! alas, he needs must err !
 Not far, not always can he see
 His way, compelled perforce to stir .
 In each undreamed contingency.

If still in every deed and word,
 Come joy or woe, it is thy prayer
 To do and utter for the Lord,
 Look then within,—He dwelleth there.

Though thou be reeling left and right,
 And still assailed, when thou art spent,
 The tempter still hath one to fight
 Or flee, and He's Omnipotent.

Thy weakness then shall be thy strength,
 For thou wilt more on Him rely ;
 His arm is not of measured length,
 All things He sees ; He hears thy cry.

Hast thou to front the hate of Hell ?
 O stand erect, thy cause is right !
 The end for thee shall yet be well,
 Walking by faith and not by sight.

Sydney, New South Wales.

J. LE GAY BREKENTON.

II.

" What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder !"

Let men with every varying gust
 Of Fortune, droop or rise,
 Yet only peace shall flow to me
 Down from the blissful skies ;
 For well I know above the strife,
 My Father reigneth there
 Unchanged, Who knows my every want,
 And hears my every prayer.

I'll not repine, tho' left alone
 Where fools my faith deride,
 For still she lives in that bright land,
 My own, my angel bride.
 I know that she is wholly mine,
 And true as she is fair,
 Because our Father gave me her
 In answer to a prayer.

For from His mightier heart did flow
 Into our hearts that love ;
 He was the Priest who married us
 And blessed us from above :
 And tho' the form may perish here,
 The spirit liveth there ;
 For deathless are the gifts that come
 In answer to a prayer.

Yes she is mine, for we are His
 Who reigns above the strife;
 The love we bear from His great love
 Shall draw perennial life:
 The forms and hues of that bright land
 His deathless beauty wear;
 He is the life from which they live
 Who call on Him in prayer.

In Him our separate lives began,
 In Him they glided on,
 In Him, a thousand barriers past,
 They blended into one;
 In Him that union shall endure,
 And both in Him shall share
 Whatever future worlds unfold
 Of beautiful or rare:

Worlds that reflect their inward bliss
 Who on His love rely,—
 The fount of life's continuous stream
 And hopes that cannot lie;
 Oh weep not that the flowers do fade!
 For tho' the earth be fair,
 'Tis but a dim foreshadowing
 Of what awaits us there.

Ever the present is a bud
 Of life's aspiring tree,
 Each happy state a prophecy
 Of what the next shall be:
 And prayers are born of heavenly hopes;
 I know she waits me there,
 Because our Father gave me her
 In answer to a prayer.

Sydney, New South Wales.

J. L. GAY BRERETON.

III.

Song of the Angels of Conjugal Love.

Lo, the bright dawning
 Of love's cloudless morning,
 Over the Eastern ridges break!
 Thy long, long sleeping
 In sweet dreams steeping,
 Our watch still keeping for Love's dear sake;
 We are the angels
 Who hear the evangels
 Of love's fulfilment: awake! awake!

God, the all-human,
 Of man and of woman,
 The life-source, himself the prime Lover and Friend,
 Bids thee drink without measure
 The wine of his pleasure;
 Of faith and of love, the source and the end.
 He set thy heart yearning,
 And asks no returning,
 But to prove him in joys which the dream shall transcend.

He, the all-knowing,
 Thy soul's future growing
 Forseeeth : who turns from His bounty with scorn,
 His heart never proving
 The sweet fruits of loving,
 Shall wander unfriended through deserts forlorn ;
 Or with some false leman,—
 Demon to demon !
 Better for him had he never been born !

Shrinking for ever,
 Away from the Giver,
 Himself his own God, for himself must provide.
 Good faith denying,
 In them no relying,
 Be placed who in others have never relied !
 Scorning for scorning
 Each other returning,
 Tho' in multitudes, each one alone in his pride !
 Of heaven's glad cheer, then,
 Drink without fear then !
 Dull cark and care, then, fling to the gale !
 Lo, the immortals
 Are thronging the portals !
 Open them wide ! Let love prevail !
 Already, on every hand,
 See the new home expand !
 Lo, where the feast is spread ! bid thy friends hail !

Scorning the rules
 That bind cowards and fools,
 Welcome the strangers that throng to thy door !
 They shall gladden thy hearth
 With music and mirth,
 And visions of heaven undreamed of before.
 Each day a new palace
 Shall ope, like the chalice
 Of some sweet-bosomed flower with young buds in store.

No more bewailing
 For joys that are failing,
 And youth's happy memories fading away !
 From heavenly mountains
 Descend those bright fountains
 That shall fill your calm bosoms reflecting the day ;
 Hid in God's presence
 The source of your pleasure,
 Still flowing and growing for ever and aye :

Two streams ever blending,
 And so re-ascending
 In music that tells of the Heart whence they spring
 And wherever it wellet
 The life-water filleth
 The breast and expelleth each harm-working thing.
 Ope, open the portals
 Let in Christ's immortals,
 Who herald the joyous approach of their King !

As the sun, unbeholden,
 When clouds turn to golden,
 Rides fast in their train up the slopes of the East,
 God follows each blessing,
 With closer caressing,
 And quickens the germ of new joys in its breast.
 We, marching before Him,
 Reflect and adore Him :
 He comes to thy Bridal : make ready the feast !

Sydney, New South Wales.

J. LE GAY BRERETON.

[In J. Le Brereton's volume of true poetry, "the Travels of Prince Legion," formerly noticed, we find glimpses and foreshadowings of much that appears elaborated or specialised in later works by the same author. The indignant scorn with which he rebukes all baseness, the rapturous exaltation of spirit, the impetuosity and witching music of his verse, the proclamation of a close connection existing between the seen and the unseen, the embodied and unembodied,—these, with the recognition of the claims of fellow-mortals on our exertions—the bond of a pure love strengthening mankind—are all as clearly visible to those who are willing to look below the surface, in J. Le Gay Brereton's earlier volume as in those of his manuscript poems which we have had the privilege of laying before our readers at various times. There has been an increase of spiritual fervour in these later productions, which have been more distinctively religious in tone than were those of apparently fanciful imagery, which won attention under the title of "Prince Legion and other Poems;" but, even in them, every earnest examiner could perceive that the underlying purpose, of being a teacher and preacher, was stronger than the ambition of a poet to chant a pleasing strain and win admiration. This is not a man to speak in vain. We recal the words spoken by him in 1857, for comparison with the new Hymn of Love :—

"Crawl not earthward, look above !
 And be like the angels, growing
 Ever, through a higher knowing,
 To an ever better love !
 Whoso resteth is forlorn
 Of heaven, ever backward falling
 From his fate's ascendant calling.
 For man should daily greet the dawn,
 And be with every sunrise born
 To a greater than before,
 Loving and beloved the more."

(*Travels of Prince Legion*, p. 60.)

Objection may be made against the "Song of Conjugal Love," that it is rapturous and ecstatic, and removed from the ordinary tone of hymns. But this rapturous ecstasy is the accompaniment of a spiritual Epithalamium, and requires no apology, among those who are willing to accept it in its true and highest significance.]

ESSAYS BY S. F. WILLIAMS:

CRITICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.*

IN this volume of *Essays* by a new claimant of public attention, the earnestness of purpose chiefly deserves notice. Moral weight rather than literary grace, though this is not absent, gives value to the remarks on many topics of interest. Whilst differing from the author, on more than a few points of opinion, we are bound to acknowledge the worth of much that meets us in his writings, and can believe that thoughtful men will linger over several of his pages, and meditate on the questions here discussed, with profit to themselves and to those whom they hereafter may have power to influence.

The volume is divided into three parts, viz., Critical and Biographical *Essays*, Miscellaneous *Essays*, and *Peace Tracts*. Each of these three classes contain five or six papers, more or less meritorious. In the first we find examination of Thackeray and Dickens, Gerald Massey, Longfellow, Cowley, and Alexander Murray. In the second, the titles are the Influence of the Thinker, the Intellect, Genius, the Spirit of Nature, and a very indifferent "Address," apparently delivered to a Debating Society. The *Peace Tracts* are, on Love, on War and Christianity, on Cavour, on "The Trent Affair," and "Gloria Deo." Of the first group, Crabbe is the most complete, an excellent paper; but Thackeray, Longfellow, and some of the *Philosophical Miscellanies* are scarcely inferior. In all the pages are marks of promise, showing that a fine intellect has been exercised; and if it were not that we must make allowance for an enormous borrowing from Emerson (though without the spirit of opposition to Christianity which vitiates so many of his later publications), we might be more enthusiastic in our praise of "Genius," "The Intellect" &c. As it is, and after taking excuses for carelessness in the revival of manuscript, we accept the volume as an important addition to the store of *Essays* which distinguish these times. There is here a wholesome freshness, a manly independence of tone, a powerful pleading for the consecration of a life to truth, instead of the empty acquiescence in a creed that is contradicted by every action in times of temptation. The *Peace Tracts* are worthy of study, beyond the circle of men who either from natural timidity, or from sluggishness of intellect, and a base mercantile selfishness, would sacrifice national honour to the increase of material wealth or the maintenance of a contemptible obscurity. The pleadings in "War and Christianity" have a vigorous directness and a religious fervour that entitle the author to be heard by all unprejudiced enquirers. We especially direct our readers to a perusal of the essay, and feel assured that they will not regret having made acquaintance with a man like S. F. Williams, who can speak

* *Essays* by S. F. Williams. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. Pp. 812.

boldly the message of Christianity in rebuke of what he deems a continuous and deadly infraction of the rules which our Lord came to teach to fallen man.

Having stated thus much, we must nevertheless acknowledge that the paper which follows, on "the Trent Affair" is to a certain extent out of date and unnecessary. Its appearance at present, when the march of events has left the subject so far behind, was surely unadvisable; particularly since the moderation of our government, in the obtaining of satisfaction for one of the most insolent violations of courtesy and international law, was such as to leave no excuse for the language which is herein used by Mr Williams. It is true, there were many persons who, at that time of public excitement, gave way to intemperate and unchristian demands for the infliction of punishment on America, even to the staining our hands with blood of our near kinsmen. But, on the whole, the dignity and firmness of the British nation was shown in a manner which afforded us a moral triumph, such as could never have been won by timidly shrinking from expostulation with the aggressors. We were not rash, and impatiently thirsting for vengeance, but we did demand that the honour of our flag should be respected, and were prepared to enforce the demand. Yet we have been sufficiently chary of wounding the sensitiveness of those on the other side of the Atlantic, who were disposed to resent any obtrusive arbitration from us, even though it were to put an end to the unnatural quarrel and sinful butchery which still continue. Of course, if Mr Williams is determined—like John Bright and his party—to see no value in this national honour, and clamours for the preservation of Peace at any price, it is of no use any one attempting to persuade him that we are not wholly in the wrong. Judged by transcendental rules, the conduct of this and of every other nation is wrong, perhaps, and always has been wrong. In Arcadia things might have been better adjusted; or, jesting apart,—if the world were truly a *Christian World*, this readiness to apply to war for a solution of differences would never be found. That the present system of politics is very far from conformable to Christianity in this matter, we admit. It is almost as heathenish, in some respects, as any in the ancient world, or as at the present time may be displayed in lands where the gospel has not been received. Whilst the author of these Essays boldly avows that he takes his stand on a direct reference to the doctrines of the New Testament, in all the public as well as private occupations of life—a guide for national as well as for individual conduct—we listen to him with attention and respect, and are indisposed to reject his arguments because the common world may stigmatise his endeavour as Quixotic. But we cannot allow him or any other man, whilst urging his views on the plea of love or universal philanthropy, at the same time to indulge in remarks that are uncharitable, and defame our country so grossly. Britain is not addicted, so much as he insinuates, to empty boasts or ferocious malignity. It is not easy to preserve respect for a writer who, months after events have given him the

flattest contradiction, coolly publishes, or republishes, such absurdities as the following :—

“ON THE ‘TRENT’ AFFAIR.

“Is it a noble spectacle to see England sharpening her knife of war on the stone of revenge, to cut the ‘pound of flesh’ off her American brother? We thought that the demon Vengeance was satisfied with one ‘Shylock,’ that the sons of men passed him by as an unhuman thing, and that earth had sent him forth to wander evermore, and to be accursed with a brand upon his forehead, and a quenchless malice raging in his heart. We thought that there could have been but one ‘Ugolino’ who would glory in pecking, like a vulture, at the skull of what was once a human being. But ever, down in the heart’s core, is the old, old passion, born with the evil one, and ranking in the children of this world. And if a man gives but a contemptuous look to his fellow, and refuses to apologise,—yes, fiercer than ever the fire burns, and the world would scorch him in the sulphurous blaze.

“It is humiliating to find the public press feeding this fearful passion day by day, not simply in the prospects but on the so-called glory (?) [*sic*] of a war with America. And it is sadder still to hear the people boasting of the probable ‘splendid opportunity’ of feasting their eyes on the carcases of their American brethren [gross exaggeration]. A whole nation publicly beseeching merciful heaven to avert the fearful calamity, but privately fostering feelings of the deadliest spleen; that, O friends, is the brotherliness of this world—is also the attitude of England to America; but, albeit, is a monstrous profanity. We have another Gamaliel at whose feet we learn another loving-kindness.

“According to the English press, if America refuses the demand made upon her by our government, there is no other possible alternative but war. *We do not enquire were the commissioners legally seized?* and does their imprisonment admit of vindication? But as they are imprisoned, we do ask who or what is to decide the justice of the affair? War, says England, with culpable precipitancy. We have no time for discussion. We will not manfully and deliberately consider your reasons. Though you should argue from now till doomsday, it would be” . . . &c. &c. (P. 298.)

Talk of this sort scarcely requires an answer. Such blindness to the facts of the case will not be dispelled by the words of any charmer, charm he ever so wisely. By the word “*we*” in the line that is italicised in the above extract, can Mr Williams possibly mean the nation, and not himself and the Peace-at-any-price-party, who have such strong American sympathies at present, whilst the Americans themselves are prosecuting their intestine strife with a barbarity that exceeds the ordinary butcheries and brutalities of war? Supposing that he actually intends to declare that England did not enquire into the legality of Wilkes’ seizure of Messrs Slidell and Mason, is Mr Williams unaware of the falsehood of such an assertion? His frothy declamation may meet with plaudits among the ignorant, at a Debating Society, but it is preposterous to suppose that it will be accepted as conclusive by any persons who have watched the proceedings on both sides of the Atlantic, with an ordinary amount of attention.

We object to the way in which these Peace-agitations are conducted. The great Master of all the poets gives us a portrait of a fop who comes

mincingly towards a battle-field, and thinks "it is a pity, so it is, that villainous saltpetre should be digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth;" lamenting that it, in its time, "many-a good tall fellow has destroyed;" and declaring that but for such uncomfortable things as wounds, and pain, and death, himself would have been a soldier. The hearty contempt of Hotspur, after having been "so pestered with a popinjay," is spoken against this moraliser. What would the fiery Percy have said to Cobden, Bright, and Co., who have favoured the world in later times with the morality of Cottonopolis, their tenderness of compunction when money is not to be made, and their total indifference to such an antiquated folly (for such they seem to consider it) as national honour and self-respect?

But there is much better material in this volume of Essays. In fact, except some indensively coarse invective against Charles I. and his adherents (pp. 124-6), of which the politics are as bad as the grammar, in the disparaging paper on Cowley, and a passage of gratuitous personality and unbridled insolence of attack on the Rev. George Gilfillan (p. 64), there is scarcely anything equally censurable with the article on "the Trent Affair." There are, however, occasional blunders in taste: such as the senseless "Bravo Al!" and "Well, Al must persevere" (pp. 150, 153), spoken regarding Alexander Murray—the biographical sketch of whom appears somewhat unnecessary: there are odd instances of favouritism, such as the inordinate praise for Gerald Massey, and admiration for "Kirk (*sic*) White, the virtuous, the scholarly, the meek, the nobly lowly, the beautiful poet of Nottingham" (p. 249); whilst Mr Williams can elsewhere declare that "*Master Humphrey's Clock* is a miserably dull, lifeless, work" (p. 52), and repeat the hacknied fallacy that "Goethe could see nothing but himself" (p. 241). For the over-statement of a plea for plagiarism, in "Genius," Emerson must bear the blame.

We have spoken freely regarding what we believe to be faults in the book, but we have done this because to praise it for the high qualities which it assuredly displays, without denouncing the personalities and rash statements which deform a few of the Essays, would have been an injustice to readers, and could not have benefited anybody. Let the excellent Essay on Crabbe be read—it is a valuable study—let those on Thackeray, the Influence of the Thinker, Intellect, and Genius,—be attentively weighed, and even the papers on Cavour, and on Massey—both of whom, strangely enough, Mr Williams manages to believe sincere and estimable,—and this volume of Essays will be acknowledged to be superior to some recommended by names more widely known. If he chooses to labour for it diligently, a lofty position is open to Mr S. F. Williams, for he has many qualifications for becoming a powerful and popular writer.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

J. W. E.

THE LANGUAGE, POETRY, AND MUSIC OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.*

No country has been so little appreciated, no people less understood by strangers than the Highlands, and the Highlanders. For centuries has a cloud hung over that unhappy land, under which were dimly visible to the outer world the forms of savages, and the acts of cannibals. No gleam of sunshine on the page of history has ever lit up its glens, or covered its mountains with purple glory. It was the scene of gross darkness, a horrible region it was supposed, where the Southern dared not venture, nor an invader pierce its boundaries. The Ossianic controversy stirred up the subject from its bottom, but the deeply rooted prejudices of the age, could not permit the dashing away of its favourite delusion, and the poems of the Gael were dubbed as spurious, and their translator Macpherson as little better than the savages from whom he was descended, and whose muse he had presented to the world. That such opinions prevailed can produce little wonder. Separated from their neighbours by lofty mountains, as well as by natural antipathy, holding the Saxons as an effeminate and churlish race, the haughty Gael could not stoop to mingle with them. Thus Saxon became predominant, ages rolled on, the breach widened, and between the two parties lay a stream of blood whereon floated many a feud, a deadly revenge, and a burning wrong. Tales wild and improbable circulated in the Lowlands about the dwellers of the mountains, and children were hushed to terrified slumber by the bare mention of the name of the Gael. Time has passed on, but even at this day, to the Saxon mind the mountains are dark and gloomy, the sky ever shadowed with clouds, and when the snow is not falling, the thunders roll, the lightnings flash, and the rains pour down in deluges. Though now the inhabitants have ceased to be viewed in the light of cannibals, a tradition lingers in the vulgar mind, that a Gael is partial to a beefsteak cut from the rump of a living cow, washed down with copious draughts of raw whisky.

That such opinions still exist, we have daily proof in the sneers at the ignorance and inferiority of the Gael, by the English press and people, who are unacquainted with the character and nature of the mountaineers. Yet it is clear enough to our apprehension that such prejudiced writers as Johnson, Mackintosh, and Macaulay, do injustice to one of the most chivalrous and noblest races of men the earth possesses. Dr Johnson has denounced the Gaelic as "the rude gibberish of a barbarous people, who, as they conceived grossly, were content to be grossly understood." This statement is as devoid of truth as the doctor's language is full of rudeness and self-sufficiency. Gibberish,

* A Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans, with Illustrative Traditions and anecdotes, and numerous ancient Highland airs. By Donald Campbell, Esq., Late Lieut. 57th Regiment. Edinburgh: Macchellan & Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Glasgow: Thomas Murray & Son.

the Gaelic is not; and had the Doctor given it the slightest attention, such would have been his opinion. But he found a prejudice to his hand, which he converted into capital at the expense of the Gael. Johnson, we can excuse. He thought like a Cockney; and the fact is he knew no better. But that Mackintosh, with his clear judicial mind, should have adopted such views, surprises us; he that derived his eloquence, as Macaulay did his poetry, from the Highland blood in his veins. As for Macaulay, the sycophantic laureate of the butcher of Glencoe, the High Priest of Whiggery, the sacrificer of Truth on the shrine of epigram, we can have no excuse. He could not be ignorant of a people from whom he drew his breath; and it would have been more creditable to his hero, and more honourable to himself, had he done justice to the Highlands, and not surrendered his better judgment and mental dignity to party politics, and to a clamouring mob. With such teachers it can excite no astonishment when we find the popular mind of the Anglo-Saxon race full of assurance and prejudice; and that a feeling of disgust pervades it at the present moment on all matters relating to the Highlands. And yet, as we shall be able to show, no feeling is more undeserved, and no prejudice so utterly mistaken. We had returned from the Highlands to Edinburgh, from the clear invigorating mountain air to the mists and hars of the city, with the music of rills wimpling in our ears, and the beauty of the glens photographed in our mind's eye. We had shut up the pleasant portfolio of the past, nor thought to reopen it until our return next year to our beloved mountains. In this we were agreeably disappointed; for we found on our table Captain Campbell's able and original book, on "The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans." Our delight was only equalled by our surprise, for even although a reaction is taking place in the Anglo-Saxon mind concerning the Gael, such an attempt is daring, and adventurous. We looked upon it at first sight almost as a forlorn hope, doomed to certain death. On perusal we have rescinded our opinion. The publication of Captain Campbell's book indeed, although not the first is the most philosophical symptom of the great reaction. He has proved in many beautiful poems, that the Gael possesses both a language and poetry, and he gives an appendix of ancient airs which also prove that there is such a thing as Gaelic music. His system is admirable. He gives the original Gaelic, interlined with the pronunciation according to the English, and a translation of the Poem. The reader is thus enabled to satisfy himself whether the language is rude, or the poetry that of a gross and ignorant people. There can be no mistake about the music. But it may seem strange to state, that the language is beautiful, melodious and expressive, and reminds us of the Greek in its simplicity and elegance. How touchingly tender is it when affection moves the heart to words, how noble when worth and valour are sung, but what can be said in praise of a language the only one under the canopy of Heaven that has not in its vocabulary such word as "Revenge." And yet it is the language of a rude and bloodthirsty race. As to its expressiveness we give a few examples. "They came

like a spate from the wold."—"Travellers of the blue skies, are ye also waiting for your beloved? or have ye wandered from your course? What has overtaken thee, sun of the morning, that thou art so slow in rising, that thou hast forgotten the heights of the sky? lights beautiful of the radiant family, whose journey is ovely in the firmament, genial, are you hiding in your pavilion in the clouds, because you deem the night too short?" "like the sound of a distant streamlet, uncertain reached him her cry." We are sorry that space will not permit our entering upon a critical examination of the language, so we shall pass at once to a consideration of the poetry.

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" can poetry belong to the Gael? "If," says Gibbon, "we could indulge the pleasing supposition that Fingal lived and that Ossian sung"—a passage which shows how much the great historian believed in the fact, and after him, even to our present day, followed a race of revilers who scoffed at the mention of Gaelic poetry. Without knowing anything further about the Highlands than what was comprised in the books they consulted, they poured forth vituperative abuse upon the devoted clansmen. Yet what Highlander doubts the authenticity of Ossian. Can moles decide upon the cry of the eagle, or a cockney of the song of the Gael! And what shall we say of the sage critic, who wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that Caledonia had not one Ossian but many. Answer for us Christopher North. "Some people believe in twenty Homers. I in one. Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets."

The bards, who put in dress and sang the deeds of heroism and worth, were a division of the sacred Order of Priests of the Celtic nations. The order was divided into three bodies—the Druids, whose vocation it was to search for good, to eliminate and render it available, the Eubhates, who proclaimed the good tidings, and the Bards, whose duty consisted in songs, elevating the lives of the people by keeping before them the stories and traditions of good men. The Bards were thus a most important body, and an invader, however successful he might be in gaining a footing in the nation, could never hope to sit easily on his throne, or prevent insurrection so long as they were permitted to enflame the public mind by warlike songs. Thus to secure his conquest, Edward I. massacred the Welsh Bards, and the Lords of the Pale in Ireland, and the Scoto-Irish usurpers of feudalism in Caledonia, passed the bloodiest enactments against the Minstrels. Yet with these circumstances before us, we are to believe, on the dictum of a Grub Street scribe, that the Gaels had no Poetry. But it is easy to make a swooping general charge without being able to support it with facts. Thus the Monks, to break the power of the Druids, proclaimed them bloodthirsty murderers, whose sole delight was in human sacrifice. The Druids were men of great learning, their religion wild and visionary, as all must be not cognisant of the philosophy of Christian love, but that they were cruel and bloodthirsty we deny, and are glad to find a congenial opinion expressed by Captain Campbell. Caesar, who must have been most intimately acquainted with them, says that they taught the immortality of the soul, the stars and their motion, the

size of the world, and the various countries, the nature of things, and the power and might of the immortal Gods. The charge of offering human sacrifice, is easily explained away. The Druids were the administrators of the criminal law, and they were the executioners of their sentences. They viewed life in too high a light to permit it to be cast frivolously away. The execution of the criminal was a religious ceremony, thus impressing upon the people the great truths, that God must be honoured, right vindicated, and the guilty punished. Such charges are the remains of monkish traditions, and since we have cast away the crimson garment of the old lady of the seven hills, in common sense let us also cast away her fables. It is but pruning the tree, not uprooting it, and it will grow all the stronger for the application of the knife. We will now give a few specimens of the Gaelic Poems as translated by Captain Campbell:—

'S MISE CORMAC. (P. 75.)

"I am Cormac, grandson of Corm, High King of the men of the circuit of Temera; very treacherously I have been betrayed by my wife and judge. I know three things without a flaw—three things that ruin women—a husband not their equal, a small drudge, and faint love. I know three things without a flaw, three things that rule women—good sense, a sympathizing husband, love generous and strong. My curse to-day and for ever on the gentleman or chief, who yields to woman's flame, unless she be modest in her conduct. Four have in their generations descended from the sprightly Gael, illustrious Conn of a hundred battles, Art, Myself, and Cairbear."

EXTRACT FROM "DAN AN FHIR LEIDH LE ORRAN." (P. 76.)

"It was our nature in every generation, not to be timid in rebuking injustice. Our shields were gates of brass to save the injured, our spear their shaft of protection. When I myself was young in armour, as was yesterday the warrior who is now in darkness, with Lava's father went my steps, to plunder the joyous dwelling of Struthormon. I myself rebuked this deed, none having risen against us, but a child that was wielding his arrow and flinging it like a lance against us. The arrow fell harmlessly at the foot of Comar of evil habits. He looked at the child with a scowl—'In the Secret Isle shall be thy dwelling.' He was carried to the Secret Isle, Comar's spear over him was repeatedly half-lifted to strike. I deemed the death of the child cruel. He came close to me hearing my sigh, wondering at my arms shining. He locked his arms around my legs, and looked in my face with his blue and tearful eye. My heart melted with pity. My tears fell unseen amid his golden locks, his head under my shield. As steals the roe away with her kid from the eye of the hunter through the heather, or as the eagle carries to a secret rock her brood in the darkness of night, so did I carry over the waves, the child to his mother through night. Like the cloud of the shower, she was on the beach, and said to me brightening with joy, 'Take this spear (the spear now in my hand) and Ronan for ever will my son be called.'"

A BATTLE SCENE. (P. 87.)

"But what approaches like the sound of streams, when bursts the storm from the clouds? The host of Lava, with their spears polished and they numerous pouring to meet us, and shining like blades on a rock, when the sun breaks through clouds. Struck Ronan the boss of battle as he sprang to deeds with joy. The alarm stroke gathered his people, like an angry cloud round the branchy oak: like the spirit of night careering amid the

congregated ghosts in a tempest dismal to pour on the groves of Arden with the monarch oak watchfully listening, so descended Ronan to battle with his chivalry strong in his steps. . . . Equal in strength and in dreadful appearance, Lava led and his people followed. Like fierce thunder in a dark cloud, when gloom rests on the plain of Lava, a thousand helmets and spears shone on high, blazing like a grove on fire. But who can relate the tug of battle? Broad shields are being split by the wonderful strength of swords, heads and helmets falling, and the dead smothering the wounded. Blood is running like rivulets, and the souls of heroes ascending in steam. But who are they, the two eagles broad-winged, that are wrestling so wildly on the heath. Behold one on his knees stooping, sustained on his bending spear. 'Yield,' said Ronan, 'thy spear. The death of an enemy is not my desire, when I see him wounded and low.'

DEATH OF SULMINA. (P. 89.)

"Where is thy dwelling my love? Why dost thou not hasten to meet me? Come my love from thy hiding, answer to thy Ronan, Sulmina.' Alas! vain is thy voice, hero: the rocks alone reply. He heard the wail of a hound in the battle field in the spot where fell Sulmina. She had sought the field in aid of Ronan. She was met by a barbed shaft. The light faded in her eye, beauty fled from her face. Ronan fell without colour, without tears on her bosom half cold in death, as ivy inclines to the earth, when falls its blooming oak. Sulmina's eyes opened for a moment with a blink of joy, then closed, pleased in death."

The following piece shows that the comic element is not wanting in the Gaels :—

MAC-AN-TOSAICH, i. e. WHISKY.

"Who would compare a man of thy smeddum to wines thin and sharp of France? or dispraise Macintosh, save a sneak that will not take a dram.—Chorus,—Seize the bottle, fill the glass, hence, the boor churlish and scant; noble youth, son of malt, many warriors pay court to thee. Lecturing hypocrites may abuse thee behind thy back, in plausibly deceitful words, but although they slander, they also drink thee like brook water. Chorus,—Seize, &c. The clergy themselves, although their garb is saintly, are, many of them, among thy devotees, and some of them enjoy a bouse, as well as any soldier in the camp. Chorus,—Seize, &c. How could we make a wedding, or a binding contract? unless we have a dram for the clerk, there will be little vigour in his pen. Chorus,—Seize, &c. It is my own desire, son of my heart, to be in thy generous company. Often have we two been together, without a pipe or fiddle, dancing. Chorus,—Seize, &c."

Captain Campbell has penned an eloquent passage on the bagpipe. The bagpipe? how the Anglo-Saxon ear shudders at the sound. What melody can be in that combination of an engine whistle, a cannon's roar and a pig's squeak. We asked an English friend once, tempted thereunto by the kindly manner in which he indulged in Caledonia's drink, if he liked the pipe? "Yes," he replied, "at a distance." We pursued our enquiries, and discovered that he had heard the bagpipe once in Fleet Street! A cockney, like an ass in lion's skin, fingering the lyre of Apollo. No, he had never heard it as we have heard it, pealing forth its glad sounds amongst the glens at Glencoe; he had never heard it ringing forth its merry tones at fair and feast, putting life and mettle in our heels; he had never heard it

thrilling forth the sad low notes of woe, as the long line of mourners followed the dead to his last long home. The bagpipe is the instrument of the glens, and in the glens must it be heard to be appreciated. Yet we have listened to the Athole Piper in the halls of the Canongate Kilwinning, discourse music on the pipe that no flute could equal. He who judges the music of the pipe, as it discordantly rises on the midnight air in the streets of Edinburgh and London, knows the real melody as much as he knows the habits and manners of an eagle, by studying a stuffed one in some museum.

Whoever has travelled the Highlands, and made himself familiar with its inhabitants, will never forget either the beauty of the one, or the kindness of the other. Even the wretched cockney who knows Auchtermuchty as Attermooty, and falls under the table at the third glass, can never forget the burst of enthusiasm that lit up his insignificant carcass as he gazed upon Loch Katrine, or viewed with surprise the lofty Nevis. We who have clomb the shaggy heights of that Ben, and have drank our mountain dew on Mac Dhui never shall, nor the uniform kindness we have met from our Gaelic brethren. The first summer we spent in the Highlands, we shall never forget, both from the incidents that happened to us, and the circumstance that the dear friend with whom we stayed is now no more. One day we started on a shooting expedition. The sky above us was as clear as the blue of our lady's eye, the air balmy as her breath, and the music of the forest trees as melodious as her sigh. We came upon great stretches of woods winding around a silver lake, and clambering up to kiss some lofty mountain's brow, interspersed with the rich purple heath, on which the foot sprang as lightly, and the spirits rose like the soul of freedom of yore on its bells. The forests were filled with song birds, the heather rang with bees, and over head the sun was often darkened by a falcon's lofty flight. From coppice would start a herd of deer, at our feet sprang away the timid hare, while a little grey cot, with its silvery smoke, and a rich background of green trees, added its quota of life in a Highland maid singing the song of faithful love, and an ancient Gael, with silvery locks and withered frame, basking in the genial warmth of the sunbeams, and dreaming of that other and better world to which he was fast hastening. And scenes of matchless beauty burst upon our view on every hand, such as Duncan Ban sings about in the "Corrie of the Mist," stanzas which give the lie to Macaulay's statement of the modernness of landscape poetry:—

THE CORRIE OF THE MIST.

"In the morning mild and bright when rising at the foot of a rock it was my delight to hear the heath hen plaintively murmuring her carol, and the blackbird courteously crooning his deep response. The wren merrily tuning her chanter musical, and piping with might and main nimbly and sweetly, the linnet and redbreast ostentatiously breathing joyous lays in flowing numbers. There is a shaggy brow of green creesses around every spring in the forest, a grove of sorrel around the rough stones, and in every channel a thick covering of powdered sand, with basin like hollows, in which boiling without heat, bubbles up a cock of water from its polished fountain; every gentle streamlet, with its dark blue, cuy-leu meandering through meadows, or

leaping over rocks in mimic waterfall. The white-bosomed salmon is seen in the corrie rugged, fresh from the sea of stupendous waves; sportful in his proud career, he springs at the midges, snatching them unerringly with his crooked beak. Through the fierce rapids he bounds exultingly, in his armour of blue-grey mail, traced with silver; he is finny, minutely speckled, scaly, crimson spotted, breast white, symmetrical. Found always in the sequestered hollows are the bold hinds with their calves and yearlings. It is our delight in the sunny morning, to stalk for them the wolds and glens; though the embattled elements should come on us in a deluge, there are means of shelter in the bounds ample. Little caves at the foot of the forest with secret beds in which to stretch ourselves in close confinement."

The last extract of this Highland poetry we shall give is one indicative of the feeling of anguish which the Highlanders experience under the modern system of expatriation. It is the work of Allan Macdougall, the blind Bard of Glengarry, and is written about 80 years ago:—

"A curse has come upon Albin! Men are now poor and naked, without food, raiment, or shelter; The north country is ruined! No milk kine are to be seen in the vales, no strong work-horses in harness; nothing is seen but ewes and lambs, with Lowlanders round them, harshly screeching. The country has been converted into a desert, the Gael has no home under the sun!"

We must conclude these cursory remarks with a few words on the Highland Music. The Gaelic airs which Captain Campbell has appended to his volume are perhaps the most valuable part of his collection. They are all more or less familiar to the true lover of music. For the most part the airs are set in the minor mode. That plaintive sweetness, that subdued melancholy, and that latent fire is not we believe to be found in the native music of any other country in the world. The air in particular which is usually sung "to the exquisite Gaelic lyric, "O my bonnie Mary," is one of the most beautiful melodies we ever heard. On some other occasion we may return to the subject of the music; in the meantime we cordially recommend our readers to get Captain Campbell's valuable work and study it for themselves.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT.

A LEGEND OF CUMBERLAND AND THE CRUSADES.

BY EDWARD J. GOODMAN.

Sytte ye First.

In Egremont Castle there's flurry and "worrit"
From the kitchen below to the loftiest turret,
Every moveable in it is out of its place,
Both master and servants are red in the face,
Their's a hasty fish dinner of mullet and dace,

And good Friar John's told to keep back his grace,
Which he does, though it is to his infinite sorrow ;
But he vows he'll deliver *two* graces to-morrow,
Before the hall table has ever a dish on,
"To make up for," he says, "this *disgraceful* omission."
Not a servant is idle, for every-one's busy—
John Thomas, and Peter, and Polly, and Lizzie—
Bill's gone to the Consul's to get passports *visé*,
And e'en Friar John, the devoutest of monks,
Is superintending the cording of trunks.
The cook, he is putting up poultry and hams,
Pigeon pies, tarts of currant and gooseberry jams,
All sorts of preserved meats, and fish and fowl potted,
And bottles of "cream of the valley"—not clotted—
But jolly Geneva, and ven'erable Tom,
And real Scottish whisky, (liked better by some),
Liqueurs, wines, French brandy, and West India rum,
And East India pale ales, some milder, some bitterer,
And what else you may choose to comprise in *et cætera*.
In the stables the grooms all the horses are rubbing down ;
The armourers breast-plates and lances are scrubbing down ;
The squires are dusting and furling the flags,
And banners, and pennons, and such warlike rags ;
The coachmen are looking to traces and drags,
And every thing hastens, and nobody lags ;
Till at last all is packed—box, portmanteau and parcel,
And there's nothing to do, in or outside the castle.
Save one thing—I fear I was nearly omitting it !—
I allude to Sirs Hubert and Eustace's quitting it.

Now see what a tyrant's a story when vers'd !
Sir Eustace I ought to have spoken of first,
For he was to Sir Hubert the senior brother,
A fact better known than enjoyed by the other ;
But though it endangered the rights of that youth,
I could not well sacrifice metre to truth !

Now, if you, gentle reader, in any way care for
The reason, or cause, or the why, or the wherefore,
These two gallant youths from their homes should thus travel,
The mystery I will proceed to unravel.

Well, I heard from the party who told me this story,
That, fired by reports of the gain and the glory
Achieved by his countrymen out in the East,
Extolled by the bard, and preached up by the priest,
And talked of, and toasted at every feast,
Sir Hubert one day with a good round oath swore—
"Now Eustace, my boy, the thing's getting a bore !
While we sit consuming the wine in our cellars,
Out there in the East are those chivalrous *fellers*
Attacking, and whacking, and sacking the Turk ;
And from all that I hear it seems good paying work.
Suppose we leave here, in the Castle, a garrison,
And set out for the East to pitch into the Saracen !"
"By George !" Eustace cried, as he laid down his knife,
"It's the best thing that ever you said in your life !"
And jumping up, shouted, "Ho, there all you chaps !
We are off to the East, so just pack up our traps."

And Eustace and Hubert cut short their carousal,
To put into practice the latter's proposal.

Now, I grieve that, to make this a truthful narration,
I must bring 'gainst a knight a most grave accusation.
Of course, if 'twere one of your squires, or pages,
Or poets, or ecclesiastical sages,
Instead of a knight of the dark middle ages,
At the worst I should raise some polemical chatter;
But in a knight's case it's a different matter;
Because, though I speak in the cause of veracity,
He might cut short at once both my life and loquacity.

But the truth must be said,
And you see the man's dead,

So I think that my shoulders are safe on my head—
(You know what I mean, but the thought's so affrighting,
That really, just now I don't know what I am writing!)

Now, Eustace, as nearly as I can remember,
Was in February born, and his *frère* in December,
So the difference of age 'tween these gallant young men,
Was in favour of E., and by months about ten.

Thus the fact of the case

Is, that in their life's race

Sir E. obtained first, and Sir H. second place;
Or, as on the course but two runners to shew were—
Sir E. was in first, and his poor brother—nowhere.
Well, according to every just law of succession,
At his father's death Eustace took hold and possession,
Of mansion and manor, of coachhouse and stables,
Of live stock and serfs, three per cents, chairs and tables;
He was lord of the land, he was lord of the hall,
And Hubert was lord of—just nothing at all.
It is sagely remarked by some party deceased,
That a satisfied mind's a continual feast;
But Hubert, 'tis whispered, the malcontent sinner,
Didn't relish that class of perpetual dinner,
Indeed, to his shame be it said, was inclined
Much fault with that very sound maxim to find.
And thought that, considering his brother's receivings,
He ought to get more than Sir Eustace's leavings;
And so, not content with the brotherly dole,
He said in his base heart, "I'll collar the whole!"
Now, a fav'able chance is not found ev'ry day
Of putting one's brother clean out of the way,
So, says he to himself, "Hub. your fortune is made
If Eusty gets killed in this jolly crusade;
Once let me get Eustace well out to Jerusalem,
And I wager that somehow I'll manage to muzzle him!"

Well, such was the horrible state of affairs,
As far as concerns at least one of these *frères*,
When servitor, squire, page, yeoman and vassal,
Were drawn up in array in the court of the castle;
To see the departure of these gallant brothers,
Their retinue, followers, troopers, and others,
While many a blessing, and many a prayer
Pass'd from many a bosom of gallant and fair;
The latter exclaiming "Now ain't he a duck!"

As she viewed, armed and mounted, her favourite buck,
And threw an old shoe at him, just for good luck.
And good Friar John too, came out with his blessing,
And hoped they would give the vile heathen a dressing.
So forth they sallied in their pride,
Eustace and Hubert side by side,
While squires and men-at-arms rode at their backs,
With sword, bill, bow, lance, battle-axe,
With which they resolved to deal terrible cracks ;
And thus through the barbican, over the moat—
The drawbridge was down, so they wanted no boat—
Out into the merrie countree they go,
Away, and away, and Eastward Ho !

But alas ! how many a gallant heart
Had left his home for aye to part,
Left those more dear than gold and lore,
Ne'er to behold them—never more.
The sun that shone so bright that day
On helm, and shield, and corslet gay,
Will rise one morn on his lifeless clay.
And anxious hearts in those grey towers
Will count and count the weary hours,
And vainly sigh, and weep, and yearn
For those who never will return.
Oh, lady, thou wilt wring thy hands
For him who parts for foreign lands,
Whose blood will slake the thirsty sands !
The spring is come—the spring is gone—
Still art thou desolate—alone ;
Summer has come and pass'd away,
And so has he—for aye—for aye !
Autumn is come, and fruits are mellow,
The leaves lie wither'd, sere and yellow,—

So you'd better look out for another fellow !

Now Eustace and Hubert are out in the wars,
And Eustace gets scratches, contusions, and scars,
And though sometimes a trifle of "claret," he loses,
His carcase is sound, spite of bleeding and bruises ;
And e'en when he met with his gravest disaster,
When a Turk cut his head, having shorn thro' his castor,
He was cur'd with a pen'orth of black sticking-plaster.
Yet of every fight he was seen in the thick,
And 'twas said by the monarch, the Lion-heart Dick,
That he never had known such a regular brick—
Such a "pluckton," a Trojan, an out-and-out hero,
And call'd him a "first chop, *sans-peur*, Cavaliero !"

Now you may be sure this distinction so striking
By no manner of means was to *somebody's* liking.
I allude to Sir Hubert—that rascally catiff,
Whom the grievous calamity would much elate, if
Sir Eustace were kill'd by some blacky-brown native !
"Confound the man's luck ! though he always is at it,
Yet, he every time, comes off safe and sound—drat it !
Why the deuce don't the fellow get knock'd on the head ?
I'd stand half-a-sovereign to hear he was dead !"
"You would ? if you'll make it just twenty-one bob,
He shall get an incurable crack on the nob !"

He started, and saw by the light of the moon,
 A horrible object—half man, half baboon;
 With such fiery eyes, such a hideous black muzzle,
 That I'm pretty well sure 'twould a conjurer puzzle,
 To guess at the species the creature belonged to,
 He might say the ape, and yet not be far wrong too;
 For there he stood wriggling, and gibb'ring, and grinning
 A devilish smile that was meant to be winning;
 And Sir Hubert, whom trifles could rarely confuse,
 When this monster he saw, really quaked in his shoes!
 "Who are you?" stammer'd he, "Why, you horrible elf,
 I'm afraid you're the elderly party himself!"
 "The devil I am!" cried the wretch with a smirk,
 "I am no more a devil than you are a Turk;
 But by trade I'm a cut-throat, and murder's my work,
 In short, I'm the *real, original* BURKE!"
 "Bless me!" Hubert cried, after thinking some time,
 "I believe you are commonly call'd 'The Sublime!'"

The man drew a dagger,
 Which made Hubert stagger,
 And quietly said, "Sir, I am not a bragger,
 But I tell you I never stand them sort of games,
 And make pretty short work o't, when folks call me names.
 Now listen, I serve in the squad of your brother,
 And a week or two back I did something or other—
 No matter what 'twas—well, he called me a laggard,
 A rascally thief, and a scamp, and a blackguard!
 Now look you, I never put up with such dealings,
 It riles me, it hurts me, it's bad for my feelings.
 But don't think I'm so soft as to whimper or pout for it,
 No, I swore by the jingo that I'd pay him out for it!
 Now, the fact is, Sir Hubert, I happen to know—
 In fact, a diminutive bird told me so—
 That you would not be sorry to hear that your brother
 Had been—let's say, *done for*, in some way or other.
 Let me join your reward to my unavenged wrongs,
 I'll do the job just for a couple of songs—
 And I'll smash him—I swear it—by poker and tongs!"

Now here was for Hubert a fine opportunity
 To make himself one of the monied community,
 Instead of a landless and penceless dependent,
 By putting an end to his father's descendant!
 He wavered a minute before he could speak;
 But cupidity's strong, and then, flesh is so weak!
 His poor brother's death he ought not to be pleased at,
 But ten thousand a-year, though, is not to be sneezed at;
 And tho' gallant Eustace would fall by such mean hands,
 Yet would he not touch his possessions with clean hands?
 Be not hard on him reader, observe the temptation,
 And think what you'd do in a like situation.
 At last he exclaimed, "If you kill that poor ninny
 My brother, I'll stand half a pint, and a guinea!"
 "Aha!" laughed the monster—(he meant to be funny)
 "My work's sure enough sir, but what of the money?
 Come, the terms are but small, so I think that you ought
 To pay half in advance down, and promise a quart!"

Considering the treasures he purposed to rifle,
Hubert wasn't the man to stand out for a trifle;
So to make all things pleasant, he promised the man a
Full quart, and advanced him ten "bob" and a "tanner."
Inspired with the hope of the liquor, and gratitude,
The rascal then struck a theatrical attitude,
And swore he'd stick into Sir Eustace's weasan' his
Knife, and marched off on his murderous business.

Next day, as I hear it is usual, the morn
Began at the period of sunrise, to dawn.
But uncommon commotion was seen in the camp,
For the king had commanded his soldiers to tramp,
As he vow'd that fine day to prove terribly harassin'
To the Infidel—otherwise Moslem or Saracen.
So the troops are drawn up in their martial array,
In capital fig. and condition look they;—
E'en Sir Redtape, who never could travel or halt with them
Without looking sharply for cause to find fault with them,
Is heard to declare, as they pass in review,
That he thinks on the whole "that the army *will do*!"
Well, Sir Brown boldly rides at the head of his host;
And Sir Jones he most gallantly sticks to his post,
Sir Robinson's found with his files and his ranks,
And Sir Smith does his duty, protecting the flanks,
Sir Leo and Co. are attired in their lions' hides
And dauntless Sir Cromwell is leading his "Ironsides,"
Sir Plunderwell's heading his valiant rapscallions,
And Sir Falstaff's in front of his tatterdemalions,
And even Sir Hubert, the caitiff, too, shows,
Prepared to take part in the pillage and blows.
But King Richard has all of a sudden unloosed his
Steel visor, and called out, "I say, where's Sir Eustace?"
Oh, naughty Sir Hubert! well may you be trembling,
And closing your helmet to mask your dissembling,
When King Richard demands of you "Where is your brother,"
And you say, "I suppose he is somewhere or other!"

"By St George, that won't do!

Here, Sir Forrester, you
Go and see if Sir Eustace's charger is saddled—
I cannot believe the brave knight has *skedaddled*!"
Ah, in vain, good King Richard, you send out Sir Forrester,
And bid lazy Sir Dawdle and timid Sir Horace stir!
They obey the King's orders, examine the stables,
Look in Eustace's tent, and peep under the tables,
Explore the wild woods, and throw drags in the rivers,
And rummage damp caverns that give them the shivers.
They discover, it's true, his shield, helmet, and sword,
Lying broken and bloody upon the green sward,
And his horse, which is wounded, and painfully limps,
But of Eustace himself they don't catch the least glimpse.
Ah! little they wis, that that rascally Burke
Has said to Sir Hubert, who's *worse* than a Turk,
"Come tip us your money, I've finished my work!"
"Oh dear! what has happen'd to, what has become of him?"
Is again and again asked by many a chum of him.
The question's too much though, for every capacity,

Save that of Sir Wiseman, renown'd for sagacity,—
 "He hath fallen a prey to ye wolves, their voracity!"—
 He suggests, and the knights who were never yet beaten,
 Bring in this sage verdict—"Not found—*perhaps eaten!*"

That day, I am heartily grieved to confess,
 The Turks were attacked without any success;
 And just as King Richard began to undress,
 Resolved that he would all his woes in his mattress hide,
 To his tent came Sir Hubert that villanous fratricide,
 Asking leave for a while to quit him and his cares,
 And go home upon "urgent and private affairs."

Finis se Second.

My readers are doubtless beginning to warn
 Me, that nought has been said about Egremont's Horn;
 But I beg their kind patience
 As ere this narration's

Complete, 'twill be brought in on sev'ral occasions.
 If you're in such a hurry, we shan't get on pleasantly,
 You shall know all about it, I promise you, presently.

Well, Sir Hubert from Palestine's gone and departed,
 I cannot assert that he's *quite* broken-hearted,
 For whatever his thoughts are, I fear he has none for
 Poor Eustace, so cruelly ta'en in and done for.
 He can't entertain any fears of Jack Ketch, or he
 Surely would tremble to think of his treachery.
 No, for merging all thoughts of the past into one, he
 Reflects upon nought but the lands and the money,
 Which, since Eustace's dip has burnt out in its socket,
 Will find their way into his covetous pocket.
 On the plains of Assyria he pricks very quick,*
 He crosses the sea, and gets mis'rably sick;
 So he's very well pleased when the voyage is over,
 And lands, better than might be expected, at Dover.
 A week or two after he's under Black Comb† again,
 And knows by that token he's very near home again.
 Now you know, deeds of darkness are, as 'tis but right
 They should be, always done under cover of night;
 And Sir Hubert, (I should by the bye much prefer
 It, if I could unknicht him, and leave out the "Sir")—

Sir Hubert, I say,
 Whose deeds shun the day,
 Is in no sort of hurry to make his *entrée*
 To the Castle, to which he has really no right,
 So waits on the road for the coming of night.
 But why?—you shall hear—though on many a thorn
 Of suspense I have kept you long—*now* for the Horn!

The founder of Egremont Castle, (so runs
 The tradition) was very much scandalized once,
 Having found that the heir to his house and estate
 Had contracted a habit of stopping out late,
 In the neighbouring forests and villages wandering,

* "A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,"

You'll find that in Spenser, if not—look again.

† If reader, you do not, like many a one, dread miles
 Of walking, you'll get hence a view of a hundred miles.

And fighting and drinking and, what's worse, philandering;
 But the more the old gentlemen vented up-blowings on
 Naughty Sir Thomas, the worse were his goings-on.
 "Very well, master Tom, you shall neither a rover nor
 Truant be any more!"—So said the governor.
 Now, properly fearing some accident might fall
 Upon the rash youth, when abroad after night-fall,
 He adopted a plan, which no doubt would much shock a
 Staid citizen, used to his bell-pull and knocker,
 For he call'd in the family blacksmith one day,
 And had both those appendages taken away
 From the Castle street-door, and the very next morn,
 There was hung in their stead an enormous cow's horn!
 Now you'd think he would put a neat brass plate below,
 Inscribed with, not "Please knock and ring," but "Please blow,"—
 However he didn't, and I'll tell you why;—
 For no person could sound it, although he might try
 Until he was purple and black in the face,
 Yet it seem'd but just such as is used in the chase;
 'Twas not so, however—
 Its design was more clever,
 For only one man in the world could endeavour
 To blow it, and that was the son and heir, *ipse*,
 By which his papa knew when he'd come in tipsy.
 Of course you will say,
 'Twas a capital way
 To find out, too, what time he got home of a day;
 And the plan, so I hear, was discovered to *pay*.
 Well, from that day to this, only Egremont's rightful heir
 Could play a note on it,—much less a delightful air.
 Now of course vile Sir Hubert must very well know it,
 And that he might as well try to eat it as blow it.
 For he knew too, that he'd no more right to the Castle
 Of Egremont, than had its commonest vassal.
 So as soon as he thought all within were asleep,
 He swam 'cross the moat, though 'twas chilly and deep—
 And climb'd up the other side, though it was steep;
 Through a window he got, having broken a pane o' glass,
 Nor was heard by the warder, who snor'd, having ta'en a glass
 Of hot whisky-toddy, the rascally wight,
 To keep—so he said—his eyes *open* at night!
 As you may imagine—Sir Hubert, next morn,
 Vow'd, swore, and declared he'd been blowing the horn
 For a very considerable number of hours,
 And so loud, that he thought he should shake down the towers.
 Of course he informed them Sir Eustace was dead,—
 Slain in battle—and he'd come to reign in his stead.
 In those days was no "Times" with a list of the casualties
 Of war, as to read in the papers now usual 'tis;
 So of course all believe him,
 And gladly receive him,
 And when he feigns sorrow, they try to relieve him.
 Need I say, gentle reader, what kind of career
 Hubert led when he got his "ten thousand a year?"
 His squandering was such, when he made himself heir to it,
 That Tittlebat Titmouse's couldn't compare to it!
 For spirits and wines about two thousand went;

While more than a thousand in dressing was spent;
 Three thousand he lavished on horses and carriages;
 What he paid for his breaches of promise of marriages;
 What he lost on the turf, in the ring, and at play,
 And by even worse means, I am sure I can't say!
 He spent half his fortune in gross immoralities,
 And not half a farthing in real hospitalities.
 And though quite enormous his income was, yet
 In a very short time he was deeply in debt.
 So he got for himself such a nice reputation,
 That among the respectable part of the nation,
 'Twas said, "There's no scamp between Hants and Northumberland
 Like Sir Hubert of Egremont Castle, Co. Cumberland!"
 As is usual with rakes when they've spent all their patrimony,
 Sir Hubert declared he would go in for matrimony.
 Of course, for true love he had no predilections—
 He wasn't cut out for domestic affections—
 But, seeing impending insolvency's shower, he
 Resolved to take shelter beneath some broad dowery.

Now, there lived in the valley of Keswick, near Skiddaw,
 What the swells of the day called a "nice little widow."
 Well, this pretty young widow had money and land,
 And Sir Hubert—as cool as you like—asked her hand;
 At least, wrote the following: (one of his band
 Took the note superscribed "Haste, post haste, for thy life!")

"Dearest Madam,—I'm sadly in want of a wife.
 Now from all I can glean from the facts I've been told,
 You are rich in youth, beauty, lands, houses, and gold;
 And to tell you the truth on't as far as I can see,
 Your attractions will just suit my fortunes and fancy;
 So I'll feel much obliged if the bargain you'll strike at once,
 And I'll wed you my darling, anon—if you like, at once.
 With respect to my merits, I think there are few but
 Acknowledge there's none like
 Your's faithfully,

HUBERT.

"P.S.—I will love you—I cannot speak fairer,
 So please name the day in an answer by bearer."

Now, who after this, will assert there is no man's art
 Sufficiently potent to touch a young woman's heart?
 Sir Hubert tried his—I have shown you all he did,
 And now I will tell you how far he succeeded.

"Dear Sir"—

The fair lady wrote back in reply—

"Your offer's exceedingly lib'ral—but I

Am sorry to say that I must disappoint your

Hopes to obtain both my hand and my jointure;

For in my first marriage was so little merriment,

That I don't think I'll venture a second experiment.

As for taking yourself, my good man, its absurd of you,

To ask such a thing after all I have heard of you.

How's the weather with you?—here it's raining in torrents,

As 'tis always at Keswick.—

Sincerely yours,

FLORENCE.

"P.S.—A long letter I do, like a sermon, hate;
So with this, let our brief correspondence, please, terminate."

Imagine his wrath when he read this epistle!
He stamped, and he swore, and he hurl'd a huge missile
At the head of the poor harmless fellow who brought it,
And who luckily got out of danger and caught it.

But presently Hubert exclaimed with a laugh,
"Aha! I've been too condescending, by half,
Yet your ladyship dares at my offer to scoff,—
By the animate jingo, I'll carry you off!"

Yes—and though the resolve seems extremely absurd,
The rogue was as good,—no, as bad, as his word;
For he and a band of his rascally creatures
Proved poor Lady Flo. of politeness, rude teachers.
In the dead of the night (he did all things at night, you see),
In the valley of Keswick, his men-at-arms might you see,
Leading captive fair Florence, who, hitherto, all free,
Is, alas! gagged, and bound on the back of a palfrey;
And after a journey of eight weary hours,
She is lodg'd fast and safely in Egremont's towers.

* * * * *

"Oh! gallant Sir Hubert, have pity on me,
I'm a poor, helpless, lone little widow, you see!
By your knighthood, release me, sir, out of this mess,
And allow me to live at my former address.
What mean you by this?—so to speak, it your trade is,
To protect, and not pilfer, defenceless young ladies.
I wonder you are not afraid of old Harry, you
Naughty bad man! I declare I won't marry you!"
"Humph! I think you had best," said the scamp in reply,
A light full of dark meaning, too, gleamed in his eye—
He approach'd her, she screamed, and so made herself heard too,
That he could'nt get in e'en so much as a word to
Explain his intentions; she shriek'd and she scream'd
And so long, and so loud were her cries that it seem'd
That the Castle walls echoed them back; ah! but soon
They reverb'rate instead quite a different tune!
A tune most remarkable too, and so strange,
That 'twas quite out of all her experience's range.
And both caitiff Sir Hubert and fair Lady Florence
Stood silent—the former in dread and abhorrence,
For—but stay—Gentle reader, did ever you listen
To an amateur trying the cornet-à-piston?
I don't mean as perform'd by the late Monsieur Kœnig,
Who *could* play, as the Germans would say, just *ein wenig*;—
But with vile notes, combining the howl of a dog
With the roar of a bull, and the croak of a frog,

A guinea-pig's squeak,
And a sucking pig's shriek,
And the bray of an ass, and the grunt of a hog!
If you have, you may form some idea of the note
That was heard—and produced by some muscular throat!
Oh! you never saw such an aspect as is worn
By the visage of Hubert—not since you were born—
As he shouts, as though some one had trod on his corn,
"Oh lud! there is Eustace a-blowing the horn!"
Though partial to lying, this amiable youth,

For once in his lifetime is speaking the truth.

Yes, back is Sir Eustace,

Though at first they refused his

Request to be let in—each bolt now unloos'd is.

They've rais'd the portcullis, the drawbridge is down,

And once more the brave warrior comes into his own.

"No, no, he's no ghost—he has never been dead!"

Cries the seneschal—after a slap on the head.

Sir Eustace he enters, and rushes up stairs,

And into the chamber he dashes, and there's

Sir Hubert, who gnashes his teeth, and who swears ;

And down in a corner is poor Lady Florence,

Her hair is dishevelled—her tears flow in torrents ;

But she screams with delight,

When she sees the brave knight,

While Hubert attempts to take refuge in flight.

But Eustace detains him, and tho' he has heard her too,

Addresses him first, saying, "Sir, I've a word or two

For your private ear ; if you'll just come with me

You shall be a beholder of what you shall see!"

Sir Hubert looks at him as though he could swallow him,

But still grants his request—he can't help it—to follow him.

They proceed down the stairs 'till they come to the basement,

Where Hubert beholds, with surprise and amazement,

That rascal, consid'rably worse than a Turk,

None else than the *real, original* BURKE!

"Now," says Eustace, "You villain—I can't call you brother—

I have brought you at last face to face with the *other* ;

He has never escaped me—no, neither from cart nor ship

In which I've brought him to own to the partnership

Between him and yourself for the speedy transaction

Of my business—that dirty and murderous action.

Now, hear me, you rogue ; I was stabbed in the back,

And my blood was sopp'd up, that it might leave no track,

And so that plan itself, when I fell 'neath the knife

Prov'd the means of preventing the loss of my life.

This brute, all confus'd as he was from the tavern

Dragg'd me hastily thence and conceal'd in a cavern ;

But though he consider'd me dead as a door nail

I came to, like the man in the play by T. Corneille.

But whenever I stirr'd, the blood 'gan to pour out again,

So 'twas sev'ral days ere I could wander about again.

And then—Oh ! 'twas shameful to one of my bravery—

I got caught by some Turks and was sold into slavery.

For several years I lay chained in a dungeon,—

Bread and water my breakfast, and ditto my luncheon ;—

But at last I prevail'd on the gaoler, my host,

To drop a note into the twopenny post,

Narrating my woes to our gracious King Richard ;

Who thus heard of my being in prison, from which hard

Fate he delivered me ; having most handsome-

ly sent me a cheque on his banker—*my* Ransom !

Now, when I got free there were two things to do ;

First, to find out this rascal, and secondly, you.

Of course when he saw me, he cut, but we tracked him,

And caught, and immediately whack'd him and rack'd him.

So we made him confess, and with tol'able speed,

He was mov'd to the deed by his spite and your greed.
Then I asked leave of absence, the king made no bother
About it—to seek my affectionate brother.

And now, here we are!—Oh, you villanous elf!—
You've tried to despatch me—you've squandered my pelf,
So what have you now got to say for yourself?"

Well, what *could* he say?—there was nought to explain—
But he said he regretted he'd caus'd him such pain,
Was sorry, and—never would do so again!

And to prove that he really was grieved he had gone astray,
He declar'd he'd turn monk and go into a monast'ry.

"Well," says Eustace, "I think of the world you have had enough,
And e'en for an Abbot you're certainly bad enough."
But for Burke's reformation there seemed much less hope,
So his fate was three stout beams of oak and a rope.

And now Eustace changes the clothes he has worn
On his journey, and visits the damsel forlorn.

He assures her he's heartily sorry and hurt to see,
In one of his family, such want of courtesy
To a lady whose beauty and grace should command
The hearts of the bravest and best in the land.

He gives her an escort of soldiers with pikes,
Declares she may go wheresoever she likes;
And if ever a sland'rer should utter a breath
Of blame on her, him he'd defy to the death.

"As for me," and he sighs, "I've my living to earn,
For my brother, you see, has sold up the concern.

I must back to the East, and there many a knock exchange,
While my lands go to Mr Percent of the Stock Exchange."

"Not so," cries the lady, "you've perhaps saved my life,
For I ne'er would have liv'd to be that fellow's wife.

Now you're brave, and, what's more to a woman, unfortunate,
And to wed me for wealth you were never importunate.

If you'll take me, I'll give you my person and pelf,
Which I will not have settled at all on myself;

I will love you—redeem both your Castle and land,
And in proof that I mean what I say—there's my hand!"

Could Eustace refuse? Sure you'll say, if he could,
He had been more than mortal of real flesh and blood.

Well, he does take her hands, and that not by the tips,
And he kisses them first, and then kisses her lips;

And before, at the most, a full fortnight elapses,
He is heard to declare he the happiest of chaps is.

Then King Richard return'd—kindly publishes an edict,
Which makes him a Baron as well as a Benedict.

In the due course of time they are blest with an heir,
Of whose morals and manners they take precious care.

With a penny tin trumpet a great noise he blows up,
But 'tis dropp'd for the famous cow's horn when he grows up;
And I hear that he ne'er did his good parents shock,
By sounding it after eleven o'clock.

And as years roll'd onward the dear ancient place
Was enlivened by many a pretty new face,

And so happy, you could not discover a trace
Of sorrow or pain—no, not e'en of a megrim on't,—

And so all was delight in the Castle of Egremont.

Y. ENDE.

DR WARDLAW'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.*

THIS admirable series of expository discourses has now been completed, and all connected with it, author, editor, and publishers, deserve the gratitude of the christian public, for the ability, care, and elegance, with which it has been produced. It is a treasure and an ornament to a minister's library, and we are confident it will be universally prized as such. We say a minister's library, because from the extent of the series it is more likely to find its way there than to that of a private individual whose means are limited, and whose reading is occasional. It contains three volumes on the Proverbs, three on the Romans, one on the prophecies of Zechariah, and one on the epistle of James. Eight finer volumes are rarely to be seen, and all for the moderate sum of forty shillings, the published price. The external appearance is in beautiful harmony with the internal worth. We have already more than once brought these volumes before our readers in the course of their publication, and now that the issue is completed we have once more to advert to them, and especially to the last three volumes of the series. The reader will not find in them anything crude or indigested, but everywhere he will meet maturity of judgment and elegance of composition. The lectures upon the prophecies of Zechariah were composed and delivered by the author when he was in his seventy-second year, and the last lecture of the last volume, that on the epistle of James, was delivered about four months previous to his death, so that here we may consider ourselves in possession of a true transcript of his mind, at the time when he was called home to give an account of his stewardship. "These lectures," says the editor in his preface to this last volume, "may therefore be regarded as my father's final contribution to the cause of divine truth; and as presenting his closing testimony to the power and preciousness, in his own experience, of the great doctrines, which, for more than half a century, it had been his chief aim, as it was his unceasing delight, to illustrate and enforce." Beautifully expressed, and not more beautiful than true. It seems there is still remaining abundance of materials for a distinct biographical series should such be afterwards thought desirable, there being over three hundred lectures written *in extenso*, on the leading characters of Scripture history. We earnestly hope that this new series will be forthcoming at no distant period, and if the editor bestows upon it the same attentive care and judicious oversight which he has hitherto employed, we shall expect for it even a wider circulation than that of the series just concluded.

We formerly referred to the strong, practical, good sense which pervaded Dr Wardlaw's Expositions of Scripture, and in the volumes before us the same characteristic is at once discerned. There are no

* Posthumous Works of the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., edited by his son, the Rev. J. S. Wardlaw, A.M. Vols. VI., VII., VIII. A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh. 1862.

fanciful renderings of obscure or difficult passages—no philosophical disquisitions meant more for the head than the heart—no unnecessary displays of scholarship in affected familiarity with Latin, Greek, or Hebrew roots and idioms; but there is evident in every discourse a strong desire for grasping the full meaning of the passage, and for the improvement of the human heart, the reformation of morals, and the elevation of man to nearer intercourse with God. This will give the work a much wider circulation, and secure for it a more cordial acceptance with the generality of readers, than had it been otherwise, for it is but a small portion indeed of any community who do not prefer plain, simple, earnest, spiritual teaching, to highly wrought and inflated exposition. Not only among the commonalty, but among the best educated and the intellectual, the plain enforcement and illustration of truth is always that which meets with their approbation. Those therefore greatly err who imagine it is necessary for them to be highly refined, ornate, or philosophical, in the pulpit, because their audience may be of a higher caste than usual, or because some distinguished individuals may chance to be before them. The peer as well as the peasant feels he has a soul to be saved, to be nourished and supported, and he is unwilling to be cheated out of his portion of sustenance by a mere display of intellectual gewgaw set forth in a manner which evinces only too distinctly that an effort is being made to elicit admiration of the speaker, rather than of the subject he has in hand. There was more than sarcasm implied in the laconic answer of a distinguished member of the Court of Session, when asked his opinion of a certain metropolitan divine who had just been preaching before him. "A would-be orator!" was the pregnant expression used. Curt but comprehensive—severe but yet deserved. Simplicity in diction and address is perfectly compatible with the deliverance of the most momentous truths, and the greatest amount of spiritual edification. We should not say compatible, but necessary, and the most becoming the circumstances of everything connected with pulpit ministration. We are sorry, however, that in the Church at present, whether established, or dissenting, there are too many "would-be orators," who would have grieved the heart of the pious Cowper had he been alive to listen to their harangues, and whose photograph of a clerical exquisite in his day, might in a great measure pass for one of themselves:—

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!"

For fifteen let us read thirty minutes, and grant them the credit of writing what they do read, and the picture will be found tolerably correct in its other lineaments. But here again is another portrait of an opposite character, which might have been thought that of Dr Wardlaw, had he been in the clerical office in the time of the poet. Not a feature seems misplaced or exaggerated. Let us look:—

'Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design,
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge.
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men."

Let the reader compare this description of a "messenger of grace," with the portrait of the venerable author prefixed to the last volume of the series, and how remarkably striking and life-like is every feature. True, the voice cannot be heard, but yet it will be readily acknowledged that such a voice as the poet describes is that alone which could come from those lips. But we must now turn to the work.

The sixth volume of the series contains lectures on the last six chapters of the Romans, being the third on that important portion of the Sacred Writings. It is almost superfluous to intimate that these chapters are illustrated in a most lucid and practical manner, and with true Christian liberality of spirit. Hidden or retired meanings are brought forth from their obscurities, and made to take the place they were evidently designed to occupy in the great system of revealed truth. From the well-known ability of the author, his influential position in society, and the principles of church government held by the body to which he belonged, we naturally turn with a certain avidity to learn his sentiments with regard to the authority of the Civil Magistrate, to which the Apostle refers in the 13th chapter of his epistle. And here we see there is no shirking the subject from fear of giving offence, but it is entered upon and discussed in its whole length and breadth, in a manner which must be most gratifying to every Christian heart. There is no acerbity or dogmatism, such as is too frequently met with when the subject is treated by a certain class of religionists hostile to all subordination to civil authority, especially in connection with ecclesiastical affairs, but there is a frank, full, and generous statement of opinion, based on sound argument and common sense, which is apt to be set aside by controversialists, and clearly enunciated to the understandings of all. This discourse is perhaps the most masterly in the whole volume, and as we are informed in a note, is referred to, and quoted from, by Dr John Brown in his great work entitled, "THE LAW OF CHRIST RESPECTING CIVIL OBEDIENCE," having been formerly published as a distinct treatise on the subject. While stating his consciousness of man's natural repugnance to every Scripture precept inculcating subjection, he wisely acknowledges that, "in interpreting the language in which our duty is enjoined upon us in the Word of God, nothing is of greater consequence, along with a tender susceptibility of conscience, than a dispo-

sition to explain particular precepts agreeably to the general principles,—the *spirit*, the *genius*, of the Gospel.” The subject is discussed under the two general divisions—the DUTIES ENJOINED, and the CONSIDERATIONS ENFORCING THEM. Of the Duties enjoined, he takes up, *respect*, *support*, *obedience*, and *prayer*, which are the points usually controverted by those who entangle themselves in the matter. He holds that there is a *respect* due to the office of the magistracy apart from the personal character of him who holds it, and that this respect is more strongly obligatory when excellence of character is combined with official dignity. The illiberal sentiments and hard expressions which are not unfrequently uttered against our civil dignitaries, are strongly reprobated by the author, as being not only injudicious but unjust, and always more or less injurious in the consequences which are sure to follow, for, as he says, “the man who indulges his tongue in contumelious and reviling language against the authorities of the land, language fitted to bring Government itself into contempt and disrepute, is a dangerous enemy of his country’s weal, as well as a direct and open violator of the express commands of God.” At the same time, when the conduct of the ruler is not of such a character as to warrant our commendation, we must beware of demeaning ourselves by insincerity, or hypocritical adulation, but when we are necessitated to express our sentiments and feelings in regard to him, we ought even to do so in terms free from railing and reproach.

With regard to *support*, he affirms that it is the duty of rulers to impose taxes, but to make them as light as is consistent with the exigencies of the state, and he quotes, with approval, a passage from a sermon, *On the Duty of Christians to Civil Government*, preached by Greville Ewing, in Lady Glenorchy’s Chapel, Edinburgh, on the 29th Nov. 1798, in which it is stated, that “the precept to pay taxes should be considered by Christians as a blessing.” We shall give the passage as quoted by Dr Wardlaw:—“The *precept* to pay taxes should be considered by Christians as a blessing. Had not the precept been given expressly, conscientious men might have thought it necessary to know first how the money was to be applied, and to refuse, wherever they disapproved of the expenditure. This would have given occasion to endless trouble and contention. But now, in consequence of the express precept, all occasion of scruple or uneasiness is removed; and as, of old, Christians were permitted to buy whatever was sold in the shambles, asking no questions for conscience’ sake; so now, whatever is imposed as a tax, it is our duty simply to pay, and to owe no man any thing, but to love one another.” But this is by no means to preclude the liberty of remonstrance, and of legitimate efforts, to prevent or rectify the infliction of an impost which may be considered either inconsistent with constitutional principles, or as not applied in an equitable manner. And there is further manifest the duty of the subject to support the government in all cases of emergency, either for repelling foreign invasion, or for maintaining internal peace, by taking up arms in defence of lawful authority, and of our national liberties.

On the third duty mentioned, that of *obedience* to civil authority, we must allow the author to speak for himself. His words are weighty, his sentiments cannot be condensed or better expressed. He says:—

"We owe to the government of our country, *obedience to its requirements*; subjection both to the established laws of the land, and to the occasional mandates of the higher powers. On this part of the subject, there is one obvious restriction which is applicable to all human requirements whatever. When the authority of men interferes with the authority of God; when the orders of the one contravene the positive commands of the other;—we cannot, we dare not hesitate. We must take up the Apostolic principle, and firmly abide by it!—"We ought to obey God rather than man;"—"Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." This is so self-evident that I stop not to illustrate or to establish it. Even in the refusal, however, there may be, and there ought to be, nothing of the spirit of resistance. There may, and there ought to be the utmost respect and deference displayed towards the constituted authorities, in readily obeying every summons, in answering modestly to their charges and enquiries, in stating our case, and in pleading our cause. But if all will not avail to procure a dispensation for our consciences, we must submit to suffer, were it even unto death, rather than do what our God forbids, or abstain from doing what our God requires to be done. Noble exemplifications of resolute adherence to this principle will immediately present themselves to every mind familiar with the records of sacred history:—and not the least illustrious of these in the annals of our own beloved land.

"With this exception, we are to be 'subject to the higher powers' in all things. As individual Christians, living under the government of earthly rulers, I do not think there can be established any other scriptural limitation of the command to 'be subject,' than the one which has now been specified. The Scriptures, it ought to be remembered, were not written for the learned alone, but for ordinary men, for multitudes who are not at all versant in the 'wisdom of this world,' or in the history and politics of nations. Every view, therefore, by which the right understanding and performance of any duty is made to depend on the possession of knowledge not within the reach of all, must be evidently and strongly objectionable. Now of this nature all limitations appear to be, excepting the one I have mentioned of the opposition of human orders to the commands of God.

"For example;—Is it alleged, that we are bound only by the *just and reasonable* demands or enactments of our rulers? It is perfectly true, that demands and enactments which do not partake of this character are wrong, and ought not to be made. But, who are to be the judges? Who are to draw the lines? The idea that every individual is to determine for himself what is just and reasonable, and what the contrary, cannot be admitted for a single moment by any man in his sober senses. The supposition puts an end at once to all subordination, and destroys the very *possibility* of government.

"Again;—Is it said, we are under obligation to obedience, only as far as the proceedings and requirements of our governors are *constitutional*? Here we are immediately met by the same difficulty. The matter is beyond the reach of by far the larger proportion of ordinary Christians. It would be necessary, on this hypothesis, that before a Christian could ascertain his duty as a subject of civil rule, he should be a profound politician; that he should maturely study the balance of power in the British constitution and be familiar with the limits of prerogative belonging respectively to King.

Lords, and Commons. This surely will never do. Statesmen and politicians are perpetually differing, and differing widely, about what is constitutional, and what is not;—what is, and what is not, an encroachment of one branch of the government on the prerogatives of another. How, then, can we ever think of making this a standard of duty, to men, who, from their situation, must, in most cases, be profoundly ignorant of the whole matter? Ground so uncertain, on which he must be incessantly halting, and hesitating, and vacillating, and frequently at an entire stand, and much more likely, if he acts at all, to act wrong than right,—will never do to be the rule of a Christian's conduct."

But he guards himself against being misinterpreted, as if his observations implied that all measures of the existing government are to be tacitly approved of and submissively adopted. He says:—

"No, my brethren. There is no attempt to impose any such shackles on your understandings. The thing is impracticable; and, were it practicable, would be most pernicious to the interests of British freedom. Abuses of official trust may occur, which are obvious and flagrant, and which, even on moral grounds, we cannot but in conscience condemn; and there may be many measures which, on principles of national expediency, apart from considerations of morality, we cannot approve as politically good. Pardon me, however, if I offer a hint or two as to the principles by which, on such matters, your judgments ought to be directed. Considering the immense difficulty of managing the extensive and complicated affairs of a mighty empire, the Christian who has learned 'not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly,' will surely feel the propriety of exercising his judgment with self-diffident caution, and, as far as he possibly can, of applying, both to men and measures, that charity which 'thinketh no evil.' He will beware of being on either side a violent political partizan; and as too generally happens, both in and out of parliament, of approving without discrimination the proposals and proceedings of one set of men, and condemning as indiscriminately those of another;—of giving all his charity to the one side, and all his suspicion and antipathy to the opposite. Considering, at the same time, the strength of the propensity existing in our nature to the abuse of power, I freely admit the desirableness in a country, for the security of its liberties and privileges, that knowledge be diffusely circulated, and that the subjects be vigilantly though reasonably observant of the measures of public men. The control of public opinion is often of most salutary influence in the prevention of the encroachments of arbitrary rule."

We must make another extract on this part of the subject, containing some very sensible remarks which thousands of our countrymen would do well to read and observe. We venture to affirm that were it so, many a home, and wife, and family, would have more domestic comfort and happiness than they at present enjoy. It has often struck us as ridiculous and absurd in the extreme, to see knots of men at every street-crossing and corner, out at knees and elbows, discussing with all manner of rhapsodical exaggeration, and the grossest ignorance, the doings and mis-doings of the Government as to revenue and expenditure, and politics in general, when they would have been better employed in their proper places in the workshop, earning bread and potatoes for their famishing families, than in reprehending Government for their indigent circumstances, attributable only to their

own downright laziness, and ambition to be thought orators by those as worthless as themselves, meddling in matters with which they have nothing to do. Were the ability within our means, we would send a copy to be stuck up in every workshop, and another for every workman's dwelling, in the hope that it would be the means of ameliorating the condition of very many in wretchedness and misery, or if not absolutely so, might be happier than they are. The author says, two things have often surprised him not a little, in the conduct and language of Christians on such subjects as these. The first of which is:—

"The easy confidence and decision with which they often speak of the proceedings of the government of the country. They seem as if they felt no sort of difficulty in the matter; as if all, both in principle and in practice, were as simple as a lesson in the alphabet. They decide for and against the measures of their rulers, with the same kind of perfect facility and readiness with which they commend or chide the behaviour of their own children. Now, surely, there can be nothing more preposterous than this. Have you never, my friends, experienced any difficulties in your own private concerns?—in the conduct of your little business?—in the management and economy of your families?—in settling disputes amongst your children, or your neighbours?—in the affairs of your friendly societies? Have you never had to deliberate yourselves, and to ask the advice of others, and after all, found a good deal of hesitation in making up your minds in these petty transactions? Be reasonable, then, my brethren. Consider for a moment, what the clashing interests must be of sixteen or seventeen millions of people; and how vast the difficulty of consulting and providing for them all. Think of the impossibility of adopting and executing almost a single purpose, that will not, in some point or other, be felt as a grievance. Think too, of the numerous contending interests of foreign powers, and the difficulty of adjusting these to mutual and universal satisfaction. Recollect, also, that your rulers are not, any more than yourselves, endowed with prescience. They cannot control future events. They cannot ascertain and overrule the providential purposes of Him, who 'worketh all things after the counsel of his own will;'—who saith, 'My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure;'—and under whose mysterious, unseen superintendence, events often run counter to the fairest and most apparently reasonable calculations. Are your own little plans and purposes never frustrated by unforeseen occurrences? And if designs are thus blasted, in the forming of which you had little or nothing to think of beyond yourselves; is no allowance to be made for the occasional disappointment and failure of schemes, the maturing of which has required their framers to take into their calculations a large proportion, perhaps, of the known world? Eager politicians may smile in contempt at all this. I cannot help it. I speak to my fellow-Christians, from whom I expect moderation and candour."

The second thing to which he refers is that of men expecting from *human nature* in regard to their rulers, so much more than their own knowledge of it drawn from Scripture and experience entitles them to look for, and in tracing all the evils of society to human institutions, and the administrations of governments. His observations are very much deserving of careful perusal by the class of persons to whom we referred above, as well as to many others, and he winds up by saying, that "they are not in general the men whose own

principles and conduct will bear the closest scrutiny, who are most inclined to be severe and censorious in their judgments of others, whether in public or in private life."

As to the remaining duty, that of *prayer*, he shows from Scripture that this is binding upon all Christians, and that no one cherishing feelings of ill-will and rancour against the government of his country, is in a state of mind to offer up his devotions acceptably to God. On the second general division of the subject, the considerations by which these duties are enforced, we shall not enter, but commend what is there said to the attentive perusal of the reader, as thoroughly practical, sensible, and instructive.

The volume on the Prophecies of Zechariah contains twenty-five lectures of great beauty and value. The author propounds the opinion of a literal return of the Jews to their own land, and to its possession, when they shall have a distinct political existence, and the kingdom shall be really and visibly restored unto Israel. The volume on James is equally valuable. The twenty-six lectures which it contains are all marked with the impress of a master in Israel, and they have this additional interest attending them, that the last was delivered but a short time before the author's death. As a whole, the eight volumes are a rich treasure of biblical exposition, and we earnestly recommend every clergyman to procure the series, for his own benefit and that of his people. The cost is a trifle, the value is very great. The Editor has done his duty most faithfully, filially, and satisfactorily, and as representing a portion of the public, we accord him our warmest and sincerest thanks.

EVENING ON THE BEACH.

BY ANTHONY ONEAL HAYE.

Come, while the day stands trembling o'er its grave,
From out the busy scenes of sin and woe.
Come, where the green and sprightly glancing wave,
Dances upon the shore in ebb and flow.
Come ere the lights from yonder mountains go,
Let's pace the golden sand and pebbly shore,
And mark the foam that churns around the bow
Of herring boats, spurning the breakers' roar,
And list the boatmen singing to the long pull'd oar.

Here is the spot, beside this wave worn stone
The gathering place of limpet and sea ware,
This is a spot to muse on God alone,
And pass the moments in absorbing prayer.
All is so still, we may without a care
Upon the Holy call, and feel his peace
Fall down upon us thro' the silent air,
A peace that falling gathers an encrease
Till sin chains drop, and sorrow finds at last release.

In towns we meet the demon craft of sin,
 Stern lipp'd Ambition, and the sordid eyes
 Of Avarice, that with unearthly grin
 Spurns food for dross, altho' for want it dies.
 There do we hear the murder'd's wailing cries,
 There see the squalid face of hunger, and
 The purple robes of vice—the gaudy prize
 Of fleeting pleasure, till the avenging hand
 Bares the bright blade that sweeps them to the Dismal Land.

Here Peace and Plenty reign. A stillness wraps
 The mountain's brow and sleeps upon the corn.
 Within the bay, the square sail idly flaps
 That in the morning by the gale was torn.
 Ripe Plenty lies upon each field, and borne
 Upon the breeze comes sweet the milkmaid's song,
 While on the trees till eve from rosy morn
 The birds are twittering gaily, and among
 The yellow grain, the lapwing pipes her timid way along.

But see the west is red, the dying sun
 Crimsons the waves as erst on Calvary,
 His lurid light told how God's blessed Son
 Had by His death op'd up to life the way,
 And demons shriek'd and shudder'd in dismay.
 Fit emblem of the crucifixion, he
 The greatest benefactor of our clay,
 For as he springs the dead seed on the lea,
 Has Christ upsprung our souls to joy from misery.

And see how when the sun has gone to rest
 The pensive moon comes sailing in his wake,
 And gladdens with her beam the ocean's breast
 And stars glance out all joyous for her sake,
 So when to heaven, our Lord His way did take,
 He left behind Him, hope and comfort meet,
 For ere the winter from the bough could shake
 The leaf, He sent from out His throned seat,
 The Kingly Third of Heaven—the glorious Paraclete.

Hark to the low wail of the sleepless sea,
 Roaming thro' caves, and sighing on the shore,
 And see like glow-worms on some fairy lea,
 The fish boats fire the silent waters o'er
 And fitful rays upon the dark deep pour,
 While phosphorescence sparkles on each wave
 Like golden grains within the sable ore,
 A chaplet for the valiant and the brave,
 Who in the ocean's deeps have found rest and a grave.

Much, much, unto the calm reflecting mind
 Can such a scene as this of truth unfold,
 The clamour of a people fool'd and blind
 Yelling around the noble, good, and bold,
 Are waves on rocks that baffled back are roll'd,
 While in the lighthouse beaming o'er the steep
 We see God's heart that ne'er to man grows cold,

Altho' the waves of sin around us leap
Casting our eyes to Heaven, in safety we may sleep.

All calm—at rest. Tir'd nature sinks to sleep,
The moon and stars their silent watches keeping.
The murmur still'd upon the frolic deep,
Pain lost in slumber, aching anguish sleeping,
While down the glens the silver streams are creeping—
Now let us home, while in our hearts the joy
Of such beatitude is wildly leaping,
Such scenes as this lures back the spirit coy
That in green youth made every task a pleasant toy.

THE CHRISTOLOGY OF THE TARGUMS.*

IN these days when the foundations of belief in the Holy Scripture are threatened alike by open assault and by insidious underminings from the new company of Rationalists and pseudo-*Savans*, there is an absolute necessity for a more complete examination of the connection between the Jewish books and the gospels, than what might have sufficed for Biblical students in earlier days. Not that it is by any means the fact that our forefathers were careless or ignorant on these points; the reverse of this being the truth, inasmuch as, at the time of the Reformation, the acquaintance with Jewish literature was so considerable, that comparatively little has been added to our stores of information in that language during succeeding years. Certain writers of sceptical tendency of late are turning the attention of sounder theologians back again to the interesting fields of enquiry connected with prophecy: especially with those prophecies which announced the coming of a Messiah. And this resumption of enquiry, with additional vigour, is forced upon them by the determined efforts that are now being made to invalidate the claims to authenticity hitherto enjoyed, almost without question, by the prophecies of Isaiah and of Daniel. These two books have been not unsuitably chosen to bear the brunt of attack from persons who desired to advance excuses for doubt, since if these individual prophecies could be explained away, or represented to be spurious, it was deemed by no means difficult to sap the credit of any instances of fulfilled prophecy. So long as faith rests on the hitherto received interpretations of Isaiah xl. 16, and liii., and on Daniel vii. 13, &c., it was felt to be useless to attempt demolition of the Messianic references in Hosea, Micah, and other prophetic books. The Saviour makes distinct applications of the

* Christology of the Targums, or the Doctrine of the Messiah, as it is unfolded in the ancient Jewish Targums, or Chaldee Paraphrases of the Holy Scriptures, viz., those of Onkelos and Jonathan, and that commonly called the Hierosolymitan or Jerusalem Targum. In Hebrew, Chaldee, and English. Edinburgh: Robert Young, 1 King's Place, Leith Walk, Author of a New Translation of the Holy Scriptures, &c. &c.

prophecy of Daniel to Himself; and the overthrowing the claims of that book to authenticity and genuineness, became, therefore, a subtle expedient for flinging discredit on the knowledge possessed by Jesus. As Dr M'Call has ably shown, "it is impossible to separate the essential elements of Christ's teaching from the book of Daniel, and equally impossible to suppose that He, who came into the world to bear witness to the truth, would ground His claims and His most solemn doctrine on a forgery. The question of the genuineness and authenticity of Daniel cannot, therefore, be separated from that respecting the fallibility or infallibility of the Saviour."^{*}

This question regarding Messianic Prophecy is of the greatest importance, and must always demand the closest and most reverent attention. We are not called to enter into it fully at this time, but we desire to remind scholars of the vital necessity of searching thoroughly into the subject for themselves, so that they may be armed with that sound knowledge which alone can be brought to parry the insinuations of Bunsen's imitators. In Mr Young's "*Christology of the Targums*" they will find not only translations, but the originals, in Chaldee and in Hebrew, of the passages referring to the Messiah, in the Jewish Targums, and the Bible. The book is invaluable to Biblical students, and the following remarks serve to indicate one great aim of the author in its publication:—

MESSIANIC PROPHECY, AS IT AFFECTS THE JEWS.

"In the early ages of Christianity the question between Jews and Christians was much narrower than it is at present. The dispute then was simply, Is Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah or not? No one ever thought of questioning the truth, that a great deliverer—the Messiah—was promised from the beginning of time by God Himself. It was the theme of the loftiest aspirations of the prophets, and poets, and patriots, of the Israelitish nation. It was that which gave meaning to the countless ceremonies of the Mosaic ritual; it bore up their fainting spirits when they wept by Babel's streams; and it was that which nerved them to contempt and throw off the yoke of Imperial Rome, to resist even unto death, and to the utter overthrow of their temple and commonwealth. To all countries of the world whither they were scattered, they carried this precious doctrine along with them, and so late as the year 1180 it was formally enrolled by Maimonides among the Thirteen Fundamental Articles of the Jewish Faith, in these words:— 'I believe with a perfect faith in the coming of Messiah; and although he may tarry, nevertheless I will look for him every day till he come.'

"Rabbi Joseph Albo, who lived about the year 1440, was among the first who openly denied that the belief in the coming of a Messiah was a fundamental doctrine of Judaism. (See his work entitled *Sepher Ikkazim*, Orat. 4. c. 42, published at Soncino in 1486, and at Sdilikow in 1836). Unfortunately, not a few since his day have embraced his opinion, that 'there is not in the law, or in the prophets, any prophecy that necessarily sheweth anything regarding the coming of the Messiah, for all of them can be interpreted (according to their several places) concerning the times they refer to.' Modern Jews are therefore disinclined to speak of the coming of the Messiah, and treat the subject as one of little or no importance. As long as they are in this position, and entertain these feelings, the Christian Missionary will make little impression on them. Addresses to their consciences will

* "*Prophecy*," in *Aids to Faith*. Murray. 1862.

be treated simply as an insult ; and if they condescend to argue at all, they will point to their good deeds, to their strict observance of new moons and sabbaths, and to the righteousness of their fathers. It will therefore be the duty and the interest of Christian Missionaries to turn their attention more directly to the Scriptures of the Old Testament, to endeavour to arouse in their minds a desire to read God's Word which He revealed to their fathers, to show how *the facts and the doctrines of Christianity are in unison with their own Scriptures*, and how clearly the doctrine of a Messiah is therein revealed. And in prosecution of this he will find no more valuable auxiliary than the Chaldee Targums. Written at a very remote period, without any reference to Christianity, such is the Messianic feeling with which they are pervaded, that there are no less than seventy-two references in them to the coming Deliverer, and in which he is uniformly denominated 'THE MESSIAH.' It is true that in several of the scripture passages founded on, there is no proper reference to this Being : but this circumstance only brings out more fully the importance attached by the Targumists to the doctrine in question. Neither are we to suppose that they have quoted all the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament ; but certainly they have quoted enough to show that they understood all the more important passages that Christians quote from the Old Testament on the Jewish controversy, in precisely the same manner as we do now."

And Mr Young also mentions :—

"With the view of affording a convenient manual to the enquiring Jew or Gentile student, we have gathered together all the above-mentioned passages from the Targums, together with the original Hebrew passages on which they are founded, to which we have added a translation of the Hebrew and Chaldee Texts into English."

The value of the work is great, and of those who turn to it many, no doubt, will reap benefit and extend its good effects to others. Certainly it affords a body of proof which might ensure conviction in almost all unprejudiced minds.

JESUS OUR ARK.*

THIS is one of that class of books which are perpetually being needed by humble and earnest Christians, and find a welcome in many homes where they have assisted in bringing comfort. Without pretensions to new and startling views of Gospel truth, or a display of profound scholarship, their authors limit their endeavours to the enforcing those simple principles of Christianity which are so especially needed for the purification of the heart, the strengthening of the faith, and the direction of the conduct. These fundamental principles are always in danger of being neglected, on account of their apparent obviousness, whilst attention is being widely concentrated upon doctrinal difficulties or verbal criticisms which appeal to the understanding and not to the heart. "Jesus our Ark," is well fitted to become a favourite among religious readers for whom clearness and tender

* Jesus our Ark. By J. Christian Mongheir. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862.

earnestness of address, possess more attraction than elaborate expositions could do. It may be regarded as a commentary on the history of Noah, as the type, and on the propitiatory sacrifice of Jesus, the anti-type, to whom his repentant and faithful people are to come for rest and safety. The author observes :—" Various are the types and figures under which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is set forth in the Holy Scriptures for our consolation and edification. Some of the most remarkable ones have engaged the pens of several eminent writers ; but the *type* of the Noachic Ark has not received that consideration which its prominence deserved—this desideratum has elicited the following pages." He accordingly considers, 1st, the cause of the Deluge ; 2d, God's Elective Grace and the fruit of Holy Living ; 3d, the Type ; and lastly the Anti-type.

There is much of the directness and familiar strength of "Bogat-sky's Golden Treasury" in this volume, and it may become a household friend with many who admire that well-approved companion of meditative hours. We furnish the following specimen of "Jesus Our Ark":—

"We are not to expect that in the ordinary dealings of God with man He will give *special* warnings to him, as he did to Noah—yet the man who has found favour in the sight of God is sanctioned to expect the motion of the Divine Spirit imperceptibly guiding him through his journey in life, and bringing him into a safe haven. Many who have experienced the motions of the Divine Spirit within themselves can testify to this, although to fleshly and worldly eyes such notions may not be observable ; yet he who is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

"In the history of remarkable characters recorded in the Scriptures, we find numerous instances of the guiding providence of God, and we have a warranty in it, that he who puts his trust in God shall have God for his guide. He has declared, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee.' But it should be our care to be guided by the *revealed* will of God—in it are laid down directions for all occasions. We need only a prayerful, teachable, and relying spirit to be benefited thereby ; and we should bear in mind not to quench the motions of the Spirit by any wilfulness of our own, but be guided by Him as faithful Noah was. He hesitated not, he doubted not, but, thus did Noah, according to all that God had commanded him, so did he."

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THE LADY OF LA GARAYE.*

" Who hath gone farther on the silent path
Which leads away from earth and all its ties,
Down whose dim track friends gaze with swimming eyes?
* * *

" I cannot doubt that She remembereth
Visions of snowy wings which glimmered nigh,
And fragments of celestial harmony,
She was so near the cloudy Arch of Death.
* * *

" For yet she bore her with a solemn air,
Like one who by a miracle was there,
And who but now had on the confines been
Of a far different but sublimer scene.
Then in my heart awoke this earnest prayer:
' Since, in mysterious wisdom, The Most High
Ordains a longer stay in this rude place,
Sweet Lady, may its sin and vanity
Ne'er steal this holy quiet from thy face,
And when thou truly liest down to die,
May it be with the same religious grace.' "

ALLAN PARK PATON'S POEMS, 1848.

THE incidents of the story of La Garaye are few and simple, but our knowledge of their being strictly true, and the manner in which they are told by Mrs Norton, give additional charm to the narrative. We learn from her that the beautiful little study of a head which forms the frontispiece to the volume, is "copied from an authentic picture of the Countess de La Garaye preserved in one of the religious houses of Dinan in Brittany, where the Hospital of Incurables, founded

* The Lady of La Garaye, by the Hon. Mrs Norton. Macmillan, London and Cambridge. 1862. Second Edition.

by her and her husband, still subsists. The ruined château, and its ivy-covered gateway, are faithfully given [on the title-page], without embellishment or alteration, as they appeared when I saw them in the year 1860." She continues:—"The château is rapidly crumbling. The memory of the De La Garayes is fresh in the memory of the people. They died within two years of each other, and were buried among their poor in the district of Taden; having, both during their lives, and by will after death, contributed the greater part of their fortune to the wisest and most carefully conducted charities. Among the bequests left by the Count de la Garaye, was one especially interesting to this country; for he left a large sum to the prisoners of Rennes and Dinan, consisting principally of English officers and soldiers, who were suffering, in these crowded foreign jails, all the horrors which the philanthropic Howard endeavoured to reform in his own land, and which at one time caused a sort of plague to break out in Dinan. This humane bequest is the more remarkable, as the Count was, in spite of the gentleness and generosity of his feelings towards imprisoned foes, patriotic enough to insist on marching to oppose the landing of the English on the coast of France in 1746, though he was then upwards of seventy years of age!"

The volume is dedicated to "the most noble the Marquis of Lansdowne," and not often is a poetical tribute of inscription to a friend given more gracefully and with more evident sincerity than this:—

"Friend of old days, of suffering, storm, and strife,
Patient and kind through many a wild appeal;
In the arena of thy brilliant life
Never too busy or too cold to feel:

"Companion from whose ever-teeming store
Of thought and knowledge happy memory brings
So much of social wit and sage's lore
Garnered and gleaned by me as precious things:
* * * * *

"To thee I dedicate this record brief
Of foreign scenes and deeds too little known;
This tale of noble souls who conquered grief
By dint of tending sufferings not their own.
* * * * *

"So, in the brooding calm that follows woe,
This tale of LA GARAYE I fain would tell,—
As when some earthly storm hath ceased to blow,
And the huge mounting sea hath ceased to swell;

"After the maddening wrecking and the roar,
The wild high dash, the moaning sad retreat,
Some cold slow wave creeps faintly to the shore,
And leaves a white shell at the gazer's feet.

"Take, then, the poor gift in thy faithful hand;
Measure its worth not merely by my own,
But hold it dear as gathered from the sand
Where so much wreck of youth and hope lies strown."

A Prologue is devoted to the ruins of *La Garaye*, and contains many touches of description that shew the hand of an artist. The following passage is from near the conclusion of the Prologue:—

"Oh Time! oh, ever conquering Time!
These men had once their prime;
But now, succeeding generations hear
Beneath the shadow of each crumbling arch,
The music low and drear,
The muffled music of thy onward march,
Made up of piping winds and rustling leaves
And plashing rain-drops falling from slant eaves,
And all mysterious unconnected sounds
With which the place abounds.
Time doth efface
Each day some lingering trace
Of human government and human care;
The things of air
And earth, usurp the walls to be their own;
Creatures that dwell alone,
Occupy boldly: every mouldering nook
Wherein we peer and look,
Seems with wild denizens so swarming rife,
We know the healthy stir of human life,
Must be for ever gone!
The walls where hung the warriors' shining casques
Are green with moss and mould;
The blindworm coils where Queens have slept, nor asks
For shelter from the cold.
The swallow,—he is master all the day,
And the great owl is ruler through the night;
The little bat wheels on his circling way
With restless flitting flight;
And that small black bat, and the creeping things,
At will they come and go,
And the soft white owl with velvet wings
And a shriek of human woe!
The brambles let no footstep pass
By that rent in the broken stair,
Where the pale tufts of the windle-strae grass
Hang like locks of dry dead hair;
But there the keen wind ever weeps and moans,
Working a passage through the mouldering stones."

This series of pictures of ruins leads us to the tale of *La Garaye*: the ancient residence has mouldered, and its early magnificence is only guessed at near the ivied piles, but the good deeds of the former inhabitants have bequeathed better and more abiding memorials.

When the tale commences we see the mansion at Dinan in its pride and freshness, the home of the young Count and his fair bride, surrounded by a crowd of mirthful and admiring friends. The pleasures of the Chase, and all the other rapturous enjoyments of youth and health, fill the days. The lady is thus first seen by us:—

"Like a sweet picture doth the Lady stand

Still blushing as she bows ; one tiny hand
 Hid by a pearl-embroidered gauntlet, holds
 Her whip, and her long robe's exuberant folds.
 The other hand is bare, and from her eyes
 Shades now and then the sun, or softly lies
 With a caressing touch, upon the neck
 Of the dear glossy steed she loves to deck,
 With saddle housings worked in golden thread,
 And golden bands upon his noble head."

She is so young and fair, so guileless and so happy, that all around her love the lately-married girl, to whom the world as yet has only shewn a smiling face and scenes of sunshine. Everything in her path seems joyous, though we are reminded of the danger that lurks in every day of bliss, even whilst we are still gazing on the young huntress :—

" If we knew when the last time was the last,
 Visions so dear to straining eyes went past ;
 If we knew when the horror and the gloom
 Should overcast the pride of beauty's bloom ;
 If we knew when affection nursed in vain
 Should grow to be but bitterness and pain ;
 It were a curse to blight all living hours
 With a hot dust, like dark volcano showers.
 Give thanks to God who blinded us with Hope ;
 Denied man skill to draw his horoscope ;
 And, to keep mortals of the present fond,
 Forbade the keenest sight to pierce beyond."

A description of the Chase follows, full of vivid pictures of the broken country, of rocks and woods and streams, through which, with their accustomed fearlessness, the lady and her husband accompany their guests. When the party has become separated, and the Count has sprang across a perilous chasm, where the torrent has undermined the bank, a thrill of terror for his bride causes him to gaze back, and strive to warn her not to venture so dangerous a leap. But she is, at that very moment, quivering on the verge, and before his voice can reach her she has fallen with her horse into the depths, the earth having given way, and lies crushed and apparently lifeless amid the rocks below. He hastens to her assistance, willing to share her fate. She is not dead but much injured and in pain, and he cannot quit her side for help, but lingers in an agony of suspense :—

" The hunt is passing ; through the arching glade
 The hounds sweep on in flickering light and shade,
 The cheery huntsman winds his rallying horn,
 And voices shouting from his guests that morn
 Keep calling, calling, ' Claud, the hunt is o'er,
 Return we to the merry halls once more !'
 Claud hears not ; heeds not ;—all is like a dream
 Except that lady lying by the stream ;
 Above all tumult of uproarious sound
 Comes the faint sigh that breathes along the ground,
 Where pale as death in her returning life

Writhes the sweet angel whom he still calls wife.

"He bent to catch faint murmurs of his name,
Which from those blanched lips low and trembling came :
'Oh Claud !' she said : no more—

But never yet,
Through all the loving days since first they met,
Leaped his heart's blood with such a yearning vow
That she was all in all to him, as now.

'Oh ! Claud—the pain !'

'Oh ! Gertrude, my beloved !'
Then faintly o'er her lips, a wan-smile moved,
Which dumbly spoke of comfort from his tone,
As though she felt half saved, not so to die alone.

"Ah ! happy they who in their grief or pain
Yearn not for some familiar face in vain :
Who in the sheltering arms of love can lie
Till human passion breathes its latest sigh ;
Who, when words fail to enter the dull ear,
And when eyes cease from seeing forms most dear,
Still the fond clasping touch can understand,—
And sink to death from that detaining hand !"

At length help is brought, and the wounded Lady is borne on a litter to her home, which she had left so joyously at morning. Long she remains in bodily pain, but cherishing hope of final recovery, before the "skilled physician,—sadly bold from frequent questioning,"—tells her that her doom is fixed for life, to be a cripple, "crooked and sick for ever." The announcement comes as a terrible shock to the young wife, now forbidden the hope of a mother's joy, and for awhile she yields to despair. And as time wears on, and all the anguish of her position is revealed, her heart sinks, and she wishes that she had died in that disastrous fall, which has robbed her of all the activity and freedom wherein she had hitherto found delight. Her husband is full of tenderness and compassion, and exerts himself to win her back to joy, even though thus prostrated in body, but all that he can tell to cheer her only increases her grief, now forbid den to share life with him as of old.

"Never again ! when first that sentence fell
From lips so loth the bitter truth to tell,
Death seemed the balance of its burdening care,
The only end of such a strange despair.
To live deformed ; enfeebled ; still to sigh
Through changeless days that o'er the heart go by
Colourless,—formless,—melting as they go
Into a dull and unrecorded woe,—
Why strive for gladness in such dreary shade ?
Why seek to feel less cheerless, less afraid ?
What reck's a little more or less of gloom,
When a continual darkness is our doom ?
But custom, which, to unused eyes that dwell
Long in the blankness of a prison cell,
At length shows glimmerings through some ruined hole,—

Trains to endurance the imprisoned soul ;
 And teaching how with deepest gloom to cope,
 Bids patience light her lamp, when sets the sun of hope."

The following passage will shew with what earnestness and faith Mrs Norton has taught the great Christian lesson which she has learnt in her pilgrimage. Hers is the sweetness and purity, the calm wisdom and unaffected piety, the strength and tenderness of a heart that has been severely tried by affliction, but has sustained the test victoriously ; and it is for the evidence of all this, shewn in her Poem, that we love this story of "the Lady of La Garaye," and feel gratitude towards the author for the manner in which she has related the history, always good for us to hear, but more especially needed at this time, when our suffering countrymen and countrywomen in Lancashire have claims on our compassionate help, before the bleak rigour of the Winter has laid them wholly prostrate.

" Was then DESPAIR the end of all this woe ?
 Far off the angel voices answer, No !
 Devils despair, for they believe and tremble ;
 But man believes and hopes. Our griefs resemble
 Each other but in this. Grief comes from Heaven ;
 Each thinks his own the bitterest trial given ;
 Each wonders at the sorrows of his lot ;
 His neighbour's sufferings presently forgot,
 Though wide the difference which our eyes can see
 Not only in grief's kind, but its degree.
 God grants to some, all joys for their possessing,
 Nor loss, nor cross, the favoured mortal mourns ;
 While some toil on, outside those bounds of blessing,
 Whose weary feet for ever tread on thorns.
 But over all our tears God's rainbow bends ;
 To all our cries a pitying ear He lends ;
 Yea, to the feeble sound of man's lament
 How often have His messengers been sent !
 No barren glory circles round His throne,
 By mercy's errands were His angels known ;
 Where hearts were heavy, and where eyes were dim,
 There did the brightness radiate from Him ;
 God's pity,—clothed in an apparent form,—
 Starred with a polar light the human storm,
 Floated o'er tossing seas man's sinking bark,
 And for all dangers built one sheltering ark.

" When a slave's child lay dying, parched with thirst,
 Till o'er the arid waste a fountain burst,—
 When Abraham's mournful hand upheld the knife,
 To smite the silver cord of Isaac's life,—
 When faithful Peter in his prison slept,—
 When lions to the feet of Daniel crept,—
 When the tried Three walked through the furnace glare,
 Believing God was with them, even there,—
 When to Bethesda's sunrise-smitten wave
 Poor trembling cripples crawl'd their limbs to lave ;—

In all the various forms of human trial,
Brimming that cup, filled from a bitter vial,
Which even the suffering Christ with fainting cry
Under God's will had shudderingly past by :
To hunger, pain, and thirst, and human dread ,
Imprisonment ; sharp sorrow for the dead ;
Deformed contraction ; burdensome disease ;
Humbling and fleshly ill !—to all of these
The shining messengers of comfort came,—
God's angels,—healing in God's holy name."

We must not omit the conclusion of the passage :—

" And when the crowning pity sent to earth
The Man of Sorrows, in mysterious birth,
And the angelic tones with one accord
Made loving chorus to proclaim the Lord ;
Was Isaac's guardian there, and he who gave
Hagar the sight of that cool gushing wave ?
Did the defender of the youthful Three,
And Peter's usher, join that psalmody ?
With him who at the dawn made healing sure,
Troubling the waters with a freshening cure ;
And those, the elect, to whom the task was given
To offer solace to the Son of Heaven,
When,—mortal tremors by the Immortal felt,—
Pale 'neath the Syrian olives, Jesus knelt,
Alone,—'midst sleeping followers warned in vain ;
Alone with God's compassion, and His pain !
" Cease now to dream. Our thoughts are yet more dim
Than children's are, who put their trust in Him.
All that our wisdom knows, or ever can,
Is this ; that God hath pity upon man ;
And where His Spirit shines in Holy Writ,
The great word COMFORTER comes after it."

From her prostration of soul the Lady is at length aroused by the remonstrances of a Benedictine Prior, who is brought to visit her by Claud. He is well-described, but we must not quote the passage to the exclusion of the more important and glowing words which he addresses to the Lady, when in faltering tones she has complained, " What had I done, to earn such fate from Heaven ?"

" O Lady ! here thou liest, with all that wealth
Or love can do to cheer thee back to health ;
With books that woo the fancies of thy brain,
To happier thoughts than brooding over pain ;
With light, with flowers, with freshness, and with food,
Dainty and chosen, fit for sickly mood ;
With easy couches for thy languid frame,
Bringing real rest, and not the empty name ;
And silent nights, and soothed and comforted days ;
And Nature's beauty spread before thy gaze :—

" What have the Poor done, who, instead of these,
Suffer in foulest rags, and dire disease,
Creep on the earth, and lean against the stones,

When some disjoining torture racks their bones :
 And groan and grope throughout the wearying night,
 Denied the rich man's easy luxury—light ?
 What has the Babe done, who with tender eyes,
 Blinks at the world a little while, and dies,
 Having first stretched in wild convulsive leaps,
 His fragile limbs, which ceaseless suffering keeps
 In ceaseless motion, till the hour when death
 Clenches his little heart, and stops his breath ?
 What has the Idiot done, whose half-formed soul
 Scarce knows the seasons as they onward roll ;
 Who flees with gibbering cries, and bleeding feet,
 From idle boys who pelt him in the street ?
 What have the fair girls done, whose early bloom
 Wasting like flowers that pierce some creviced tomb,
 Plants that have only known a settled shade,
 Lives that for others' uses have been made,—
 Toil on from morn to night, from night to morn,
 For those chance pets of Fate, the wealthy born ;
 Bound not to murmur, and bound not to sin,
 However bitter be the bread they win ?
 What hath the Slandered done, who vainly strives
 To set his life among untarnished lives ;
 Whose bitter cry for justice only fills
 The myriad echoes lost among life's hills ;
 Who hears for evermore the self-same lie
 Clank clog-like at his heel when he would try
 To climb above the loathly creeping things
 Whose venom poisons, and whose fury stings ?”

And the same answer which is given to all these sufferers, is also given to the Lady of La Garaye :—

“ What we must suffer, proves not what was done :
 So taught the God of Heaven's anointed Son,
 Touching the blind man's eyes amid a crowd
 Of ignorant seething hearts who cried aloud,
 The blind, or else his parents, had offended ;
 That was Man's preaching ; God that preaching mended.
 But whatsoe'er we suffer, being still
 Fixed and appointed by the heavenly will,
 Behoves us bear with patience as we may
 The Potter's moulding of our helpless clay.
 Much, Lady, hath he taken, but He leaves
 What outweighs all for which thy spirit grieves ;
 No greater gift lies even in God's controul
 Than the large love that fills a human soul.
 If, taking that, he left thee all the rest,
 Would not vain anguish wring thy pining breast ?
 If, taking all, that dear love yet remains,
 Hath it not balm for all thy bitter pains ?”

A nobly-sustained passage follows, descriptive of the death of those who have been forsaken :—The days and nights of anguish in the pestilential air of Naples. But on this we must not linger, powerful though it be.

The words of the Benedictine are not unseconded by Claud, who

presses on the attention of his wife a remembrance of the greater suffering borne by others, so that she may be led to feel how selfish is this repining over her individual trials. He speaks of soldiers left to die, untended, on the battle-field; of those who rot in dungeons. The horrors of suffering endured by men and women who have no skilled and gentle hands to minister to them, are so shewn to the Lady of La Garaye, that she recognises the divine mission of suffering, to turn our hearts from earth to heaven, and to make us feel the woes of others:—

“till all the past life seemed
Thankless and thoughtless : and the lady dreamed
Of succour to the helpless, and of deeds
Pious and merciful, whose beauty breeds
Good deeds in others, copying what is done,
And ending all by earnest thought begun.
“Nor idly dreamed. Where once the shifting throng
Of merry playmates met, with dance and song,—
Long rows of simple beds the place proclaim
An Hospital, in all things but the name.”

Thenceforward, the lives of Gertrude and her husband, their wealth and careful attention are devoted to benefit the sick and needy:—

“But most to those the hopeless ones, on whom
Early or late her own sad spoken doom
Hath been pronounced, the Incurables; she spends
Her lavish pity, and their couch attends.
Her home is made their home; her wealth their dole;
Her busy courtyard hears no more the roll
Of gilded vehicles, or pawing steeds,
But feeble steps of those whose bitter needs
Are their sole passport. Through that gateway press
All varying forms of sickness and distress,
And many a poor worn face that hath not smiled
For years,—and many a feeble crippled child,
Blesses the tall white portal where they stand,
And the dear Lady of the liberal hand.
“Not in a day such happy change was brought:
Not in a day the works of mercy wrought:
But in God's gradual time. As Winter's chain
Melts from the earth and leaves it green again;
As the fresh bud a crimsoning beauty shows
From the black briars of a last year's rose;
So the full season of her love matures.
And her one illness breeds a thousand cures.
Her soft eyes looking into other eyes,
Bleared, and defaced to blinding cavities,
Weary not in their task; nor turn away
With a sick loathing from their glimmering ray.
Her small white comforting hand,—no longer hid
In pearl-embroidered gauntlet,—lifts the lid
Outworn with labour in the bitter fields,
And with a tender skill some healing yields;
Bathes the swollen redness—shades unwholesome light—
And into morning turns their threatening night.”

Claud is indefatigable in his share of the good work, and with his high intelligence applied to the mastery of much that baffled science, he learns how to treat, as surgeon and physician, the patients who most require his skill and tenderness. The labours prosper, and continue when the founders have died: and even to this present day, the noble Hospital gives shelter in the Bretôn town, the Schools rear the young in piety and simple rudiments of knowledge, the Refuge receives the poor strayed girls who have fallen and are repentant, and the sisterhood of Nurses "go forth in snow-white cap and sable gown, tending the sick and hungry," and perpetuate the fame and usefulness of that Lady of la Garaye, whose portrait ornaments their rooms.

The Poem closes with a noble tribute to Sydney Herbert, as one who had lifelong striven to benefit his fellow-creatures. We would gladly give this also, but that we have already so largely extracted from the volume. Our readers need not fear that we have exhausted its beauties. There are innumerable passages that might have graced our pages, but the great charm of the story is as a whole. We can honestly and lovingly recommend it as one of the purest and sweetest poetic offerings which recent years have furnished, as a gift worthy to be received by maidens and matrons. And when they close the book, we have no fear that its touching exhortations will be forgotten, and the example of a good and holy life fail to lead to some attempt at emulation. We thank the author for what she has done, in so truly feminine and Christian spirit, and look for a large extension of benefit from perusal of her volume in many a home at the coming New Year. As we part from her, and think on her closing words, they seem to echo what Sir Walter Scott urges by the appeal of Jeanie Deans:—"Alas, it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other peoples' sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our own wrongs, and fighting our own battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—then it is no what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." To enforce this great truth is Mrs Norton's chief object in telling the story of "the Lady of La Garaye."

December 1862.

BEDOUIN.

DR MACLEOD'S "PARISH PAPERS," AND THE "OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON."*

DR NORMAN MACLEOD, or as he is more familiarly designated, "Macleod of the Barony," is unquestionably the most popular clergyman

* *Parish Papers.* By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, author of "The Old Lieutenant and his Son, &c., &c." London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 1862. (Pp. 328.)

The Old Lieutenant and his Son. By the Editor of "Good Words." In Two Vols. London: Alexander Strahan & Co.

in the Scottish Church at the present day. We speak of him thus in his collective capacity of preacher, pastor, writer, editor, lecturer, and philanthropist. In some of these respects, individually, it may not be said that he is altogether unequalled, but in combination he is without a rival. Wherever there is a clamant instance of destitution, at home or abroad, in highland mountain or lowland glen, he is ever ready to stand forward in the cause with his powerful advocacy in the proposal of means to supply the need. The enormous circulation which *Good Words* has attained under his management, testifies to his great ability as an editor and a contributor, while the crowded church of the Barony, and the crammed halls where it is known he is to lecture or make a speech, are indubitable evidences of the power of his eloquence, and his popularity as a public speaker. This popularity is not a thing of yesterday, called into existence by some isolated, but great or self-sacrificing act of generosity, or by some brilliant oration, leading captive the minds of men under certain exciting circumstances, and so likely to die away when a calmer mental mood has returned, but it has gone on increasing with experience and years since his first entrance into the ministerial office down to the present time. There is good ground of hope, therefore, that his popularity will not speedily wane, that, like the oak which has been long and continuously attaining its magnitude, and will take long to decay, he will long be one of the Church's fairest ornaments and firmest supports, thousands testifying to his usefulness who never saw his stalwart form, or heard his entrancing voice. Now, the thought comes, the great responsibility of such a man, where such a combination of mental power and literary ability has been conferred. These gifts must not only be employed, but rightly employed. What if they should not be so? What if the energy should be put forth in a wrong direction? What if the trust should be wrapt in a napkin and hid in the earth till account of the stewardship is demanded? What if the great lever, intended to raise souls from earth to heaven, is allowed to lie idle, to rust and corrode for want of use; what answer, or plea, or apology will be accepted? The light must not be hid under a bushel, but placed on a candlestick, that all may receive its benefit. Now, certainly, there is not one, unless influenced by sectarian bigotry or prejudice, but will acknowledge that Dr Macleod has made, and is still making more and more, a proper and energetic use of those great and varied abilities with which he has been endowed, through the several instrumentalities at his command. Perhaps one special reason of his great popularity is due to his thorough acquaintance with the human heart, and the various phases which it presents to the world. From the lowliest peasant in his rude shieling, to the throne of royalty itself, radiant with glory or shrouded in gloom, it would be interesting to know, were it possible, how many tears have been shed over the melting story of WEE DAVIE, and the happy consequences which it unfolds in reclaiming a wanderer into the way of life. And why has that story been so universally read, and admired, and wept over? Because of the truthful transcript which it presents of the gladness

and the sorrow, the windings and the crossings, the sunshine and the shadow, which checker the experience of many a home, unknown to the great world without. And again, when the author comes to deal with the inner workings of the soul in regard to its great and final destiny, he is equally effective in arresting the attention, and in securing the acquiescence of his readers. We have now before us two of his works, both of a deeply interesting nature, and to which we propose devoting the present paper. The first consists of a series of subjects of the most important description, all bearing upon the eternal welfare of mankind, and the preparation which is necessary here for making that welfare what we would have it to be. These form a very handsome volume, under the title of *Parish Papers*, and so highly has it been appreciated by the public, that though only lately issued, it is already in the seventh thousand. The second partakes of the nature of fiction, permeated with the soundest moral and religious instruction, and is titled *The Old Lieutenant and his Son*. The Paper entitled *Thoughts on Christianity*, is very elaborately, but at the same time, very perspicuously written. Questions possessing an interest all-important, are taken up and considered with great comprehensiveness as well as minuteness. Objections are answered and arguments adduced in a manner which will prove very acceptable to the Christian reader. The following questions form the subjects of discussion. What is Christianity? Who was Jesus Christ? What can we Believe if we do not thus Believe in Jesus? and, What if Christianity is not true? Perhaps the Paper which will excite most interest is that entitled *Thoughts upon Future Life*, in which the life of the saints in heaven is considered in its Physical, Intellectual, Devotional, Social, and Active characters. With regard to the employment of the redeemed in heaven, the author frankly confesses that he does not know for certain, but he propounds certain conjectures as to what shall probably be its nature. He thinks that there may be employment in heaven even for those powers which seem to be necessarily confined to this temporary scene. He sees no reason why science and art may not be called into exercise then as now, and in regard to the noble creations of artistic genius, he asks, "Why should the supposition be deemed as unworthy of the most exalted and spiritual views of heaven, that man may for ever be a fellow-worker with the Divine Artist who fills the universe with His own endless creations of beauty and magnificence?" We fear that some of his readers will somewhat demur to the sentiment expressed when he says, "I can conceive patience needed to overcome difficulties; and faith to trust the living God amidst evolutions of His providence that baffle the understanding; and indomitable courage, untiring zeal, gentle love, heavenly sincerity and intense sympathy, yea, even the peculiar gifts and characteristics of each individual;—all having their appropriate and fitting work given them." This may seem to some not altogether in accordance with that perfection which they have been accustomed to associate with entrance into heaven, and which the Divine Word in several parts seems to inculcate. In support of his statements, the

author gives a passage from the writings of Isaac Taylor, and also one from the apostle Paul, which says, "now *abideth* faith, hope, and charity." One of the greatest comforts and encouragements to endurance in the Christian life, is the conviction that at its close patience will have an end, and faith will be changed into sight, and hope into fruition. These statements, however, are only put forth as speculations, and as such alone they will undoubtedly be received. The subject of *Future Punishment* is one on which much fruitless controversy has been waged, more, however, in former than in later times. On the nature of the sufferings to which the wicked will be consigned, the following conjecture is new to us, and possibly it is also so to many of our readers. Men usually associate with future punishment excruciating bodily pain, of which there can never be the prospect of mitigation or end. But what if the punishment of the wicked will consist merely in being let alone by God, without any material physical infliction. On this point the author says:—

"But not only are our thoughts of future punishment naturally darkened into deepest gloom by the assumed multitudes of those who will suffer, but also by the nature of those sufferings which we also assume are to be assigned to them. We literally interpret all those images of unquenchable fire and the undying worm, borrowed from the constant conflagrations and corruptions of the offal and carcasses of dead animals in the valley of Hinnom, (or Gaienna,) near Jerusalem, and also the obviously metaphorical language used in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, as if necessarily teaching that worms or fire would be employed to torture for all eternity the immortal bodies of the lost. But what if there is to be no such bodily pain? though possibly there may be some kind of physical suffering immediately produced by sin, there as well as here. What if the wicked shall be punished only by permitting them to 'eat the fruit of their own way, and to be filled with their own devices?' What if instead of the wrath of God being poured upon them to the utmost, it will be inflicted in the least *possible* measure, and only in the way of natural consequence? What if the sin which makes the hell hereafter, is, in spite of all its suffering, loved, clung to, even as the sin is which makes the hell now? Nay, what if every gift of God, and every capacity for perverting His gifts, are retained; and if the sinner shall suffer only from that which he himself *chooses* for ever, and for ever determines to possess? I do not say that it must be so; but if it is so, then might a hell of unbridled self-indulgence be preferred then, as it is by many now, to a heaven whose blessedness consisted in perfected holiness, and the possession of the love of God in Christ, for ever and ever. Let, then, the fairest star be selected, like a beauteous island in the vast and shoreless sea of the azure heavens, as the future home of the criminals from the earth; and let them possess in this material paradise whatever they most love, and all that it is *possible* for God to bestow; let them be endowed with undying bodies, and with minds which shall for ever retain their intellectual powers; let them no more be 'plagued with religion;' let no Saviour ever intrude His claims upon them, no Holy Spirit disturb them, no God reveal Himself supernaturally to them; let no Sabbath ever dawn upon them, no saint ever live among them, no prayer ever be heard within their borders; but let human beings exist there for ever, smitten only by the leprosy of hatred to God, and with utter selfishness as its all-prevailing and eternal purpose; then, as sure as the law of righteousness exists, on which rests the throne of God and the

government of the universe, a society so constituted must work out for itself a hell of solitary and bitter suffering, to which no limit can be assigned except the capacity of a finite nature. Alas! the spirit that is without love to its God or to its neighbour is already possessed by a power which must at last create for its own self-torment a worm that will never die, and a flame that can never more be quenched!"

The *Old Lieutenant and his Son* is one of the most interesting stories to be found in the range of religious fiction; and though it is intended and calculated to promote the growth of the higher life in the heart, and ever points from time towards eternity, from earth to heaven, yet we doubt not that there will be persons found who will strenuously object to the story because it is written by a clergyman. The author, however, is not the only clergyman now-a-days who has gained a name, and done good service in the cause of religion in this department of the field of literature, and we are certain that no pietistic grumbling will have the slightest efficacy in dissuading him from entering this department again should his own mind constrain him to do so. We should be sorry if it did. He himself seems to have anticipated that the appearance of the work would not pass without remark, for he says in his preface:—

"Why should a man, who is 'some fifty,' apologise to the public for beginning to tell stories? Is not this a very common phenomenon 'at his time of life?' I have indeed no good reason to give for writing this tale, except one—which, after all is no reason, but the mere statement of a fact, whatever be *its* reason—viz., that I could not help it! When I began to write about the Old Lieutenant, it was my intention merely to occupy a chapter or two of *Good Words* with a life sketch gathered from memories of the past. But the sketch grew upon me. Persons, and things, and scenes, came crowding out of the darkness; and while I honestly wished to mould them for practical good, I felt all the while more possessed by them than possessing them.

"Having taken, however, the first bold step of publishing the story in *Good Words*, the second, which I now take, of publishing it separately, can hardly make matters better or worse for me. The fact of an unauthorised edition being issued in America confirms me in the resolution to publish a corrected one here."

Ned Fleming, the hero of the story, was the only child of Edward Fleming, a half-pay lieutenant of the Navy, who was commonly called Captain by the inhabitants of the town in which he lived. He had seen a considerable deal of service in his time, and like all others of the class, never ceased to talk proudly of the days of old, and of the doings of these days. His wife had been the widow of an officer of Marines, who on his death-bed had commissioned him to convey to her his last words, which he had done in so sympathizing and consolatory a manner, that the result was a marriage between the two. Young Ned, as may be imagined, was the idol of both his parents, and was indulged in many things denied to others of the same age and class, but still, a spirit of manly courage was inculcated, and the principle of his home education was, "Fear God, and do what is right." The only other member of the household was an old servant

called Barbara, or Babby, who had been in the family since its existence, and who had originally come from the house of Mrs Fleming's mother. Babby was a curiosity in her appearance, short and dumpy, with a roll in her gait, "like a Dutch dogger in a sea-way," entirely devoted to the family, which she seemed to think belonged to her rather than she to it. Of course every event in the life of young Ned, from his earliest moments, was associated with her, and he could not have had a deeper hold of her affections had he been her own. Babby of course had a cat, which, in conjunction with Ned, received her special care, and undue tampering with Mause was regarded as a personal injury to herself. Young Ned was fearless to a degree almost incredible, as the following escapade will show, and which we shall give as affording an example of the descriptive power of the author, as well as of the adventurous spirit of the embryo seaman:—

A TOUCH OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"I remember once—it is as yesterday!—an adventure into which we were led by Ned Fleming, which might have been a serious one. That book of witchery, *Robinson Crusoe*, had fallen into Ned's hands. I believe it was given him by his father, and was the first book of fiction—yet to him all truth—which he had ever read. It seized hold of his brain, kept him sleepless; filled his imagination with the love of wild adventures and day-dreams, all of which were transferred to three companions, each of whom perused Neddy's fascinating volume. Now, five or six miles off the mainland on which we lived, and out of sight of our small seaport, was an island. I have never been there since, but it is now before my eyes; and hardly is it possible to conceive a more beautiful spot. The space of ground of which it consists is not more than four or five acres in extent; but that space is green as an emerald, with an undulating surface, broken here and there by grey lichen-covered rocks, overhanging shady nooks; in one of which is a clear spring that throbs like an infant, breathing in its mossy bed. The margin of the island is pure white sand, which shelves rapidly beneath the clear sea, and is everywhere scooped into miniature bays, with sheltering rocks of slate. But the gem of the island is the remains—yet hardly remains, so perfect is the building—of an old chapel, still roofed in, with two Iona crosses, which stand erect among the ruins of old flat tombstones around Macormic's cell. A few sheep were the only inhabitants of the island, which was rarely visited except by a casual fisherman. Beyond the island, and outside of it, were some scattered islets, then one or two larger ones further out; while the line of the horizon, farther still, was formed by the great Atlantic.

"The proposal made by Neddy—long concocted, at first breathed as a bare possibility, then entertained until it appeared probable, and at last adopted as something very serious, was, that four of us should get possession of a fishing-boat; save what money we could; purchase a store—(sixpence-worth, probably!)—of provisions, and with four fishing-rods, matches to kindle a fire, our Skye terrier, a blanket each, a cat, and, I think, some potatoes to plant for future use,—to go off and take possession of the island, and live there a wild life as long as we could! The adventure so far succeeded, that we really reached the island, for we were often in the habit of fishing and sailing. But what an evening that was! How bitter was our disappointment,—first, at finding no goats to hunt, and then, worst of all, no wood to make a fire; then our search in vain for a lonely pictur-

esque cave to live in, which, of course, we expected to be all ready for us; our dread of the inside of the chapel where the saints' bones lay, so silent, so solitary; our first unsatisfactory meal after a long fast, and pain at finding all our provisions finished by it, without any viable means of supply; our uncomfortable rehearsal of a sleep, long before bed-time, in our blankets among the rocks; our attempts at fishing miserably failing,—no bait having been brought; our conviction, hourly becoming stronger, that we had made fools of ourselves, and yet feeling ashamed to confess it; our longing to go home, and yet no one liking to be the first to propose it, until, as night was drawing on, we thought of going to the boat, when, lo! she was left by the tide high up on the beach, from which we could not budge her! Then came horror at the thought of spending even one night, and a hungry one, with the saints' bones, where we had resolved to spend weeks! The first chapter in our romance of life, unless some 'man Friday' appeared, was about to end in a tragedy. Oh, young fancy! how beautiful art thou! what realities to thee are dreams; what dreams are realities! Why can we not, for one hour, even in old age, so dream again with our eyes open, in spite of the light that ever is on sea and land?

"The man Friday did appear without our having first seen his footsteps. I shall never forget the delight with which we descried the well-known boat of old Dugald Wilkie the fisherman, which, unperceived by us until close to the island, was, with four oars, pulling homewards from her day's fishing. We hailed her! Dugald was more amazed than we were by the meeting: 'What the sorrow pit a wheen callants a' this gate frae hame!—and what *might* have come ower you if I hadna come!—and what would the Captain say!' etc. The old man and his son Peter, with the two Nicols, seemed angels from heaven sent to deliver us! Our boat was soon launched, the island left; but, alas! the cat, to our great grief, was left behind. In sheer playfulness, the creature evaded every attempt to seize her.

"It was very late at night when we reached home. Now, I will not say how *our* parents dealt with us; but I overheard a part of the interview between old and young Ned. The prompt question as to where he had been? the transparent answer; the why and the wherefore? and the extreme difficulty of a reply; something about 'Robinson Crusoe,'—'expecting to kill goats,'—and 'live on hunting,'—and 'become manly,'—and 'come back, in some weeks, and tell stories about the island, and all they had seen.' Now, the Captain neither raged, nor scolded, nor thrashed Neddy; but sent him, without supper, to bed, promising to enquire into the matter: and next day walked with his boy, and told him how natural it was to act as he had done; but how wrong it was to conceal anything from his father and mother; what anxiety it had cost them; what a wretched day they had spent; and what if he had never come back again? and how he liked a brave, manly boy, but not one who would act unkindly, or who would wish to be independent of command and be his own master, and go off without leave;—until poor Neddy was heartily ashamed of himself, and begged his father to trust him once more, and he would never forget to tell him all he *meant* to do before he did it.

"'I would have given him, Captain Fleming, had he been *my* son,' quoth old Pearson the elder, 'such a good sound drubbing as he never would have forgotten—never!'

"'Pooh! pooh! my good sir. Don't tell me. Never saw flogging in the Navy do good. Kept down brutes: never made a man yet. Neddy could stand a flogging with any boy, and never wince a muscle; but can't stand *me*, Pearson; can't stand *me*; for he knows I love him.'

"'But such a thing, Captain Fleming, as setting off to'—

"'Puff! Not so bad, Pearson; not a lie, nor cruelty, nor positive dis-

obedience. No orders given. It was brave, sir! Some stuff in him. Sailor blood, Pearson. Tempted by Robinson Crusoe—the best book ever written. I forgive the boy. But I'll wager you he does not forgive himself.'

"The severest scold Neddy got was from old Babby, about her cat!

"'What hae ye done wi' Mause?' she asked, as she stared into Ned's disconsolate face like a mother cross-examining a murderer about her missing child. 'Ye left her ahint, did ye! Ye left her to dee, did ye! I'm yer frien,' nae doot; but ye ken frien's are like fiddle-strings, ye shouldna screw them ower ticht or they'll crack, and ye amais cracked me! Na, na, laddie, I can baith forgi'e and forget the warst turn onybody can do against mysel', but no sic an audacious, wicked job as this on Mause; her that never hurt beast nor body, that never touched meal nor mouse, that was a friend tae ilka ane, and wadna grudge meat to a rat; her that was yer faither's pet and my pleasure; her to be left, like an ill-doing thief, on a far-awa island! Often did I say it, that sin and saut water hauded weel thegither, and Mause will be kilt atween them. But in the body or oot o't, certes, I'll get haud o' puir Mause! If no, it's wha lies there, wi' Babbie Morrison!'"

The limits assigned to this article will not permit our entering upon a lengthened analysis of the story, and therefore we shall only advert to what is necessary to understand the import of the extracts to be given. We have seldom met with a writer so eminently gifted with the power of description, whether of scenery, or of men and manners. There is a perfect profusion of choice pictures of scenes on land and at sea, and we are sorry that we are necessitated to limit our selection to a very few.

It was decided that Ned Fleming should take the sea as a profession, and in due course he was appointed to a ship of Captain Campbell's of Greenock, whose wife turned out to be a *third* cousin of Mrs Fleming, Ned's mother. A mutual attachment sprang up between young Ned and Campbell's daughter Kate, which ripened into love, although neither seemed well to know that it was such. Ned went to sea, and Kate and a cousin Miss M'Dougal are sent to a boarding-school in Torquay. There a young girl who is an orphan, called Flora Shillabeer, or more familiarly, Floxy, is introduced to their notice, who eventually becomes lady's-maid to Miss M'Dougal in Ardmore, whose brother, Captain M'Dougal, is enamoured of Kate, and resolves to have her for a wife. This had long been the secret desire of Kate's mother, and several long visits to Ardmore had given good hope that it would in proper time be realized. Not far from Ardmore was a lowly shieling, in which lived an old fisherman, a widower, with his only daughter Morag, whom Captain M'Dougal has seduced, and who becomes seriously ill, without, however, her father knowing anything about her fallen condition. The chapter on Morag is powerfully and pathetically written. The following extract from it will afford the reader an idea of the thrilling power of the author's pen. A message has just arrived at Ardmore that Floxy is immediately wanted at the fisherman's hut. The rest will be easily understood:—

"Floxy, left to herself, lost not a moment in putting on her bonnet with
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trembling hands and with sick heart, then rushed out of the house to pursue the well-known path to the old fisherman's hut. The night was in harmony with her spirits. The full moon was speeding fast in the stormy chase; now hurrying across a field of blue, again gleaming through a misty veil, and then plunging into sombre shadow. A low mournful wind sang through the trees, and the moan of the distant waves heralded a coming storm. Floxy passed across the lawn, through the fir-wood, over the low hill, with its scattered boulders, down into the birch-wood along the shore, until she emerged on the green spot near the sea on which the fisherman's cottage stood, and which at that moment was gleaming white in the moonlight. With beating heart she approached the door, and passing the little window, saw at a glance that there were several persons within. The well-known horse of the Doctor was cropping the grass, with the bridle fastened to the stirrup. Floxy's tap was responded to by a woman from one of the hamlets, who no sooner recognised the visitor than she retreated to the apartment, saying, 'The English ledly frae the big hoose.' Floxy followed her, but was met in the narrow passage by the kind-hearted Doctor—the most constant, self-sacrificing, and least rewarded philanthropist in the parish. With him she returned to the outside of the cottage.

"What is wrong Doctor? Oh, tell me, is there danger?" she eagerly enquired.

"The Doctor whispered a few words in her ear.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Floxy, staggering back with a feeling of faintness at her heart, and covering her face with her hands, 'My horrible dream, then, is a reality?' After a little time she asked, 'Is there any hope, Doctor? a ray even?'

"There is no hope as far as I can see—none; and my heart is sore for the poor ignorant lassie; and she so bonnie! And then her lonely old father, one of the best men in the parish, who has seen six coffins go out at that door since I remember. Heigho! Miss Shillabeer, this is a sad world!"

"Floxy heard his words as in a dream. She made no farther remark, but entering the cottage, went at once to the bed, where she discerned a figure beneath the blankets, with the face in shadow and a white arm exposed. Kneeling down, she seized the hot clammy hand, clasping it with her own, and pressing it to her cheek as she buried her face in the bed-clothes. Morag lifted her head from the pillow; bending forward, she passed her other hand over Floxy's face, and whispered, 'My darling, are you come?'

"After a great effort at self-command, but without daring to lift her face, Floxy replied, 'Yes, my darling, I am come.'

"No one else spoke.

"A single feeble light and flickering fire hardly penetrated the shadowy darkness of the dwelling. Yet one form was revealed to those who could look around, and that was old Rorie, sitting on a low stool near the peat-fire that glowed on the floor, with his face buried in his hands, and motionless as a stone on the shore covered with weeping sea-weed.

"Miss Floxy," said Morag, in a whisper, bringing her hand near the spot where the hands were that held her own, until her bright eyes—now brighter than ever, and shining with a feverish lustre—met the weeping eyes of her friend. 'Miss Floxy, I'm going away to-night—and—and—oh, dear, I canna speak! but I love you; and don't be angry with me, for I canna help loving you, my dear, dear, though you canna love me now.'

"Morag, my own Morag," said Floxy, 'I love you with all my heart. God be with you! God pity you! God bless you! I cannot help you or I would, with my life's blood. But no human being can do it.'

"Pity me, dear, I have no peace," and her chest heaved at every sentence.

'I have prayed; I have prayed in the woods and on the shore. I have cried; I have cried; my heart can greet no more. For oh, me! Ochohne! Ochohne! O my God!' and she turned away her face, while her hand grasped Floxy's with convulsive energy.

"My own Morag, remember what I told you so often about Jesus Christ. He can save the worst,—you and me and all, if we go to him; and He is beside you. Think of the good Shepherd who died for his sheep, who went to seek the *lost* sheep, and was glad when he found it. He is mighty to save my Morag.'

"But not me—not me. I'm too bad—too bad; but I know *He's* good—the best. And, Floxy, do you think I'm too sinful to expect that—?"

"She paused, as if struggling with her thoughts and defective language.

"To expect what, dear?" asked Floxy gently.

"To expect that He'll not send me where—where—the bad folk would be cursing him, for I could not bear that; it would break my heart.'

"Oh! Morag, speak to your Saviour; tell him everything, and confess everything; excuse nothing, and ask his 'forgiveness, and He will give it, dear, and save you from all sin, and bring you to Himself.'

"God be thanked!" said Morag; 'for should he not forgive *me* he may forgive *him* for all he has done, and that's some comfort.'

"Forgive who, Morag?"

"The girl hid her face.

"Never mind just now. I canna name him.' 'O my God!' she said, after a short silence, and looking up—'Help! help!'

"Who are you praying for, my own Morag?"

"For my father, yonder," she replied. 'I'm feared he'll never get over this. I have killed him too.'

"The old man caught his name, though it was mentioned but in a whisper, and suddenly rising from his seat, he approached the bed, and said 'Mhorag a cheist is there anything you would like that I can give you? I wish you would just try and eat something; it would do you good, my lamb. I have got some fine fresh fish. You used to like them. I'll get some ready.'

"She looked at him with a smile of love, and he at her. Then the old man sat down in a recess, and took up a fish in his hand, to prepare it, as he had often done since his wife died, for himself and his only daughter, the pride of his heart. He moved and spoke like a man bewildered. But as he saw opposite to him a small body covered by a white cloth on a table in a dark corner, the fish dropped from his trembling hands, and they who dared to look at the old man would have seen him wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his ragged fisherman's jacket, though every sound of grief was suppressed that could reach the ear of the dying girl.

"The silence was again broken by Morag whispering in a voice still more tremulous and weak, 'Miss Floxy, my dear, thanks to God you came to see me. I have more comfort. Jesus died for sinners—for me:' and after a pause she added 'For *him*.' Then looking long and fondly at Floxy, she said, 'I gathered some nuts for you at the end of the year, but did not like to give them. Will you take them with you? It is all I can give you, my dear darling, before I go away.' And her damp hands again squeezed those of Floxy, who could not utter a word. Yet fearing lest she might be selfishly indulging her own feelings at the expense of the poor sufferer, she rose, and bending over Morag, whispered, 'Have you anything more to say?'

"O yes, yes; but—I canna say it—but mind I forgive *him*, and I hope God will; but tell—tell him to repent, as he shall answer to God when we meet again.'

"A few choking half articulate words of mutual blessing, and Floxy tore herself away, and sat near the old fisherman, who seized her hand. She

thought she was once more a child, sitting beside her uncle Martin in the old cottage at Torquay.

"A venerable looking man had in the meantime noiselessly entered the small room. It was Sandy Cameron, schoolmaster and catechist, one of those men who are often selected, for their piety and knowledge of the scriptures, by the ministers of large Highland parishes, to instruct the peasantry, from house to house, and also to visit the sick and pray with them. Sandy sat down, and knowing the power of Christian song, he selected the 130th Psalm, and reading out two verses in Gaelic, sang them. The doctor sat beside the bed; while the old fisherman, with reverential calm, put on his spectacles, and tried to follow the psalm in his book; but he was obliged to close it, and sit with bent head, closed eyes, and clasped hands. The low solemn melody arose from voices trembling with sorrow. Then a short Gaelic prayer was offered up by old Sandy. When he ended all was silent again for a few minutes; then a sudden movement was made by the doctor, and a few hurried words spoken; then a gathering of the people round the bed—and then a cry from Rorie, which no one who heard it could ever forget, as the old man fell prostrate with outstretched arms over his dead daughter."

Let us linger for a moment over the melting story of the death of Morag, as the sad representative of many an "owre true tale." Unfortunately it is not an isolated instance of sin and sorrow in the homes of the poor, where simple innocence adorned with unconscious beauty, falls a prey to the stratagems of unprincipled voluptuaries, whose position in society elicits a homage from the defenceless and the weak, which ought to prove the strongest safeguard of virtue, instead of conducing, as it too frequently does, to the destruction of human happiness here, and the darkening of prospects hereafter. There are several points in the narrative which are too like the truth not to be drawn from reality. The cause of poor Morag's illness delicately hinted at in the small body covered by a white cloth on a table in a dark corner—the old fisherman's anxiety to shew his love for his dying daughter, by proposing to get her some fine fresh fish, and his sorrowful amazement when for the first time the table caught his eye and revealed the cause of her sufferings—the frequent expressions in reference to the Saviour, coming from the death-bed, like gleams of sunshine through a murky cloud—the singing of the psalm, and the offering up of the Gaelic prayer by the old schoolmaster—the short silence when it was over—the sudden movement of the doctor—the gathering around the bed—the cry of old Rorie, and his falling upon his dead daughter, are all features drawn true to the life, and in depicting them the author has had recourse to his own personal experience in his professional visits to the bed of the dying.

In connection with this, the following exquisite ballad to the tune of "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she," is supposed to be written after the melancholy end, by Morag's sweetheart, Willie Scott, a young man of excellent worth, who on his death-bed said to a friend beside him when speaking of Morag, "Oh, sir, I canna tell you what that lassie was to me. I saw her in the lambs; I saw her in the light amang the heather; I heard her step in the breeze, her voice in the lintie and laverock. She was never mine, but I was here. I was

clean daft aboot her, for I never saw her neebour in this world. But I hope to meet her in the next. That man—God forgie him—has killed us baith." May is the same as Morag or Marion, and tenderly her memory is embalmed in strains that must move every heart. She now sleeps soundly where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest:—

" My little May was like a lintie
Glintin' 'mang the flowers o' spring;
Like a lintie she was cantie,
Like a lintie she could sing;—
Singing milking in the gloamin,
Singing herding in the morn,
Singing 'mang the brackens roamin,
Singing shearing yellow corn!
O the bonnie dell and dingle,
O the bonnie flowering glen,
O the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
O the bonnie but and ben!

" Ilka body smiled that met her,
Nane were glad that said fareweel;
Never was a blyther, better,
Bonnie bairn, frae croon to heel!
O the bonnie dell and dingle,
O the bonnie flow'ring glen,
O the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
O the bonnie but and ben!

(*Slow.*)

" Blaw, wintry winds, blaw cauld and eerie,
Drive the sleet, and drift the snaw;
May is sleeping, she was weary,
For her heart was broke in twa!
O wae the dell and dingle,
O wae the flow'ring glen;
O wae aboot the ingle,
Wae's me baith but and ben!"

The heartless M'Dougal was not, however, allowed to pass without challenge, and that from a quarter which he had perhaps never suspected. Who would have thought that his arrogant swagger would have quailed beneath the bold encounter of the menial Floxy, roused to a giant's strength under the wrong which woman's nature had sustained in the ruin and the death of Morag? Yet so it was, and the retribution of the wrong was not confined to Floxy's denunciation and rebuke. His intended alliance, shall we call it marriage, with Miss Campbell, was put an end to for ever through the instrumentality of this same Floxy, on account of the ruin he had wrought in the old fisherman's cottage, in destroying the peace and the very life of the old man's innocent and only child. Next day, or rather next night, Floxy made her way to the Campbells with all speed to apprise Miss Kate of the sad event which had happened, and to put her on her guard against the matrimonial overture which she knew Captain

M'Dougal was to propose that evening, and which, for several reasons, she thought was not likely to be rejected. She first sought an interview with Mrs Campbell, as she was aware this was the weakest part of the citadel to be assailed, and which required to be fortified first. Mrs Campbell had long wished for such an alliance, and had exerted not a little ingenuity in her own way to bring about this consummation of her wishes. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that such a message by such a messenger, was not likely to be received otherwise than with the utmost disfavour by the proud and aspiring Mrs Campbell. The interview is exceedingly well described; nothing can be more natural, as the purport of the message is gradually unfolded. What storming, and flouncing, and tossing of capstrings, and denouncing of servant-girls and their interference with the affairs of ladies and gentlemen. Yet Floxy was not to be daunted by anything that she heard and saw, but told her story fearlessly and with all the earnestness of which she was capable, till Miss Campbell herself, attracted by the noise going on, entered the room to learn the cause of the wordy warfare which had attained such a height. The whole story was poured into her ear with all the affection of a sister, and with all the earnestness of one trying to save a dear friend from impending danger. Her emotion, however, was too great to prevent her giving a calm and connected expression of her feelings, but she made herself understood as far as convulsive sobbing would allow, and telling Miss Campbell to ask her mother for the rest, she rushed past her down stairs, and departed, shutting the door behind her. Scarcely had she got clear of the threshold, than she met M'Dougal full in the face, just arriving on his important errand. We must give the scene which ensued:—

"She immediately encountered M'Dougal. Her first inclination was to fly anywhere, if only to escape out of his sight. But they met; and as she stood before him her feet did not seem to touch the earth on which they trod.

" 'Hollo!' he shouted, coming close up to her, 'who the doose are you?'

" 'Floxy,' was the only reply. She immediately added, 'Captain M'Dougal, Morag is dead!'

" 'Morag is dead? Well, Miss Shillabeer, is that all you have to say? What under heaven puts you here just now, and at this hour of the night? Is there anything wrong at Ardmore?'

" 'Morag is dead!' she repeated in a hollow voice, as if something was choking her.

" 'Now look here, my fine woman,' said M'Dougal, speaking low but fierce. 'I see what you are after; I have long suspected you as a vile spy. You think yourself mighty clever, but perhaps you have got your match in me. You insolent proud jade! how dare you come here with all your infernal gossip? Little would make me ——'

" 'Back, sir!' said Floxy, 'You know how heartily I have ever despised you; and how I understand your character. You know full well how I unravelled and defeated all your cunning and cursed plots against myself; and how I always abhorred you. But never did I abhor you as I do now!' And she seemed, as she spoke, to tower up before M'Dougal's eye in the dim light. 'You are a villain and a murderer! The curse of the childless is

on you ! and though I could not save one victim from your fangs, I hope I have saved another from your foul embrace. Yonder girl," she added, pointing to the upper window, 'shall never be thine, as sure as a God of justice and love reigns !'

" M'Dougal, hoarse with passion, again attempted to interrupt her with a wild oath.

" 'Silence !' she said, 'you *shall* hear me ! With her last breath the murdered girl forgave you ; with her last breath she prayed for you ; and with her last breath she commanded you to repent, and to prepare to meet her before the judgment seat of God ! I leave with you her only legacy !'

" Before M'Dougal could reply, and while the front door was opened, and his name called, almost shouted, from the drawing-room window by Mrs Campbell, Floxy had vanished out of the little gate into the public road, and from the echo of her steps she seemed to run from the house."

M'Dougal is seized with cholera, and is brought to the brink of the grave. Through the intercession of Miss Campbell, Ned Fleming and Dr Morris attend upon him in his illness, and after some time of great solicitude and constant watching, Ned has the satisfaction of reporting to Miss Campbell a favourable turn in the disease, and M'Dougal's entire freedom from danger. And as he himself is about to set out for sea, he proceeds to take an affectionate farewell of her, when to his utter astonishment and delight, he hears from the maiden's own lips her determination never to marry M'Dougal, and the assurance that her heart and hand are his own. The story is here virtually at an end, though it is continued through a few chapters more. Some incidents occur of a painful nature, which are shown not to have been sent by Providence in vain with respect to both of the lovers. The marriage-day arrives, when they are united in holy wedlock, amid great demonstrations of rejoicing by all around. Babby's voluble welcome of Ned and his bride at his father's house, is very graphically and amusingly described. The author's ready command of the Scottish language is as great as that of Sir Walter Scott, and contributes in no small degree to the popularity of this deeply interesting and instructive tale.

We have enjoyed many hours in reading, and not a few in writing, in the preparation of articles for this *Journal*, but the gratification, we are sorry to learn, is not to be afforded us any longer. It does not become us here, as a mere contributor, to advert to the causes which have induced such a determination ; we can only lament them, and express a hope that another clime will be more propitious to the publisher than his native one has been. The kind sympathy of many a heart of which he wots not will accompany him and his family to the far distant Dunedin, and will rejoice to hear of the sun of Austerlitz yet shining upon them. One word for ourselves. In preparing the many reviews which we have furnished to the pages of *Macphail*, we say without egotism, that candour and honesty of purpose have ever guided our pen. There is one, however, and only one, on which we look back with a feeling of self-condemnation, and wish it were unwritten. It is that of, "*The Recreations of a Country Parson*,"—We

beg to apologise to the distinguished author of that clever and interesting volume, and to assure him of our deep regret for the acerbity of spirit which characterizes the review. He has a warm, generous, and loving heart, and we ask his forgiveness if a word of ours has been the cause of giving it, however short, uneasiness or pain. Having twinkled our little season in the literary firmament, we now sink back into the obscurity and the privacy of rural life. Vale, *Maephail!*

AN AUTUMN VISIT TO CHAMOUNIX.

THE present year, begun in peace and happiness, will always be regarded by the writer as a sorrowful one. Its opening found him possessed of much that cheered existence and eased toil: its close leaves him comparatively desolate in this world,—a faithful partner removed,—a loving heart cold,—a cheering voice silenced,—whose well-remembered tones will be heard no more on earth; no, not until the meeting-time when lost ties may be re-united, and congenial intercourse again enjoyed.

And so, though the promise be but imperfectly performed, the writer, who gave a contribution to the first, now offers a closing tribute to the last number of this *Magazine*,—his theme, a few rapid jottings regarding an autumn excursion to a portion of Switzerland, made this year.

It were needless to traverse on paper ground so thoroughly familiar to very many readers as the way to Paris, now accomplished with such ease, from Dover across the Channel, and thence in a few hours by railway. No over-statement has been made regarding the vast amount of internal improvement that has taken place in the capital of France. Whole streets and piles of houses, once the haunt of the "dangerous" classes, have been cleared away, to make room for the spacious thoroughfares and open boulevards. The cafés are as thronged,—the ball-rooms as gay,—the places of public entertainment as thronged with crowds as ever. Still, the shop-windows are studded with articles of luxury: all that can please the eye, or open a well-filled purse, is to be had in wonted abundance; and, if Paris can be regarded as a fair specimen, France must not be unfourishing under the iron rule of Napoleon;—what may be her future,—what social change and revolution a few months or years may usher in,—is a different question.

Not spending a Sunday in Paris, we were unable to ascertain how the Scottish Congregation was getting on there, though we should imagine favourably. Occupying but a few days in exploring—principally on account of a member of our party who had not seen Paris before,—the chief *lions* of the gay *Lutetia*, as bright and sunny as ever in its aspect at that season of the year; but gazing anew with delight

on many of the *chef d'œuvres* in the Louvre,—looking on pictures that may well bear even much more frequent than yearly examination; with fresh saunterings through the *Champs Elysees*;—hearing the splendid music at the Madeleine; we hurried on by rail in the direction of Geneva, in which city, familiar to us by frequent visits, and blessed with such an enchanting neighbourhood, we purposed making a longer stay than usual.

Well do we remember our first visit to that town, made now a very considerable number of years ago; how we loved to linger by the shores of that blue lake,—how many memories of great names connected with that locality were recalled, those of Rousseau, Byron, and Voltaire,—all rebels against “the world and the world's law”—alas! too, against a higher law than that of the world—disseminators of opinions at war with those that have most prevailed in Christianised Europe, “self-torturing sophists,” and anarchists who produced an uneasy sensation in their time.

But Geneva has nobler memories and associations than these. Here Calvin found an honoured and laborious scene of duty; and—besides the naturalists and explorers known to fame,—its neighbourhood abounds on either side of the lake, with lovely retreats embowered in foliage, and commanding, at many points, scenes and views unsurpassed in beauty. It is the chosen residence of two men well-known in the religious world by their writings and deeds—viz., the venerable Cæsar Malan and D'Aubigné, the graphic and earnest historian of the Reformation; with both of whom the writer had the privilege of acquaintance. Malan is now gently sinking in strength, and looking for the close of a protracted life on earth; D'Aubigné had been labouring under a severe bronchial affection at the period when we saw him, but was steadily engaged in going forward with his great work, the completion of which, it is to be hoped, is not far distant.

The notions some have formed that Geneva and its neighbourhood are devoid of interest, are totally unfounded. The massive buildings of the old and higher town; the venerable Church of St Peter, painted and decorated in a manner quite at variance with the dinginess by which previously it was characterised,—bear witness to an altered, and we believe much improved state of feeling and interest as to religious matters. There is a flourishing congregation connected with the Church of England, the officiating minister in which is well provided for; but we are informed, and, from information gathered on the spot, we are convinced that there is room here also,—especially as a number of Americans visit, or are more permanently domiciled at Geneva,—for a Scottish Presbyterian Church.* Suitable accommodation could without difficulty be secured, or a modest building erected; while the field of labour that would be opened to a minister of our own church, is neither ineligible nor un-

* To this we strongly ask the attention of the “Foreign Churches' Committee” of the Church of Scotland. The benefits arising from such a movement, are worth consideration.

interesting. Many British families are resident, and more make it a temporary halting-place. Living cannot, however, be spoken of as cheap, and house-rent is high. On the other hand, the neighbourhood is delightful, and, as we have said, commands not a few views of exquisite beauty.

To see Mount Blanc, the "Monarch of mountains," shooting up, at the distance of forty miles, his pinnacles of snow into the clear blue sky, is of itself no ordinary treat; and the way to Chamounix, if at many points rough and jolting,—after the diligence is exchanged at Sallanches, for the *char-a-banc*, is yet full of diversified interest at certain points. Magnificent views of the scenery are obtained; but it is at Chamounix and its neighbourhood that one really feels as if surrounded by the pillared majesty of the mountains; looks upon the glaciers,—their bluish white tints, vividly contrasted with the abrupt precipitous rocks in the rough embrace of which they seem to rest; sees the impetuous river fed by them clearing its way; hears the innumerable tinkle of the cattle-bells,—and observes specimens of the *goître*, that most unseemly and unfortunate deformity. To look on the spectacles easily to be seen in the neighbourhood of this rustic town, is to store up a treasure in the cells of memory for ever.

But we must draw these rapid and rambling reminiscences hurriedly and abruptly to a close. Other duties call us; memories of other times arise; and we know not that we can soon muster strength and courage to re-visit the scenes we have spoken of;—associated as they ever must be in the author's mind, with the remembrance of one fondly loved but smitten in her bloom,—now shining, he believes, as an angel elsewhere; not too good for heaven, but, as we are selfishly apt to think,—too early taken from earth.

We two have stood by Lake Leman's side,
When hope in our breasts was strong!
We two, as the shades o'er Jurk came
Were cheered by the mountain song.

We've watched with awe the torrent's might
And the avalanche with its roar:
We two have stood on the mountain height,
And roamed by the star-lit shore.

Oh, for the sound of a vanished voice,
For the touch of a loving hand,
That were wont to make my heart rejoice;
But,—thou hast left this land:—

Left for the home where griefs are gone,
Where the once-sad heart has joy,—
Left for the rest by the blessed won
Where no pangs the frame annoy.

A. R. B.

A SURVEY OF SOME MODERN SCOTTISH POETS: SCOTT—WILSON—HOGG.

[The following pages were written to form part of a volume nearly ready for Press, intended to constitute a Scottish Anthology—the poetical specimens inserted being prefaced by a biographical sketch of each author, with, in most cases, a critical estimate of his writings.—A. R. B.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE whole incidents in the life of this, the most distinguished literary Scotsman of our times, have been so minutely detailed by his distinguished son-in-law, that only the mention of a few dates and facts as to his experience, are essential for our present purpose. Born at Edinburgh in 1771, he died at Abbotsford after a continental sojourn in search of health, on the 21st of September 1832, having during the latter half of a busy life, earned a fame dear to his countrymen.

To Scott the term “many-sided” might well be applied. His was a large nature, except in so far as his mind was swayed by prejudice or misled by fancy; a heart true and innocent. The intellectual development of the future poet and novelist, if slow as to outward manifestation, was influenced by circumstances partly personal and partly relative. The Edinburgh of these days was as picturesque, if not so extended as now; but it was the Edinburgh of a by-gone period which had most charm to the mind of Scott, apt as his mind was to view many things as if invested with romantic colouring; and Edinburgh is still, though time’s “effacing finger” and the hand of needful improvement have done much to alter former characteristic features, a city beautiful in point of situation. Scott loved to contemplate it,—

“Piled deep and massy, close, and high,
Mine own romantic town.”

He loved most to think of it as when the almost deserted chambers of Holyrood were trod by the noble and courtly; when there were pleasant gardens in many localities now squalid and poverty-stricken, then were trod by groups of the gay and courtly. To him its more ancient dwellings and secluded courts recalled the events and personages of former times; when nobles had their abodes in close-packed alleys, and either side of the main ridge on which the old city stands was dotted with spots of verdure,—fields and hedge-rows being where the new town now stands. He delighted to muse upon its probable aspect, as in the times when abbots and church dignitaries of the old religion existed,—or as when the head-quarters of Jacobitism at the time of the last effort to retrieve a desperate cause.

Much might be said,—did it comport with our plan,—of Scott’s training and preparation for the field of romance in which he attained to such distinction. The days of merriment, carried too often to an undue extent, were by no means wholly over in the circle even in

which he moved. But Scott's main delight, and another source of poetic inspiration, was drawn from country scenes and traditions. The delicate child grew up to be a robust man,—though lameness cleaved to him until his dying day. Worldly fortune was not denied. The cottage at Lasswade, the early home of wedded love, with the snug house in Castle Street, and the abode at Ashiestiel, were periods during which Scott probably enjoyed more of happiness than afterwards, though his fame had then attracted the notice of the nation, and titled grandees were fain to pour honeyed compliments into his ear. Still, his old simplicity and warm-heartedness remained; and when Abbotsford, the "fairy romance in stone and lime," had been erected, and imitations of medieval art were lavished on its adornment; when the gay and titled were among his visitors;—though his pillow began to be a thorny one, and the over-wrought brain was complaining; when Solomon's old experience on a lesser scale, was, in some measure reenacted; when the art-treasures, books, and policies at Abbotsford, were likely to pass into strange hands; when, in various shapes, misfortune assailed;—there is nothing in the records of genius more affecting than the narrative of his later struggles and closing life.

Of Scott, as a poet, it is not needful to say much. Much of previous, and as regards his time of recent poetry, wanted freshness and nature. The laboured dullness of forgotten epics, and the meretricious glitter of another period had deservedly palled on the taste. These were exchanged for the freshness of nature—like the transition from the heat and glitter of a ball-room to the freshness of morning. In Scott, besides, the spirit of the old chronicler appeared to have revived; and if there be frequently too much of minute and even tedious detail, there is also the frequent touch of "nature" that makes "the whole world kin." The "land of the mountain and flood" had again due honour paid to it; nor since the time of Burns had such glamour and witchery been cast upon Scottish scenes and history. He did not deal in the vague philosophic musings of one otherwise great poet, or in the morbid cynicism by which the strains of Byron were characterised; but interspersed what he wrote with passages fitted even to stir a nation's heart,—like trumpet notes ringing through cool and transparent air.

Of Scott, as a writer of fiction, it were quite beside our present purpose to say almost anything. The resemblance of his mind to that of Shakespeare, has, with some justice, been vindicated by favourable critics. Both had general and genial sympathies, and cherished, in general, kindly views of men and their motives. Both had a keen sense of the humorous; and indulged a cheerful tone of feeling. In Scott, more particularly, we are struck with an impression of the art by which a reader seems to become the actual spectator of many scenes described. The shadows which he brings from the realm of imagination, appear to speak, think, move, and act in correspondence with probable truth, or at least with sagacious conjecture; while to the moral tone of his poetry,—due allowance being made,—hardly an exception admits of being taken.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

John Wilson, the remarkable author of not a few graphic poems, was born at Paisley, on the 19th of May 1786. He was the eldest of three brothers, his father having been a wealthy manufacturer in that flourishing town,—in the same year when Robert Burns was alive, and at a period of remarkable incidents and men. His biography, besides sketches by admirers, and details from his own pen, has been published; and this and incidental notices in the works of De Quincey and others, furnish us with a good idea of the man,—strong both in body and mind, fond of all manly exercises, with a strong love of the adventurous, and an ardent passion for the beautiful. The scenery around Paisley, though a pall of smoke seems to hang over it, is by no means devoid of beauty. The banks and braes of Cart afford not a few pleasant nooks; and there are many wooded retreats and haunts of beauty by the murmuring waters.

To the early recollections of this period Wilson often adverted in after years, and there are no more pleasant descriptions in his writings than some relative to this period.

From the sequestered country manse of Mearns, Wilson proceeded, when seventeen years of age, to the University of Glasgow, where Young was Professor of Greek, and Jardine occupied the Logic chair, who, though not himself a man of depth or power, gave a decided turn to much of the youthful intellect of Scotland. The University of Glasgow has exhibitions at Baliol College, Oxford; and to Magdalen College, where Addison was once a commoner, Wilson went in early life, combining with study all manner of athletic pursuits and recreations, yet having his mind fed by the associations of the place. He was called to the bar of Scotland in 1814, chiefly, we suspect, as a nominal profession—Themis usually admitting not of votaries who give her but a divided affection. In 1817, Blackwood's Magazine was started, and after the first few numbers, became a literary triumph. A host of talented contributors fought in its pages the battles of Toryism, and enriched them with the flights of imaginative genius; while—for dashing articles thrown off frequently at a heat, sometimes gross in personality and unsparing in the abuse of opponents,—Wilson himself was “facile princeps.” In 1820, Wilson, after a keen contest, secured a high and worthy object of ambition,—the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, an appointment which secured a higher social station congenial to his tastes, and from which he exercised a commanding influence over much of the youthful mind of Scotland. Never was a professor more admired,—nowhere could a more enthusiastic band of auditors be found. Many a brilliant passage, many a rolling period, many a gorgeous poetical description occurred in them; and if there was little direct mental discipline, there was at least the kindling of a literary enthusiasm, which in not a few instances, afterwards bore fruit. His enthusiasm awoke a response in many a breast. His recitation of poetry, though with peculiar intonation, was most telling; the flashing of the eye, the sonorous voice, the agitated frame, made him appear,

to the eyes of his scholars, something like a demigod. The duties of the office he brilliantly discharged for a long succession of years, during which he was the pride and ornament of literary society in Edinburgh, even inveterate opponents of the political creed he so powerfully and earnestly upheld, doing homage to his genius. The writer of this notice gratefully ascribes to his two years attendance at the Moral Philosophy Class in Edinburgh a love for study, and an admiration of the beautiful which have often afforded solace and delight;—and when the strength of the strong had been sapped and the eloquent voice was unheard in the old haunt, where so many fresh and pure triumphs had been gained, he—in common with hundreds of former students, not a few of whom had experienced his rough yet hearty kindness,—felt that a light had faded,—almost that a star had fallen.—After a few year's of comparative, and of, at last, almost total seclusion, and the year's enjoyment of the liberal pension granted, to their honour, by political opponents, Wilson departed, leaving however, a name that will not soon be forgotten. He was honoured by a public funeral, such as had not been witnessed since Scott was borne to his earthly resting-place at Dryburgh,—not a few of the greatest names connected with Scottish literature and art uniting in the last token of respect that could be paid at the resting-place of genius.

" A SLEEPING CHILD.

- " Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
 Whose happy home is on our earth?
 Does human blood with life imbue
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
 That stray along thy forehead fair
 Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
 Oh, can that light and airy breath
 Steal from a being doomed to death:
 Those features to the grave be sent
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
 Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
 The phantom of some blessed dream?
- " Oh! that my spirit's eye would see
 Whence trust those gleams of ecstasy!
 That light of dreaming soul appears
 To play from thoughts above thy years.
 Thou smil'st, as if thy soul were soaring
 To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
 And who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
 What brighter throne can brightness find
 To reign on than an infant's mind,
 Ere sin destroy or error dim
 The glory of the seraphim?
- " Oh vision fair! that I could be
 Again as young, as pure as thee!
 Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
 May view, but cannot bear the storm:

Years can bedim the gorgeous dies
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Fair was that face as break of dawn
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil which half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought,
And thus we dream, but ne'er can speak
Light clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;—
Till thou awak'st,—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine
Or even those eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity."

JAMES HOGG

The "Ettrick Shepherd"—the title by which he was best known,—was born on 25th January 1772, in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, Selkirkshire, and was descended from a race who had pursued the shepherd's calling for generations in that pastoral district. His father was not fortunate. His mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was a self-taught genius, of an imaginative and enthusiastic turn of mind.

Hogg was little indebted to external aid for what progress he made in education, having been only a few months at the parish school,—though during one winter he was allowed to be present at the lessons given to the children of a neighbouring farmer. He was sent to herd cows when but seven years of age; but even then he displayed a liking for the marvellous tales and legends recited by his mother. Of his experience at this time he long afterwards gave the following account:—

"When only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads, with a rosy cheeked maiden to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd also. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day by day, I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-side head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself! 'Puir little laddie! he's just tired to death,' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling down on her knees. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do."

When only fourteen years of age, Hogg purchased an old fiddle at the cost of a few shillings; an acquisition which served to while away many an hour that might else have passed heavily. He served as shepherd at various farms,—at Singlee, Elibank, and Williamslee, and

next at Blackhouse, of which Mr Laidlaw was tenant, who kindly permitted Hogg to have access to his books, of which Mr L. possessed a very considerable store. When twenty-five years of age, Hogg began to write verses,—rude enough it may be imagined,—yet giving some indication of originality and genius. In 1797, he tells us, he first heard of Burns, whose *Tam o' Shanter*, he read and dwelt on with delight till he could repeat the whole poem from beginning to end. The success of Burns, as a peasant-poet, roused Hogg's ambition. In 1791 he became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, who showed him much kindness, and prevailed on Mr Constable to publish "The Mountain Bard," and—strange conjunction,—“A Treatise on Sheep.”

Being now possessed of a very considerable sum of money, £300, yet an amount quite insufficient for the object in view, he set up as a store farmer, but was unsuccessful; so that after two or three years' hard struggling he was fain to give up the project, and proceeded to Edinburgh with the almost as fantastic idea of subsisting on his gains as a literary man. He published the "Forest Minstrel," in the production of which volume, he was aided by several friends, and among others by Laidlaw, the author of "Lucy's Flitting." A weekly publication entitled, "The Spy," proved wholly unsuccessful. But the "Queen's Wake" gave the author a standing amongst poets—three editions of it being called for in succession.

The late Mr William Blackwood now took the poet by the hand, and he became intimate with Professor Wilson, and Mr Lockhart. Various poetical works—the titles of which it is unnecessary to specify,—followed in succession,—the most interesting of which was the "Jacobite Relics." After six years residence in Edinburgh, the generous friendship and patronage of the late Duke of Buccleuch, made Hogg occupant of the small farm of Altrive Lake, near Yarrow. In 1820, he married Miss Philips, an Annandale farmer's daughter, and, at his own request, became tenant of the larger farm of Mount Benger, but found the means he could command insufficient, including the results of his literary labours. Labours we fear they must have been except they related to regions of romance and song,—for presently the issue of the "Waverley Novels" in 1831, prompted Hogg to the project of bringing out a re-issue of his *Tales* in monthly volumes. This errand brought him to London; where he was petted and fettered to a degree highly agreeable to this enthusiastic, guileless, yet simple stranger from Ettrick Forest. London loves an idol, and, like a child tired of its toy, is soon anxious for a new one. But the re-issue was suddenly arrested, after but one volume of the "Altrive Tales" had appeared, through the failure of the publisher. Hogg spent the last years of his life in a cottage which he had built at Altrive—presented to him by the Duke of Buccleuch; and here he was attacked by the illness that proved fatal to him,—a dropsical attack. He died on 21st November 1835, calmly, after some days of insensibility.

In the visions of fairy land, and in some of his songs Hogg showed peculiar powers, and *Kilmeny* is a poem of altogether superior character.

THOMAS ADAMS' EXPOSITION OF 2ND EPISTLE OF ST. PETER, AND DR GOODWIN'S WORKS.*

WE are glad to have this further opportunity of bearing tribute to the great value of the series of Puritan Divines, to which these three volumes of Dr Goodwin's works belong. Of the treatises in the fourth volume, the titles may be seen below, and certainly for masculine strength of thought, depth of piety, and soundness of scholastic learning, it would not be easy to find their superior. We have before seen how totally inadequate to give an idea of the peculiar excellence of Goodwin are any extracts, of the brevity suitable for such literary notices as can be afforded in the space at our disposal. Smaller men gain by the system of quotation—they are fragmentary in thought, and, possibly, sparkling in expression, so that their pointed sentences glitter well when isolated, though they fatigue when read continuously. Not so with Goodwin, whose solemnity and sustained energy are mocked by hasty selection. He is a mountain of majestic outline, and the splinters that are knapt off by the hammer of some geological collector, may indicate the worth of the material that lies waiting to be quarried, but cannot shew the variety and richness, the heights and valleys, the flowers and forests, the soothing dells of rest, the wild ravines of spirit-stirring torrents, which combine to form almost another world of itself in the mind of this old Puritan divine.

That Goodwin was eminently *doctrinal* is evident, and he kept the attention of his hearers well exercised, so that we sometimes wonder whether the congregations of his day could have been of the same flesh and blood as the impatient audiences of these our times; for assuredly not many places of worship can now show us a large assemblage able and willing to profit by such laborious and continuous expositions as Goodwin and some of the other Puritans furnished. It is not that we believe the often-repeated assertion, that at present scarcely any persons of first-rate talent devote themselves to the ministry; but because we are compelled to observe in all parts of the kingdom, an increasing unwillingness on the part of the congregations to devote themselves studiously to the subjects presented to them by

* 1. An Exposition upon the Second Epistle General of St Peter. By the Rev. Thomas Adams, Rector of St Gregory's, London, A.D. 1633. Revised and Corrected, by James Sherman, Minister of Surrey Chapel. Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1862. Pp. 899.

2. The Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D., sometime President of Magdalene College, Oxford. With General Preface, by John C. Miller, D.D., Lincoln College, Honorary Canon of Worcester, Rector of St Martin's, Birmingham. And Memoir, by Robert Halley, D.D., Principal of the Independent New College, London. Vols. IV., V. and VI., containing Christ Set Forth,—The Heart of Christ in Heaven towards Sinners on Earth,—Aggravation of Sin,—Encouragements to Faith,—The Glory of the Gospel,—Knowledge of God the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, &c., &c. Same Publishers. 1862-3.

3. A Commentary on the Prophecy of Hosea. By the Rev. Jeremiah Burroughs, Rector of Tivetsall. 1648. Same Publishers. 1863.

the preacher. A superficial cleverness and pretended piety seems too often willingly accepted as a preferable substitute for the masterly system of expounding the Scriptures which was esteemed by our robust forefathers, and such as these volumes furnish. If they were read frequently, and with meditation, by clergymen and laity, the benefit could not fail to be great, and we might soon have to welcome a better style of pulpit oratory than that which is at present popular, and also the exhibition of holier and happier lives than what are in these days common.

Truly this was a man "mighty in the Scriptures," not a glib prater of mercy, righteousness and faith, but one who had loved life-long to meditate on the Word, and saw an exceeding light in those questions of involved relationship that seem to many persons an impenetrable darkness of mystery. His intellect delighted to cope with such themes as indwelling sin, the limitations of human will, the marvellous regeneration effected by God's free grace, and the sufficiency of Christ's atoning sacrifice. He speaks in a strain of lofty dignity, with assured conviction in the truth of what he utters, and evidently had studied with diligence the subjects that he discourses on so exhaustively. What unwavering faith is shown in his religious teaching. With how much incredulity or scornful indignation would he have regarded the rationalistic platitudes and sceptical subterfuges of these later times; he who, in his "Faith supported by Christ's Resurrection," has furnished an answer to all heretical attacks on the sufficiency of the great suretyship of Jesus. But we cannot relinquish a page of the treatise, "Christ Set Forth," to which belongs the section above-named: therein we find (to use his own sub-divisions) Christ set forth in His Death, in His Resurrection, in His Ascension, in His sitting at God's right hand, and in His Intercession; He is shewn as the Cause of Justification, and as the Object of Justifying Faith. And because he has, in the main, throughout this treatise confined himself to the setting forth of Christ as our Justification, he adds a tractate showing "How Christ's heart, now he is in Heaven, stands affected to us Sinners here below." In this we recognise more tenderness of feeling, more pathos and beauty than we had expected from Goodwin; proving, yet once again, how the sweetness that indwellet with strength is more lovely, though rarely revealed, than the utmost sweetness of those who are tender alone, and whose mildness is apt to degenerate into weakness and insipidity. Remembering what has been already said, concerning the inadequacy of a brief quotation to furnish conclusive evidence of Goodwin's best qualities, the reader may take the following specimen from the fourth volume, on Heb. iv. 15:—

"There is comfort concerning such infirmities, in that your very sins move him to pity more than to anger. This text is plain for it, for he suffers with us under our infirmities, and by infirmities are meant sins, as well as other miseries, as was proved; whilst therefore you look on them as infirmities, as God here looks upon them, and speaks of them, as your disease, and complain to Christ of them, and do cry out 'O miserable man

that I am, who shall deliver me?' so long fear not. Christ takes part with you, and is so far from being provoked against you, as all his anger is turned upon your sin to ruin it; yea, his pity is increased the more against you, even as the heart of a father is to a child that hath some loathsome disease, or as one is to a member of his body that hath the leprosy, he hates not the member for it is his flesh, but the disease, and that provokes him to pity the part affected the more. What shall not make for us, when our sins, that are both against Christ and us, shall be turned as motives to him to pity us the more? The object of pity is one in misery whom we love; and the greater the misery is, the more is the pity when the party is beloved. Now of all miseries, sin is the greatest; and whilst yourselves look at it as such, Christ will look upon it as such only also in you. And he, loving your persons, and hating only the sin, his hatred shall all fall, and that only upon the sin, to free you of it by its ruin and destruction, but his bowels shall be the more drawn out to you; and this as much when you lie under sin as under any other affliction. Therefore fear not, 'What shall separate us from Christ's love?'"

And further:—

"Whatever trial, or temptation, or misery we are under, we may comfort ourselves with this, that Christ was once under the same, or some one like unto it, which may comfort us in these three differing respects that follow, by considering

"*First*, That we are thereby but conformed to his example, for he was tempted in all, and this may be no small comfort to us.

"*Secondly*, We may look to that particular instance of Christ's being under the like, as a meriting cause to procure and purchase succour for us under the same now; and so in that respect may yet further comfort ourselves. And

"*Thirdly*, His having once borne the like, may relieve us in this, that therefore he experimentally knows the misery and distress of such a condition, and so is yet further moved and quickened thereby to help us.

"As the doctrine delivered is a comfort, so the greatest motive against sin and persuasive unto obedience, to consider that Christ's heart, if it be not afflicted with—and how far it may suffer with us we know not—yet for certain hath less joy in us, as we are more or less sinful, or obedient. You know not by sin what blows you give the heart of Christ. If no more but that his joy is the less in you, it should move you, as it useth to do those that are ingenuous. And take this as one incentive to obedience, that if he retain the same heart and mind for mercy towards you which he had here on earth, then, to answer his love, endeavour you to have the same heart towards him on earth, which you hope to have in heaven; and as you daily pray, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.'

"In all miseries and distresses you may be sure to know where to have a friend to help and pity you, even in heaven, Christ; one whose nature, office, interest, relation, all, do engage him to your succour; you will find men, even friends, to be oftentimes unto you unreasonable, and their bowels in many cases shut up towards you. Well, say to them all, If you will not pity me, choose, I know one that will, One in heaven, whose heart is touched with the feeling of all my infirmities, and I will go and bemoan myself to him. Come boldly (says the text), *para trappineis*, even with open mouth, to lay open your complaints, and you shall find grace and mercy to help in time of need. Men love to see themselves pitied by friends, though they cannot help them; Christ can and will do both." (Vol. iv. p. 150.)

Six volumes more of the complete works of Goodwin are to follow, beside others of Sibbes, Charnock, Manton, Smith, &c.

On the Commentary on the Second Epistle General of St Peter, by the Rev. Thomas Adams, Rector of St Gregory's, London, A.D. 1633, we might bestow even higher praise than upon the three volumes of his works already published in the regular series of Standard works of the Puritan Divines. The present volume is in itself an enormous library of erudition and thoughtful suggestiveness, equal in bulk to the other three, and one of the most marvellously cheap theological books of high class that has ever appeared. It might form the life-study of many a slow reader but sound thinker, and will hold an honoured place in every mind that can appreciate the genius of one who earned the title of the "Shakspeare of the Puritans," by his fertility of illustration, his width of knowledge, his kindliness of humour, and loving spirit of humanity, as well as unaffected devoutness and abiding sense of beauty. We were utterly unprepared for the wealth of Adams, as displayed in this Commentary.

The "Commentary on the Prophecy of Hosea," has also been long regarded as a work of great merit. Its author—the Rev. Jeremiah Burroughs, Rector of Tivetshall, (1643,)—only completed it as far as chapter xiii, verse 2. The exposition of the remaining portion of that chapter was executed by the Rev. Thomas Hall, Rector of King's Newton. The exposition of the 14th and last chapter of the book, is by Bishop Newton.

A third extra-volume, uniform with these two, is announced for April, by Mr James Nichol. It will contain "A Commentary on the General Epistle of Jude," by the Rev. William Jenkyn, Rector of Blackfriars', (1653.); and "A Commentary on the Epistles to the Philipians, and Colossians," by the Rev. Jean Daille, Minister of the French Reformed Church at Charenton, (1639).

It not only might seem incredible that these works were offered, as extra-volumes to the series, at so small a price as they now are by the liberal publisher, but it would have been actually impossible to have so produced them unless by incurring a ruinous loss, had it not been for the following circumstance. The books were edited with great care by the late James Sherman; who, in July 1861, being then within a short time of his death, made over the stereotype plates of the three volumes as a free gift to Mr Nichol, for republication in the present form. The third of these is as yet unknown to us, but Adams' is inestimable, and Burroughs on Hosea is of sterling worth. We can only in conclusion, repeat our hearty admiration, for this most excellent series of reprints, and join in the hope expressed by the publisher, that "the time may not be far distant when peace will be restored in America, and co-operation again secured, between the two countries in all those relations which hitherto have led to results so important." We can easily believe that the effects of that fratricidal War must have almost totally arrested the sale of books on the other side of the Atlantic—nevertheless there is no sign of decreased vigour in the republication of the Puritan Divines.

NIRGENDS COLLEGE.

KARL.

ADDRESS TO A SKULL.

O Desolate and ghastly thing!
Time's hand hath done
On thee its fearful work,
And thou art sadly changed now
From what my eye beheld
A few brief years ago,
When he was young and beautiful,
Rejoicing in his strength,
The noblest Form of earth.

Wisdom, from the lore of ages reaped;
Wit, the most brilliant and pure;
The genins of the bard,
Alive to every trembling breath of feeling,
Found their divine abiding-place
In that forsaken dome.
Dark glossy locks
Clustered o'er that barren uniformity
Of marble smoothness;
And eyes, whose hue
Outshone the sunny skies of Italy,
Beamed where those empty sockets now
Glare, blank and meaningless.
Cheeks that glowed
With the impassioned hues of love,
And ruby lips,
From which the silver tones of eloquence,
Came forth like music,
Have shrunk to dust, and thou art now
A silent, ghastly skeleton.
Death and the Grave,—
Oh, ye are "tyrannous and strong!"

Is Beauty, then, a dream?
Is Love a frenzy-pang that mocks the heart?
Are all Imagination's visions
Fantastic, glittering frost-work,
That melt in death's quick dissolution?—
Thou grinnest, as in mockery!—
Well,—the secret is thine own.
But, tell me,
Tell me, thou shadow of the past,
Where is thy Spirit?
Hath rottenness consumed it in the tomb,
Or, hath it reached its home at last,
That happy land afar
It loved to dream of here,
Where sorrow and sighing have fled away,
Where all is joy, for all is love?

Ha! grinning still!
Is this thine only answer to my prayer?

Speak out, thou fearful thing
 Of silence and of mystery!
 Are all our hopes of immortality—
 Those dearest cherished hopes—
 Delusive dreams of the enthusiast,
 Or tricks of priestly forgery?
 Was it for this, for this
 The martyr smiled amid the flames,
 And yielded up his spirit
 In hope of recompense beyond the grave?
 And was it but an idle dream
 His hope, his faith
 That he for evermore should dwell
 In the mansions of his Father's house?

Where is the Hero's meed
 Who for his country bled and died?
 Where is the Poet's amaranthine wreath,
 Whose song awoke a thousand hearts to joy?
 Lies the dark fronted tyrant
 That rode unchastised in his car of blood,
 And made him music of the groans of men,
 He trampled on in fiendish joy,—
 Lies he beside the "Orphan's Shield,"
 Whose heart and hand
 Were generous as Autumn's breast, and made
 The widow's heart to sing for joy,—
 Alike forgetful of the past,
 Unconscious of the present?
 Answer me even as thou wilt, but oh!
 Mock me not thus with that eternal grin!
 My soul shakes at its ominous meaning
 Of implicated non-existence.

Alas! alas!
 Was man then for such uses born;
 Like beasts that perish,
 To live, and die, and rot!
 That glorious, godlike Form
 That walked the earth in majesty and might,
 Pride on its lip, and power within its eye,—
 Hath it become a loathsome thing
 Which even the reptiles shun?

Nay, mute and curious skeleton!
 There is a voice
 Whose tones have reached us from another sphere,
 And what dumb Nature could not tell
 It has disclosed,
 And found by demonstration true;
 That voice is God's most blessed Word,
 That Demonstration is God's Risen Son.

D. A.

MR MORRISON, of Edinburgh, has shewn us a beautiful application of Dental Art, consisting of flexible Gold Plate and Enamel, which overcomes the difficulty attendant on unyielding plates.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUL.*

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?"

BEATTIE.

THIS is, perhaps, the most remarkable volume on the Immortality of the Soul which has fallen to the lot of the reviewer to consider: one that stirs the mind and uplifts it to the regions of austere contemplation. We herein converse with a thinker of more than ordinary power, and if we fail to join with him in some of his conclusions regarding the precise limitations of what he describes as "the intermediate state," we are at least the better enabled to study the entire question of our future life after having perused his ably-written and conscientious statement of the evidence in favour of immortality.

The opening chapters have necessarily to deal with similar investigations as those which are recorded in Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion," and whilst avoiding the formal arrangement adopted in that masterly work, they yet furnish the groundwork of its results, and enable us to enter on the closer examination of all that is revealed concerning the future of the soul. With reverence and unfaltering faith, the author approaches his subject, and amid all his investigations, never loses sight of the great assurance, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" He speaks as one with authority, but he has devoted himself to an examination of his subject for many years, and it is one that is most deserving of study. As he himself observes, "Notwithstanding the restlessness, revelry, and unbelief at present rampant in the earth, there is a voice in human nature which makes itself heard, testifying that all mankind agree in looking forward to some future state, by whatever name they are pleased to call it." And he states that, "Under the title of 'To Be, or Not to Be?' the author has sought to demonstrate the truth of man's present and future existence, and to present before his readers, in as simple and intelligible a form as possible, what has been revealed on this subject. He has sought no new revelation, nor does he lay claim to much originality of thought; his aim has been to gather up the fragments of truth he has found scattered abroad, and collect them, so that nothing may be lost." We retire into the shrine of meditation to which he guides, with a sense of holy calm and trustfulness, and marvel not that "many who are now no longer in mortality have been comforted by perusal of things contained in these pages, and some, in their last moments, have thanked the author for the peace ministered by them, as well as the hopes they have inspired." Let us take a few brief portions from this interesting book, and first concerning—

* "To Be or Not to Be?" or Man's Present and Future Condition considered. By the Author of "The Triple Judgment," &c., &c. London: William Freeman, 102 Fleet Street. 1862. Pp. 238.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

"Immortality! What is it? Hath the soul a father? Hath it an origin? If it has a beginning, then it cannot be like Him who is without beginning and end of days. In this sense the soul is not immortal, for it has a beginning.

"Hath the soul life in itself, as the Almighty has life in Himself. Surely not. Then in this sense also it is not immortal.

"Hath the soul a self-sustaining or self-existent power within it? All are prepared to answer No! Then in this sense also it cannot be said to be immortal; yet there is a sense in which the soul is immortal.

"Man does not die like a dog; neither doth his soul perish when death triumphs over him. On the contrary, his spirit returns to God who gave it, there to enjoy an existence separate from the body. This state of existence between death and resurrection is, in a secondary and restricted sense, a state of immortality.

"God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. The soul is, therefore, a creation of God, and not an emanation from Him. God created man as a living soul enfleshed in blood. His body was curiously formed from the dust of the earth, but his soul was created in him by an especial act of God's inspiration; not to be separated from the body, but to exist therein for ever; and had not sin intervened to mar the beauty of God's creation, such would have been the case. Death, the concomitant of sin, divides the soul from the body only for a time; for the Son of God, who hath united soul and body for ever in His own Divine person, will, according to His word, unite for ever all souls to their bodies, that they may eternally live therein in happiness or in misery.

"In the scale of creation, man occupies a position superior to every other creature; of no other is it said that God 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.'

"Man sprang not from the mandate of the Creator, as all other creatures did. There was previous counsel, thought, and deliberation expressed in these words, 'Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.' This counsel was followed by a deliberate act of God. Man's body, previously created from existing materials, became animated only by the subsequent act of creative inspiration, whereby his spirit, the noblest part of his being, was put within him full of intelligence, reason, and devotion."

Concerning Personal Identity, continuing despite all the outer changes by dissolution of matter in course of time, the remarks have the same weight as those of Butler in his Appendix to the Analogy. They recognise an abiding individuality—the person who now thinks and moves being that same one of whom he thinks, and who thought and moved of old. "Is it a figure of speech," the author of "To Be or Not to Be" enquires,—

"Is it a figure of speech, or is it the declaration of a mighty truth, that man is represented as coming into the world, as a person, and as a person leaving it? Thus saith the patriarch Job, when bereaved of all that was near and dear to him, 'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither;' i.e., when stripped of the earthly house of this tabernacle, it shall fall into powder and dust, while as a person he remains unclothed, existing as a spirit in the sight of God—an imperfect man; but not necessarily imperfect as a spirit, for the spirits of the just are made perfect. And in the New Testament, St Paul in reproofing the spirit of covetousness says, 'We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry

nothing out.' Here is a distinct recognition of personal identity, beyond the reach of death."

After speaking of those who "sleep in Jesus," the following is given, regarding—

THE STATE OF THE UNJUST.

"Having considered the state of the spirits of the Just, let us contemplate the state of the spirits of the Unjust, who exist under the consciousness of despair; who have no sentence of reprieve sounded out to them in their prison-house. They have a horrible vision—a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which will come upon them, when, as men, they shall be raised in their proper bodies. They shall be seen burning, but not consumed, with that same fiery indignation; for it is after death men will receive the judgment in their own bodies; for there will be a resurrection both of the just and of the unjust. In the intermediate state between death and resurrection the spirits of the unjust are tormented in a state of sleep, as we see in the Lord's description of the rich man and Lazarus; while the spirits of the just, we are told, are comforted, resting in the joyful hope of a blessed resurrection; and the time cometh, yea, now is—for this age shall not pass away until it be fulfilled—that both the just and the unjust, the faithful and the apostate, the good servants and those who have been wicked and slothful, shall, at the word and commandment of Christ their Lord, awake to a state of conscious reality in appropriate enduring bodies—the living and abiding witnesses both of the judgment, and of the goodness and mercy of God. The faithful disciples of Christ will be seen dwelling in the everlasting burnings of the sun-like glory of Christ, in bodies fitted and prepared to sustain, without waste and injury, such an eternal weight of glory which flesh and blood could not now enter into nor endure. The sight of this glory in which manhood is now clothed in the person of Jesus, bursting upon the fierce persecutor in mortality, smote him with blindness, and struck him confounded to the earth. The unfaithful, the enemies, persecutors and apostates, whose uncleansed consciences are as the worm of evil that dieth not, but ever preyeth upon them, shall also be raised in bodies capable of sustaining, without waste or loss of substance, the eternal kindlings of the fire of the wrath of the Almighty God; as it is written, their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; but they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh who shall be saved from that awful catastrophe. Surely the voice of Nature cries Amen, to the voice of Revelation; for when even the natural eye of man looks out upon the works of creation—upon the manifold wisdom therein displayed—above all, upon the exquisite skill and workmanship manifested in man's body, heading up and presiding over all animated substances, and directed by means of a reasonable soul—it discerns the work of Supreme Intelligence. Again, when the mind of man considers the order and the number of the seasons, producing such wonderful results upon the earth—the wonderful, yet silent, rule of the sun and the moon, also the arrangement and order of the stars of heaven, it would, indeed, be unnatural to suppose that there is not an unseen and intelligent Spirit ruling over all, whom we agree to call God—the author of life—the fountain of all intelligence—the creator of the fine instincts of sense, and of the wonderful operations and retentive powers of the mind. Wherefore, considering all these things, we may reasonably infer that as God is a spirit unseen, and beyond the reach of the bodily organs of perception, that there are also created beings justly termed spirits or souls of men, because of their existence beyond human perception and observation; existing indeed, in hope, and in the assurance of being permitted one day—in the day appointed, fixed, and settled in the purpose of God—to take up and clothe

themselves with their own bodies, and thus fully and outwardly to develop the powers of their minds, and of their secret souls, or spirits, now hidden in the region of the invisible world, called the world of spirits. In the primitive Church these truths were boldly asserted, even to the unbelieving world."—(P. 26).

The reader may with profit turn, at this point, to the 28th chapter of Cicero's first Tusculan, *De Contemnenda Morte*, for a noble passage which probably suggested much that is contained in the preceding extract. The whole of that fine treatise commends itself to the study of thoughtful minds, inasmuch as, with the Phædo from which it is in many parts adapted, it furnishes so full an exposition of how far the natural reason of man had guided him, in the heathen world, to a perception of the truth concerning the Immortality of the Soul.

The remainder of this volume is full of matter deserving most attentive perusal—and we believe few will rise from it without profit. Indeed, we have not met with many books of late, which we would prefer to this as a companion in meditative hours.

We cannot part with it before adding a word of praise for the excellent manner in which it has been produced. The printer and binder have done their best to do justice to the excellence of its qualities by external adornment, alike elegant, simple, and effective.

J.

BIBLICAL NATURAL SCIENCE.*

§ I.

NUMEROUS attempts continue to be made to lessen or destroy the authority of the Bible. Although these are only renewals of old assaults, conducted by the same class of foes, and with the same end in view as of yore, the warfare has borrowed enough from late discoveries to assume an appearance of novelty. The weapons are repolished, but the mode of fence is scarcely changed, and it is not difficult to perceive that the ancient standards are retained, although some difference may have been admitted in the watch-words and the rallying cry. The battle hourly thickens, and threatens to spread over the whole field of speculation; many honest and religious men having, sorely to their own disquiet, become entangled in the ranks of those who are fighting against Christianity. The theories of unbelief now obtruded, are more specious and captivating than were the old proclamations of infidelity. With the name of a search for the truth and uprooting of error, the aspersion of the Sacred History is dignified. It is now frequently announced that an irreconcilable discrepancy is found, when opposing the facts to which geological and antiquarian science has testified, or rather, when opposing the theories of geologists and antiquaries based on those alleged facts, to the supposed literal interpretation of certain passages in the Bible. The

* Biblical Natural Science: being an explanation of all references in Holy Scripture to Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physical Geography. By the Rev. John Duns, F.R.S.E. Illustrated by Maps, and numerous Woodcuts. William Mackenzie, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

statement of irreconcilable discrepancy, is put forth by so large a number of persons, and in so many different ways, that it has become almost impossible for intelligent inquirers to avoid being impressed with the idea that it must be correct, and, in that case, the inference is unwarrantably drawn that the Bible is not trust-worthy, at any rate in those parts which are deemed discordant with the proclamations of natural Science, and secular history. The consequence of conceding thus far, is more than what is first seen: for if any portions of the Canonical Scriptures are held to be unworthy of acceptance and trust, it is not clear that we may dare to rely on the other portions which are in immediate contact in the same books; or even, if these books are rejected as being vitiated by admixture of human imperfections, that we have a right to hold the remaining books of the Sacred Volume, as not consequently exposed to suspicion, inasmuch as the Canon of authenticity and genuineness being supposed inaccurate on any points must necessarily hold less authority on all other points. Thus the rejection of any part of the hitherto-received Scriptures seems to lead onward inevitably to a relinquishment of the whole. This result is plainly asserted by some of the extreme sceptics, but they bear a small proportion to the number of those who have a lingering desire to retain the Scriptures, after the rejection of whatever is deemed incompatible with the present advanced state of knowledge. They cherish a hope that the alleged discrepancies will not be found very numerous, and that, consequently, the new Expurgated Bible,* which men are to study, instead of the very imperfect

* In substantiation of the above remarks let the words of a competent witness, Professor Tholuck of Halle, be here appended. They were written before 1842, and the evil has not decreased since that time:—"The rationalism of Germany is the terror of the greater part of Christendom where the English tongue is spoken; although, if I am accurately informed, there are in England, Scotland, and North America, a number of persons who are casting longing eyes towards German rationalism, as towards a forbidden tree of the knowledge of good and evil, desirous themselves to taste its fruits, and therewith also to make their countrymen wise. Permit me then to present you with a brief compendium of this system: The majority of the books of the Old Testament do not proceed from the authors to whom they are ascribed. Several, such as Daniel, have been by a pious fraud, fathered upon the prophets. Christ and the Apostles were fallible men, who, though possessed of good moral principles, were swayed by gross Jewish superstition. Our accounts of the history of Jesus are full of *Möven*, which a love of the miraculous tempted the Jews of the first century to frame. Even the declarations of Christ himself have not come down to us precisely in the form in which he delivered them; his disciples put much in his mouth which he never spoke. Besides, the gospels of Matthew and John are probably spurious. What Jesus of Nazareth really taught, can now no more be known with certainty; but it is unquestionable that his originally simple doctrine has been greatly corrupted by Paul, who engrafted upon it the important articles of original sin and redemption, which he had borrowed from his own Jewish theology; and these came afterwards to be regarded as Christian doctrines, although nothing can be more contrary to the understanding.

"Such is the relation in which the system stands to Christianity. Neither must it be supposed, that these opinions were only in a cursory manner enunciated or maintained. On the contrary, since the year 1770, in which Semler, the true father of the system, but who was far from going the length of the rationalists of the present days, first propounded it, the strenuous industry of the greatest part of the theologians, philosophers, historians, and even naturalists of Germany has

Bible, forsooth, in which their fore-fathers placed their faith, will be, after all, a tolerably extensive volume. But if we are to be called on to expunge as interpolations from the Scriptures, not merely single lines that have failed to satisfy the critical taste of the Germans, and other men of learning, but (since these lines have not unfrequently the closest connection with the books in which they are embedded, and with other books likewise), perhaps, also the entire book in which each passage occurs, we shall find a sorry *caput mortuum* left for us, when all the self-sufficient objectors have done their work. Not many, if any, of the books would be remaining, for the Scriptures have been subjected to an incessancy of attack from every possible class of cavillers.

Of one we may speak briefly. The Rationalists are still labouring to the utmost in order to unspiritualise the whole, by the destruction of the *supernaturalism* throughout—that is, of everything which distinctively asserts the Scriptures to be higher than merely human history. By this class, naturally, the claims of Prophecy meet with scornful incredulity. Their principles lead them not merely to deny the inspiration, as to the authority of the written record of these prophecies, but also the possibility of there ever being such a thing as prophetic inspiration in the utterance. And if prophecies are to be wholly rejected, including all Messianic Prophecies, what become of the plain reference to them by the Saviour, as inspired testimonies to His coming?—are we to regard these as (1.) mistakes on His part, or, an even more horrible supposition, (2.) as His willing encouragement of erroneous beliefs among his hearers. In other words do they ask us to believe that Jesus was subject to a delusion, or that he lent himself to a fraud? In either case, indeed, if we are to reject the supernatural element, we are not permitted to regard Him as anything beyond a human being: thus some would concede him to have been a man good beyond all example, both as to deeds and morality of teaching, but tainted with an ineradicable delusion that he was the Son of God, and the chosen propitiation for the sins of mankind: a delusion which coloured all his recorded teaching, and the testimony of his followers when endeavouring to propagate the religion.

What are the logical consequences of our accepting these explanations, of Jesus asserting that he was the Son of God, (i.e. in other sense than that in which “every one who doeth the will of Our Father is a son of God”)?

been engaged in strengthening it. Whoever knows what German industry can do, may form some conjecture of the success which has attended its efforts, when once enlisted in the cause of infidelity.” (Dr Fred. Aug. Gotttreu Tholuck, in Preface to his “Exposition of St Paul’s Epistle to the Romans,” translated by Rev. Robert Menzies, in Clark’s *Biblical Cabinet*.)

* “All things written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man must be accomplished,” (Luke xviii. 31). “All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me,” (Ib. xxiv. 44). See also John v. 39, 46; Matt. xxvi. 24; Mark ix. 12; Luke xxii. 37; xxiv. 46.

1. If we were to believe that Jesus was ignorant of his position when he asserted this, erroneously, a vital blow would be struck to our allegiance, and, as a necessary consequence, faith in the Atonement would instantly fail.

2. If, on the other hand, we are asked to accept the theory that Jesus himself well knew that he was merely human, and by no means divine, farther than any proclaimer of moral truth might be deemed divine or god-like in character, we cannot avoid seeing that this supposition degrades Jesus in assuming him to be the willing encourager of error by attempting to establish his kingdom on a foundation of fraud, and wholly shattering all that reputation for pure morality as a man which even his enemies were forced to reverence. It would be an insult to the reader's sagacity to demonstrate in detail how utterly this supposition of imposture would pollute the character of the Holy One of Israel, and how fully it is repelled by all that is recorded of that sinless teacher.

Any attempt to exclude the Supernatural from the Gospel and Christianity results in the most lamentable failure. In the process we are not taking away a something that had been wrongly interpolated in the narrative, and engrafted on the institution, but an element that appears to have been recognised as indispensable from the first. Rationalism cannot so far alter the Gospel as to remove the trace of miraculous interference with the working of natural laws, without wholly destroying Christianity. The supernaturalism of the New Testament is seen most clearly in the miraculous birth of the Saviour, in his works of mercy, especially the three detailed instances of his raising the dead, and in his resurrection; in the manifestation of the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, in the conversion of Saul, the deliverance of St Peter, and in many other recorded facts that throng to remembrance. It is absolutely impossible to exclude these incidents, which are expressly shewn to be miraculous, and to feel that the remainder of the New Testament holds together. The apostles based their teaching on Christ crucified, but always by showing him as the Risen Saviour, and unless the words of St Paul are deemed unworthy of attention ("If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain. . . . then are we of all men most miserable"), as also numerous other testimonies, the resurrection of Jesus formed one of the most prominent topics in the exhortations of the early Christian teachers. And had there been no other miracle recorded than that very resurrection, which is so inseparably bound up with their doctrine, it would have been, of itself, sufficient to show the folly of any endeavours to exclude supernaturalism from Christianity as an Institution. Nor is it possible to exclude supernaturalism from the Christian life in these days of ours, unless we deny all efficacy to prayer;—unless we hold that prayer is only a delusion, or at best a mental exercise inducing mechanically a beneficial result, perhaps, but merely because it gives tone to the mind of the suppliant, and not at all because his supplications are heard or answered. To what a base materialism would life be reduced, were this impoverishment of prayer admitted! How

utterly such a supposition fails to harmonize with the experiences of the best approved Christians of all times. It might easily be shewn that from the Old Testament, also, it is equally impossible to banish the supernatural element as it is from the New. The book of Esther is almost the only one in which the direct communication of man with Deity is not positively stated, either in regard to the individual or the nation; and, even in Esther, there appears to be a tacit recognition of the peculiar relation of the Jewish people to Jehovah.

We have dwelt on this fact of total inadmissibility of the anti-supernaturalism of the Rationalists because we regard it as an inseparable objection to their creed or formula. In our inmost heart we hold that it is impossible to regard the Bible as many of the rationalists are declaring that they regard it, and yet be maintaining sound doctrine of Christianity. Direct antagonism and incredulity towards revealed religion we can comprehend—however dark the error, however sad the results of this open denial of the Bible as an inspired record and guide, the undisguised repugnance to accept any direction external to that of man's own will and passionate impulses, is a principle of action by no means incomprehensible or unusual. But to profess any reverence for the Bible, and yet to tamper with it in the most daring manner, mutilating and garbling it in obedience to one's own personal prejudices of what it ought to have been, or may have been, instead of accepting it for what it is,—this, which is the course pursued by many writers and rhapsodists in these days, seems to us, not only more palpably foolish, but if possible more hateful and pernicious in its effects. Total rejection of the scheme of Christianity is, in general, caused by an inability to understand the necessity for, and possibility of, a revelation: When the world has taught its lessons of sin and sorrow the rejector may awaken to a knowledge of the necessity, and in the succeeding grief, humility, and yearning for restoration to uprightness and peace, he may become enlightened as to the possibility. But the cold and self-conceited partial assent of the rationalist closes up the avenues of grace and knowledge. He himself is blinded in the twilight glimmerings of his reason, and refuses to quit the insecure and darkened regions where he is surrounded by pitfalls, and tottering rocks, and avalanches, for a higher and more brilliant home, where for light he should receive the rays that shine from the face of the Most High, and where he should be led by the hand amid the paths of sinlessness and peace, by the Good Shepherd who never refuses aid and acceptance to those who are willing to enter the kingdom of heaven as little children, in perfect trust and perfect obedience.

It is becoming a received opinion among rationalists, however,—even among those who affect to consider themselves wronged and insulted if suspicion is expressed of their not being Christian believers,—that the Bible is to be regarded and treated with the same “free handling” of criticism as any other book. They start with an idea that it is either of human origination, or at least that it has become largely tinctured with an admixture of human imperfection during the past ages, by inaccurate transcription and voluntary interpolation,

excision, and mutation. And, since errors had been either inherent or superinduced, they hold it lawful to wrest the language of the Bible from the sense which may have hitherto been deemed correct and conformable to the context, until it substantiates some theory or statement which has more recently won favour, whether such proceeds from archæologist, grammarian, or scientific investigator. As the perversions of Scripture, in these attempts, are alike numerous and reprehensible, but have frequently a plausibility which aids in misleading many who would gladly be directed towards the truth; it behoves us with great care to examine the questions which are now forced on attention, regarding the relation of Secular learning and Biblical interpretation—so that we may find in the discoveries of science, an aid to lead us to the knowledge of the Bible, and not a foe to tempt us away—a lamp of illumination, and not an *ignis fatuus* to betray our steps to error.

§ II.

The book which now lies before us, "Biblical Natural Science," promises to be an invaluable addition to the library of all who search the Scriptures with diligence and thoughtful curiosity. It furnishes information, ample and interesting, on matters regarding which every intelligent inquirer is finding an increasing need of satisfaction. Judging by the commencing part, and by the reputation of the publisher, whose "Imperial Dictionary of Biography" has become deservedly famous, we have every reason to believe that "Biblical Natural Science" will prove to be a noble work, a book of reference in the innumerable difficulties which are now being forced on attention, while speculation and research are busied with whatever promises to be connected with the sacred record.*

* In the Address, we find the following statement as to the plan of the work; and the numerous steel plates and woodcuts, illustrative of Geology, as well as the excellent maps prepared by A. Keith Johnston, afford a specimen of the completeness of illustration. "Several features distinguish this Work from others in which kindred topics are dealt with.

"The place in Biblical literature which it seeks to occupy is at present vacant. There is no single work existing which is devoted exclusively to the same subjects. British and foreign books of Eastern travel may be numbered by hundreds. Scattered throughout these, which are for the most part expensive, very many facts are to be met with which shed much light on these aspects of the sacred text now chiefly in view. Efforts have been made to render this information most truly useful, by embodying it in one work. Thus far the author's task has been one of compilation. But this forms only a very subordinate characteristic of the work.

"Great attention continues to be given, both in this country and in America, to the relations between the Bible and Science. These are still discussed in highly influential quarters. The sounds of the warfare reach the intelligent classes in the community. They have not, however, any one work easily within reach, treating both of the causes and the bearings of those great controversies which will not fail to be waged with growing keenness as Science advances. Though it would be unprofitable to dwell, in a controversial spirit, on the various Theories of Creation and of the natural history of Man, which, during the last twenty years, have had great prominence given them, yet an acquaintance with these must be valued by every lover of truth, and especially by all who receive the Bible as the fully inspired Word of God.

The value of such a work on "Biblical Natural Science," as this promises to become, will be acknowledged by all who know the difficulties found at present in obtaining full information on the latest discoveries in science, travel, and exegetical researches, except from fragmentary and widely scattered notices or allusions in various publications, which tantalise instead of satisfying inquirers, whilst everything is being done to disseminate doubt regarding the trustworthiness of the Scriptures, both by those who hold them in direct antagonism, and also by those who repeat objections from mere idleness and imbecility, neither caring to search deeply in order to establish their faith on sure foundations, nor really attaching any weight to the doubts themselves, because indolence and apathy have weakened the powers of their mind, and crushed out all earnest desire of investigation. We have often observed of late the ease with which rash assertions may be published and accredited with a pretended authority from the name of any celebrity, who has casually uttered a few words, which are afterwards misrepresented to pass as a deliberate opinion, even if they are not falsified in the imperfect report. At times, it happens that the public are set right by an answer, refuting the allegation, or limiting the meaning so much that the whole is virtually changed; but, from various causes, these corrections of mis-statements come more rarely than the case requires, so that the blunders and falsehoods continue to accumulate until nothing remains save inextri-

"The chief difficulties in the relations between the Bible and Science, are associated with the opening pages of Scripture. A full exposition will be given of the first eight chapters of Genesis. And, in connection with the exposition, recent 'Geological Theories of Creation,' 'the Theory of Development by Natural Law,' and that proposed by Mr Darwin on 'the Origin of Species,' will be carefully reviewed, and set in popular aspects. Questions touching the 'Presence of Death in the World before the Fall of Man,' the hypothesis of a 'Race of Pre-Adamite Men,' the 'Unity of Race,' and the 'Extent of the Deluge,' will all be considered in the introductory pages of this work.

"Again, those only who have studied the Scriptures from the points of view of advanced Science, can be fully aware of the great light which may be shed on their meaning by Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physical Geography. Nor is this to be reckoned of little moment. Every illustration drawn from the works of God, and every figure used by men who spake as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance, must be interesting. Intelligent men have thankfully received the contributions which, in recent years, have been made to the elucidation of Scripture, by those who, sound in the faith, have either devoted themselves to the study of the original language of the Bible, or have brought a trust-worthy historical criticism to bear on the discoveries of Champollion, Lepsius, Layard, Rawlinson, Wilkinson, and others. It is fitting then, that the students of Natural Science should bring their gifts and lay them on the same altar.

"The title given indicates the special design of this work. But it will often be necessary to give matter which could not well be specified on the title-page. Information will be drawn from Metallurgy, Meteorology, Astronomy, and, occasionally, from Archeology. When needful, a sketch of the Civil History of particular countries and places will be introduced. It is hoped that the work will thus be found both popularly useful, and, also, interesting to theological students and ministers of Christ.

"Biblical Natural Science is written from the point of view of Christianity rather than of Theism. It is kept in mind throughout that the Saviour of sinners was himself the Creator of all things."

cable entanglement. As we had occasion to indicate, concerning the notorious "Essays and Reviews," a few lines are sufficient to insinuate a doubt, that would require a lengthy exposition of the subject involved before the objection could be seen to be thoroughly overthrown; and the generality of readers are not only far too impatient to search out an answer for themselves, by deep and earnest study of what is necessary or attainable, but they are even too careless and idle to weigh with sufficient attention the evidence that is brought to them ready prepared, to dispel the error, by the Apologists, who answer the sceptical inuendoes or assertions. It is utterly impossible that the misleading rumours and flippant impertinencies against the credit of the Bible, can be put to silence so long as there are such facilities in the newspaper press, and the enormous machinery of periodical literature, for the extension of crude theories and unsubstantiated accusations.* Thousands read the reiterated lie, who never are likely to see an exposure of its character, or would be able to appreciate the sufficiency of the refutation even if it were seen. It is not truth that is being sought for, in most of these pretended discussions where infidelity is advanced; it is the morbid craving for excitement,—for a new 'sensation,' a whet to the jaded attention, by the zest which seems to attend an assault on what has given strength, and virtue, and peace to all true believers. It would be better for all of us if we would but remember this one thing—that the imbecility of any one to comprehend a truth is by no means a sufficient proof that the truth does not exist; any more than that a blind man's not discerning colours is taken to prove that the colours do not exist. Therefore our faith should remain unshaken, when we hear from a person that he is unable to believe the Bible, or any of the great truths which more than all other volumes it sets forth—the love of God to man—the possibility of man drawing nearer to his Maker, through Christ the atonement and mediation,—and the future blessedness of the redeemed, in the glorious kingdom of the Lamb that was slain for us and for all men. We know how sure are the groundworks of our faith; we may pity and lament that our brother believes not as we believe; our sense of duty and our love alike impel us to endeavour to convince him of his dangerous error, but we are not staggered in our own trust because he shares it not with us, and either cannot see, or determines not to see, the necessity of his examining whatever may tend to bring conviction.

As furnishing so much of what is urgently required at this time—the publication of Mr Mackenzie's work on "Biblical Natural

* We are glad to see announcement of a new monthly publication, "*The Apologist*," with a promising list of contributors eminent in Theology and Science, which is to be devoted to the examination of the numerous suggestions of infidelity, with the view to afford an antidote to the bane. The commencing number, for January, is to be mainly devoted to answering Bishop Colenso's recent work on the Pentateuch. If well conducted this "*Apologist*" cannot fail to be useful, especially in our manufacturing towns of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Lanarkshire, where sceptical propagandists have always been busy poisoning the minds of the ill-educated but intelligent mechanics.

Science" deserves all encouragement. The author, Rev. John Duns, thus speaks, at the commencement of his undertaking, regarding the connection established between the two records, the Bible and the Book of Nature :—

THE BIBLE AND THE BOOK OF NATURE.

"The Creation of the World, and the Inspiration of 'the Word' are to be equally regarded as the sovereign work of God. The Book of Nature and the Book of God have the same infallible author. Thus they cannot contradict each other. The highest purpose to which man can devote the powers of his mind, is to acquaint himself with God,—to examine the two-fold revelation, humbly but thankfully, with the view of ascertaining what it makes known of the person and works of its divine author. The earth, the ocean, and the starry sky tell us something about God. The Bible tells us all that He wishes us to know about Himself. Each testifies about the same One. There is no variance between them. Whence then the different utterances held to be given by these witnesses of God? The Divine Record found in the material world has been often regarded as in direct conflict with the Divine Record in the Bible. The only answer which can be given, by those who hold both records to be divine, is, that the student has mistaken the meaning of one or of both of them. The human interpreter has been forward to cast the shadows of his own prejudices on the fair form of truth, and to forget that if 'God spake by Moses,' he is not at liberty to alter God's words from the meaning which, as words, they naturally bear, in order to bring them into harmony with his views of the discoveries of science. They cannot be in anything but direct agreement with these, at every point at which they may lawfully be brought together. If they are associated at points at which they never were designed to meet, the fault lies with man. All who hold by the Scriptures as inspired by the Spirit of God, have really nothing to fear from the progress of the sciences. Without doubt, however, many even of intelligent believers in the inspiration of the Scriptures, have had their faith shaken by repeated statements, that, in one branch and another of natural science *discoveries have been made which flatly contradict the words of the Bible*; and, as they looked out on the conflicts waged in the wide field of learned controversy, like old Eli they have trembled in heart for the 'Ark of God.' The result has been an impression either that science is an enemy to revelation, or that the first chapter of Genesis, in connection with which most of the warfare has been carried on, is not to be regarded as resting on the same secure and infallible basis as other portions of the Word of God. In either case the result is dangerous. Such an attitude to science is both unworthy of our love to the Creator, whose mind in his works science seeks to discover, and of the intellectual nature of man also. Anything like doubt as to the reliable character of one part of the Scriptures, will soon lead to the same state of mind as to the whole. Impressions of distrust thus stand on the threshold of positive unbelief. The most effectual way of being freed from both states of mind, is, on the one hand, to bear in view the lawful sphere of science, and on the other hand, to have a thorough and well-defined knowledge of the foundations and causes of the various controversies which have clustered around the introductory portion of the Word of God."

The work is as yet so little advanced in publication that, although the specimen affords ample assurance that here is a book of great value, we are not able to say much concerning its details. Nevertheless its own importance, as supplying a want that may not be disre-

garded, and the absolute necessity of at once, if ever, giving the commendation, which we feel it deserves, causes us in this closing number of the *Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal*, to direct the attention of our readers to "Biblical Natural Science." We look forward to its continuance with interest, feeling that a most important opportunity is given for supplying a noble companion for thoughtful hours,—an opportunity that is not likely to be wasted by the publisher and author.

The graphic manner in which are described the succession of living creatures upon the earth, and the great changes in the geological formations, the masterly analyses of the various theories of Creation, and the temperate yet pious and learned observations that meet us in the pages already published, and which are devoted to "The Bible and Geology," convince us that this great undertaking is not entrusted to one unskilled or unwary, but to a man prepared to yield guidance and information on subjects that are forming some of the leading discussions of the day. Let no one undervalue the importance of such a task as that which Mr Duns has assumed; for on its being duly performed rest vital consequences to the peace and usefulness of many men and women. It will supply food for healthy thought, we believe. And, whilst endeavouring to re-establish the truth on foundations that have been rudely shaken by others,—it will avoid that plausible superficiality, and unhallowed tampering with truth, which have too often been admitted by disingenuous though not evilly disposed men, who dared attempt to prop up the cause of truth with a lie, and believed that they could gain an accession of belief to some supposed orthodox interpretations of the Scripture, by falsifying the direct statements either of theologians or men of science; by wresting the language of the Bible till it might seem to harmonize with the indisputable results of science, or perverting the lessons of science in hopes that they might for a few months be held back from damaging the credit of the Inspired Record. We ourselves have not the slightest fear that the Bible and Geology, or any other department of Natural Science, will be ultimately found irreconcilable. The idea of such a result is preposterous. Therefore, we the more firmly denounce any faithless tampering with the truth as it may be spoken by either of the two records. Let it be remembered, however, that as yet the study of the science is confessedly in its infancy, and of the Bible no man is bigoted and presumptuous enough to deem we have exhausted knowledge. We may await the end in calm reliance.

The following remarks of Mr Duns must form the conclusion of our notice :—

"Even in the great advancement to which the scientific study of Geology has already attained, the classification of the rocks is not yet in a condition to warrant us to believe it likely that any scheme will be found satisfactory which claims to have discovered a complete parallelism between the ages of nature, as revealed to us in the fossiliferous strata, and the days of Creation described in the first chapter of Genesis. But in making this statement, it is not to the discredit of Geology. On the contrary, the generalisations

which have been reached by the classifications of the rocks, supply most valuable ground for field-work, and afford us views of the deepest interest of the succession of great epochs, and of the care and faithfulness of the Creator. It is only when these generalizations are made use of for other than their lawful ends—when they are regarded as fitting foundations for cut and dry systems of Creation, and for resting either theological or scientific hobbies on—that they are not found willing to tell the tale which every theorist demands. Since, however, the two records have been brought face to face, it is well to know that there is firm footing, both for the theologian and for the man of science. There is so for the former, that he may lay aside all suspicions of the progress of science: there is so for the latter, that he may go on faithfully setting down everything he sees in the wide field of observation to which he has devoted himself, without even asking whether or no this or that may come to be regarded by some as unscriptural. If the theological bearings of scientific discoveries are to be thrust on the student at every step, he will be hampered continually. But if," &c., &c.

The recent assaults on the Sacred Volume will have done this much of good, that they have directed men with more care and humility to search for themselves the works of the Creator, as revealed by Natural Science; it is through ignorance and presumptuous conceit of half knowledge alone that we are in danger.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 1862.

J. W. E.

TIME'S TREASURE.

DEVOUT THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.*

THIS volume is published anonymously, but we believe it is the production of Lord Kinloch, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland. His former work, "The Circle of Christian Doctrine; a Handbook of Faith, framed out of a Layman's Experience," has reached a second edition, and is greatly esteemed.

We have been alike surprised and delighted with the extraordinary beauty of "Time's Treasure." The highest praise that we could bestow on it, might seem excessive to those who have not yet seen the volume, but could not be beyond its due. No such a book has appeared since the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, for utterance of the inmost thoughts of the soul in its sorrowful self-abasement, its shrinking from all unworthiness, its mingled hope and fear, its patient trust and reverent love. Nay, more, it even surpasses "In Memoriam" in many qualities, for while it speaks to the heart of the Christian the great messages of gospel truth with affectionate fervour, it reveals a less easily shaken faith. The curious subtleties of doubt that beset us in the Laureate's tribute to his dead friend, Arthur Hallam, meet us not here. We have not only the self-communings of the soul, but much more

* Time's Treasure: or Devout Thoughts for every Day of the Year, expressed in Verse. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1862. Pp. 288.

frequently the prayer and praise that are offered to its Maker and Redeemer. As we read, and re-read, the exquisitely finished poems which are here collected, we are filled with gratitude at finding expression of the aspirations that struggled for utterance in many a pious believer, but never were shewn with so much loveliness before. The calm of an assured trust speaks on every page; the tenderness of a woman's purest meditations, and the strength of a man's loftiest intelligence, seem to have combined in one and all, yet the entire series is linked together by the unity of feeling which prove them to be the production of a single mind. The writer, varying in mood and subject, never wanders from the foot of the Cross, where he has bent in humble adoration, knowing that safety and blessed peace are there alone to be found.

He himself says, in his Preface, "I offer this volume as a collection of thoughts rather than poems. My design is simply to present, day by day, a brief exercise of devout reflection, which, actually performed by one Christian, may be fitly repeated by others; expressed in that form of language, which, as it is peculiarly appropriate to the Divine praise, is on that account, specially fitted to be the vehicle of religious meditation. The object of the volume is not an exhibition of poetic fancy, but an expression of Christian life."

It is scarcely possible to select wrongly from this volume, even if we were to quote at random, since of its 365 poems, there is not one but has noble qualities that commend it to sympathy. The few that we now select gave us special pleasure, and seemed by their brevity to fit them for the limited space that we can at present afford: others have an even deeper tone of religious faith and fervour. Mark the simplicity and strength of the following:—

"CONFESSION.

"Lord, I am mean and poor;
But thou a fortune oft times giv'st in alms;
All over I have sores; but thou hast balms,
Certain to cure.

"It only needs to chase
My pride away, and tell my abject woe;
And strip my gaudy garments off, to show
The festering place.

"I cannot this to man,
Whose hard cold brow shame into silence awes;
With ease to thee, whose meekness converse draws,
Saviour, I can."

"WRESTLING IN PRAYER.

"We need at times to wrestle in our prayer,
When hours of darkness mystery add to care:
Then, till the daylight dawn, with groan and throe,
We strive with him, whose name we seek to know;
Nor till he yield a blessing let him go.

"Yet ah, the struggle leaves its mark behind;
And wounds, bequeathed by victory, we find:

Like him who wrestled once till break of day,
And conquering bore a shrunken limb away,
We know our halting, when we strongest pray."

"CLAIMS.

"Thy goodness, Lord, so cometh, day by day,
And never fails, that we, in our cold way,
Rather as claims than gifts thy mercies set,
And injured feel to lose; still we forget
That all from thee is grace, and nothing debt.

"We charge thee with injustice, when thou tak'st
Thine own away; and feel, when poor thou mak'st
As if thou robb'dst us; teach us, Lord, to see
Thy bounties loans; at once returned to be,
When thou demand'st, with praise for usury."

"SECRET GRIEFS.

"Saviour, thou hadst thy secret griefs, unknown
To all except thy Father: hence wast thou
All night in prayer upon the mountain's brow,
And walk'dst upon the midnight sea alone.
Only Gethsemane darkened so its woes
Thou neededst angels' strengthening ere the close,
And human friends kept'st near thee in thy throes.

"O Saviour! what are we, that we should fret
For griefs untold, staining the midnight couch?
These but a likeness to our Lord avouch,
The faint dim shadow, by the substance set.
Thou, in our agony, art near the spot,
With angels' food, and love so free from blot,
Thou watchest all the hour, and slumberest not."

Even in Herbert and Vaughan we find nothing to surpass the best of the poems in "*Time's Treasure*," which have, indeed, much that reminds us of these earlier writers in all their excellencies, without any of the flaws which occasionally injure their value. There are here no quaintnesses of conceits, no formal or pedantic phraseology, no disfigurements by fanciful exuberance, far-fetched allusions or digressions. With condensed strength, yet grace and melody, these plaints and warnings come to our affection. Some of the poems form a commentary on a line of scripture, or give the moral of one of the parables or Old Testament stories which speak to the heart of all Christians. Such are those on "Not this man but Barabbas," "The Thorn in the Flesh," "Bread on the Waters," "Seen of Cephas," "Wise and Harmless," "Seeing God," "Steadfastly Going to Jerusalem," "The Scourge of Small Cords," "The Unjust Steward," "The Good Samaritan," "God's Vineyard," and others. Amid all these devout whisperings of faith we are conscious of the strength and purity of human affection, of which many beautiful examples might be given.

True reverence holds back the author from all presumptuous attempts to pry into the secrets which are left obscure even by the Book of Revelation, and it might be well if others would be withheld by the same holy fear. Witness for this the poem entitled

"UNKNOWN WHAT WE SHALL BE.

"I would not spend my fancy to explore
What we shall be, in realms of brighter air ;
Enough for me, and I would ask no more,
To know, O Saviour, I shall see thee there ;
" And seeing shall be like thee ; these include
All that in highest heaven grace would decree ;
To see thee is in thee to see all good,
And to be like thee is all good to be."

In conclusion, and with all earnestness, we recommend this truly Christian work to all our readers, convinced that it is one of the most beautiful and holy offerings that can be made by affection and faith at the shrine of religion. The author has studied with devout attention his Bible and the promptings of his own soul, and thus expresses his hope in the final verses of "*Bread on the Waters,*"

"On the waters I have cast
Thoughts on which, like hallowed bread,
I have fed,
'Midst the scenes of moments past:
" All may quickly sink from sight ;
Yet enough in heaven to view
One, who grew,
Thereby, unto peace or light."

MEET FOR HEAVEN, AND LIFE IN HEAVEN.*

THE popularity of the writings by the unknown author of "*Heaven our Home,*" both in Britain and in America, has been altogether unprecedented. Of the two earliest, "*Heaven our Home*" and "*Meet for Heaven,*" the united sale in this country alone has been, up to this date, little less than one hundred thousand copies. Nor does this demand show any sign of abatement, while the appearance of a third successful work, "*Life in Heaven,*" by the same author, indicates a willingness to continue labouring in the same path, and for the farther satisfaction of readers so numerous and enthusiastic.

What are the qualities, it may be asked, which have secured for this author so extensive an influence, within a space of time which in ordinary cases is barely sufficient to win a small circle of admirers? Other works, informed by a spirit of piety, and using words of earnest exhortation and persuasiveness, have vainly attempted to gain the attention of the religious public for many months, before they at length won a position of esteem and usefulness; unless, indeed, they were

* 1. *Meet for Heaven*: A state of Grace upon Earth the only preparation for a state of Glory in Heaven. By the Author of "*Heaven our Home.*" Eighteenth Thousand. 1862.

2. *Life in Heaven*: "There, Faith is changed into Sight, and Hope is passed into blissful fruition." By the Author of "*Heaven our Home,*" and *Meet for Heaven.*"

Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, 2 St David Street. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., and Houlston & Wright. 1868.

assisted by bearing the name of some writer or preacher who had secured a grasp on expectation by his former successes. To us it appears the attractiveness of the writings by the author of "Heaven our Home" lies in the warmth of their style, the fearlessness and fervour with which they speak the hopes of many a believer's heart, and the assurance which they give to those who trembled in fearful doubt, scarcely daring to believe in the future realisation of the sacred promise, as well as in the yearnings of human sympathy, anxiously desirous of the blessedness of Christ's kingdom being extended to them and to those endeared by family ties of affection and fellowship. In these volumes is no trace of the withering influence of scepticism. The believer stands firmly on the Rock of Ages, and directs others to come nigh, so that they also may have the sound foundation and be at peace.

Judging from internal evidence, we believe that these writings proceed from one of the gentler sex: both in their strength and weakness they bear trace of a woman's hand. But be this as it may, the author is assuredly a faithful reader of the Word, and has thereby found comfort and guidance in whatever troubles may have beset life. With a gaze so often directed to the Home that is prepared beyond the tomb for all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and perfect trust, and who strive to obey his teaching, the sorrows and anxieties of this world become dwarfed and endurable. But to many the conceptions of that Beyond had been too vague and chill to effect a tranquillising, or an elevating influence on conduct. Heaven seemed so dim and distant, they were unable to comprehend how it could be for them a place of happiness. The dull routine of existence here, in crowded cities with their dissipation and social toil, in lonely country places where the mind and imagination alike become torpid, made wholly unattainable the seraphic rapture that seems to pervade Heaven. Such persons could not rise to the conceptions of a state of bliss like that revealed in the Apocalypse, and only by presenting the pictures of reunion and sympathy of the redeemed, with the details wrought out by a loving and unfaltering hand, could the impression on imagination be fully made, and the desire fully awakened to become partakers of such future joy, and there can be no doubt that much of the charm and much of the usefulness of these volumes lie in the vividness with which the scenes of heavenly communion are described. Perhaps, to our own taste, there may seem defective taste in a few passages, where even the conversations of the saints are given, and we find words attributed to Isaiah and John, to Abraham and Lazarus, to Moses and Elias, to Aaron, John the Baptist, Peter, Barnabas and Silas, and (in a separate chapter, which forms the conclusion of "Life in Heaven") Ambrose, Booth, Newton, Cowper, and Pollok—where instead of rising, the examples descend in grandeur and impressiveness. But we must not forget that many things in writings of a religious class may seem offensive to purely literary taste, which yet remain not only harmless but even actively beneficial to persons whose æsthetic culture has been neglected, and who need the force of exhortation to be increased, by addition of such direct illustration as may awaken them

from either chilly formalism, or wanton disregard of religion. We must always bear this fact in mind, lest we undervalue the good of such books as these, that are welcomed by so large a number of seekers for the truth, and that are working wholesomely for the recal to the fold of many who had strayed, and almost forgotten the voice of the Shepherd or of his servants.

The probability seems great that "Life in Heaven" will surpass "Meet for Heaven" in popularity. In the former we find observations on many subjects connected with the future life, showing that Earth is not the home in which we are to live for ever; that Heaven as a world of life is too little realised; that faith has glimpses of Heaven, as the eternal home of the children of God; that the dying believer in his sick chamber is on the threshold of Heaven. Some of the most touching passages occur in the chapters on "the Way Home"—where descriptions occur of the removal from our side of those who are beloved, with thoughts of how they might have departed had there been no Fall into sin. The entrance of God's children into Heaven, their reception, and meeting with friends who had been separated by death, are next described; and speculations follow on the sources of knowledge in heaven. Whether our friends there know us, and still feel an interest in us, wins attention, and that "Christ's Life in Heaven is the pattern of his people's there as well as on earth," is attempted to be proved. Much tender and elevating thought is displayed throughout. In "Meet for Heaven," the author has endeavoured to give a description "not of heaven nor of the family assembled in its social aspect," (as to a certain extent had been sought in "Heaven our Home") "but of the state of the children of God who are already glorified, viewed chiefly in their individual exaltation and personal glory," and notices "what it is—a state of grace upon earth—that gives us the preparation to join their exalted ranks."

In the establishment of the Analogies the powers of mind evinced are of superior order, and the book leaves a satisfactory impression.

POEMS BY E. L. F.*

WE scarcely know whether an apology is necessary to the amiable and accomplished authoress of this truly elegant volume, for directing public notice to her poems, that have been hitherto held secluded for the eyes of loving friends, and the sacred privacy of home. But by the beauty and tenderness of the verses we are tempted to speak regarding them. Although the writer's own modest diffidence forbids her to adventure any contest for popularity, she need not fear the award of criticism.

We find here the history of a peaceful life; the life of one whose nature it is to love all that is beautiful and good. We gather this knowledge from what is shewn by her own thoughts, as expressed in this volume, and the affectionate reports of some who have the happiness of knowing her; but these testimonies confirm each other,

* Poems by E. L. F. Printed for Private Circulation, by W. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh. 1861.

and we seem to be as well acquainted with her as if we had gazed on her face and heard her living voice. We listen to her speaking of her summer haunts on the Gair Loch, Loch Long, Drumfork, Tweedsmuir, and Staffa; we feel how rapturously she loves the sunshine and the moonlight, the dash of the sea waves, and the lonely stillness of the mountain glen. Her joy in children, her agony of grief in bereavement, the faith which brings her consolation, and the loving spirit of compassion with which she moves amid the ever varying scenes of life, from the mingled gaiety and romance of her girlish years to the serene dignity of her mature bloom, as wife and mother, all pass before us, reflected in the verses which are here preserved, and they together combine into a picture of womanhood so charming, because simply and truthfully given—unvitiated by merely literary adornment, that we feel as though we were listening to a familiar friend whose life had been unveiled in the frank confidence of a generous nature.

Not small is the privilege of knowing such a woman. We may be sure that to many a one the world has been the brighter for her influence and presence. Amid the stir and anxiety of Glasgow life, the numerous works of charity and public spirit in which the merchants of the West and their wives are ever foremost, and the opportunities of doing good to peasantry and humble fishers given by her residence among them for the few months of summer holiday, it is not too much to believe that one so highly cultivated, so gentle and so observant, as the authoress of these poems, must have brought many happy hours to rich and poor, and linked both together for awhile in loving Christian fellowship.

We gladly watch the delight which she feels in childhood, and think that not many will peruse the following lines without pleasure. They have an airy grace and happy turn of phrase which commend them to all hearts:—

" LITTLE VOICES.

" Little voices come to me,
Sweet o'er the morning air;
Heart-stirring greetings, sent to be
A solace from life's care.

" Little voices breathe to me,
A music all their own—
A strain of heavenly harmony,
For ever moving on.

" Little voices full of glee
And laughter-loving mirth;
Life seems but one long joy to be—
No shadows on the earth.

" Little voices prattle on,
Making music of each tone;
Little mouthings of each word,
All so sweet, yet so absurd;
Little snatches of a song,

Music right and words all wrong ;
 Little memories of an hour,
 Fading like a spring-tide flower.
 Little hopes and little joys,
 Each entrance, like treasured toys :
 Sunny smiles, and April tears,
 Such the life of infant years ;
 Little patterings of feet,
 Moving onward, fast and fleet ;—
 These are sands that make to me
 One long gush of melody,
 And bright that woman's home for ever,
 Where 'little voices' twine together."

In the lines "On an Infant's Death," we read the sorrow of a bereaved mother, touchingly expressed, over the remembrance of her first-born early called to a home where even *her* love is surpassed.

There is a solemn grandeur in the poem entitled, "Moonlight on Loch Long," but we must limit ourselves to extracting a few of the fine

"LINES ON VISITING STAFFA.

"Go visit Staffa : to the wondering soul
 There is no spot on earth or sea can claim
 One half its magic power ; o'er the mute mind—
 Struck dumb in deep amazement—beauty, grandeur, power,
 Meet and commingle in stupendous whole.

"Oh ! the dark beauty of the ocean wave,
 Bounding and bursting through the sea-girt cave ;
 Foaming and breaking onward evermore,
 O'er the rude island and its pillared shore.

"There is no human life on that bare rock—
 Too bleak, too lone and desolate for man—
 Yet beasts and birds do congregate thereon,
 And wake wild music on that rugged strand.
 A columned monument of power divine !
 Nature's own hand-craft, all untouched by time,
 It stands in beauty, majesty, and power,
 Rock of past Ages, present, and to come.
 Long will the memory of that sea-bound cave
 Glide in its beauty o'er the awe-struck mind ;
 And the deep music of the rushing wave,
 Leave the sad echo of its lull behind."

The lines to M. I. F. on her "Marriage Day" are amongst the finest in the volume, and possess a loveliness sustained throughout. Many fine thoughts meet us in the other pages, in "the Future," "Loch Gair," "Oh tell me not of other days!" "A Glen at Rose-neath," "Memory," "Parting," "the Ruin," and the tender and affecting Stanzas on "Mary." But we must not linger, culling any of these, but with thanks for the pleasant memories she has left to us, bid the author Farewell.

EMIGRATION.

BY ALEXANDER MACPHERSON.

'My native land good night!'—*Childs Harold*.

THERE are certain subjects professed of a peculiar solemnity and sadness, which have those qualities intensified by the circumstances under which they occur. Thus the death of a dear friend always awakens the deepest and tenderest emotions of the heart; but if that death should occur through some fatal and unforeseen calamity, our feelings of sorrow and regret become almost unspeakable. The subject of Emigration itself is of the gravest character; but in these pages at this moment, our readers will see that it must possess an extraordinary significance. This is the last article of the last number of a Journal which, with all its shortcomings and defects, has fought the battles of our National Church; and, as some people will doubtless say, has fought them too well. Its publisher, as he has told us, is about to depart for a foreign and distant land, "with little of sunshine on his individual pathway across the ocean," and we must all own that we regard his departure with feelings of the most sincere regret.

The love of country, we need scarcely say, is one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart. It is also one of the most powerful instincts of our nature. The poor inhabitants of Iceland are as much attached to their cold & barren igneous rock, as if it possessed the purest alluvial plains of Europe. The Swiss patriotism is equally strong. Who does not know of the German Fatherland? Even the Sandwich Islanders are not destitute of the feeling. But of all the people who ever existed in this world, the Scotch have the highest instincts of nationality. Our whole literature, our philosophy, and particularly our poetry, is so strongly tinctured with the sentiment that if we were to expunge the word Scotland from our best authors, we should have scarcely anything left. There is no passage in ancient or modern poetry more noble and inspiring than Sir Walter Scott's apostrophe to his native land:—"O! Caledonia stern and wild!" And what country under the sun has produced a lyrical poet like Burns? What language can boast of a gem like "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Even our minor poets rise above themselves whenever they touch the strings of the national harp. Take for example, Mr Henry Scott Riddel's splendid song of "Scotland yet," which stirs the heart like a trump; and which if sung as we have heard it in the recesses of the Ettrick Forest, would almost turn a poacher into a patriot. Once more look at poor Robert Gilfillan's exquisitely beautiful and plaintive ballad, "O why left I my hame!" It is impossible to hear it sung without emotion, even in Scotland. What must be the effect on a poor Scotsman who is eating his tea and damper, by the light of a bush fire, in India or South Australia! If we are to regard a national poetry as the highest manifestation of a national love of country, few will dispute the pre-eminence of Scotland. To sever this love, to separate the individual from its object, is the first effect of emigration.

Those who have studied well the theory of human progress and

the promotion of human happiness, will admit that such a separation should not be lightly made. We have no respect for that school of cold-blooded political economists who speak of human beings as they would of inferior animals; and who regard it as the highest problem of government to expatriate a whole population. We are indeed afraid that the whole theory of colonization has been overworked by our economists. For if we glance at the subject from a historical point of view, we find the principle is never permanent, but the opposite. Greece had her colonies in Asia Minor and in Italy, but where are these colonies now? where is Greece? Rome had her colonies; colonies, says Mr Mill, which were planted wholly for the benefit of the Roman Aristocracy, and chiefly to allay the important demands of the people for an Agrarian law. Where are these Roman colonies now? where is Rome? Carthage too had her colonies; and where is Carthage? The most successful of all colonists indeed were the hordes of northern barbarians, who overthrew the colossal fabric of the Roman empire. Of modern nations let us take Spain, who once had the New World for a colony. But of that magnificent conquest of Cortez, that memorable discovery of Columbus, what remains to Spain? The Island of Cuba is the whole! and who shall venture to say how soon even that jewel may be torn from the Spanish crown! Finally, England had once a colony across the Atlantic. It was composed of the sturdy old Anglo-Saxon race—the race that beat the cavaliers at Worcester and Naseby, and the race from which sprang John Milton, and John Bunyan. What are they doing after two hundred years? Cutting each other's throats like cowardly assassins and disturbing the peace and prosperity of the whole civilised world. Certainly the idea of colonization in the abstract, does not lead us to the belief that it is a necessity and a part of our civilization.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. There are certain occasions in the history of all countries in which it becomes necessary for a part of its people to emigrate. It was to escape from internal commotion which usually led the ancient Greeks to form a new colony. It was the same with the English Puritans. The love of adventure, of conquest, of riches, alternately swayed the excursions of the Saxons and the Danes. There is one principle more potent than any other as a motive to emigration,—the tendency of a population to increase beyond the means of subsistence. This principle led to the saddest phenomena in the history of Emigration: the Irish Exodus, and the Highland Clearances. Those who have seen an Irish procession cross the Liffey, at Carlisle Bridge, or a Highland family embark at the Broomielaw, will remember the spectacle to the day of their death. And the question occurs, is there nothing wrong even here? The politico-economical dogma as originally developed by Malthus was for some time held to be absolute. It was ably confuted by Mr Senior and finally destroyed by Mr De Quincey. But it was not until the millennium of peace, created by Mr Bright and his school, had been rudely dissipated by the Russian war, that we practically discovered our mistake. For when we sought in the Highland Glens for those stalwart frames and stout hearts which carried the glory of our arms through

the Peninsula and Waterloo, we found nothing but sheep and red deer, a few lowland shepherds; and some English game-keepers. That hard materialistic philosophy which deals so lightly with redundant population began to see for the first time that it might be as profitable to the state to rear soldiers as to rear cattle. It will now discover, no doubt, that even Irish agricultural labourers are not so precarious a stock as Lancashire cottonspinners. But we cannot discuss this subject. It is enough for our purpose to admit that there are conditions of society in which emigration becomes a necessity, and in which it operates for the public good.

Thus, whatever we may think of the injustice and inhumanity of the Highland evictions, there can be no doubt that the policy was ultimately beneficial to the people themselves. It was on the whole better for society that the destitute Irish should be shipped off by cargoes than that they should become paupers in the land. Again, it is quite a proper and legitimate course of action for a ploughman in Peebles-shire, or a shepherd in Yarrow, to improve his prospects by emigrating to our colonies. In like manner, a handloom weaver out of work might find it a better and more agreeable kind of life to cultivate a piece of land in Canada or the Cape, than to starve in Paisley or Huddersfield. Voluntary emigration indeed is very high enterprise. There is nothing so admirable in the Anglo-Saxon character as the daring and self-denial which it exhibits under difficulties. One of Mr Dickens' most exquisite portraits is that of Mark Tapley in "*Martin Chuzzlewit*" "getting jolly under creditable circumstances" in the backwoods of America. All our professional men, our colonial bishops, our missionaries, our military officers, our army surgeons, our diplomatists, our civil servants, our engineers, our travellers, our naturalists, and last, though not least, our newspaper correspondents, are self-elected and enterprising emigrants. They have indeed the choice of returning home, although they sometimes die in a foreign land. But there is a class of our population who are progressing rapidly in the returns of the Emigration Commissioners, who are neither agricultural labourers nor civil servants, and who have but little choice in their departure or their return. *Their* emigration is not voluntary. It is a cross between the assisted emigration of the working classes and the banishment of the criminal. Our popular literature, in describing this circumstance of human life, makes use of the term exile. We prefer to pronounce it expatriation.

In general it is better that an emigrant should be a young man full of energy and large in hope; a man who looks upon the world after the fashion of ancient Pistol,

"The world's mine oyster
Which I with sword will open."

It is not so good to see a man leaving his native country who is well up in years, whose position in society is fixed, whose friendships are formed, and whose family have grown up around him; such men, when they emigrate, are more likely to use the language of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, when he sold the poison, "my poverty, but not my will consents!" We hold the opinion very strongly that these men are a loss to the society which they leave, and that there must be something wrong in the constitution of that society, which permits of

such a loss. Let us enquire for a moment whether this opinion has any foundation in fact.

It cannot escape the notice of the most casual observer, that the condition of society in Scotland has greatly changed during the last thirty years. All our great men have gone, and there are no symptoms of a race growing up to supply their place. Sir Walter Scott sleeps under the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. Jeffrey lies buried at the Dean. Sir William Hamilton, Christopher North, Thomas De Quincey, Samuel Brown have all passed away. The glory of our literature has departed. The *Edinburgh Review* is removed to London, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* is dead, even *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* no longer exists, and now the *Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal* expires with this number. The Church of Scotland is not what it was: independent of the Disruption. How is it, we sometimes wonder, that we have the reputation of being a religious people, and that we nevertheless perpetrate such horrible crimes? Why are we regarded by the legislature of the period as such desperate drunkards? Why have we so many illegitimate children? This we must suspect to proceed from one cause,—that a large mass of our population lie beyond the spiritual influences of the Church, a population which its machinery does not effectually reach. It appears to us that in these respects there is a signal dereliction of duty on the part of our National Church; and to this duty we venture to suggest it should resolutely address itself. It must always be remembered that no Act of Parliament can make a people moral. But we are afraid it is not the working classes alone who suffer from neglect. There are sorrows and afflictions which in our day are peculiar to the middle classes of society; sorrows which can only be assuaged in the bosom of a Christian Church, and afflictions for which we have no cure in our modern theories of medicine.

We are constrained to ask here, What becomes of a poor man who is ruined by a bank? What is to be made of some liberal spirit who doubts the whole doctrine of everlasting punishment? Finally, in what position of society do we place a man who has had the misfortune to be a bankrupt? Is there any situation he can hold with safety? Can he be intrusted with the care of money? Are his morals good? Is he on the whole a fit person to be admitted to the privileges of a Christian communion? Alas! we are afraid that the Church of our country has no abiding resting place for such a sufferer.

Some curious enquirer into the state of society in Scotland in the nineteenth century, will doubtless discover the prevalence of bankruptcy in our generation, and his chapter of bankruptcy will be the saddest feature of his history. How is it, we have often asked the question, that there are so many bankrupts in Scotland? We are an industrious people and a parsimonious people. We have done more for agriculture than any nation, ancient or modern; we grow the best wheat on the worst soil, the best cattle on the most unfavourable country, and the best sheep upon the most uncongenial hills. In manufactures, it is sufficient to say, that we have carried our wool and our linen over the length and breadth of the civilized world. In commerce, where do we find such ships as are built on the Clyde, and such seamen as are born on the Forth. It might perhaps be that, in

all these respects, we may find our equals in other countries—manufacturers in England—fishermen in Holland, and so forth. But there is one branch of human industry in which we shall proudly proclaim that we have no compeer, and that is our mechanical trades. We once invented a steam engine in this country, which has revolutionised the order of time and space, and increased the powers of production almost to infinitude. There are no better printers in the world than Scotsmen. An Edinburgh mason can carve a Corinthian capital. An Edinburgh decorator can paint a group in fresco after Michael Angelo. We need not give further illustrations. How is it we can produce such superior tradesmen, agriculturists, and manufacturers in this country, and that after they are produced, we have no room for them? This, to use the language of Hamlet to Ophelia, was for some time a paradox; but now the time gives it proof. It cannot be that our country is over-populated; that we have no land to cultivate; that there are no machines to invent; nor no houses to build; in one word, no use for the highest intellect of the country? Again we ask, how should this be?

If we attempt to give some answer to the question, we shall do so more in sorrow than in anger. The truth is, in our opinion, that we are suffering from a misdirection of our national capital. The time was not very long ago when Scotland was a poor country; it is now rich. The prodigious growth of our national wealth within the last century, is one of the most remarkable circumstances in history. The causes are well enough known. Our material resources and our mechanical skill, have been very highly developed. The great instrument of this development was during more than a century our Scottish Banking system; a system admirably adapted to the necessities of a poor country such as Scotland was at the Union, but quite unsuited to the capacities of a rich country such as Scotland is at this moment. For the truth is that the very parsimony which is inherent in the Scottish character, and which occupies so conspicuous a place in Adam Smith's philosophy, is by this means directed into a wrong channel. Our own capital is now turned into an enemy against ourselves. The Scotch Banks have at this moment the command of £60 or £70,000,000, if we include their laid up capital, authorised circulation, and the capital of their depositors. This money power, Sir Archibald Alison tells us, is now the only uncontrolled power in the state; and in Scotland it falls into the hands of a few interested Directors. When the Banks were first established in Scotland, it was for the purpose of nourishing the poor and languishing industry of the country; they now operate so as to deprive industry of its profit. A small trader who begins business upon his own capital can have no chance in competition with a large trader who borrows the national capital. Accordingly, he is sooner or later driven into the *Gazette*, and in all probability he does not understand the reason. Of course it would be easy enough for him to borrow some of the national capital in his turn; but we need not stay to point out what the end of this will be. In fact the general result is the same: he is a bankrupt. His friends will desert him. His very blood relations will become cold. A dark and silent shadow, to use the language of Mr De Quincey, steals over the face of his existence, and that prospect which

once seemed a luminous field of promise, turns out a dark and unfathomable gulf of despair. Again, a farmer will easily get a cash account from a bank on the credit of a long lease; and upon the strength of this principle the rent of land has increased in Scotland within the last twenty-five years at least twenty-five per cent. One ominous circumstance we cannot help pointing out is, that in every quiet and secluded country town in Scotland where a bank has been established, every farmer in the district has lost heavy sums of money or has been utterly ruined. "I never knowed preaching come into a settlement," says the Leather-stocking in one of Cooper's novels, "but it made game scarce, and raised the price of gunpowder." Upon the same principle a farmer might say of a bank in our time, that it never came into a district but it made money scarce and raised the price of land. There is not a ship which leaves the Moray Firth, but which carries to the Cape of Good Hope a farmer who has been ruined on the banks of the Spey. There is not an Australian vessel which leaves the Clyde but takes out a family who have been reduced to beggary by the building speculators in Glasgow. And an emigrant ship leaving Leith always carries with it two or three unfortunate tradesmen who have been the victims of cash accounts or accommodation bills. It is not the working classes, it will be observed, who are compelled to emigrate in our time; it is the class above them. The working classes indeed are getting higher wages at home than they can command in some of our colonies. But we need not stay to point out that this arises from a false state of things. The whole wealth of a nation, according to Adam Smith, consists of three divisions; the rent of land, the profits of stock, and the wages of labour. We have high enough rent in Scotland at this moment; and we have high enough wages. But there is no profit left in any trade.

We must now conclude. These two principles, the perversion of our national religion, and the misdirection of our national capital, are quite sufficient to comprehend all the consequences of a decay in our genius and an expatriation of our people. This is indeed clear enough. But the loss to society which springs from these causes is not so conspicuous, although quite as consequential. In the first place we are deprived of all hope of the possession of the fruits of our industry. Old men may be seen in every trade in the country toiling as hard as they did during their apprenticeship, to pay the periodical bills of their merchants—men who should be living retired in a little cottage and cultivating flowers and fruit in a little garden. Wordsworth, who could never thoroughly understand this phase of life, partly suspected its cause. Of such an old man he says:—

"Whether it was care that spurred him
God only knows: but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Enderdale!"

In the second place, we are deprived of the natural soil of our genius. All history shows us that from an isolated and selfish aristocracy, or from a noisy bellowing democracy, we can expect no great nor good actions. It is from the middle classes of society that all great men spring. Virgil, Horace, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Locke,

Newton, Watt, Burns, Scott, and a whole host of the greatest men the world has produced, all sprang from the ranks of the middle classes of society. Poor Scotland, in all probability, will never have another national poet. We shall probably never invent another steam engine. We have certainly fallen behind in the schools of European philosophy and learning. In the third place we are deprived of the beneficent influences of our religion. We are naturally a religious people. In no country in Europe are there evidences of such high and noble feelings of true devotion as in Scotland. Yet how is it possible that a man can worship God, in spirit and in truth, who has a bill to pay which he cannot meet, or to meet which he must sell his goods below the price which he paid for them. We say nothing of the fierce internecine war which always exists between the branches of our Presbyterian Church. That indeed of itself might suggest the idea that there is something rotten in our constitution, or something uncharitable in our nature. But it is a law of Almighty Providence that a principle which exists for evil, is sooner or later extinguished; and that a principle which exists for good alone survives. Upon this ground we may some day expect to see the state of society in Scotland improve. When the *whole* profit of the country is confiscated by the banks, when the *whole* affections of the people are alienated from the Church; when the rent of land falls below its natural value, and when the wages of our working men fall below their normal rate, the country will begin to discover the want of its traders. We may then expect to see numerous Parliamentary Committees sitting on the subject, and numerous Royal Commissions issued. There might even be ordained by the General Assembly a national fast and humiliation. And some Free Church clergyman deprived of the Sustentation Fund, will on some solemn and important occasion preach a Sermon from the beautiful text in the Psalms:—"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men."

When that day arrives, our poor exile, who has in the meantime made a fortune, may perchance return to his native country. But his friends are all dead; his early associates forget him; the whole aspect of the society he once loved so well has changed for the worse. The natural features of the country are indeed still the same. The Highland hills and rivers are still there. The silver Tweed still flows through its beautiful dales. He will still find the streams which are haunted by the spirit of Burns; and the romantic city which is associated with the genius of Scott. But even this natural beauty will not feed the social instincts of humanity. Accordingly, the poor way-worn traveller, after taking a last look at the village church-yard in which lie mouldering the bones of his forefathers, will probably return to spend the few remaining years of his pilgrimage in the land of his adoption; and there he will continue to cherish the principles of love and liberty which he imbibed in his infancy, and which he will carry with him to his grave!

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